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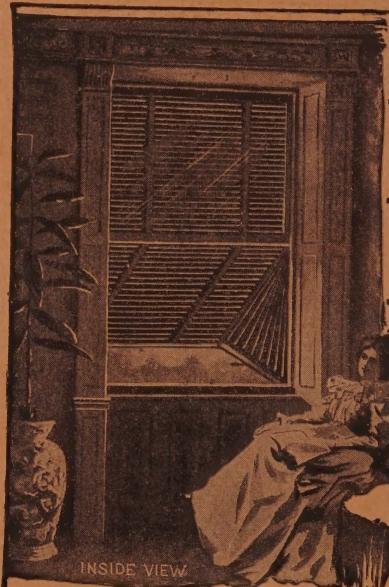
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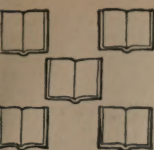
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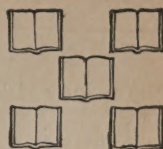
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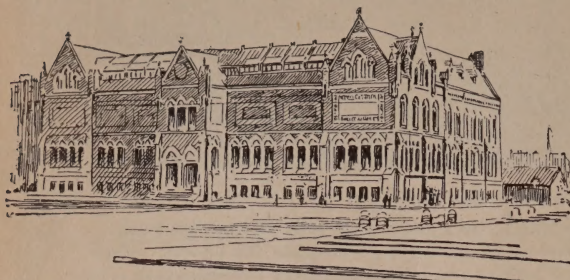
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VOLUME LXXXVI



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ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXXXVI. — JULY, 1900. — No. DXIII.

THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE EXECUTIVE.¹

II.

I PROPOSE now² to recount some incidents that followed the conditions which I have attempted to describe in a previous paper.

At this point, I cannot keep out of mind the story of the preacher who divided his discourse into three heads. He declared it to be his intention, under his first head, to speak of some things that he knew all about, and of which his congregation knew nothing; under his second head, he proposed to deal with matters that both he and his hearers fully understood; and under the third head, he promised to discuss topics concerning which neither he nor they had any knowledge. I shall not adopt this division in its entirety. Though I do not see how I can avoid speaking of some things that are within my knowledge, and not thoroughly within yours, and while I shall be quite satisfied to traverse ground equally familiar to both you and me, I must utterly repudiate our preacher's third head, and shall studiously avoid the mention of topics of which all of us are ignorant. There is another matter in relation to which I desire to have an understanding with you. In the recital of events with which I have had to do, I would be glad to speak always in an impersonal way, but I will not agree to be constantly casting about for turns of expression for that purpose. If, there-

fore, in speaking of things done by me, and things done to me, I use the pronouns "I" and "me," I hope I may indulge in that easier form of statement without being accused of egotism.

Immediately after the change of administration in 1885, the pressure began for the ousting of Republican office-holders, and the substitution of Democrats in their places. While I claim to have earned a position which entitles me to resent the accusation that I either openly or covertly favor swift official decapitation for partisan purposes, I have no sympathy with the intolerant people who, without the least appreciation of the meaning of party work and service, superciliously affect to despise all those who apply for office as they would those guilty of a flagrant misdemeanor. It will indeed be a happy day when the ascendancy of party principles, and the attainment of wholesome administration, will be universally regarded as sufficient rewards of individual and legitimate party service. Much has already been accomplished in the direction of closing the door of partisanship as an entrance to public employment; and though this branch of effort might well be still further extended, it certainly should be supplemented by earnest and persuasive attempts to correct among our people long-cherished notions concerning the ends that should be sought through political activity, and by efforts to uproot

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² This address was delivered at Princeton University, April 10, 1900.

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pernicious and office-rewarding political methods. I am not sure that any satisfactory progress can be made toward these results, until our good men with unanimity cease regarding politics as necessarily debasing, and by active participation shall displace the selfish and unworthy who, when uninterrupted, control party operations. In the meantime, why should we indiscriminately hate those who seek office? They may not have entirely emancipated themselves from the belief that the offices should pass with party victory; but even if this is charged against them, it can surely be said that in all other respects they are in many instances as honest, as capable, and as intelligent as any of us. There may be reasons and considerations which properly defeat their aspirations, but their applications are not always disgraceful. I have an idea that sometimes the greatest difference between them and those who needlessly abuse them and gloat over their discomfiture consists in the fact that the office-seekers desire office, and their critics, being more profitably employed, do not. I feel constrained to say this much by way of defending, or at least excusing, many belonging to a numerous contingent of citizens, who, after the 4th of March, 1885, made large drafts upon my time, vitality, and patience, and I feel bound to say that in view of their frequent disappointments, and the difficulty they found in appreciating the validity of the reasons given for refusing their applications, they accepted the situation with as much good nature and contentment as could possibly have been anticipated. It must be remembered that they and their party associates had been banished from Federal office-holding for twenty-four years.

I have no disposition to evade the fact that suspensions of officials holding presidential commissions began promptly, and were quite vigorously continued; but I confidently claim that every suspension made was with honest intent, and I be-

lieve in accordance with the requirements of good administration and consistent with prior Executive pledges. Some of these officials held by tenures unlimited as to their duration. Among these were certain internal revenue officers who, it seemed to me, in analogy with others doing similar work but having a limited tenure, ought to consider a like limited period of incumbency their proper term of office; and there were also consular officials and others attached to the foreign service who, I believe it was then generally understood, should be politically in accord with the administration. By far the greater number of suspensions, however, were made on account of gross and indecent partisan conduct on the part of the incumbents. The preceding presidential campaign, it will be recalled, was exceedingly bitter, and governmental officials then in place were apparently so confident of the continued supremacy of their party that some of them made no pretense of decent behavior. In numerous instances the post offices were made headquarters for local party committees and organizations and the centres of partisan scheming. Party literature favorable to the postmasters' party, that never passed through the mails, was distributed through the post offices as an item of party service, and matter of a political character, passing regularly through the mails and addressed to patrons belonging to the opposite party, was withheld; disgusting and irritating placards were prominently displayed in many post offices, and the attention of Democratic inquirers for mail matter tauntingly directed to them by the postmaster; and in various ways postmasters and other officials annoyed and vexed those holding opposite political opinions, who, in common with all having business at public offices, were entitled to considerate and obliging treatment. In some quarters official incumbents neglected public duty to do political work, and in Southern States they frequently were not

only inordinately active in questionable political work, but sought to do party service by secret and sinister manipulation of colored voters, and by other practices inviting avoidable and dangerous collisions between the white and colored population.

I mention these things in order that what I shall say later may be better understood. I by no means attempt to describe all the wrongdoing which formed the basis of many of the suspensions of officials that followed the inauguration of the new administration. I merely mention some of the accusations which I recall as having been frequently made, as illustrating in a general way certain phases of pernicious partisanship that seemed to me to deserve prompt and effective treatment. Some suspensions, however, were made on proof of downright official malfeasance, as distinguished from personal transgression or partisan misconduct. Complaints against officeholders based on the latter charges were usually made to the Executive and to the heads of departments by means of letters, ordinarily personal and confidential, and also often by means of verbal communications. Whatever papers, letters, or documents were received on the subject, either by the President or by any head of department, were, for convenience of reference, placed together on department files. These complaints were carefully examined; many were cast aside as frivolous or lacking support, and others, deemed of sufficient gravity and adequately established, resulted in the suspension of the accused officials.

Suspensions instead of immediate removals were resorted to, because under the law then existing it appeared to be the only way that during a recess of the Senate an offending official could be ousted from his office, and his successor installed pending his confirmation at the Senate's next session. Though, as we have already seen, the law permitted suspensions by the President "in his

discretion," I considered myself restrained by the pledges I had made from availing myself of the discretion thus granted without reasons, and felt bound to make suspensions of officials having a definite term to serve only for adequate cause.

It will be observed further on that no resistance was then made to the laws pertaining to Executive removals and suspensions, on the ground of their unconstitutionality; but I have never believed that either the law of 1867 or the law of 1869, when construed as permitting interference with the freedom of the President in making removals, would survive a judicial test of its constitutionality.

Within thirty days after the Senate met in December, 1885, the nominations of the persons who had been designated to succeed officials suspended during the vacation were sent to that body for confirmation, pursuant to existing statutes.

It was charged against me by the leader of the majority in the Senate that these nominations of every kind and description, representing the suspensions made within ten months succeeding the 4th of March, 1885, numbered six hundred and forty-three. I have not verified this statement, but I shall assume that it is correct. The list presented contained among the suspended officials two hundred and seventy-eight postmasters, twenty-eight district attorneys, and twenty-four marshals, and among those who held offices with no specified term there were sixty-one internal revenue officers and sixty-five consuls and other persons attached to the foreign service.

It was stated on the floor of the Senate, after that body had been in session for three months, that of the nominations thus submitted there had been fifteen confirmations and two rejections.

Quite early in the session frequent requests in writing began to issue from the different committees of the Senate to which these nominations were referred,

to the heads of the several departments having supervision of the offices to which the nominations related, asking for the reasons for the suspension of officers whose places it was proposed to fill by means of the nominations submitted, and for all papers on file in their departments which showed the reasons for such suspensions. These requests foreshadowed what the senatorial construction of the law of 1869 might be, and indicated that the Senate, notwithstanding constitutional limitations, and even in the face of the repeal of the statutory provision giving it the right to pass upon suspensions by the President, was still inclined to insist, directly or indirectly, upon that right. These requests, as I have said, emanated from committees of the Senate, and were addressed to the heads of departments. On this footing I had not the opportunity to discuss the questions growing out of the requests with the Senate itself, or to make known directly to that body the position on this subject which I felt bound to assert. Therefore the replies made by the different heads of departments stated that by direction of the President they declined furnishing the reasons and papers so requested, on the ground that public interest would not be thereby promoted, or on the ground that such reasons and papers related to a purely executive act. Whatever language was used in these replies, they conveyed the information that the President had directed a denial of the requests made, because in his opinion the Senate could have no proper concern with the information sought to be obtained.

It may not be amiss to mention here that while this was the position assumed by the Executive in relation to suspensions, any information in the executive departments touching the propriety of the confirmation of persons nominated for office, all the information of any description in the possession of the Executive or in any of the departments, which would aid in the discharge of that duty,

was cheerfully and promptly furnished when requested.

In considering the requests made for the transmission of the reasons for suspensions, and the papers relating thereto, I could not avoid the conviction that a compliance with such requests would be to that extent a failure to protect and defend the Constitution, as well as a wrong to the great office I held in trust for the people, and which I was bound to transmit unimpaired to my successors; nor could I be unmindful of a tendency in some quarters to encroach upon executive functions, or of the eagerness with which executive concession would be seized upon as establishing precedent.

The nominations sent to the Senate remained neglected in the committees to which they had been referred; the requests of the committees for reasons and papers touching suspensions were still refused, and it became daily more apparent that a sharp contest was impending. In this condition of affairs it was plainly intimated by members of the majority in the Senate that if all charges against suspended officials were abandoned and their suspensions based entirely upon the ground that the spoils belonged to the victors, confirmations would follow. This, of course, from my standpoint, would have been untruthful and dishonest; but the suggestion indicated that in the minds of some Senators, at least, there was a determination to gain a partisan advantage by discrediting the President, who, for the time, represented the party they opposed. This manifestly could be thoroughly done by inducing him to turn his back upon the pledges he had made, and to admit, for the sake of peace, that his action arose solely from a desire to put his party friends in place; and such a scheme promised to be more easy and expeditious than an attempt to force access to the reasons and papers underlying suspensions, and if successful to make public a predetermined impeachment of executive action thereon.

Up to this stage of the controversy, not one of the many requests made for the reasons for suspensions or for the papers relating to them had been sent from the Senate as a body ; nor had any of them been addressed to the President. It may seem not only strange that, in the existing circumstances, the Senate should have so long kept in the background, but more strange that the Executive, constituting a coördinate branch of the Government, and having such exclusive concern in the pending differences, should have been so completely ignored. I cannot think it uncharitable to suggest in explanation that as long as these requests and refusals were confined to Senate committees and heads of departments, a public communication stating the position of the President in the controversy would probably be avoided ; and that, as was subsequently made more apparent, there was an intent, in addressing requests to the heads of departments, to lay a foundation for the contention that the Senate or its committees had a right to control these heads of departments as against the President in matters relating to executive duty.

On the 17th of July, 1885, during the recess of the Senate, one George M. Duskin was suspended from the office of District Attorney for the Southern District of Alabama, and John D. Burnett was designated as his successor. The latter at once took possession of the office, and entered upon the discharge of its duties ; and on the 14th of December, 1885, the nomination of Burnett was sent to the Senate for confirmation. This nomination, pursuant to the rules and customs of the Senate, was referred to its Committee on the Judiciary. On the 26th of December, that committee then having the nomination under consideration, one of its members addressed a communication to the Attorney General of the United States, requesting him, "on behalf of the Committee on the Ju-

diciary of the Senate and by its direction," to send to such member of the committee all papers and information in the possession of the Department of Justice touching the nomination of Burnett ; "also all papers and information touching the suspension and proposed removal from office of George M. Duskin." On the 11th of January, 1886, the Attorney General responded to this request in these terms : "The Attorney General states that he sends herewith all papers, etc., touching the nomination referred to ; and in reference to the papers touching the suspension of Duskin from office, he has as yet received no direction from the President in relation to their transmission."

At this point it seems to have been decided for the first time that the Senate itself should enter upon the scene as interrogator. It was not determined, however, to invite the President to answer this new interrogator, either for the protection and defense of his high office or in self-vindication. It appears to have been also determined at this time to give another form to the effort the Senate was to undertake anew, to secure the "papers and information touching the suspension and proposed removal from office of George M. Duskin." In pursuance of this plan the following resolution was on the 25th of January, 1886, adopted by the Senate in executive session : —

"Resolved, That the Attorney General of the United States be, and he hereby is, directed to transmit to the Senate copies of all documents and papers that have been filed in the Department of Justice since the 1st day of January, A. D. 1885, in relation to the conduct of the office of District Attorney of the United States for the Southern District of Alabama."

The language of this resolution is more adroit than ingenuous. While appearing reasonable and fair upon its face, and presenting no indication that it in any way related to a case of suspension, it

quickly assumes its real complexion when examined in the light of its surroundings. The requests previously made on behalf of Senate committees have ripened into a "demand" by the Senate itself. Herein is found support for the suggestion I have made, that from the beginning there might have been an intent on the part of the Senate to claim that the heads of departments who are members of the President's Cabinet, and his trusted associates and advisers, owed greater obedience to the Senate than to their Executive chief in affairs which he and they regarded as exclusively within Executive functions. As to the real meaning and purpose of the resolution, a glance at its accompanying conditions and the incidents preceding it makes manifest the insufficiency of its disguise. This resolution was adopted by the Senate in executive session, where the entire senatorial business done is the consideration of treaties and the confirmation of nominations for office. At the time of its adoption Duskin had been suspended for more than six months, his successor had for that length of time been in actual possession of the office, and this successor's nomination was then before the executive session of the Senate for confirmation. The demand was for copies of documents and papers in relation to the conduct of the office filed since January 1, 1885, thus covering a period of incumbency almost equally divided between the suspended officer and the person nominated to succeed him. The documents and papers demanded could not have been of any possible use to the Senate in executive session, except as they had a bearing either upon the suspension of the one or the nomination of the other. But as we have already seen, the Attorney General had previously sent to a committee of the Senate all the papers he had in his custody in any way relating to the nomination and the fitness of the nominee, — whether such papers had reference to the conduct of the office or

otherwise. Excluding, therefore, such documents and papers embraced in the demand as related to the pending nomination, and which had already been transmitted, it was plain that there was nothing left with the Attorney General that could be desired by the Senate in its executive session except what had reference to the conduct of the previous incumbent and his suspension. It is important to recall in this connection the fact that this subtle demand of the Senate for papers relating "to the conduct of the office" followed closely upon a failure to obtain "all papers and information" touching said suspension, in response to a plain and blunt request specifying precisely what was desired.

I have referred to these matters because it seems to me they indicate the animus and intent which characterized the first stages of a discussion that involved the right and functions of the Executive branch of the Government. It was perfectly apparent that the issue was between the President and the Senate, and that the question constituting that issue was whether or not the Executive branch of the Government was invested with the right and power to suspend officials without the interference of the Senate or any accountability to that body for the reasons of its action. It must have been fully understood that if it was desired to deal with this issue directly and fairly, disembarassed by any finesse for position, it could have been easily done, if only one of the many requests for reasons for suspensions, which were sent by committees of the Senate to heads of departments, had been sent by the Senate itself to the President.

Within three days after the passage by the Senate, in executive session, of the resolution directing the Attorney General to transmit to that body the documents and papers on file relating to the management and conduct of the office from which Mr. Duskin had been

removed, and to which Mr. Burnett had been nominated, the Attorney General replied thereto as follows : —

“In response to the said resolution, the President of the United States directs me to say that the papers that were in this department relating to the fitness of John D. Burnett, recently nominated to said office, having already been sent to the Senate Committee on the Judiciary, and the papers and documents which are mentioned in the said resolution and still remaining in the custody of this department, having exclusive reference to the suspension by the President of George M. Duskin, the late incumbent of the office of District Attorney for the Southern District of Alabama, it is not considered that the public interests will be promoted by a compliance with said resolution and the transmission of the papers and documents therein mentioned to the Senate in executive session.”

This response of the Attorney General was referred to the Senate Committee on the Judiciary. Early in February, 1886, a majority of the committee made a report to the Senate, in which it seems to have been claimed that all papers — whatever may be their personal, private, or confidential character — if placed on file, or, in other words, if deposited in the office of a head of a department, became thereupon official papers, and that the Senate had therefore a right to their transmittal when they had reference to the conduct of a suspended official, and when that body had under advisement the confirmation of his proposed successor. Much stress was laid upon the professions made by the President of his adherence to Civil Service reform methods, and it was broadly hinted that, in the face of six hundred and forty-three suspensions from office, these professions could hardly be sincere. Instances were cited in which papers and information had been demanded and furnished in previous

administrations, and these were claimed to be precedents in favor of the position assumed by the majority of the committee. Almost at the outset of the report it was declared : —

“The important question, then, is whether it is within the constitutional competence of either House of Congress to have access to the official papers and documents in the various public offices of the United States, created by laws enacted by themselves.”

In conclusion, the majority recommended the adoption by the Senate of the following resolutions : —

“Resolved, That the Senate hereby expresses its condemnation of the refusal of the Attorney General, under whatever influence, to send to the Senate copies of papers called for by its resolution of the 25th of January and set forth in the report of the Committee on the Judiciary, as in violation of his official duty and subversive of the fundamental principles of the Government, and of a good administration thereof.

“Resolved, That it is under these circumstances the duty of the Senate to refuse its advice and consent to proposed removals of officers, the documents and papers in reference to the supposed official or personal misconduct of whom are withheld by the Executive or any head of a department when deemed necessary by the Senate and called for in considering the matter.

“Resolved, That the provision of section 1754 of the Revised Statutes, declaring that persons honorably discharged from the military or naval service by reason of disability resulting from wounds or sickness incurred in the line of duty shall be preferred for appointment to civil offices provided they are found to possess the business capacity necessary for the proper discharge of the duties of such offices, ought to be faithfully and fully put in execution, and that to remove or to propose to remove any such soldier whose faithfulness, com-

petency, and character are above reproach, and to give place to another who has not rendered such service, is a violation of the spirit of the law and of the practical gratitude the people and the Government of the United States owe to the defenders of constitutional liberty and the integrity of the Government."

The first of these resolutions contains charges which, if true, should clearly furnish grounds for the impeachment of the Attorney General, — if not the President under whose "influence" he concededly refused to submit the papers demanded by the Senate. A public officer whose acts are "in violation of his official duty and subversive of the fundamental principles of the Government, and of a good administration thereof," can scarcely add anything to his predicament of guilt.

The second resolution has the merit of honesty in confessing that the intent and object of the demand upon the Attorney General was to secure the demanded papers and documents for the purpose of passing upon the President's reasons for suspension. Beyond this, the declaration it contains, that it was the "duty of the Senate to refuse its advice and consent to proposed removals of officers" when the papers and documents relating to their "supposed official or personal misconduct" were withheld, certainly obliged the Senate, if the resolution should be adopted, and if the Senate's good faith in the controversy should be assumed, to reject or ignore all nominations made to succeed suspended officers unless that body was furnished the documents and papers upon which the suspension was based, and thus given an opportunity to review and reverse or confirm the President's executive act, resting, by the very terms of existing law, "in his discretion."

The third resolution is grandly phrased, and its sentiment is patriotic, noble, and inspiring. Inasmuch, however, as the removal of veteran soldiers

from office did not seem to assume any considerable prominence in the arraignment of the administration, the object of the resolution is slightly obscure, unless, as was not unusual in those days, the cause of the old soldier was impressed into the service of the controversy for purposes of general utility.

A minority report was subsequently submitted, signed by all the Democratic members of the committee, in which the allegations of the majority report were sharply controverted. It was therein positively asserted that no instance could be found in the practice of the Government whose similarity in all essential features entitled it to citation as an authoritative precedent; and that neither the Constitution nor the existing law afforded any justification for the demand of the Senate.

These two reports, of course, furnished abundant points of controversy. About the time of their submission, moreover, another document was addressed to the Senate, which, whatever else may be said of it, seems to have contributed considerably to the spirit and animation of the discussion that ensued. This was a message from the President, in which his position concerning the matter in dispute was defined. In this communication complete and absolute responsibility for all suspensions was confessed; and the fact that the President had been afforded no opportunity to speak for himself was stated in the following terms:

"Though these suspensions are my executive acts based upon considerations addressed to me alone, and for which I am wholly responsible, I have had no invitation from the Senate to state the position which I have felt constrained to assume in relation to the same, or to interpret for myself my acts and motives in the premises. In this condition of affairs I have forborne addressing the Senate upon the subject, lest I might be accused of thrusting myself unbidden upon the attention of that body."

This statement was accompanied by the expression of a hope that the misapprehension of the Executive position, indicated in the majority report just presented and published, might excuse his then submitting a communication. He commented upon the statement in the report that "the important question, then, is whether it is within the constitutional competence of either House of Congress to have access to the official papers and documents in the various public offices of the United States, created by laws enacted by themselves," by suggesting that though public officials of the United States might be created by laws enacted by the two Houses of Congress, this fact did not necessarily subject their offices to congressional control, but, on the contrary, that "these instrumentalities were created for the benefit of the people, and to answer the general purposes of government under the Constitution and the laws; and that they are unencumbered by any lien in favor of either branch of Congress growing out of their construction, and unembarrassed by any obligation to the Senate as the price of their creation." While not conceding that the Senate had in any case the right to review Executive action in suspending officials, the President disclaimed any intention to withhold official papers and documents when requested; and as to such papers and documents, he expressed his willingness, because they were official, to continue as he had theretofore done in all cases, to lay them before the Senate without inquiry as to the use to be made of them, and relying upon the Senate for their legitimate utilization. The proposition was expressly denied, however, that papers and documents inherently private or confidential, addressed to the President or a head of department, having reference to an act so entirely executive in its nature as the suspension of an official, and which was by the Constitution as well as by existing law placed within the discretion of

the President, were changed in their nature and instantly became official when placed for convenience or for other reasons in the custody of a public department. The contention of the President was thus stated: "There is no mysterious power of transmutation in departmental custody, nor is there magic in the undefined and sacred solemnity of departmental files. If the presence of these papers in the public office is a stumbling-block in the way of the performance of senatorial duty, it can be easily removed."

The Senate's purposes were characterized in the message as follows: "The requests and demands which by the score have for nearly three months been presented to the different departments of the Government, whatever may be their form, have but one complexion. They assume the right of the Senate to sit in judgment upon the exercise of any exclusive discretion and Executive function, for which I am solely responsible to the people from whom I have so lately received the sacred trust of office. My oath to support and defend the Constitution, my duty to the people who have chosen me to execute the powers of their great office and not relinquish them, and my duty to the chief magistracy which I must preserve unimpaired in all its dignity and vigor, compel me to refuse compliance with these demands."

This was immediately followed by this unqualified avowal of the power of the Senate in the matter of confirmation:

"To the end that the service may be improved, the Senate is invited to the fullest scrutiny of the persons submitted to them for public office, in recognition of the constitutional power of that body to advise and consent to their appointment. I shall continue, as I have thus far done, to furnish, at the request of the confirming body, all the information I possess touching the fitness of the nominees placed before them for their ac-

tion, both when they are proposed to fill vacancies and to take the place of suspended officials. Upon a refusal to confirm, I shall not assume the right to ask the reasons for the action of the Senate nor question its determination. I cannot think that anything more is required to secure worthy incumbents in public office than a careful and independent discharge of our respective duties within their well-defined limits."

As it was hardly concealed that by no means the least important senatorial purpose in the pending controversy was to discredit the Civil Service reform pledges and professions of the Executive, in concluding the message this issue was thus distinctly invited:—

"Every pledge which I have made by which I have placed a limitation upon my exercise of executive power has been faithfully redeemed. Of course the pretense is not put forth that no mistakes have been committed; but not a suspension has been made except it appeared to my satisfaction that the public welfare would be promoted thereby. Many applications for suspension have been denied, and an adherence to the rule laid down to govern my action as to such suspensions has caused much irritation and impatience on the part of those who have insisted upon more changes in the offices.

"The pledges I have made were made to the people, and to them I am responsible for the manner in which they have been redeemed. I am not responsible to the Senate, and I am unwilling to submit my actions and official conduct to them for judgment.

"There are no grounds for an allegation that the fear of being found false to my professions influences me in declining to submit to the demands of the Senate. I have not constantly refused to suspend officials and thus incurred the displeasure of political friends, and yet willfully broken faith with the people, for the sake of being false to them.

"Neither the discontent of party friends nor the allurements, constantly offered, of confirmation of appointees conditioned upon the avowal that suspensions have been made on party grounds alone, nor the threat proposed in the resolutions now before the Senate that no confirmation will be made unless the demands of that body be complied with, are sufficient to discourage or deter me from following in the way which I am convinced leads to better government for the people."

The temper and disposition of the Senate may be correctly judged, I think, from the remarks made upon the presentation of this message by the chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary and the acknowledged leader of the majority. On a formal motion that the message be printed and lie upon the table, he moved as an amendment that it be referred to the committee of which he was chairman, and said: "I merely wish to remark in moving to refer this document to the Committee on the Judiciary, that it very vividly brought to my mind the communications of King Charles I. to the Parliament, telling them what, in conducting their affairs, they ought to do and ought not to do; and I think I am safe in saying that it is the first time in the history of the Republican United States, that any President of the United States has undertaken to interfere with the deliberations of either House of Congress on questions pending before them, otherwise than by messages on the state of the Union which the Constitution commands him to make from time to time. This message is devoted simply to a question for the Senate itself, in regard to itself, that it has under consideration. That is its singularity. I think it will strike reflecting people in this country as somewhat extraordinary, — if in this day of reform anything at all can be thought extraordinary."

King Charles I. fared badly at the hands of the Parliament; but it was

most reassuring to know that, after all said and done, the Senate of the United States was not a bloodthirsty body; and that the chairman of its Committee on the Judiciary was one of the most courteous and amiable of men, at heart, when outside of the Senate.

The debate upon the questions presented by the report and resolutions recommended by the majority of the committee, and by the minority report and the presidential message, occupied almost exclusively the sessions of the Senate for over two weeks. More than twenty-five Senators participated, and the discussion covered such a wide range of argument that all considerations relevant to the subject, and some not clearly related to it, seem to have been presented. At the close of the debate, the resolution condemning the Attorney General for withholding the papers and documents which the Senate had demanded was passed by thirty-two votes in the affirmative, and twenty-five in the negative; the next resolution, declaring it to be the duty of the Senate to refuse its advice and consent to proposed removals of officers when papers and documents in reference to their alleged misconduct were withheld, was adopted by a majority of only a single vote; and the proclamation contained in the third resolution, setting forth the obligations of the Government and its people to the veterans of the civil war, was unanimously approved, except for one dissenting voice.

The controversy thus closed arose from the professed anxiety of the majority in the Senate to guard the interests of an official who was suspended from office in July, 1885, and who was still claimed to be in a condition of suspension. In point of fact, however, that official's term of office expired by limitation on the 20th of December, 1885,—before the demand for papers and documents relating to his conduct in office was made, before the resolutions and reports of the Committee on the Judiciary were presented,

and before the commencement of the long discussion in defense of the right of a suspended incumbent. This situation escaped notice in Executive quarters, because the appointee to succeed the suspended officer having been actually installed and in the discharge of the duties of the position for more than six months, and his nomination having been sent to the Senate very soon after the beginning of its session, the situation or duration of the former incumbent's term was not kept in mind. The expiration of his term was, however, distinctly alleged in the Senate on the second day of the discussion, and by the first speaker in opposition to the majority report. There was, therefore, no question of suspension or removal remaining in the case, but still the discussion continued; and shortly after the resolutions of the committee were passed, the same person who superseded the suspended officer was again nominated to succeed him by reason of the expiration of his term; and this nomination was confirmed.

At last, after stormy weather, Dusk, the suspended, and Burnett, his successor, were at rest. The earnest contention that beat about their names ceased, and no shout of triumph disturbed the supervening quiet.

I have attempted this evening, after fourteen years of absolute calm, to recount the prominent details of the strife; and I hope that I may assume that your interest in the subject is still sufficient to justify me in a further brief reference to some features of the dispute and certain incidents that followed it, which may aid to a better appreciation of its true character and motive.

Of the elaborate speeches made in support of the resolutions and the committee's majority report, seven dealt more or less prominently with the President's Civil Service reform professions and his pledges against the removal of officials on purely partisan grounds. It seems to have been assumed that these pledges

had been violated. At any rate, without any evidence worthy of the name, charges of such violation ranged all the way from genteel insinuation to savage accusation. Senators who would have stoutly refused to vote for the spoils system broadly intimated or openly declared that if suspensions had been made confessedly on partisan grounds they would have interposed no opposition. The majority seem to have especially admired and applauded the antics of one of their number, who, in intervals of lurid and indiscriminate vituperation, gleefully mingled ridicule for Civil Service reform with praise of the forbidding genius of partisan spoils. In view of these deliverances and as bearing upon their relevancy, as well as indicating their purpose, let me again suggest that the issue involved in the discussion as selected by the majority of the Committee on the Judiciary, and distinctly declared in their report, was whether, as a matter of right, or, as the report expresses it, as within "constitutional competence," either House of Congress should "have access to the official papers and documents in the various public offices of the United States, created by laws enacted by themselves." It will be readily seen that if the question was one of senatorial right, the President's Civil Service reform pledges had no honest or legitimate place in the discussion.

The debate and the adoption of the resolutions reported by the committee caused no surrender of the Executive position. Nevertheless, confirmations of those nominated in place of suspended officers soon began, and I cannot recall any further embarrassment or difficulty on that score. I ought to add, however, that in many cases, at least, these confirmations were accompanied by reports from the committee to which they had been referred, stating that the late incumbent had been suspended for "political reasons," or on account of "offensive partisanship," or for a like reason, differently expressed,

and that nothing was alleged against them affecting their personal character. In some instances these reports indicate that the committee had been allowed to examine the charges made, and the papers relating to them. If the terms I have given as having been used by the committee in designating causes for suspension mean that the persons suspended were guilty of offensive partisanship or political offenses, as distinguished from personal offenses and moral or official delinquencies, I am satisfied with the statement. And here it occurs to me to suggest that if offenses and moral or official delinquencies, not partisan in their nature, had existed, they would have been subjects for official inspection and report, and such reports, being official documents, would have been submitted to the committee or to the Senate, according to custom, and would have told their own story, and excluded committee comment. Thus the studied and carefully repeated statement of the committee in these cases of suspension, that no charge was made against the person suspended affecting his personal character (if that means a charge of wrongdoing not partisan), was superfluous, unless intended to convey the impression that the suspended officer was entirely innocent of any conduct meriting dismissal. It is a circumstance worth remembering when referring to these reports, that they belong to the executive business of the Senate, and are, therefore, among the secrets of that body. Those I have mentioned, nevertheless, were by special order made public, and published in the proceedings of the Senate in open session. This extraordinary, if not unprecedented, action, following long after the conclusion of the dispute, easily interprets its own intent, and removes all covering from a design to accomplish partisan advantage. The declaration of the resolutions that it was the duty of the Senate "to refuse its advice and consent to the proposed removal of officers" when the papers and docu-

ments relating to their supposed misconduct were withheld, was abandoned, and the irrevocable removal of such officers by confirmation of their successors was entered upon, with or without the much desired papers and documents, and was supplemented by the publication of committee reports, from which the secrecy of the executive session had been removed, to the end that, pursuant to a fixed determination, senatorial interpretation might be publicly given to the President's action in making suspensions.

I desire to call attention to one other incident connected with the occurrences already narrated. On the 14th of December, 1885, — prior to the first request or demand upon any executive department relating to suspensions, and of course before any controversy upon the subject arose, — a bill was introduced in the Senate by one of the most distinguished and able members of the majority in that body, and also a member of its Committee on the Judiciary, for the total and complete repeal of the law of 1869, which, it will be remembered, furnished the basis for the contention we have considered. This repealing bill was referred to the Senate Committee on the Judiciary, where it slumbered until the 21st of June, 1886, — nearly three months after the close of the contention, — when it was returned to the Senate with a favorable report, the chairman of the committee alone dissenting. When the bill was presented for discussion, the Senator who introduced it explained its object as follows: —

“This bill repeals what is left of what is called the Tenure of Office act, passed under the administration of Andrew Johnson, and as a part of the contest with that President. It leaves the law as it was from the beginning of the Government until that time, and it repeals the provision which authorizes the suspension of civil officers and requires the submission of that suspension to the Senate.” On a later day, in discussing

the bill, he said, after referring to the early date of its introduction: “It did not seem to me to be quite becoming to ask the Senate to deal with this general question, while the question which arose between the President and the Senate as to the interpretation and administration of the existing law was pending. I thought as a party man that I had hardly the right to interfere with the matter which was under the special charge of my honorable friend from Vermont, by challenging a debate upon the general subject from a different point of view. This question has subsided and is past, and it seems to me now proper to ask the Senate to vote upon the question whether it will return to the ancient policy of the Government, to the rule of public conduct which existed from 1789 until 1867, and which has practically existed, notwithstanding the condition of the statute book, since the accession to power of General Grant on the 4th of March, 1869.”

The personnel of the committee which reported favorably upon this repealing bill had not been changed since all the members of it politically affiliating with the majority in the Senate joined in recommending the accusatory report and resolutions, which, when adopted, caused the question between the President and the Senate, in the language of the introducer of the repealing bill, to “subside.”

This repealing act passed the Senate on the 17th of December, 1886, by thirty affirmative votes against twenty-two in the negative. A short time afterwards it passed in the House of Representatives by a majority of one hundred and five.

Thus was an unpleasant controversy happily followed by an expurgation of the last vestige of statutory sanction to an encroachment upon constitutional executive prerogatives, and thus was a time-honored interpretation of the Constitution restored to us. The President, freed from the Senate's claim of tute-

lage, became again the independent agent of the people, representing a co-ordinate branch of their Government, charged with responsibilities which, under his oath, he ought not to avoid or share, and invested with powers, not to

be surrendered, but to be used, under the guidance of patriotic intentions, a clear conscience, and an unfaltering faith in the Divine Ruler of the universe, who fails not when sincere and lofty human endeavor humbly seeks his aid.

Grover Cleveland.

SOME PREJUDICES ABOUT LIFE ASSURANCE.

IN writing on the subject of life assurance, it is hardly profitable to repeat those facts that are familiar to all the world, but rather to point out certain fallacies which threaten to harm a beneficent institution, and which have taken possession in some cases of the minds of the general public, and in others of the minds of those who direct the business.

It is astonishing to observe how prejudices will take hold of public belief, and how next to impossible it is to root them out. Bishop Berkeley, whose common sense was no less notable than his learning, says: "It may not be amiss to inculcate that the difference between prejudices and other opinions doth not consist in this, that the former are false and the latter true; but in this, that the former are taken upon trust, and the latter acquired by reasoning." And an old poet of the eighteenth century says: "Remember, when the judgment's weak the prejudice is strong." It is most important, then, to encourage clear thinking on a subject like the management of life assurance, — an institution which to-day commands such enormous contributions from the public, and which is a tremendous agency for good, if properly conducted.

The first fallacy to be noticed is, that a large "new business" transacted annually by a life assurance company, taken by itself, and without regard to other considerations, is necessarily a criterion of prosperity. There was a time, before

competition had become so disturbing a factor, when a large new business furnished in some respects such a criterion; for it cannot be disputed that — given a company regulating its affairs on the basis of reasonable expense, profitable returns on investments judiciously made, low mortality secured by caution in selecting risks, the accumulation of a large surplus for absolute safety and ultimate profit, abstention from offering "privileges" that cost money and eat into security, the maintenance of adequate premium rates, the avoidance of excessive dividends, and other essential ingredients of permanence and thrift — the larger the new business the greater is the substantial success; for if the big business is not secured by throwing safety and profit overboard, there is a wider subdivision of expenses and a greater certainty of fair averages in death losses, and interest rates, and protection against spasmodic damage. Properly transacted, such large new business enhances prestige, and shows uninstructed people where to go. But times have changed, and companies in some instances have begun to compete by offering "inducements" to assure, by making the annual premiums too low, by calculating on obtaining higher interest on investments than will probably be earned, by dividing surplus too closely and too soon, by offering too much to those who retire from the company, by making it too easy for the policy holder to mortgage his policy, — thus

handicapping the indemnity to his family; and in many other ways they are knocking out the props of safety and permanence.

The ambition to do the largest instead of the best business seems to be at the bottom of this tendency. The ambition to excel is not reprehensible. It is a strange sort of mind that does not make a man eager to be at the top. The viciousness of the trend is introduced, when, to attain that end, sacrifice of some good principle in what should be a scientifically conducted business is made. It is done, as Sir Richard Steele, of *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*, said, because "the business is to keep up the amazement." And it is worth noticing that when he said this, he was writing on Quack Advertisements. Bishop Berkeley says in the same treatise from which I have already quoted:—

"For a man to do as he would be done by, to love his neighbor as himself, to honor his superiors, to believe that God scans all his actions, and will reward or punish them, and to think that he who is guilty of falsehood or injustice hurts himself more than any one else; are not these such notions and principles as every wise governor or legislator would covet above all things to have firmly rooted in the mind of every individual under his care?" If we could only square our management to such opinions, how greatly for the interest of our policy holders it would be! And it is not a hopeless case, either. There are those engaged in the business who are making the attempt, and there is great force in a good example, especially as adherence to the principles referred to is by no means incompatible with a large new business, as is being demonstrated today. But I have heard a prominent and enlightened officer of a life assurance company give as a reason for not making the minimum interest rate of three per cent the assumption in his company's calculations, that the competition of com-

panies assuming a higher rate of interest was too strong, because where a higher rate of interest is assumed, a lower rate of premium may be charged.

Instead of selecting a company on account of its low charges and its profit-draining "privileges," it would be far more sensible (if choice is to depend on one or two disconnected facts) for a man to select the company charging the highest premiums and granting the least privileges outside of the death indemnity, other things being equal. It is better for a mutual company, and therefore for its members who constitute the company, that they should pay too high rather than too low premiums. Too low premiums will certainly cramp the management, lessen the profit, and may even result in failure; while too high premiums facilitate business and increase profit, and the excess ultimately returns with interest to the policy holders. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that life assurance is a long contract, and what might be harmless for the period of a year or two might become of moment in a lifetime. Take, for example, the difference of rates in compound interest:

\$1000 at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent amounts in five years to	\$1187.69
\$1000 at 3 per cent amounts in five years to	\$1159.27
Difference	\$28.42

The difference, \$28.42, is not a very important matter. But

\$1000 at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent amounts in a lifetime of sixty-five years to . .	\$9356.70
\$1000 at 3 per cent amounts in a lifetime of sixty-five years to . .	\$6829.98
Difference	\$2526.72

And the difference, \$2526.72, caused by a change of one half of one per cent in the annual rate, becomes serious.

The shores of time are strewn with the wrecks of life companies which have disregarded the basic principles referred to. The multitude of defunct coöperative

companies, dependent on assessments for their existence, are among them. These had their day, and thousands of people were persuaded that it was just as well to ignore mathematical axioms, laws of mortality, and the experience of a century, and put their trust in novices who appealed to a penny-wise instinct. They failed, when honestly managed, because their premiums were too low or too uncertain. There were others, too, who attempted to prove that very low premiums in regular companies were just as safe as standard rates. Those who placed their confidence in these generally met with bitter disappointment. The Spectator Year Book gives a list of more than one hundred and eighty American life assurance companies which have failed, or retired from business, since 1812; and lists of defunct American assessment companies have been published containing several thousand names.

But let it not be supposed that similar, if less excessive, evils do not lurk in the business as conducted by many a large and prosperous company. On the other hand, it is none the less true that the variations from a severe standard of management have not reached the danger point. The burning question for managers to decide is, whether it is compatible with high principle — either commercial or moral — to relax wholesome restrictions for the purpose of popularity, and thus to venture as near as possible to the limit of prudence. Take the question of assumption of interest rate for example. Other things being equal, the premiums charged by the various companies will be lower if it is assumed that the average rate of interest to be realized throughout the future, on the aggregate of funds employed and unemployed, will be three and one half per cent (or four per cent) than if a three per cent rate should be assumed. Nearly all the principal States now require a standard based on the assumption of an average of four per cent inter-

est, while five of the companies have already adopted, in whole or in part, a three per cent standard on new business. This enables these companies to make a gradual change, without shock, from the higher to the lower rate of interest (which means a change from a lower standard to a higher standard, inasmuch as more reserve must be held to make up for the lessening of the annual increase by interest). The effect of this will be seen from the fact that about \$833,000,000 of business went off the books of American companies in 1899, by reason of death, maturity, purchase, and lapse, and the amount increases from year to year. Thus the continual process of four per cent business dropping out, and of three per cent business coming in, works an easy and gradual change from the lower to the higher standard without shock or inconvenience.

What is called the "reserve fund," which is the ever growing accumulation of invested assets mathematically required to secure the ultimate payment of policies, is larger or smaller according as a lower or a higher rate of future interest is assumed. But there are companies which are unwilling as yet to adopt the three per cent basis, because that would involve higher premiums, and would not appeal, therefore, to an unthinking public. The history of the productiveness of money invested in the most careful way, the present condition of the investment market, and the outlook for the future, would seem to warn prudent managers to be on the safe side in a matter of such radical importance. A pamphlet recently published, entitled *Letters from Prominent Financiers on Interest Rates*, gave the views of one hundred and fifteen bankers and experts in investment as to what rate of interest could be counted on without peradventure during the next twenty years. Out of these one hundred and fifteen financiers a majority thought that three per cent was the highest safe

rate, and some even recommended two and a half per cent. A company, therefore, which does a large business with premiums based on the assumption that a higher rate of interest than three per cent will be earned may not be building the foundations of future prosperity as solidly as a company doing a smaller business with premiums based on the assumption that three per cent only will be earned. And it is always to be remembered that if the company is successful in earning more than the three per cent assumed, the excess goes back to the policy holders in the shape of dividends, if the company is conducted on the mutual plan.

Another consideration bearing on prosperity is the amount which the company pays back to the policy holder if his policy is prematurely surrendered. There has been great competition in this particular. Some have advocated the payment of the entire legal reserve held against each policy. Some have approximated to this. Some have even promised more. Rivalry in offering "inducements" has undoubtedly had an influence in raising such offers above what is wise or prudent. Every policy holder retiring undermines just to that extent the stability of the business, especially as it is believed that the bad lives stick while the good retire. The calculations of a life assurance company are based on the general assumption that the entrants will persist. To spend great energy in getting them in, and at the same time to offer undue inducements for them to get out, seems an irrational proceeding. The management of companies has been too much swayed by what is "popular." Many a time it is the unpopular measure which is the best.

There is a great deal of compassion wasted on the improvident people who give up their policies, and one would almost imagine, when reading what some have written, and what has in certain

instances been enacted into law under a misguided popular influence, that the chief object of life assurance was to take care of those who abandon their policies at the expense of those who keep them. The truth is, that it is the prospective widows and orphans of the deserters who are entitled to our sympathy, and it ought to be made hard for those who, yielding to slight monetary pressure or to the selfish desire to use the money for this, that, or the other gratification, forget their duty to their wives and children. The cases of real hardship to the living policy holders are as nothing to the many cases of cruel hardship among widows and orphans who have been hastily and thoughtlessly abandoned by those for whom this desertion has been made easy by modern assurance methods, born of competition. The ideal system would be absolute prohibition of surrender values in cash, and the limitation of the same to fully paid assurance in proportion to the reserves held against each policy.

These illustrations might be amplified, as, for example, in respect to loans on policies. If properly made, they are undoubtedly secure, and most of the companies have yielded to the popular demand, and are now lending on the policies they issue. But after moving men to provide for their families by life assurance, is it wise to tempt them to mortgage that assurance, and so to impair the indemnity? There is also a tendency to disregard the teachings of experience in respect to making proper charges and restrictions for extra hazardous risks, such as engagement in dangerous pursuits, in war, and residence in unhealthy regions. To the mass of people a policy is more attractive which concedes everything, no matter how unsound those concessions may be, but the time is coming when thinking people will discriminate.

There is nothing invidious in the foregoing remarks. They apply in greater

or lesser degree to many companies whose directors wish in good faith to guard the interests of the policy holders. The vital point is, that the companies which have the courage to forego the ephemeral advantage of excess in "liberality" are not to be regarded as outstripped by companies ignoring rigid principles, and, through appeals to the uninstructed, doing a large new business. If a company has enough skill and vigor of management to transact a large business without abandoning the line of greatest security, so much the better; for a large business properly done means large benefits to large numbers of people, and minor errors sink into insignificance when there is great volume of business. The company that does the biggest business, therefore, is not necessarily the best. Volume is only an incident, and the best company is the one that is strongest, most skillfully managed, and that is husbanding resources for future profits and security.

Another prejudice which prevails is, that the "company" is interested against the policy holder. This cannot be true in a company governed by the mutual principle. All the larger companies are so governed and many of the smaller. By their charters, all the profits of the business inure to the benefit of the policy holders exclusively. Every policy holder is therefore interested like a partner in the protection of his company. Some might at first blush be disposed to deny that a prejudice against the companies exists, but examine the facts. The Insurance Report of the State of Connecticut,¹ a State in which all the prominent companies do business, gives 11,972,373 as the total number of policies held in the regular companies reporting to that State. Is it credible that if the multitudes of intelligent men who hold these policies were alive to their own interests they would permit the

operations of their companies to be handicapped and their prosperity threatened by onerous taxation, and by hostile legislation? The influence of such a body of citizens would, if actively used, control the situation. Taxation of a life assurance company means inroad upon the profits and therefore increase of the price paid by the policy holder for his assurance. Yet the war tax imposed during the Spanish war, in the shape of stamps, is estimated to have cost the companies reporting to Connecticut more than \$700,000 in 1899 (*excluding industrial companies*). It has been estimated that there are several companies whose individual tax is not less than \$100,000.

Another evil is that taxation is so unequal and so unscientific. One State exempts: another taxes gross premiums two per cent. One State collects \$500,000 per annum from life assurance companies alone in taxes: another State taxes on "reserves;" and the general government comes in and blankets the whole with a tremendous tax. Meanwhile the companies suffer indirect taxation on their investments, and pay heavily on real estate. Only a few weeks ago a bill was introduced into the New York Legislature, which proposed to tax mortgages one half of one per cent. Although this bill has not passed, there is no evidence that the multitude of policy holders, whose dividends would have been diminished by such a law, have manifested any interest in the success or defeat of the proposed bill. More than \$6,000,000 was taken by taxation, in the year 1899, from the "level premium" life companies of the United States reporting to the State of Connecticut. Is it politic thus to mulct the savings of the provident, and to handicap thrift?

All the time that these measures are being carried out by those municipal authorities who seek to raise revenue is not been published at the time this article was written.

¹ The official reports of the States of Massachusetts and New York for the year 1899 had

the easiest way, regardless of the important principles subverted, the four and a half millions of policy holders, in legislatures, in newspapers, in the councils of state, among the constituents, stand by in apathy, not only forgetting that it is really their money that is being taken, but with a certain bias against the very companies which they themselves compose. The same argument applies to hampering legislation and unwise official supervision, and it is no wonder that many who have the interests of widows and orphans at heart look longingly to the National Congress to centralize the supervision and control of life assurance companies by the constitution of a National Department at Washington. It is difficult to measure the benefit to the policy holder himself, if he would cease to regard the company as a stranger interested against him, and recognize that he is a part of it himself, and that whatever advantage the company gets is his advantage also.

Another prevailing prejudice is that life assurance companies are tying up money, and are in some cases growing so large that there is no telling what will come of them in the end. As a matter of fact, these companies are great distributing agencies, of immense convenience to the people, bringing money within the reach of all who have proper security. Their assets consist, for the most part, in *loans* made to those who are using the money to develop and advance industry, commerce, and the other complex movements which are involved in a progressive civilization. The very law of their existence requires that their assets should be as constantly as possible in active use. Moreover, instead of being ever growing "octopi," their growth is limited by the very conditions of the business; because, by reason of lapses, surrenders, deaths, and maturities, so much assurance is annually terminated, that a very large business is required to keep up the total amount outstanding,

and the latter amount is likely to increase less and less rapidly, even under the present order of things.

This is the day of concentration in business. The advantage accruing to profitable management (and here it is well to remind the reader once more that the profit in companies on the mutual plan is realized by the policy holders and by nobody else) from the trans-action of business on a large scale is so great and so obvious that it must be recognized and approved by thoughtful minds. The large company has an advantage in the possibilities for economy in results. In life assurance, as in other domains, there is what might be called a market price for agency service, and the struggle of a wise manager is to reduce this to a minimum, without destroying the machinery which produces the income. There is an extravagant method, and there is a cheese-paring method, and the path of prudence lies between. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." After all, the test of management is "surplus," which term is employed for want of a better, and because it has the sanction of usage. It means, in assurance, the money accumulated over and above the mathematical requirement for safety. It serves both for extra reserve, that is, security, and for a reservoir of profits, or dividends to policy holders. This surplus is derived from (1) savings on expenses, (2) savings on mortality, (3) savings on interest, (4) lapses of reserves over and above what is returned to policy holders, and (5) fortunate investments enhancing in value; and money may profitably be "expended," thus diminishing the contribution to surplus from category No. 1 when such expenditure produces surplus from the other sources, Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 5. A company may be so managed as to show most superbly on No. 1 and to make a wretched exhibit on Nos. 2, 3, 4,

and 5. The surplus actually earned is therefore a better criterion. An illustration may make this clearer: Suppose a company finds that by spending some thousands of dollars on physicians and inspectors it can so much more carefully select the subjects for assurance that great improvement is made on the mortality rate, and that millions are saved in death losses. That company's ratio of expenses may show less favorably than a company refraining from such expenditure, but it needs no expert financier or statistician to demonstrate that there is real economy in the practice. In 1899 one of the large American companies declined \$34,000,000 of business out of \$237,000,000 applied for. This was accomplished by means of measures such as that just referred to. The benefit of such sifting does not need to be argued. In the same way money spent for skillful officers, for adepts in investing funds, for scrutiny of accounts, for watchfulness over all those transactions involved in an extensive business, might in a great measure be spared and the expense account pure and simple be immensely improved; but it would be at an enormous sacrifice of real profit. "Penny wise and pound foolish" is a proverb which applies to life assurance as well as to other departments of activity. The danger lies in excess, ignorance, prejudice, and lack of care and industry.

The large company, further, has better opportunities for improving money at the best advantage, and of securing steady averages in the mortality rate. Without dwelling unduly on propositions like these which need slight illustration, it may be put down as a fact that the advantage for the policy holders is with companies doing business on a considerable scale in a judicious manner. Now these large accumulations of money in the hands of companies, instead of being locked up, are immediately put out into the hands of the people, and enter into

the productive channels of the country. The money lent on bond and mortgage by the life assurance companies reporting to the State of Connecticut exceeded on January 1, 1900, the sum of \$455,000,000. The money invested in railroad and other securities representing the commercial prosperity of the land exceeded \$729,000,000. Every one who has proper security to offer can come to these companies and, without expense in the way of fees or commission of the middleman, can borrow money at the lowest prevailing rates of interest, and the very nature of the business which requires permanency of investment is a guarantee to the borrower that he will not be disturbed except for essential cause. The creation of these great central monetary agencies, therefore, is an absolute benefit to the mass of the people, and, instead of removing money from its legitimate channels, is a means of directing it into those channels in the simplest, most economical, and least objectionable way.

Another prejudice which has fastened itself on some minds is directed against that very surplus which has already been mentioned as the evidence of prosperity. Is it possible that the fallacy has been invented by those not successful in amassing a large surplus, and therefore envious of those who have been more skillful and more provident? No critic has ever succeeded in showing why the same argument does not apply to an assurance company as to a bank or to an individual. The bank with the largest surplus is always regarded as the strongest and the one most likely to divide large profits. An individual's wealth is measured by the excess of his possessions over what he owes, in other words, his surplus. It is the same with a life assurance company. Surplus represents the wealth of a company, and therefore the wealth of its policy holders. If surplus is attacked, the policy holders suffer. If surplus is dissi-

pated, the policy holder is in danger. The surplus is held for the policy holders collectively, just as, in a partnership, for the members. It is not necessarily at the immediate disposal of an individual member of the firm, but for the partners collectively; and, as in the case of the firm, the policy holder does not participate in cash until he gets a dividend; but he *does* profit in a comprehensive way all the time, through the security and prosperity of the business resulting from the surplus earned and accumulated, and he *does* profit in cash when the time comes, through rational management, for a distribution. Many banks accumulate large surplus, paying smaller dividends than they could, because the advantages obtained by holding a large surplus in facilitating business and increasing earnings are more important to the owners than the increase of dividends that would result from an earlier distribution.

Then again, it is quite as true in the conduct of life assurance as in any other business, that it is for the benefit of the individual policy holder that money breeds money, and the bigger the surplus the bigger the profits earned for the individual; and any one who looks into the facts intelligently will see that every policy holder who is now a member of a company will get more in dividends, other things being equal, because the company has a large surplus, than he would get if from the beginning the surplus of the company had been divided closely from year to year among the policy holders, because what the individual policy holder loses in a small reservation of surplus not paid him at the *end* of the year, he more than gains in the larger profit resulting from the surplus brought over at the beginning of the year from the earnings of the past.

The truth is that the ordinary public mind is swayed easily by the unconsidered, but oftentimes plausible, arguments

of those who, as Dryden said, "think too little and talk too much." Intelligent people who wish to get the best for their money in the shape of life assurance would do well to visit the parent offices of the companies, and investigate such animadversions as are often made by those either not competent or having a distinct interest in creating a false impression. There are numbers of men making a livelihood by stirring up policy holders against their companies, and it is fair to say that the majority of the lawsuits against such companies are instigated by such designing persons. The writer has in mind several men, so-called "actuaries" and "lawyers," who have fomented vexatious legal proceedings against a certain company, and the result of every one of such proceedings has been favorable to the company after lamentable expense both to the misled attacking policy holder and to the mass of policy holders attacked. The only person who has profited has been the intriguer who has led the claimant astray. Every well-managed company has capable officials in its employ, always ready to take pains to furnish information and explanation to every policy holder, and the competition between the companies is the very best protection possible against injustice and wrongdoing. An electric searchlight is ever directed on all the transactions of American life assurance companies. There is no other enterprise which is subjected to such public scrutiny. Secrecy and mystery are, by the existing machinery of publicity, almost impossible. And yet the unsophisticated citizen is often so willing to be deceived, that he will take the unsupported word of the venal adviser who charges him a fee, and refuse to go to headquarters and learn the truth from honorable men, or make the investigation that is freely offered.

Then there is the great prejudice that one can handle his own money better than the company, and therefore he

will not assure his life, and this goes hand in hand with the conviction of the non-capitalist that he cannot afford it. It is a happy thing that these prejudices are gradually breaking down, but the people still treat life assurance as a luxury. They pay in their premiums in good times, and drop them, or refrain from taking the first step, in bad times. The reverse of this would be rational. Instances of bitter disappointment to families are occurring all the time, upon the death of the bread-winner leaving nothing but debts. In former times, life assurance was sparingly resorted to; and almost exclusively by salaried men, and by men of small affairs. Later, the prosperous and the capitalistic class learned that "an anchor to windward," in the shape of life assurance, is an advantage. Many are the successful merchants who have left one or more hundreds of thousands of assurance which has saved the integrity of their business, or bridged over gaps while the estates were being disentangled. Partnerships have been saved from wreck by the interassurance of the members. Families enjoying luxury have, through the medium of large life assurance, escaped being suddenly plunged into the misery of dependency. The man who is confident that he can handle his own money best, without committing it to a company, ignores the uncertainty of life. Even if he has the requisite knowledge, skill, and steadfastness to do as well as the company throughout a lifetime of sixty years, *how can he be sure he will not die?* Premature death wrecks all his plans. The assured man establishes a capital for those he is to leave behind the moment he assures.

It is calculated from the statistics that more than \$31,000,000 have been paid by American companies alone in the ten years ending December 31, 1898, to the beneficiaries of policies which have had but one annual payment made on them! Taking a broad view of these transac-

tions, the beneficiaries have received twenty-five times the amount paid in by the policy holders. A similar calculation could be made as to policies on which only two annual payments had been made, which would develop the fact that as to these the beneficiaries had received more than \$35,000,000, which was about twelve and one half times the amount paid in. And the computation might be carried on to those having made three annual payments, four, five, etc. It would be found that by far the greater part of the \$663,000,000 which have been paid within a period of ten years by the American life assurance companies on the death of the assured has proved to be more money in each case than has been paid in. Who can contend that in these instances the investment could have been better handled by the man himself? Of course there must be some who will offset these by living to mature old age, and paying in as much, or more, than their beneficiaries draw out at their death. But these will have had the comfort of the indemnity throughout the many years when it was most needed, and the skill of the company managers will oftentimes prove to have been sufficient to wipe out by successful investment and shrewd management the excess of payments into the company over the amount which would otherwise have fallen due on the policy at death. The class who "cannot afford" to assure are generally the improvident and the reckless. There are few persons who cannot save something out of their earnings, and experience has shown that such savings cannot be better improved than by putting them into a life assurance policy. The mere habit of saving enforced by the annually recurring premium payments on the policy is an advantage in itself. The population of the United States and Canada is about 82,000,000. The assurance in force in all American regular companies is held by about four and a half millions

of people. There is always a vast multitude of unassured, and these are being annually enlarged by the growth of youth to manhood. There is no institution which has so effectually distributed wealth to benefit the largest number of people in the most judicious way as life assurance.

Among the various other fallacies to which the limitations of a magazine article forbid extended reference there is one which is so vulgar and so vile that it ought not to require notice. It is one which seems unfortunately to have fastened itself on the management of some companies, and which is a disgrace to a noble institution. It is the apparent belief that it is compatible with honor and dignity to build up a company by doing injury to its neighbors. It is difficult to make this plain without being invidious, and therefore the application of the general principle here stated must be left to the reader.

Assuredly, an institution which exists for the benefit of widows and orphans, and which has under its control more than one thousand five hundred millions of money, and assurance to the amount of seven thousand three hundred millions, is one which ought not to be conducted on a low plane of competition. And yet in certain quarters a spirit pre-

vails which shows itself in public assaults by the officers of one company on the personal motives of the officers of other companies; in flippant references by circular or through subsidized editors of public journals; in raids upon the servants of competitors made more to cripple the adversary than to benefit the raider; and in a variety of practices tending to degrade the business. Fortunately, those who indulge in these devices are few, but in some cases they seem to be vain of the very things which ought to bring a blush to the face. One can scarcely imagine the officers of a bank or trust company descending to such petty practices. Then why should decent people tolerate the discrediting of such a sacred calling as that of life assurance by such tactics?

Prejudices will inevitably prevail in every department of human activity. It is too much to hope that any enterprise can be absolutely purged of them. But the institution of life assurance is one of such dignity and usefulness; it deals with such sacred interests; it is so vast, so serious, so important, that in the opinion of some, among whom the writer desires to be included, it is worthy of the best endeavors of the best people in the community to keep it decent, pure, and dignified.

James W. Alexander.

SOUL FLIGHT.

HID ways have winds that lightly shake
The silver willows, half awake,
Mysterious paths the moonbeams take
Across the shadowed mountain lake;

The soul in deeper secret goes
Behind the lilac and the rose,
In skies of evening, far away,
Beyond the flight of night and day.

John Vance Cheney.

A DIFFICULT CASE.

IN TWO PARTS. PART FIRST.

I.

IT was in the fervor of their first married years that the Ewberts came to live in the little town of Hilbrook, shortly after Hilbrook University had been established there under the name of its founder, Josiah Hilbrook. The town itself had then just changed its name, in compliance with the conditions of his public benefactions, and in recognition of the honor he had done it in making it a seat of learning. Up to a certain day it had been called West Mallow, ever since it was set off from the original town of Mallow; but after a hundred and seventy years of this custom, it began on that day to call itself Hilbrook, and thenceforward, with the curious American acquiescence in the accomplished fact, no one within or without its limits called it West Mallow again.

The memory of Josiah Hilbrook himself began to be lost in the name he had given the place; and except for the perfunctory mention of its founder in the ceremonies of Commencement Day, the university hardly remembered him as a man, but rather regarded him as a locality. He had in fact never been an important man in West Mallow, up to the time he had left it to seek his fortune in New York; and when he died, somewhat abruptly, and left his money, as it were out of a clear sky, to his native place in the form of a university, a town hall, a soldiers' monument, a drinking fountain, and a public library, his fellow townsmen, in making the due civic acknowledgment and acceptance of his gifts, recalled with effort the obscure family to which he belonged.

He had not tried to characterize the university by his peculiar religious faith,

but he had given a church building, a parsonage, and a fund for the support of preaching among them at Hilbrook, to the small body of believers to which his people adhered. This sect had a name by which it was officially known to itself; but, like the Shakers, the Quakers, the Moravians, it had early received a nickname, which it passively adopted, and even among its own members the body was rarely spoken of or thought of except as the Rixonites.

Mrs. Ewbert fretted under the nickname, with an impatience perhaps the greater because she had merely married into the Rixonite church, and had accepted its doctrine because she loved her husband rather than because she had been convinced of its truth. From the first she complained that the Rixonites were cold; and if there was anything Emily Ewbert had always detested, it was coldness. No one, she once testified, need talk to her of their passive waiting for a sign, as a religious life; if there were not some strong, central belief, some rigorously formulated creed, some —

"Good old herb and root theology," her husband interrupted.

"Yes!" she heedlessly acquiesced. "Unless there is something like *that*, all the waiting in the world won't" — she cast about for some powerful image — "won't keep the cold chills from running down *my* back when I think of my duty as a Christian."

"Then don't think of your duty as a Christian, my dear," he pleaded, with the caressing languor which sometimes made her say, in reprobation of her own pleasure in it, that *he* was a Rixonite, if ever there *was* one. "Think of your duty as a woman, or even as a mortal."

"I believe you're thinking of mak-

ing a sermon on that," she retorted; and he gave a sad, consenting laugh, as if it were quite true, though in fact he never really preached a sermon on mere femininity or mere mortality. His sermons were all very good, however: and that was another thing that put her out of patience with his Rixonite parishioners, — that they should sit there Sunday after Sunday, year in and year out, and listen to his beautiful sermons, which ought to melt their hearts and bring tears into their eyes, and not seem influenced by them any more than if they were so many dry chips.

"But think how long they've had the gospel," he suggested, in a pensive self-reflection which she would not share.

"Well, one thing, Clarence," she summed up, "I'm not going to let you throw yourself away on them; and unless you see some of the university people in the congregation, I want you to use your old sermons from this out. They'll never know the difference; and I'm going to make you take one of the old sermons along every Sunday, so as to be prepared."

II.

One good trait of Mrs. Ewbert was that she never meant half she said, — she could not; but in this case there was more meaning than usual in her saying. It really vexed her that the university families, who had all received them so nicely, and who appreciated her husband's spiritual and intellectual quality as fully as even she could wish, came some of them so seldom, and some of them never, to hear him at the Rixonite church. They ought, she said, to have been just suited by his preaching, which inculcated with the peculiar grace of his gentle, poetic nature a refinement of the mystical theology of the founder. The Rev. Adoniram Rixon, who had seventy years before formulated his conception of the religious life as a patient

waiting upon the divine will, with a constant reference of this world's mysteries and problems to the world to come, had doubtless meant a more strenuous abeyance than Clarence Ewbert was now preaching to a third generation of his followers. He had doubtless meant them to be eager and alert in this patience, but the version of his gospel which his latest apostle gave taught a species of acquiescence which was foreign to the thoughts of the founder. He put as great stress as could be asked upon the importance of a realizing faith in the life to come, and an implicit trust in it for the solution of the problems and perplexities of this life; but so far from wishing his hearers to be constantly taking stock, as it were, of their spiritual condition, and interrogating Providence as to its will concerning them, he besought them to rest in confidence of the divine mindfulness, secure that while they fulfilled all their plain, simple duties toward one another, God would inspire them to act according to his purposes in the more psychological crises and emergencies, if these should ever be part of their experience.

In maintaining, on a certain Sunday evening, that his ideas were much more adapted to the spiritual nourishment of the president, the dean, and the several professors of Hilbrook University than to that of the hereditary Rixonites who nodded in a slumbrous acceptance of them, Mrs. Ewbert failed as usual to rouse her husband to a due sense of his grievance with the university people.

"Well," he said, "you know I can't *make* them come, my dear."

"Of course not. And I would be the last to have you lift a finger. But I know that you feel about it just as I do."

"Perhaps; but I hope not so much as you *think* you feel. Of course, I'm very grateful for your indignation. But I know you don't undervalue the good I may do to my poor sheep — they're *not*

an intellectual flock—in trying to lead them in the ways of spiritual modesty and unconsciousness. How do we know but they profit more by my preaching than the faculty would? Perhaps our university friends are spiritually unconscious enough already, if not modest.”

“I see what you mean,” said Mrs. Ewbert, provisionally suspending her sense of the whimsical quality in his suggestion. “But you need never tell me that they would n’t appreciate you more.”

“More than old Ransom Hilbrook?” he asked.

“Oh, I hope *he* is n’t coming here to-night, again!” she implored, with a nervous leap from the point in question. “If he’s coming here *every* Sunday night” —

As he knew she wished, her husband represented that Hilbrook’s having come the last Sunday night was no proof that he was going to make a habit of it.

“But he *stayed* so late!” she insisted from the safety of her real belief that he was not coming.

“He came very early, though,” said Ewbert, with a gentle sigh, in which her sympathetic penetration detected a retrospective exhaustion.

“I shall tell him you’re not well,” she went on: “I shall tell him you are lying down. You ought to be, now. You’re perfectly worn out with that long walk you took.” She rose, and beat up the sofa pillows with a menacing eye upon him.

“Oh, I’m very comfortable here,” he said from the depths of his easy-chair. “Hilbrook won’t come to-night. It’s past the time.”

She glanced at the clock with him, and then desisted. “If he does, I’m determined to excuse you somehow. You ought never to have gone near him, Clarence. You’ve brought it upon yourself.”

Ewbert could not deny this, though he did not feel himself so much to blame for it as she would have liked to make

out in her pity of him. He owned that if he had never gone to see Hilbrook the old man would probably never have come near them, and that if he had not tried so much to interest him when he did come Hilbrook would not have stayed so long; and even in this contrite mind, he would not allow that he ought not to have visited him and ought not to have welcomed him.

III.

The minister had found his parishioner in the old Hilbrook homestead, which Josiah Hilbrook, while he lived, suffered Ransom Hilbrook to occupy, and when he died bequeathed to him, with a sufficient income for all his simple wants. They were cousins, and they had both gone out into the world about the same time: one had made a success of it, and remained; and the other had made a failure of it, and come back. They were both Rixonites, as the families of both had been in the generation before them. It could be supposed that Josiah Hilbrook, since he had given the money for a Rixonite church and the perpetual pay of a Rixonite minister in his native place, had died in the faith; and it might have been supposed that Ransom Hilbrook, from his constant attendance upon its services, was living in the same faith. What was certain was that the survivor lived alone in the family homestead on the slope of the stony hill overlooking the village. The house was gray with age, and it crouched low on the ground where it had been built a century before, and anchored fast by the great central chimney characteristic of the early New England farmhouse. Below it staggered the trees of an apple orchard belted in with a stone wall, and beside it sagged the sheds whose stretch united the gray old house to the gray old barn, and made it possible for Hilbrook to do his chores in rain or snow without leaving cover. There was a door-

yard defined by a picket fence, and near the kitchen door was a well with a high pent roof, where there had once been a long sweep.

These simple features showed to the village on the opposite slope with a distinctness that made the place seem much lonelier than if it had been much more remote. It gained no cheerfulness from its proximity, and when the windows of the house lighted up with the pale gleam of the sunset, they imparted to the village a sense of dreary solitude which its own lamps could do nothing to relieve.

Ransom Hilbrook came and went among the villagers in the same sort of inaccessible contiguity. He did not shun passing the time of day with people he met; he was in and out at the grocer's, the meat man's, the baker's, upon the ordinary domestic occasions; but he never darkened any other doors, except on his visits to the bank where he cashed the checks for his quarterly allowance. There had been a proposition to use him representatively in the ceremonies celebrating the acceptance of the various gifts of Josiah Hilbrook; but he had not lent himself to this, and upon experiment the authorities found that he was right in his guess that they could get along without him.

He had not said it surlily, but sadly, and with a gentle deprecation of their insistence. While the several monuments that testified to his cousin's wealth and munificence rose in the village beyond the brook, he continued in the old homestead without change, except that when his housekeeper died he began to do for himself the few things that the ailing and aged woman had done for him. How he did them was not known, for he invited no intimacy from his neighbors. But from the extent of his dealings with the grocer it was imagined that he lived mainly upon canned goods. The fish man paid him a weekly visit, and once a week he got from the meat man a piece of salt pork, which it was obvious to

the meanest intelligence was for his Sunday baked beans. From his purchase of flour and baking powder it was reasonably inferred that he now and then made himself hot biscuit. Beyond these meagre facts everything was conjecture, in which the local curiosity played sometimes actively, but for the most part with a growing acquiescence in the general ignorance none felt authorized to dispel. There had been a time when some fulfilled a fancied duty to the solitary in trying to see him. But the visitors who found him out of doors were not asked within, and were obliged to dismiss themselves, after an interview across the pickets of the dooryard fence or from the trestles or inverted feed pails on which they were invited to seats in the barn or shed. Those who happened to find their host more ceremoniously at home were allowed to come in, but were received in rooms so comfortable from the drawn blinds or fireless hearths that they had not the spirits for the task of cheering him up which they had set themselves, and departed in greater depression than that they left him to.

IV.

Ewbert felt all the more impelled to his own first visit by the fame of these failures, but he was not hastened in it. He thought best to wait for some sign or leading from Hilbrook; but when none came, except the apparent attention with which Hilbrook listened to his preaching, and the sympathy which he believed he detected at times in the old eyes blinking upon him through his sermons, he felt urged to the visit which he had vainly delayed.

Hilbrook's reception was wary and non-committal, but it was by no means so grudging as Ewbert had been led to expect. After some ceremonious moments in the cold parlor Hilbrook asked him into the warm kitchen, where appar-

ently he passed most of his own time. There was something cooking in a pot on the stove, and a small room opened out of the kitchen, with a bed in it, which looked as if it were going to be made, as Ewbart handsomely maintained. There was an old dog stretched on the hearth behind the stove, who whimpered with rheumatic apprehension when his master went to put the lamp on the mantel above him.

In describing the incident to his wife Ewbart stopped at this point, and then passed on to say that after they got to talking Hilbrook seemed more and more gratified, and even glad, to see him.

"Everybody's glad to see *you*, Clarence," she broke out, with tender pride. "But why do you say, 'After we got to talking'? Did n't you get to talking at once?"

"Well, no," he answered, with a vague smile; "we did a good deal of listening at first, both of us. I did n't know just where to begin, after I got through my excuses for coming, and Mr. Hilbrook did n't offer any opening. Don't you think he's a very handsome old man?"

"He has a pretty head, and his close-cut white hair gives it a neat effect, like a nice child's. He has a refined face; such a straight nose, and a delicate chin. Yes, he is certainly good looking. But what" —

"Oh, nothing. Only, all at once I realized that he had a sensitive nature. I don't know why I should n't have realized it before. I had somehow taken it for granted that he was a self-conscious hermit, who lived in a squalid seclusion because he liked being wondered at. But he did not seem to be anything of the kind. I don't know whether he's a good cook, for he did n't ask me to eat anything; but I don't think he's a bad housekeeper."

"With his bed unmade at eight o'clock in the evening!"

"He may have got up late," said Ewbart. "The house seemed very orderly,

otherwise; and what is really the use of making up a bed till you need it?"

Mrs. Ewbart passed the point, and asked, "What did you talk about when you got started?"

"I found he was a reader, or had been. There was a case of good books in the parlor, and I began by talking with him about them."

"Well, what did he say about them?"

"That he was n't interested in them. He had been once, but he was not now."

"I can understand that," said Mrs. Ewbart philosophically. "Books *are* crowded out after your life fills up with other interests."

"Yes."

"Yes, what?"

"So far as I could make out, Mr. Hilbrook's life had n't filled up with other interests. He did not care for the events of the day, as far as I tried him on them, and he did not care for the past. I tempted him with autobiography; but he seemed quite indifferent to his own history, though he was not reticent about it. I proposed the history of his cousin in the boyish days which he said they had spent together; but he seemed no more interested in his cousin than in himself. Then I tried his dog and his pathetic sufferings, and I said something about the pity of the poor old fellow's last days being so miserable. That seemed to strike a gleam of interest from him, and he asked me if I thought animals might live again. And I found — I don't know just how to put it so as to give you the right sense of his psychological attitude."

"No matter! Put it any way, and I will take care of the right sense. Go on!" said Mrs. Ewbart.

"I found that his question led up to the question whether men lived again, and to a confession that he did n't or could n't believe they did."

"Well, upon my word!" Mrs. Ewbart exclaimed. "I don't see what business he has coming to church, then. Does n't

he understand that the idea of immortality is very essence of Rixonitism? I think it was personally insulting to *you*, Clarence. What did you say?"

"I did n't take a very high hand with him. You know I don't embody the idea of immortality, and the church is no bad place even for unbelievers. The fact is, it struck me as profoundly pathetic. He was n't arrogant about it, as people sometimes are, — they seem proud of not believing; but he was sufficiently ignorant in his premises. He said he had seen too many dead people. You know he was in the civil war."

"No!"

"Yes, — through it all. It came out on my asking him if he were going to the Decoration Day services. He said that the sight of the first great battlefield deprived him of the power of believing in a life hereafter. He was not very explanatory, but as I understood it the overwhelming presence of death had extinguished his faith in immortality; the dead riders were just like their dead horses" —

"Shocking!" Mrs. Ewbert broke in.

"He said something went out of him."

Ewbert waited a moment before adding: "It was very affecting, though Hilbrook himself was as apathetic about it as he was about everything else. He was not interested in not believing, even, but I could see that it had taken the heart out of life for him. If our life here does not mean life elsewhere, the interest of it must end with our activities. When it comes to old age, as it has with poor Hilbrook, it has no meaning at all, unless it has the hope of more life in it. I felt his forlornness, and I strongly wished to help him. I stayed a long time talking; I tried to interest him in the fact that he was not interested, and" —

"Well, what?"

"If I did n't fatigue Hilbrook, I came away feeling perfectly exhausted myself. Were you uneasy at my being out so late?"

V.

It was some time after the Ewberts had given up expecting him that old Hilbrook came to return the minister's visit. Then, as if some excuse were necessary, he brought a dozen eggs in a paper bag, which he said he hoped Mrs. Ewbert could use, because his hens were giving him more than he knew what to do with. He came to the back door with them; but Mrs. Ewbert always let her maid of all work go out Sunday evening, and she could receive him in the kitchen herself. She felt obliged to make him the more welcome on account of his humility, and she showed him into the library with perhaps exaggerated hospitality.

It was a chilly evening of April, and so early that the lamp was not lighted; but there was a pleasant glow from the fire on the hearth, and Ewbert made his guest sit down before it. As he lay back in the easy-chair, stretching his thin old hands toward the blaze, the delicacy of his profile was charming, and that senile parting of the lips with which he listened reminded Ewbert of his own father's looks in his last years; so that it was with an affectionate eagerness he set about making Hilbrook feel his presence acceptable, when Mrs. Ewbert left them to finish up the work she had promised herself not to leave for the maid. It was much that Hilbrook had come at all, and he ought to be made to realize that Ewbert appreciated his coming. But Hilbrook seemed indifferent to his efforts, or rather, insensible to them, in the several topics that Ewbert advanced; and there began to be pauses, in which the minister racked his brain for some new thing to say, or found himself saying something he cared nothing for in a voice of hollow resolution, or falling into commonplaces which he tried to give vitality by strenuousness of expression. He heard his wife moving about in the kitchen and dining room, with a clicking

of spoons and knives and a faint clash of china, as she put the supper things away, and he wished that she would come in and help him with old Hilbrook; but he could not very well call her, and she kept at her work, with no apparent purpose of leaving it.

Hilbrook was a farmer, so far as he was anything industrially, and Ewbert tried him with questions of crops, soils, and fertilizers; but he tried him in vain. The old man said he had never cared much for those things, and now it was too late for him to begin. He generally sold his grass standing, and his apples on the trees; and he had no animals about the place except his chickens, — they took care of themselves. Ewbert urged, for the sake of conversation, even of a disputative character, that poultry were liable to disease, if they were not looked after; but Hilbrook said, Not if there were not too many of them, and so made an end of that subject. Ewbert desperately suggested that he must find them company, — they seemed sociable creatures; and then, in his utter dearth, he asked how the old dog was getting on.

"Oh, he's dead," said Hilbrook, and the minister's heart smote him with a pity for the survivor's forlornness which the old man's apathetic tone had scarcely invited. He inquired how and when the dog had died, and said how much Hilbrook must miss him.

"Well, I don't know," Hilbrook returned. "He wa'n't much comfort, and he's out of his misery, anyway." After a moment he added, with a gleam of interest: "I've been thinkin', since he went, of what we talked about the other night, — I don't mean animals, but men. I tried to go over what you said, in my own mind, but I could n't seem to make it."

He lifted his face, sculptured so fine by age, and blinked at Ewbert, who was glad to fancy something appealing in his words and manner.

"You mean as to a life beyond this?"

"Ah!"

"Well, let us see if we can't go over it together."

Ewbert had forgotten the points he had made before, and he had to take up the whole subject anew. He did so at first in an involuntarily patronizing confidence that Hilbrook was ignorant of the ground; but from time to time the old man let drop a hint of knowledge that surprised the minister. Before they had done, it appeared that Hilbrook was acquainted with the literature of the doctrine of immortality from Plato to Swedenborg, and even to Mr. John Fiske. How well he was acquainted with it Ewbert could not quite make out; but he had recurrently a misgiving, as if he were in the presence of a doubter whose doubt was hopeless through his knowledge. In this bleak air it seemed to him that he at last detected the one thing in which the old man felt an interest: his sole tie with the earth was the belief that when he left it he should cease to be. This affected Ewbert as most interesting, and he set himself, with all his heart and soul, to dislodge Hilbrook from his deplorable conviction. He would not perhaps have found it easy to overcome at once that repugnance which Hilbrook's doubt provoked in him, if it had been less gently, less simply owned. As it was, it was not possible to deal with it in any spirit of mere authority. He must meet it and overcome it in terms of affectionate persuasion.

It should not be difficult to overcome it; but Ewbert had not yet succeeded in arraying his reasons satisfactorily against it when his wife returned from her work in the kitchen, and sat down beside the library table. Her coming operated a total diversion, in which Hilbrook lapsed into his apathy, and was not to be roused from it by the overtures to conversation which she made. He presently got to his feet and said he must be going, against all her protests that it was very early. Ewbert wished to walk home with him;

but Hilbrook would not suffer this, and the minister had to come back from following him to the gate, and watching his figure lose itself in the dark, with a pang in his heart for the solitude which awaited the old man under his own roof. He ran swiftly over their argument in his mind, and questioned himself whether he had used him with unfailing tenderness, whether he had let him think that he regarded him as at all reprobate and culpable. He gave up the quest as he rejoined his wife with a long, unconscious sigh that made her lift her head.

"What is it, Clarence?"

"Nothing" —

"You look perfectly exhausted. You look worried. Was it something you were talking about?"

Then he told her, and he had trouble to keep her resentment in bounds. She held that, as a minister, he ought to have rebuked the wretched creature; that it was nothing short of offensive to him for Hilbrook to take such a position. She said his face was all flushed, and that she knew he would not sleep, and she should get him a glass of warm milk; the fire was out in the stove, but she could heat it over the lamp in a tin cup.

VI.

Hilbrook did not come again till Ewbert had been to see him; and in the meantime the minister suffered from the fear that the old man was staying away because of some hurt which he had received in their controversy. Hilbrook came to church as before, and blinked at him through the two sermons which Ewbert preached on significant texts, and the minister hoped he was listening with a sense of personal appeal in them. He had not only sought to make them convincing as to the doctrine of another life, but he had dealt in terms of loving entreaty with those who had not the precious faith of this in their hearts, and

he had wished to convey to this hearer an assurance of peculiar sympathy.

The day following the last of his sermons, Ewbert had to officiate at the funeral of a little child whose mother had been stricken to the earth by her bereavement. The hapless creature had sent for him again and again, and had clung about his very soul, beseeching him for assurance that she should see her child hereafter, and have it hers, just as it was, forever. He had not had the heart to refuse her this consolation, and he had pushed himself, in giving it, beyond the bounds of imagination. When she confessed her own inability to see how it could be, and yet demanded of him that it should be, he answered her that our inability to realize the fact had nothing to do with its reality. In the few words he said over the little one, at the last, he recurred to this position, and urged it upon all his hearers; but in the moment of doing so a point that old Hilbrook had made in their talk suddenly presented itself. He experienced inwardly such a collapse that he could not be sure he had spoken, and he repeated his declaration in a voice of such harsh defiance that he could scarcely afterward bring himself down to the meek level of the closing prayer.

As they walked home together, his wife asked, "Why did you repeat yourself in that passage, Clarence, and why did you lift your voice so? It sounded as if you were contradicting some one. I hope you were not thinking of anything that wretched old man said?"

With the mystical sympathy by which the wife divines what is in her husband's mind she had touched the truth, and he could not deny it. "Yes, yes, I was," he owned in a sort of anguish, and she said: —

"Well, then, I wish he would n't come about any more. He has perfectly obsessed you. I could see that the two last Sundays you were preaching right at him." He had vainly hoped

she had not noticed this, though he had not concealed from her that his talk with Hilbrook had suggested his theme. "What are you going to do about him?" she pursued.

"I don't know, — I don't know, indeed," said Ewbert; and perhaps because he did not know, he felt that he must do something, that he must at least not leave him to himself. He hoped that Hilbrook would come to him, and so put him under the necessity of doing something; but Hilbrook did not come, and after waiting a fortnight Ewbert went to him, as was his duty.

VII.

The spring had advanced so far that there were now days when it was pleasant to be out in the soft warmth of the afternoons. The day when Ewbert climbed to the Hilbrook homestead it was even a little hot, and he came up to the dooryard mopping his forehead with his handkerchief, and glad of the southwestern breeze which he caught at this point over the shoulder of the hill. He had expected to go round to the side door of the house, where he had parted with Hilbrook on his former visit; but he stopped on seeing the old man at his front door, where he was looking vaguely at a mass of Spanish willow fallen disheveled beside it, as if he had some thought of lifting its tangled spray. The sun shone on his bare head, and struck silvery gleams from his close-cropped white hair; there was something uncommon in his air, though his dress was plain and old-fashioned; and Ewbert wished that his wife were there to share his impression of distinction in Hilbrook's presence.

He turned at Ewbert's cheerful hail, and after a moment of apparent uncertainty as to who he was, he came down the walk of broken brick and opened the gate to his visitor.

"I was just out looking round at the

old things," he said, with an effort of apology. "This sort of weather is apt to make fools of us. It gets into our heads, and before we know we feel as if we had something to do with the season."

"Perhaps we have," said the minister. "The spring is in us, too."

The old man shook his head. "It was once, when we were children; now there's what we remember of it. We like to make believe about it, — that's natural; and it's natural we should make believe that there is going to be a spring for us somewhere else like what we see for the grass and bushes, here, every year; but I guess not. A tree puts out its leaves every spring; but by and by the tree dies, and then it does n't put out its leaves any more."

"I see what you mean," said Ewbert, "and I allow that there is no real analogy between our life and that of the grass and bushes; yet somehow I feel strengthened in my belief in the hereafter by each renewal of the earth's life. It is n't a proof, it is n't a promise; but it's a suggestion, an intimation."

They were in the midst of the great question, and they sat down on the decaying doorstep to have it out; Hilbrook having gone in for his hat, and come out again, with its soft wide brim shading his thin face, frosted with half a week's beard.

"But character," the minister urged at a certain point, — "what becomes of character? You may suppose that life can be lavished by its Origin in the immeasurable superabundance which we see in nature. But character, — that is a different thing; that cannot die."

"The beasts that perish have character; my old dog had. Some are good and some bad; they're kind and they're ugly."

"Ah, excuse me! That is n't character; that's temperament. Men have temperament, too; but the beasts have n't character. Does n't that fact prove something, — or no, not prove, but give

us some reasonable expectation of a hereafter?"

Hilbrook did not say anything for a moment. He broke a bit of fragrant spray from the flowering currant—which guarded the doorway on his side of the steps; Ewbert sat next the Spanish willow—and softly twisted the stem between his thumb and finger.

"Ever heard how I came to leave Hilbrook,—West Mallow, as it was then?" he asked at last.

Ewbert was forced to own that he had heard a story, but he said, mainly in Hilbrook's interest, that he had not paid much attention to it.

"Thought there wa'n't much in it? Well, that's right, generally speakin'. Folks like to make up stories about a man that lives alone like me, here; and they usually get in a disappointment. I ain't goin' to go over it. I don't care any more about it now than if it had happened to somebody else; but it did happen. Josiah got the girl, and I did n't. I presume they like to make out that I've grieved over it ever since. Sho! It's forty years since I gave it a thought, that way." A certain contemptuous indignation supplanted the wonted gentleness of the old man, as if he spurned the notion of such sentimental folly. "I've read of folks mournin' all their lives through, and in their old age goin' back to a thing like that, as if it still meant somethin'. But it ain't true; I don't suppose I care any more for losin' her now than Josiah would for gettin' her if he was alive. It did make a difference for a while; I ain't goin' to deny that. It lasted me four or five years, in all, I guess; but I was married to somebody else when I went to the war,"—Ewbert controlled a start of surprise; he had always taken it for granted that Hilbrook was a bachelor,—“and we had one child. So you may say that I was well over that first thing. *It wore out*; and if it wa'n't that it makes me mad to have folks believin' that I'm suf-

ferin' from it yet, I presume I should n't think of it from one year's end to another. My wife and I always got on well together; she was a good woman. She died when I was away at the war, and the little boy died after I got back. I was sorry to lose her, and I thought losin' *him* would kill me. It did n't. It appeared one while as if I could n't live without him, and I was always contrivin' how I should meet up with him somewhere else. I could n't figure it out."

Hilbrook stopped, and swallowed dryly. Ewbert noticed how he had dropped more and more into the vernacular, in these reminiscences; in their controversies he had used the language of books and had spoken like a cultivated man, but now he was simply and touchingly rustic.

"Well," he resumed, "that wore out, too. I went into business, and I made money and I lost it. I went through all that experience, and I got enough of it, just as I got enough of fightin'. I guess I was no worse scared than the rest of 'em, but when it came to the end I'd 'bout made up my mind that if there was another war I'd go to Canady; I was sick of it, and I was sick of business even before I lost money. I lost pretty much everything. Josiah—he was always a good enough friend of mine—wanted me to start in again, and he offered to back me, but I said no. I said if he wanted to do something for me, he could let me come home and live on the old place, here; it would n't cost him anything like so much, and it would be a safer investment. He agreed, and here I be, to make a long story short."

Hilbrook had stiffened more and more, as he went on, in the sort of defiance he had put on when he first began to speak of himself, and at the end of his confidence Ewbert did not venture any comment. His forbearance seemed to leave the old man freer to resume at the point where he had broken off, and he did so with something of lingering challenge,

"You asked me just now why I did n't think character, as we call it, gave us some right to expect a life after this. Well, I'll try to tell you. I consider that I've been the rounds, as you may say, and that I've got as much character as most men. I've had about everything in my life that most have, and a great deal more than some. I've seen that everything wears out, and that when a thing's worn out it's for good and all. I think it's reasonable to suppose that when I wear out it will be for good and all, too. There is n't anything of us, as I look at it, except the potentiality of experiences. The experiences come through the passions that you can tell on the fingers of one hand: love, hate, hope, grief, and you may say greed for the thumb. When you've had them, that's the end of it; you've exhausted your capacity; you're used up, and so's your character, — that often dies before the body does."

"No, no!" Ewbert protested. "Human capacity is infinite;" but even while he spoke this seemed to him a contradiction in terms. "I mean that the passions renew themselves with new occasions, new opportunities, and character grows continually. You have loved twice, you have grieved twice; in battle you hated more than once; in business you must have coveted many times. Under different conditions, the passions, the potentiality of experiences, will have a pristine strength. Can't you see it in that light? Can't you draw some hope from that?"

"Hope!" cried Ransom Hilbrook, lifting his fallen head and staring at the minister. "Why, man, you don't suppose I *want* to live hereafter? Do you think I'm anxious to have it all over again, or *any* of it? Is that why you've been trying to convince me of immortality? I know there's something in what you say, — more than what you realize. I've argued annihilation up to this point and that, and almost proved

it to my own mind; but there's always some point that I can't quite get over. If I had the certainty, the absolute certainty, that this was all there was to be of it, I would n't want to live an hour longer, not a minute! But it's the uncertainty that keeps me. What I'm afraid of is, that if I get out of it here, I might wake up in my old identity, with the potentiality of new experiences in new conditions. That's it. I'm tired. I've had enough. I want to be let alone. I don't want to do anything more, or have anything more done to me. I want to *stop*."

Ewbert's first impression was that he was shocked; but he was too honest to remain in this conventional assumption. He was profoundly moved, however, and intensely interested. He realized that Hilbrook was perfectly sincere, and he could put himself in the old man's place, and imagine why he should feel as he did. Ewbert blamed himself for not having conceived of such a case before; and he saw that if he were to do anything for this lonely soul, he must begin far back of the point from which he had started with him. The old man's position had a kind of dignity which did not admit of the sort of pity Ewbert had been feeling for him, and the minister had before him the difficult and delicate task of persuading Hilbrook, not that a man, if he died, should live again, but that he should live upon terms so kind and just that none of the fortuities of mortal life should be repeated in that immortality. He must show the immortal man to be a creature so happily conditioned that he would be in effect newly created, before Hilbrook would consent to accept the idea of living again. He might say to him that he would probably not be consulted in the matter, since he had not been consulted as to his existence here; but such an answer would brutally ignore the claim that such a man's developed consciousness could justly urge to some share in the counsels of omnipo-

tence. Ewbert did not know where to begin, and in his despair he began with a laugh.

"Upon my word," he said, "you've presented a problem that would give any casuist pause, and it's beyond my powers without some further thought. Your doubt, as I now understand it, is not of immortality, but of mortality; and there I can't meet you in argument without entirely forsaking my own ground. If it will not seem harsh, I will confess that your doubt is rather consoling to me; for I have so much faith in the Love which rules the world that I am perfectly willing to accept reëxistence on any terms that Love may offer. You may say that this is because I have not yet exhausted the potentialities of experience, and am still interested in my own identity; and one half of this, at least, I can't deny. But even if it were otherwise, I should trust to find among those Many Mansions which we are told of some chamber where I should be at rest without being annihilated; and I can even imagine my being glad to do any sort of work about the House, when I was tired of resting."

VIII.

"I am *glad* you said that to him!" cried Ewbert's wife, when he told her of his interview with old Hilbrook. "That will give him something to think about. What did he say?"

Ewbert had been less and less satisfied with his reply to Hilbrook, in which it seemed to him that he had passed from mockery to reproof, with no great credit to himself; and his wife's applause now set the seal to his displeasure with it.

"Oh, he said simply that he could understand a younger person feeling differently, and that he did not wish to set himself up as a censor. But he could not pretend that he was glad to have been called out of nonentity into being, and

that he could imagine nothing better than eternal unconsciousness."

"Well?"

"I told him that his very words implied the refusal of his being to accept nonentity again; that they expressed, or adumbrated, the conception of an eternal consciousness of the eternal unconsciousness he imagined himself longing for. I'm not so sure they did, now."

"Of course they did! And then what did he say?"

"He said nothing in direct reply; he sighed, and dropped his poor old head on his breast, and seemed very tired; so that I tried talking of other things for a while, and then I came away. Emily, I'm afraid I was n't perfectly candid, perfectly kind, with him."

"I don't see how you could have been more so!" she retorted, in tender indignation with him against himself. "And I think what he said was terrible. It was bad enough for him to pretend to believe that he was not going to live again, but for him to tell you that he was *afraid* he was!" An image sufficiently monstrous to typify Hilbrook's wickedness failed to present itself to Mrs. Ewbert, and she went out to give the maid instructions for something unusually nourishing for Ewbert at their midday dinner. "You look fairly fagged out, Clarence," she said, when she came back; "and I insist upon your not going up to that dreadful old man's again, — at least, not till you've got over this shock."

"Oh, I don't think it has affected me seriously," he returned lightly.

"Yes, it has! yes, it has!" she declared. "It's just like your thinking you had n't taken cold, the other day when you were caught in the rain; and the next morning you got up with a sore throat, and it was Sunday morning, too."

Ewbert could not deny this, and he had no great wish to see Hilbrook soon again. He consented to wait for Hilbrook to come to him, before trying to satisfy these scruples of conscience which

he had hinted at; and he reasonably hoped that the painful points would cease to rankle with the lapse of time, if there should be a long interval before they met.

That night, before the Ewberts had finished their tea, there came a ring at the door, from which Mrs. Ewbert consolately foreboded a premature evening call. "And just when I was counting on a long, quiet, restful time for you, and getting you to bed early!" she lamented in undertone to her husband; to the maid who passed through the room with an inquiring glance, on her way to the front door, she sighed, still in undertone, "Oh yes, of course we're at home."

They both listened for the voice at the door, to make out who was there; but the voice was so low that they were still in ignorance while the maid was showing the visitor into the library, and until she came back to them.

"It's that old gentleman who lives

all alone by himself on the hill over the brook," she explained; and Mrs. Ewbert rose with an air of authority, waving her husband to keep his seat.

"Now, Clarence, I am simply not going to let you go in. You are sick enough as it is, and if you are going to let that *awful* old man spend the whole evening here, and drain the life out of you! I will see him, and tell him" —

"No, no, Emily! It won't do. I *must* see him. It is n't true that I'm sick. He's old, and he has a right to the best we can do for him. Think of his loneliness! I shall certainly not let you send him away." Ewbert was excitedly gulping his second cup of tea; he pushed his chair back, and flung his napkin down as he added, "You can come in, too, and see that I get off alive."

"I shall not come near you," she answered resentfully; but Ewbert had not closed the door behind him, and she felt it her duty to listen.

W. D. Howells.

THE MEDITATIONS OF AN EX-SCHOOL-COMMITTEE WOMAN.

I.

ONCE upon a time — that is the way good stories used always to begin — a certain Maine town electrified itself by choosing a woman to serve on its superintending school committee, and — to precipitate myself into the narrative as dramatically as possible — I was that woman.

Towns, as well as individuals, are subject to occasional lapses from sound judgment, and that I was the victim offered to the gods in this particular case was as fortuitous an occurrence as the aberration itself. It did not seem that I was thus distinguished above my peers on account of any especial fitness for the position, since the only reason I ever

heard alleged for the choice was the statement offered by one of the members of the nominating committee that I "had nothing else to do." I may add in passing that two years later, when the town became a city and the school committee was transformed into a school board, my name was dropped from the list on the ground that during my term of office I had "done nothing," a result at which, as it seems to me, no one had a right to complain, since it was the only one to be expected from the given premises.

I was away from home at the time the election took place, and when I returned to find my unprepared feet suddenly planted upon the ladder of greatness, my earliest sensations were those of unmitigated dismay. In the first

place, granting the alleged premises, namely, that I had nothing else to do, as a just reason for election to office, there seemed to be no limit to the surprises the future might have in store. I might awake on some melancholy morning to find myself President of the United States. Second, when I remembered with meekness the position I occupied in the voting — or non-voting — list, “Women, Indians, idiots, and minors,” I asked myself how it happened that I was eligible for office. Was it possible to discriminate in this manner against the rest of my class, and might I not, by accepting the greatness thrust upon me, be opening the door to Indians and idiots also?

When I mentioned these misgivings to my friends they unanimously advised me to resign myself, but not the office.

“As far as idiots are concerned,” A said cheerfully, “the door has been open to them a long time.” “And in regard to your feeling of unfitness for the position,” B suggested encouragingly, “you have only to remember the old story of the father’s advice to his boy on leaving home: ‘Keep your mouth shut, and people won’t find out what a fool you are!’”

Thus panoplied in the optimism of my friends, I examined my qualifications as they stood in my own mind, and found that they were mainly negative.

I had never taught school. My only relation toward public schools in the past had been one of those which the pupil naturally and inevitably assumes toward the teacher, — either that of active partisanship or armed neutrality. I had no prejudices to overcome, no theories to work out, no ideas that had any sufficient reason for being. I was conscious that I knew a great deal more about my neighbors’ affairs than I did about a common denominator, and that if an examination in elementary branches were proposed to me I should take to the woods. Indeed, I have a distinct recollection of one occasion early in my

career as an office-holder, when an examination in arithmetic was pending in one of the grammar school grades, and I sought my young son, to whom mathematical studies presented comparatively few difficulties, for advice and assistance in preparing for the ordeal. He was engaged in some boyish avocation out of doors, and I sat beside him on a sunny bank while the business in hand was settled. When I rose to go, I left him soliloquizing as one more in sorrow than surprise, “And this is your school-committee woman!”

It will be perceived that I was very much in the position of a neophyte about to be initiated into mysteries. I sat down, as one may say, at the feet of The School System all ready to absorb it at every pore. Not being of sufficiently logical mind, I was never able to reduce The System to any definite form, or to approach it from any but an exoteric standpoint. My position in regard to this mysterious bulwark of our nation has always been that of George Sampson in *Our Mutual Friend*, when he says of Mrs. Wilfer’s under petticoat, — viewed only by the eye of faith, — “After all, you know, ma’am, we know it’s there!” Now and then, at the full of the moon, when all the auspices seemed to favor, under the influence, let us say, of large doses of McGuffey’s Reader, or when I heard the most infantile of all the physiology classes reciting,

“My eyes, my ears, my nose,”

and so on to the triumphant finale of “my toes,” — at such moments as these I almost caught the rustle of the advancing or retreating skirts of The System, but I was, I fear, never worthy to have full vision of it. It is impossible, however, for the most unimpressible school-committee woman to sit forever, like a bump on a log, and learn nothing in an atmosphere where wisdom is as plentiful as dew. When a pupil bounded the United States “On the north by Can-

ada, on the east by Fairfield " (Maine), "on the south by the 'Artic' Ocean, and on the west by Van Dieman's Land," though I doubted his geographical accuracy, I learned something about the vagaries of which the human mind is capable.

The continuous, wearying routine of school life, the endless monotony combined with endless variation, the limitless demands on patience, the iteration and reiteration necessary to impress a single idea on the mind of the average pupil, — all these I marked, and gained from them some conception of the difficulty of the problem with which educators are confronted, — a problem rendered the more discouraging by the fact that in its solution it continually demands the impossible.

Early in my career as a school-committee woman I began to make discoveries — disheartening discoveries — like the following: The educational problem is one whose workings can never be fully accounted for by the accepted laws of nature; the only principle which can be relied upon as of universal application being the one which sets forth that the introduction of a new element will always produce perturbations. Moreover, to an ordinary mind like my own, the constant contemplation of this problem had the effect of upsetting my previous theological convictions, and even of rendering the consolations of religion a doubtful quantity, since, after studying "the tricks and manners" of the aggregated youth of the community intimately, the claim that they all possessed souls seemed absolutely untenable. If it was sometimes possible to believe of the children of the lower grades that

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy,"

it also seemed true beyond a doubt that

"Shades of the prison house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,"

and whether his soul should be introduced to him — or he be introduced to

his soul — by methods of outside or inside application became one of the most serious questions to be answered.

My experiences as a school official ushered me into a new world, — a world of hitherto undreamed of difficulties and responsibilities. At first I was disposed to dwell on the possibilities of the situation under ideal conditions, but I speedily came down to earth, and began to ask myself what could be done with the materials at hand. I grew to love the bright faces of the children even at their naughtiest — and that was sometimes very naughty — but when, at the end of my two years' apprenticeship, I retired from my undeserved eminence, I carried with me into the obscurity of private life the conviction — which has been growing ever since — that it is not the children, but the teachers, who stand in need of a champion. Indeed, my only reason for dragging my ancient honors with such a flourish of trumpets into public gaze is to give myself some apparent claim to hurl my glove into the arena in the teacher's behalf, and to hurl it so violently that somebody will know it is there, and so rise up and call me blessed — or the contrary!

A teacher is in the nature of things a creature *sui generis*; his world is not our world. Even Charles Lamb — even the gentle Elia — has his gibe at "the schoolmaster" in the midst of his pity for him because he is compelled in the very nature of things to regard the universe itself as an eternal lesson book. "The least part of what is to be expected of him" (the schoolmaster), Lamb tells us, "is to be done in school hours. He must insinuate knowledge at the *mollia tempora fandi*. He must seize every occasion — the season of the year, the time of day, a passing cloud, a rainbow, a wagon of hay, a regiment of soldiers going by — to inculcate something useful. Nothing comes to him not spoiled by the sophisticating medium of moral uses." A clergyman's profession offers

the nearest parallel to that of a teacher, but the former is supposed to be under the direct guidance and protection of the higher powers, whereas the teacher, with most of the clergyman's responsibilities, is obliged to accept as his immediate Providence a school board of whom it is not always possible to say, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

It is true that we, as parents, have more far-reaching duties toward our children than their teachers can have; but if we do not choose to perform these duties, there is, unless we transgress the law of the land, no one who is entitled to call us to account. There are, however, periods when we exist simply for the purpose of calling the teacher to account. Is he not paid out of the public treasury? Go to, then! if our children are not models, is it not his duty to make them so?

It is, to the initiated, a self-evident fact that for the thoroughly successful teacher there is but one standard: he must be an angel for temper, a demon for discipline, a chameleon for adaptation, a diplomatist for tact, an optimist for hope, and a hero for courage. To these common and easily developed qualities of mind and heart, he should add india-rubber nerves, and a cheerful willingness to trust a large portion of his reward to some other world than this. One of the most difficult phases of the teacher's profession is the fact that he, more than almost any other man, is at the mercy of theorists. Nearly every educational dignitary who enters into the subject with any energy of purpose brings his pet theories into the work with him, and who but the long-suffering teacher shall put those theories into action, and discover whether they have any practical basis? Oftentimes, unfortunately, the theories go on operating long after it has been sufficiently demonstrated that their basis is untenable. Take, for instance, the "development" theory, which is intended, as far as one can judge, to de-

velop the child at the expense of the teacher. This theory dispenses largely with the use of textbooks, being based on the idea that the child, if cut off from other sources of supply, can go on indefinitely spinning a thread out of his own inner consciousness. The teacher soon finds out that there is an inherent difference between a child and a silkworm, and that the latter is much better fitted by nature to furnish cocoons on a business basis. As a matter of fact, it is the teacher who does most of the spinning. One teacher writes me: "I am very much dissatisfied with the work in grammar, or 'language' as it is now called. The pupils do not have books; we write from year to year the lessons for the classes on the board. The pupils copy into blank books what is necessary. It seems to me drudgery for the teacher to be required to do so much unnecessary work. The pupils need some technical grammar, — need to know how to use books. One reason why Latin is so hard for them during their first year in the high school is that they do not know how to use an English grammar."

It is tolerably obvious that when the pupil who is living from hand to mouth on the contents of a grammar book or a "sum book" of his own construction desires to know anything not contained in these invaluable classics, he must, unless he has become thoroughly versed in the cocoon process, ask his teacher, who thus becomes the final authority in these branches. I once heard of a young man who, when teaching a country school, was much disturbed by an unpleasant tendency on the part of his pupils to ask him the definitions of words with which he was not familiar. One day, resorting in his exasperation to the vernacular of his youth, which seemed to him to make the statement doubly emphatic, he put an end to these inquiries. "I want you to remember," he said with decision, "that I ain't no dictionary!" I imagine that the teacher referred to and others

similarly situated have long desired to proclaim freely and to all whom it may concern, "I ain't no grammar!"

Another comment upon the workings of the cocoon theory is that which I have many times heard from high school teachers who complain that pupils coming from the grammar grades are so accustomed to being carried along by the teacher that the work of teaching them methods of independent thought is an exceedingly difficult one. The same complaint is made by grammar school teachers whose graduates — as is the custom in some schools — are admitted to the high school on probation for two months, at the end of which time, "if unable or unwilling" to keep up with the class, they can be sent back to the grammar school. "I contend that it is not fair," says one teacher. "The pupils cannot in two months' time get used to the change from grammar to high school methods, inasmuch as in the high they are thrown on their own resources, while in the grammar they are spurred on by the teacher." There is one gleam of hope in regard to these methods of child development. The people who are making a specialty of child study with a view to being able eventually to take the dear little victims apart like dissected maps, and, by combining Tommy's superior abilities with Willie's unresting energy and Samuel's moral virtues, construct a model for the species, — these wise philosophers, it seems to me, must sooner or later discover that the amount of spinning material in a child's interior has been overestimated, and that the dreamed of cocoon process is only another instance of

"The desire of the moth for the star!"

Another modern notion which helps to make the path of the school-teacher a thorny one is the theory that a child ought to be putting out simultaneously and in every direction as many feelers as a centipede has legs. As a matter of fact, a

pupil who has learned thoroughness and application has acquired *something*, even if he cannot explain the precession of the equinoxes or tell how many feathers there are in a hen. There used, in the former days, to be a good many poetic similes in which the unfolding of a child's mind was likened to the gradual opening of a flower, leaf by leaf. The revised plan admits of no such sentimental and slow-moving processes. A child's mind is now opened like an umbrella, expanding equally and instantaneously at all points, and, fortunately for the child, it also resembles the umbrella in that it sheds a good deal more than it retains.

Perhaps I can best illustrate what is attempted in this expansive process by giving an actual schedule of work, furnished me by a teacher in grammar grades. The teacher in question has had long experience, and is deeply interested in her work, in which she has been most successful. It is, in fact, because she has an exalted ideal of what a teacher's work should be that she complains of the constantly increasing demands which make it impossible for her to do work satisfactory to herself in any department.

I give her details of regular classes and "extras," with some of the comments added by herself: —

"Two classes reading; try to study author's meaning, give expression to same; tell about author; phonics in lower grades. Two classes spelling; definitions; use of words in sentences. Two classes geography. The geography taught is mostly physical. The pupil learns very little of his own country, does n't even know the names and capitals of states. I asked one of mine to point out Boston on the map, and, to my surprise, she hunted in the woods of Maine!

"Two classes history. Two classes grammar. Two classes arithmetic.

"These classes constitute the regular programme. Add to these the following extras: —

"On Mondays we have the American Citizen. Write Greek stories each week. Twice each week, writing. Once a week physiology, including hygiene and temperance. Twice a term study some poem and send result to superintendent.

"Our music teacher comes once in two weeks. He selects one or two pieces of music, and we teach the pupils. In two weeks more he comes to see the results of our work. Pupils must sing every day. The special teacher in gymnastics comes once in two weeks and takes the class herself, after which we give lessons each day until she comes again. Our next extra teacher is in mechanical drawing. He teaches only in the high school and highest grammar grade. We have had no instruction in geometry. He went to the board and drew an equilateral triangle, tried to get the name from pupils. I finally told him that I doubted if they had ever heard the word. He said they would have to do most of the figures by copying them. I question the advantage gained.

"We have also questions in physics, copied on cards and sent to the principals of each grammar grade. These have been given to the pupils to try at home and afterwards at school. Have not yet had time to test results.

"Instead of examinations at the end of the term, as formerly, we now give tests each month, so that I always have sets of papers to be corrected and ranked. We get the total average of all, the average of each study, the class standing, our estimate of each pupil, — which we guess at, — and then the general average. If you add to our course some of the requirements of the larger cities, manual training, sewing, cooking, algebra, Latin, science, and geometry, you can see how the grammar school course has been overcrowded, — 'enriched,' they call it, — and why it is so hard for us to do thorough work, with so many things to cram into the poor children's brains."

I confess that, as far as I am person-

ally concerned, when I reached this point in the narrative I positively declined to "add" anything more. I was already mentally black and blue, and felt that one more extra would be more than flesh could bear. Indeed, when the writer of the schedule went on to state that she was at that moment suffering from an illness one of the manifestations of which was the inflammation of every particle of mucous membrane in her body, I felt, in the midst of my compassion, the sort of elation which comes from seeing the logical sequence of events carried out to its legitimate conclusion. Why should not her mucous membrane be inflamed, and all her microbes get out on the warpath? It seems the only natural result to be expected from the successful working of an enriched grammar school course.

II.

It may, perhaps, have been observed, in my exposition of the sufferings of the teacher in the preceding pages, that the authorities quoted have been mostly taken from my own sex, and if, when I go on to propose my long-meditated scheme for organizing a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Teachers, I assume that this society would be predominantly female in its membership, which would presumably be largely recruited from the ranks of the teachers themselves, the reasons for such an assumption would not all be drawn from an offensive partisanship on my part.

There are probably three times as many women as men engaged in teaching in the United States; moreover, so far as I have been able to observe, the men teachers have fewer wrongs that cry aloud for redress. The man who is a good disciplinarian, who can "govern a school," is practically his own man everywhere. He may be inexperienced, liable to mistakes, not wholly up to par in intellectual acquirements, but if he has that in him which enables him to

control and stimulate pupils, the average school board does not greatly interfere with him. As for the reverse of the picture, the man who, as the phrase is, "has no government," the sooner he seeks some other avocation the better for all concerned. He was not born for school-teaching. With the woman teacher, however, the case is always and innately different. She may have taught for years, may fill her position admirably as one who is mistress of it, but she can never acquire so large a stock of knowledge, discretion, tact, or experience, but that a man, any man, because he is a man, can teach her something about her duties.

In the smaller cities and towns the superintendents of common schools and principals of high schools are very likely to be bright young fellows, who have just been graduated from college, and wish to fill these positions for a few years in order to lay up money for studying a profession. They come to their work fresh-hearted, filled with confidence and theories, and the woman teacher who has seen the same theories rise and flourish and decay under previous régimes is expected to greet each new appearance with perennial ardor, and manifest the same surprise when they disappear into the eternal framework of things. She no sooner accustoms herself to the amiable vagaries of one superintendent of schools than another and different sun rises on her horizon, and she is obliged to learn a new and varied style of genuflections toward the East. Meanwhile, the school board, excellent men who frequently understand their own business much better than that of other people, are at perfect liberty, when they find a moment's leisure to attend to it, to move her about as if she were a pawn on a chessboard.

During her official working hours the teacher is responsible for the health, manners, and morals, as well as the intellectual progress, of her pupils. She is

equally at fault in regard to the bright ones who are kept back and the stupid ones who are not brought forward. On the days when rank is announced she is to expect to be greeted with tears and innuendoes on the part of those pupils who habitually expect rewards they have not worked for. All the loss of time and mental energy brought about by practice in athletics, by dancing schools, evening gayeties, and the like, lies, of course, at her door. As a rule, parents know that these things must be the teacher's fault. When, after dismissing those victims who are unjustly kept after school, the teacher goes home at night, she is accompanied by lessons to study, papers of different kinds to correct, work to lay out, and wasted tissues to renew.

But does the teacher have no recreations? Certainly, — her recreations are many, but not varied. Not infrequently the school superintendent has a hobby, in which case he forms classes in psychology, history, pedagogy, or what not, and the teacher may find recreation by joining in these intellectual revels. If she does not join, it may be suspected that the root of the matter is not in her. There are teachers' meetings also, sometimes for conference and for conveying information of real benefit, and sometimes for the purpose of telling the teacher something she has heard before, or that she knows has no practical truth in it. If she is too weary to go out when her tasks are ended she may refresh herself at her home by reading educational publications, for one or more of which she is recommended to subscribe. Almost every term there are teachers' institutes or conventions, where she can hear papers read all day, and attend a lecture in the evening. She would better not attend whist or dancing parties, lest she should be quoted as setting a bad example to her pupils, but she is at perfect liberty to "prepare a paper" for a woman's club, study American history with the Daughters of the Revolution, plunge

into the wild dissipation of church socials, or join in the revels at a "pronunciation picnic," a form of entertainment which I have seen gravely recommended by authorities on educational matters.

In the summer, during the long vacation, there are summer schools. These begin in July, and continue through August. They are not compulsory, but, it is a politic measure for the woman teacher to attend one or more of them. Here she may meet other superintendents and other teachers, hear more papers read, and attend more lectures. Or she may join a Traveler's Club, provide herself with a bag and a hammer, and go to and fro over the earth, chipping off the face of nature, and taking in instruction at the pores. In short, she may do what she pleases, provided there are papers and lectures and tediousness connected with it, and provided she never, never, allows herself — or anybody else — to forget that she is a schoolma'am.

There is a hue and cry raised sometimes that the higher education for women diminishes the ratio of marriages. A large number of college-educated women become school-teachers because it is necessary for them to be self-supporting, and when they have once plunged into the vortex, opportunities for marriage must be either accidental or miraculous. The masculine superintendents and principals are usually men already married, or, if of callow years, they are apt to be "engaged" to some giddy girl whose knowledge of psychology has been mainly acquired by sitting under white umbrellas at the seashore, or on the stairs at evening parties. The young men who show themselves at the summer schools either bring their wives with them, or appear for a brief period in order to "read a paper," or deliver a lecture on an abstruse subject, before retiring in good order to some spot where there is more fun and less wisdom. Occasionally it occurs to two educators to wed each other, but this is sometimes

more objectionable than the marriage of cousins.

When the society of which I have dreamed has been organized, it will involve the sending of female teachers during each vacation period to some frivolous place of resort where the labels will be taken off their backs, and they will be forbidden under penalty of law to listen to papers or lectures, to talk shop, or "take a course" in anything but hilarity. They will be encouraged to ride and row, play golf and tennis, to climb mountains for the fun of it, without making the least effort to find out what ingredients enter into the composition of the everlasting hills. They will also be allowed to dance, to talk with young men on subjects distinctly uninteresting, to sit on the sea sand, and ask no questions about what the wild waves are saying, and to wake in the night without utilizing the time by repeating the multiplication table or giving the parts of speech.

What effect this society will have remains to be seen, but I believe the experiment is worth trying.

III.

When I had progressed thus far in my "Meditations" A came in, and I read to him what I had written. A is always a good target at which to fire one's mental ammunition, because he is willing to comment, and has no scruple about saying disagreeable things if he considers that the occasion calls for them.

"There is some French writer, — I've forgotten which one," he began with his usual cheerful readiness when I had finished, — "who says there are three sexes, — 'men, women, and clergymen.' I see you divide them into men, women, and teachers."

"On the contrary," I asserted, "I have taken especial pains to discriminate between the men and women teachers, and to call attention to the fact that 'male and female created he them.'"

"Oh yes; you've discriminated as

one discriminates between Methodist and Baptist, or as a man does if you ask him, 'What's the difference?' and he answers, 'Oh, the difference is the odds!' You say the male of the species is more independent than the female, and has a better time; but, in general, you've lumped them together as a set of poor devils, just a little outside the pale of common humanity, who can never allow themselves to be moved by the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or feel their hearts leap up when they behold a rainbow in the sky without remarking, —

'Thanks for the lesson of this spot!'

"I have tried to describe them," I answered with that immediate personal application of the subject for which my sex is noted, "as beings of like passions as ourselves, and doing a great deal more for the uplifting of society than you and I are ever likely to do. They would be overworked if they had only their own legitimate burdens to carry, but, in addition, we — you and I and the rest of the world — are always shoving off our responsibilities on to them, and every educator who has a new theory is asking them to embody it in their work."

"Now, see here," A said comfortably; "just remain calm! A woman always gets so excited over everything. I had an idea that the modern school-teacher — and I'll call him a *her* since you seem to prefer it — had a good deal done for her. Are n't we building school-houses for her full of light and air, and ventilation and sanitation, and all the rest of it? Don't we give her school libraries, and pictures on the walls, and plants in the windows? Are n't we talking now," he went on with a grin, "of letting her add menageries to the other attractions, — cats and dogs, and hencoops under the windows, and sheep-folds pretty soon, where the kids can observe the whole evolution of the Duchess Trousers, 'from the sheep to the man'? What more do you want?"

"I don't want any more; I want a good deal less. As a rule, every added 'attraction,' as you call it, means more work for the teacher."

"And you don't think you have overstated the case — just for the sake of making out a good story, you know?"

"I think," I affirmed, with just that degree of increased warmth which this question was intended to call forth, "that I have understated it. I have said nothing about the extra work at graduation and exhibition seasons, neither have I mentioned the subject of school fairs and debates, nor the parties and rides where the teacher is expected to officiate as 'guide, philosopher, and friend.' Why," — casting all moderation to the winds, and prepared to nail my colors to the mast, — "from the time a child first enters school until he departs from it, the teacher seems to be expected to do everything for him but put him to bed."

"The teacher *does* sometimes hear him say his prayers," A remarked gravely. "I can testify to that."

"This state of things is n't confined to any one place either," I went on, plunging once more into unqualified assertion. "I have a friend who teaches in one of the Boston schools, the last person in the world who would ever voluntarily be found marching in processions, or engaging in hand-to-hand encounters with mobs. Yet on Dewey Day she spent hours in helping to marshal a host of school children through crowded streets, picking them from under the feet of trampling hordes, and protecting them from utter destruction when they were overrun by mob violence."

"Well, what then? Would you have had the poor little chaps all left at home? That's the way we teach 'em patriotism, — rub it in, you see."

"Every one of those children," I said severely, "was legally entitled to two parents. There must be some use for

parents in the everlasting economy of things, though many of them don't seem to suspect it. If the time ever comes when the enriched natural history courses demand that the pupil shall be sent into wild beasts' cages in order to observe their habits, it is the teacher who will be doomed to accompany him. And if during the visit the lion begins to lick his chaps and demand food, it is the teacher who will be expected to come cheerfully to the front and say, 'Eat me! When I accepted my present munificent salary, I prepared myself, of course, not to falter at little sacrifices like this.' In the meantime the child will have retired

in good order, and the parent — the female parent — will be safely at home embroidering a doily, or writing a paper for the Woman's Club. What the male parent will be doing is one of the things 'no fellow could be expected to know'!"

"What I admire about you," A said, with his hand upon the door knob, "is the restraint you put upon your imagination." He stepped outside, then reappeared for an instant to inquire, "Well, what are you going to do about it?" and with this Parthian shot he kindly closed the door, — kindly, because he was well aware that I did not know the answer to his question.

Martha Baker Dunn.

CUBA OF TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

AT no time in the recent history of Cuba has it been more difficult than now for the people of the United States to obtain a correct view of conditions on that island. This may appear to be an unwarranted statement in the face of the peace which now prevails, the reviving commerce, the presence in every community of Americans, and the great amount of space which is now devoted to Cuba and her people by the press. It is true, nevertheless, as any one knows who has looked into the matter from an unprejudiced and disinterested point of view. Even when Spain held Cuba by the throat and discouraged Americans from coming to the island, the people of the United States were fairly well informed as to what was happening. It is the purpose of a large part of the press to secure sensational news. Two years ago Cuba was an inviting field. News obtained from there could easily be made exclusive, could rarely be corroborated, and while possibly there was considerable exaggeration in some of the antebellum horror stories of 1897 and 1898, the facts

were sufficiently startling to make the exaggeration inconsiderable as a whole.

The situation to-day is peculiar. Cuba has been "worked out" by sensational journalism from its point of view, and abandoned to the statistician, the theorizing economist, and the government expert. With a national campaign in progress, and an administration, with its hands full of trouble in other directions, looking for indorsement at the polls, it is considered highly desirable by administration officials that Cuban affairs be kept in the background as much as possible. This attitude in Washington has a marked effect upon the conservative press of the country; for many newspapers not in favor of the present administration are more averse to the triumph of the silver democracy, and hence will exclude matter from their columns which might fill the ammunition chests of the common enemy. Together with the strictly administration papers, this includes nine tenths or more of the respectable newspapers of the country.

The few special writers who have

visited Cuba of late are nearly all controlled necessarily by these influences. The press correspondents stationed on the island have found it useless to waste their energies on anything outside of the daily happening or the chance description of some picturesque bit of life. As to whether the Cubans favor or oppose annexation, whether the Americans are liked or disliked, whether the Cubans are fit for self-government or not, whether they are cheerful or sullen under the forcible injection of American ideals into their Spanish system of government, — all these and other fundamentals are largely forbidden topics. When in Cuba last winter, and after patient inquiry among all classes of people, I reached the conclusion that the Cubans were overwhelmingly opposed to the annexation of the island to the United States. In a carefully considered article I published this fact in the United States. The statement aroused surprise and criticism. The latter subsided when my opinion was confirmed emphatically by Generals Wood, Ludlow, and many others. A clever and responsible newspaper man, stationed at Havana for one of the great New York dailies, remarked bitterly to me anent the discussion the publication of this news had aroused: "After studying that question six months, I wrote a two-column article taking the same view as yourself, and that was five months ago, but it never was printed. It was heresy."

American government officials unite in the chorus of "All's well" for obvious reasons. It pleases the Cubans, advances the cause of the appointive power at home, and satisfies the people of the United States. The only discordant note which has reached the shores of this country is in the statements of returning officials who have lost their muzzles, those made by business men, newspaper men, and other intelligent observers who have spent some time upon the island. The contrast between what is said by the government officials and politicians

and the others is so marked, that it in itself throws suspicion upon the sincerity of the statements made by the two first-named classes.

The great difficulty in presenting these matters aright is the impossibility of quoting the real views of those whose opinions would command attention. What Secretary Root, General Wood, General Ludlow, Colonel Black, Colonel Rathbone, General Chaffee, and others really know and really think about the Cuba of to-day and the Cuba of to-morrow would be intensely interesting. If known it would go far toward forming public sentiment in the United States, and thus influence national legislation upon the subject. They may believe that the Cubans are all that is hoped of them, that they are willingly, even joyfully and in humble spirit of thankfulness, accepting the teachings of the Americans, and that it will be but a few months before the Cuban ship of state can be launched from the American shipyard, and, manned by a Cuban crew, make a successful and profitable voyage. On the other hand, they may believe the task the American government has ostensibly undertaken is hopeless. They may have reached the conclusion after eighteen months of trial that the Cuban prefers his own ideals, customs, and ways of doing, to those of the Americans, and that no progress has been or can be made with this generation in the matter of substitution. They may even have reached the conclusion also that such is the lack of political control in the very nature of the masses of the Cubans, that with their own choice of executive and judicial forms they cannot conduct a stable and independent government. If they are optimists they may give expression to their optimism. If pessimists they must be reticent.

With an intimate knowledge of what has or has not been accomplished by the American intervention during the past year and a half, these men are in a position to enlighten the American people

as to what may be expected as the outcome of the Cuban situation. In the very nature of things, however, they cannot do it. They must be self-deluded, evasive, or optimistically untruthful. The relations of the United States to Cuba are now so false and unnatural, the relations of the Cuban question to national politics in the United States are so full of possible dangers to the dominant party, that plain talk is beyond the possibility of the hour from those who are sustaining present policies in hopes of making those of the future. It can easily be seen, therefore, that a majority of the people of the United States have little opportunity at this time for judging the real situation in Cuba, and in consequence can form no really intelligent opinion as to what the future is likely to bring forth in the relations of the United States to that island and its people. The present acuteness of Puerto Rican and Philippine matters also serves to divert public attention from Cuba. Some marked disturbance of the apparent peace which now reigns in that direction, or some lull in interest now taken in other matters, will be necessary before the restless American newspapers will grasp the opportunity here presented for exploitation and comment. At present it is comparatively easy for those interested to discredit any disturbing rumors.

To review briefly the conditions existing in Cuba when the American intervention began is necessary for purposes of comparison. Under Spanish rule the head of the government was a military official with autocratic power supported by an armed force. The shadow of home rule prevailed in the form of a subordinated civil government extending from state affairs to the municipalities. The judiciary was a subordinate function of the government, the supreme power resting in the "fiscal" of the supreme court, who was in reality a government officer. The courts were slow and venal. Laws were made for the

rich and influential, and so administered. The system of taxation was so devised as to allow the landed aristocrat to escape, and the man of business and the consumer paid the bills. Import duties were heavy on necessities and light on luxuries. The church played a strong hand in the government, and by an iniquitous law a legacy to the church became a mortgage upon an estate which held in the full amount against each and every purchaser of a foot of land from that estate. These so-called church mortgages now amount to millions of dollars, and to-day cloud the title to hundreds of thousands of acres of the most valuable land. The postal affairs of the island were so imperfect that few cared to trust an important letter to the mails, and the collect-on-delivery system had become a species of blackmail. Of the three hundred thousand children in Cuba of school age about four thousand attended what were dignified by the name of public schools. Public education was merely perfunctory, and the percentage of illiteracy in consequence now runs as high in many communities as eighty or even ninety per cent. Brigandage prevailed throughout the country, and was inspired and sustained by men high in office and social position in Havana. In brief, life, liberty, and justice were not assured to citizens of Cuba unless they could pay handsomely for immunity from assassination, imprisonment, or disastrous legal complications.

In time of peace despite these wrongs, so great when viewed in the light of modern civilization, Cuba flourished. Her fertile soil yielded sugar, tobacco, and fruits. Life was not a hard matter for the poor with their simple wants and happy dispositions. For the rich it could be made desirable according to means and influence. The Americans came to Cuba in time of war, when there was added to these conditions the blight of long civil conflict, with consequent starvation of the people, reconcentration,

stagnation of trade, and like evils. It is difficult to conceive of so fair a land made more desolate by the evil passions of men.

The task presented for the Americans was no light one, for it was to bring order out of chaos, and it can be said without prejudice that no people could have done it quicker or more effectively. The starving were fed, life was rendered safe in every city, village, and neighborhood. The custom houses were turned into mints, and the money collected therein was honestly accounted for. The entire island was cleansed and disinfected, actually and figuratively speaking. To sum up everything accomplished is to say that Cuba was policed as no Spanish American country has ever been in the history of this hemisphere. Natives as well as foreigners breathed a sigh of relief. Men ventured into the fields to till the land. The quick soil responded gladly to slight encouragement. Commerce revived and gathered strength as the months went by, for over all floated the flag of the United States, which meant that here, there, and everywhere, were the quiet, keen-eyed, resolute officers of the American army, with hundreds of sturdy, impetuous, and well-equipped soldiers at their call. So far all was well. The United States had carried out its programme. The Spaniards had been driven from Cuba, and order was restored. This closed the first chapter of the American intervention in Cuba. Difficult and trying as this was, it was easy of accomplishment as compared to what was to follow, because the Americans had thus far required no coöperation or assistance. They conceived and executed their own plans. While carried out in a strange land and under new conditions they were not unfamiliar with the work. Distress had been relieved and order restored elsewhere. It was merely a matter of adapting men, material, and common sense to a tropical climate.

Following this, however, was to come the preparation of the island for freedom and independence, for the American people, in their anxiety to prove disinterested motives, had pledged themselves to give Cuba to the Cubans. There was a qualification to the pledge, however, which is contained in the promise made to the world at large, that Cuba should always maintain a stable government. At the first glance over the field it was apparent to the Americans that to guarantee this Cuba would have to be first rendered permanently quiet, the iniquities contained in the legal code eliminated, honesty made the rule in all departments of the government, the children properly educated, the church retired to its legitimate sphere of influence, the system of taxation revised, and a new form of government created. The Cubans, owing to their lack of experience, were manifestly unable to accomplish these things for themselves, so the Americans with vigor and enthusiasm set about to teach them. The story of this effort is the second chapter of the tale of the intervention, and it cannot all be written as yet, though, as with most tales, some idea of what is to come may be gleaned. The real difficulties now began, and for the simple reason that the task required the coöperation of the Cubans. Heretofore the Americans had worked alone; now they were but to guide, and the Cubans were to do the work to which they had long believed themselves allotted.

Calling to his assistance the men whose names had been most generally identified with the struggle for Cuban independence General Brooke attempted a quasi-civil form of rule. He followed the advice of his Cuban counselors so far as he was able, and they led him into pitfalls from the start. He discovered the Cuban leaders had fought for a change of masters and not of methods. They quarreled with the people and among themselves. They opposed re-

form, and fomented trouble between the natives and the Americans. The situation became so serious that chaos was again threatened, and General Brooke was retired by an alarmed administration to make room for General Wood who had shown the most tact and the best results in the department under his administration. General Brooke was probably glad to escape. The place did not suit him, nor he the place. General Wood was a younger man with his life still before him, and he seized the great opportunity here presented. His first act as governor was one which won for him the applause of the conservative, property-owning Cubans, for he turned out of office the gang of brawlers General Brooke had gathered together, and substituted therefor the autonomists, the most dignified and admirable group of men identified with the struggle of the Cubans against Spain.

General Wood continued to feed the hungry, disinfect the cities, police the country, collect the necessary income through the custom houses, and spend the money where it was most needed. Recognizing the evils of the legal system and other public regulations which were left behind by the Spaniards, he appointed commissions to revise them all, and on each of these commissions he placed Americans to give the Cubans the benefit of their system and experience. Day by day as matters of wrong have been brought to his attention he has righted them. In his intense desire to keep the island peaceful, both for his own sake and that of the administration which placed him in his high position, he endeavors to placate all opposing elements. If a Cuban with a following becomes too noisy or is inclined to be critical, he gives him an office. This policy has been pursued so assiduously that now to call the roll of the office-holders is to call the roll of the principal agitators of the island who flourished in times of stress and rebellion. This does

not mean, however, that these men are fit to lead the people in time of peaceful reconstruction, for many of them are ignorant and dangerous demagogues, and nearly all of them are only biding the time, and not too patiently at that, until they shall be free from the strong control of the American governor, that they may work their own will in public affairs as they have dreamed of doing during all the years they envied the Spaniard the exercise of his autocratic power.

In the time of the Spaniards a carpet-bag governor exercised an autocratic rule with certain legal limitations. An evasion of these limitations was possible, but was only accomplished by some secret trickery. Under the American rule a carpet-bag governor exercises a power which recognizes no limitations. Every judge is looked upon as a military officer under his authority, and every law stands but as a military order subject to change or even obliteration at a word from military headquarters. Under this absolute authority legalized injustice is held in check, prisons are emptied of prisoners unjustly confined, the tariff is adjusted so as, ostensibly at least, to tax the rich more and the poor less. The money collected is more generally accounted for and more justly distributed. Public instruction has received a strong impetus, and throughout the island the people are generally free to pursue their own will and pleasure in the arts of peace. Local officials were at first appointed in all the municipalities, and subsequently elected by a restricted franchise. It is doubtful, however, whether the results of the elections in the manner of men selected for office are as satisfactory as were those of the appointive system. The commissions appointed to plan reforms in the legal and fiscal systems have accomplished nothing tangible of their own volition. The laws of Spanish Cuba stand to-day with a few minor modifications as the laws of American Cuba.

Capital was invested in Cuba under Spanish rule by right of government guarantee and concession. No new capital has been invested in Cuba under American rule for two reasons, one being that the United States government has not dared to intrust to its own officials the right to grant concessions. The other reason is that capital of all nationalities is now afraid that the United States is going to hold to the popular conception of the pledge given by Congress to the effect that Cuba shall be given into the hands of an independent Cuban government. Not only has capital been reluctant to go to Cuba, but since the American intervention over one hundred and thirty million dollars of Spanish and other money has been actually withdrawn from the island. What has been accomplished in Cuba up to the present time by the American intervention may be included in the effective policing of the island, and no man, however optimistic he may be as to the future, can put his finger upon aught else of permanent value or point to an accomplished fact which can be used as an argument in favor of the contention that the Cubans will in a short time be able to conduct a government of their own, independently of American guidance and actual control, which can be termed stable.

There are good reasons for this. They are to be found in the nature of the intervention, the awkward political relations of the United States to the island, and the character and the disposition of the Cuban people. The intervention of the United States in Cuban affairs was that of an armed force present primarily to preserve order. This in itself implies superiority. This implication is most objectionable to any people however weak they may be nationally. To the proud, excitable Cuban, filled with natural race antagonism, a full realization of this attitude of the Americans, that of a stern schoolmaster

with rod in hand compelling good behavior, brought with it resentment and aloofness from the proposed work of Americanizing the government in all its functions. Necessarily the military form of the American intervention has been continued. Necessarily the American governor has retained in his own hands final authority in all things. It has become more difficult every day to predict when this form of intervention could be dispensed with or at what time, or at what point American authority could be allowed to lapse and Cuban authority be made final. So far the Cubans are generally passive as to these things, but they, as well as the Americans who are exercising the authority, are fully cognizant that the day is not drawing perceptibly nearer, nor is it becoming clearer when and how the United States can "let go."

Spain was forced reluctantly to turn over her unruly child to the United States. The Congress of the United States, to satisfy the national conscience, still governed in 1898 by the isolation theory of national virtue, passed a resolution declaring it to be the sentiment of the step-parent that the child should be free and independent. There was a previous restriction, however, upon this intention which took precedence, and that was the promise to the international community by the parent-to-be that the child should always hereafter behave itself, not only to the world, but in its relations to those who cast their lot in its intimate companionship. In the course of an article entitled Growth of our Foreign Policy, in the March Atlantic, the Hon. Richard Olney voiced briefly the only meaning this pledge can have under present conditions, and that is that Cuba, from the signing of the treaty with Spain, belonged to the United States as trustee, and would continue so to belong. This conclusion is logical and inevitable whether the matter be viewed geographically, strategically, po-

litically, commercially, or in the interests of the effective policing of the American continent, a task assigned to the United States by the nations of the earth, and claimed by that country as a right as well as accepted as a responsibility. The Paris treaty, as it affects the relations of the United States to Cuba, takes precedence over domestic legislation enacted as a matter of political expediency or apology, especially where such legislation merely expresses a sentiment, subject to legitimate change in the light of more complete information and experience.

It may be assumed without going into detail that so long as Cubans have been intrusted with no great responsibility in any department of their own government, little or no progress has been made in inducting them into such a scheme of self-government as was possibly contemplated by those who two years ago, or even more recently, honestly advocated and believed in the possibility of a free and independent Cuba. The Cubans are now complaining bitterly that no one can tell whether they can govern themselves or not until it has been tried. The Americans soothe them with complimentary speeches, praise their patriotism, their generosity, their adaptability, their sentimentalism, their eagerness to add their names to the government salary list, and invariably conclude with a tribute to their social graces. To the persistent and oft-repeated inquiry as to how long the present status is to continue, the Americans are evasive, indefinite, or temporizing, for no man familiar with the island, its people and affairs, no matter how optimistic his belief in Cuba's destiny as a free republic, has had the temerity to set a day in the near future when the American police power can with safety be withdrawn. This is due to the utter lack of political self-control which has been manifested by the Cubans on nearly all occasions where it might have been

exercised to advantage. In the meetings of the commissions they have reduced the American members to despair and a feeling of hopelessness of ever accomplishing the object in view. As officials they have abused their power, and many of them have shown no conception of the idea of a public office as a public trust. Their incapacity, their non-progressiveness, and in many instances their dishonesty have kept the American officers busy correcting errors and righting wrongs. The Spanish idea of government is bred in them, and they are thoroughly imbued with its spirit. If the American intervention ceased to-day, Cuba would, within an incredibly short time, become a raging furnace of civil uproar caused by domestic war over the spoils. In time the strongest man or faction would triumph, and there would then be organized a government of the same undesirable character as those now found in Central American countries.

The Cubans do not like the Americans, and that is natural enough. With the intelligent Cubans the Americans represent a country they believe is now withholding from them their birthright. With the ignorant the race antagonism is strong. These are generalizations, of course, for there are many exceptions, as there are Cubans who favor annexation, but they are in a hopeless minority. With a free Cuba there is the race question, ever present, ever threatening, and ever dangerous. Fully a third of the people are black, and the one race does not mingle with the other on terms of social equality. It has even been seriously proposed by well-known Cubans that as soon as Cuba should be free it should be divided into two republics, the blacks to take the eastern part of the island, and the whites the western part. It is difficult for Americans not familiar with the people of the Spanish-American countries to realize the tremendous gulf which exists between them and the people of the United States in their cus-

toms, manner of thought, political ideals, and moral standards in matters affecting the public weal. The Cubans are Spanish-Americans. As in Mexico and Central America, the wealth and intelligence of Cuba are possessed by foreigners and a small percentage of natives who have lived much abroad or who possess exceptional qualities. An American-governed Cuba means a restricted franchise and comparative safety. A free Cuba means universal suffrage and the speedy downfall of the frail political structure designed and erected by Americans, and now kept intact only by their presence.

A continuation of the present conditions in Cuba will be possible for some time without serious trouble. The experiment of a free Cuba may even be tried in time, this depending largely upon public sentiment and the dominant power in politics in the United States. It will inevitably result in another intervention which will need no apologies, and will continue so long as the United States shall remain a nation. It may be that annexation will be brought about by a restricted franchise, which in time

will lose hope of a free Cuba, and seek commercial advantage and political stability in a union with the United States. It is also possible that the situation in Cuba will become so tense, even to violence, that the United States will acknowledge a change of policy, and as gently as may be convey to the Cubans the impossibility of an independent republic in view of the failure of well-laid plans to the contrary. The only thing which seems absolutely remote, improbable, and almost impossible from every point of view is a free and independent Cuban republic. The hope of Cuba is not in the present generation, but in the generation to come. With education, development, contact with American institutions, and long respite from guerrilla warfare, the new people of Cuba will make a new Cuba. These people will not desire a separate political existence, for they will realize the greater benefits of free social and commercial intercourse with a mighty nation of which they are a part, and whose needs in certain directions can only be supplied by them.

J. D. Whelpley.

VERSES FROM THE CANTICLE OF THE ROAD.

THE open road and the wind at heel
 Who is keen of scent and yelping loud!
 Stout heart and bounding blood we feel,
 Who follow fancy till day has bowed
 Her forehead pure to her evening prayer
 And drawn the veil on her wind-blown hair;
 Free with the hawk and wind we stride
 The open road, for the world is wide
 While daylight lasts, and the skies hung high,
 And room between for the hawk to fly
 With tingling wing and lust of the eye.

Broad morning, blue morning! Oh, jubilant wind!
 Lord God, thou hast made our souls to be
 Fluent and yearning long, as the sea

Yearns after the moon, and follows her
With boom of waves and sibilant purr,
Round this world and past and o'er
All waste sea-bottoms and curving shore,
Only once more and again to find
The same sea-bottoms and beaten beach,
The same sweet moon beyond his reach
And drawing him onward as before.

Hark, from his covert what a note
The wood-thrush whirls from his kingly throat!
And the bobolink strikes that silver wire
He stole from the archangelic choir,
From a psaltery played beneath the throne
By an amber-eyed angel all alone
He strikes it twice, and deep, deep, deep,
Where the soul of music lies asleep —
The rest of his song he learned, ah me!
From a gay little devil, loose and free,
Making trouble and love in Arcadie.

O Fons Bandusiæ, babbling spring,
From what deep wells come whispering!
What message bringest thou, what spells
From buried mountain oracles,
Thou limpid, lucid mystery?
Nay, this one thing I read in thee,
That saint or sinner, wise or fool,
Who dips hot lips within thy pool,
Or last or first, or best or worst,
Thou askest only that he thirst,
And givest water pure and cool.

Ragged and dusty, one whose feet
Dragged eastward as my own went west!
What ages since were we addressed,
And the manner of our coming set,
To this event, that we might meet,
And glance, and pass, and then forget?
Ah, sadder than its toil or strife
Are the winged, uncertain steps of life,
The wonders that mean nothing clear;
Like sudden stars that glide and shine
A moment in your eyes and mine;
Then darkness there and silence here.

A draught of water from the spring,
An apple from the wayside tree,
A bit of bread for strengthening,
A pipe for grace and policy;

And so, by taking time, to find
A world that's mainly to one's mind;
Some health, some wit in friends a few,
Some high behaviors in their kind,
Some dispositions to be true.

Arthur Colton.

A SHEPHERD OF THE SIERRAS.

THE two ends of this story belong, one to Pierre Jullien, and the other to the lame coyote in the pack of the Ceriso. Pierre will have it that the Virgin is at the bottom of the whole affair. However that may be, it is known that Pierre Jullien has not lost so much as a lamb of the flocks since the burning of Black Mountain.

Black Mountain stands up eastward against the Ceriso, its broken ridges spiked with clumps of pine, and its cañons dark with tamarack reaches and forests of silver fir. And in the meadows of Black Mountain Pierre Jullien feeds his flocks from year's end to year's end; a little excursion down to the Ceriso when the snows are heavy and the rains tearing at its foundations, and another to the east slope for the shearing, but never out of sight or shadow of it.

Certainly the Virgin had something to do with Pierre's having a flock in the first place; a hired shepherd he, who between good will and the wine cup could never get away from a shearing with more than enough to clothe him for the year to come. And finally, by misadventure and unwise counsel, it fell out that Pierre was not hired to go with the sheep for all of one year.

It is said that when Pierre heard of this, and heard it in no friendly manner from Lebecque who had got the place for himself, that he called for another bottle. He pledged his friends and his luck, he whistled merrily to his dogs; he was for the hills. For what has a

man bred to the hills to do with the town? The airs of it made him sick. The sights and sounds of it, good enough to gape at once in a year's wanderings, were a vexation and a confusion. So he made back to Black Mountain with his dogs, to live by the knowledge of it that had taken so many years to the gathering. He built him a hut, he cut him firewood, he tracked the wild bee to the hiving rocks and the bear to the thickets of thimbleberries. He set him traps and snares, for such of the wild creatures as are not fit for food have pelts that may be sold. Once in a month or so he fared forth to town across the Ceriso for a cup of wine and a taste of gossip, a bit of sugar and a morsel of flour. Altogether Pierre Jullien was well content.

There blows a great wind in the west before the rains; a nerve-racking, eddying wind that gathers small dust and sand and goes roaring with it across the open places. It was about the time of high wind when Pierre went down to the town, and he fought up across the Ceriso in the teeth of it. By all counts he should have stayed safe with his dogs until the wind was done, but withal Pierre had a tender heart. He thought of his traps. Doubtless it would have been better if wild creatures could do without being trapped, but since it was not so, it is best to trap them as gently as possible. So because he had not visited his traps for two days Pierre must needs be fighting the high wind across the Ceriso.

He made better work of it than the dogs who whimpered and slunk, knowing very well it was no sort of a day for an honest beast to be abroad in. The wind bit them, it beat and battered them, and scoured them with fine sand. There was no looking in such a wind; only feeling the ground underfoot and knowing the way by the rise of it. And in the midst of their labor a plaintive cry broke and scattered against the dead wall of the wind. The dogs whined to hear it; clearly, to travel such a day was rank folly, but lost sheep—that was another matter.

“Nay, nay, ’t is none of your mind-ing,” said Pierre. “Well, then, if you must, be off!” Not one of the three but knew what had happened. A flock caught in the open must be well shepherded to hold in such a wind; once scattered it may take days to bring them together again. The dogs found the ewe and brought it to Pierre, and were off again as he gave the word, wriggling, yelping, and panting with delight. This was old times indeed! They had great work of it, the man and the dogs, wrestling in the smother of the wind rocking up and down the hollow of the crater. But they brought the stragglers together, a score or more of them, and held them under the lee of a hill until the wind was laid. About mid-afternoon its spent wings trailed the dust, its breath shook the tops of the sage, and no more. The air was warm; it was clear and smelt of the earth. Pierre and his sheep went forth to look for the master of the flock. They worked up the south slope whence all the Ceriso lay open as the hollow of a hand, and saw the hill-folk beginning to stir about their business, but no sheep. Pierre was an honest man, and a shepherd who knew how serious a thing it might be to lose twenty sheep of the flock in a single wind. He stayed that night in the Ceriso and until the middle of the morning, holding the sheep well toward the

middle of the valley. By that time a good shepherd should have picked them up again, but none came. The brand was strange. Many flocks passed the Ceriso at that season, going hastily, because of scant pasturage, to winter in the South. Pierre drove the sheep to Black Mountain, and no question was ever raised. As for the sheep they were very well content, and the dogs were happy to be at their work again.

So Pierre Jullien became a shepherd in his own right, and in the glacier meadows of Black Mountain the flock increased beyond expectation. Who shall say that the Virgin did not have a hand in it? Not Pierre Jullien, at any rate; he was careful to return thanks as often as he went to church, which was at least once in the year. But Pierre kept his traps going. Sheep, according to the law of the beasts, were to be eaten, and beasts, according to Pierre Jullien, to be caught. He trapped a bear cub, wildcats, a fox now and then, and a wolverine, but not often a coyote. A coyote is a thief and the son of a thief. He will spring a trap and eat the bait. He will gnaw a rope and let a staked horse go free; steal the *jerke* drying on the trees, and the bacon hanging against the wall; nose into a still camp and steal anything he can lay jaws upon. Ettienne Picquard will have it that he will steal the frying pan off the fire if there is a smell of meat about it. These are the things that Pierre Jullien believed about the coyotes; and first and last they stole a good many of Pierre’s lambs. Nevertheless, his flock increased until it had become two bands, and Pierre, going down to the shearing, brought Ettienne Picquard to help him tend them.

Ettienne had gone afar with his portion, foraging into the pastures claimed by the flocks of the  brand. For Ettienne dearly loved a wrangle, and would as lieve fight for the pasture of Pierre Jullien’s sheep as anything else. And one morning Pierre woke with the smell

of smoke in his nostrils. It was a smell of green wood, not the thin blue ghost of a smoke that quavered up from his own well-banked fire, but the rank, acrid smell of a forest burning. Pierre should know that smell. From what dropped coal of a hunter's pipe, from what slothful shepherd's camp, the fire broke, or what woodman's stupid greed lit the close-locked ranks of living pines only the wood creatures knew, and could not tell. Pierre thought of Ettienne and the sheep and wished them well. The wind set well away from him; the fire would drive out many pests, and the burnt districts made better feed in a year or so. Without doubt everything fell out for the best.

The fire began in a tamarack cañon and spread upward all one week slowly. The smoke rose from it a white, heaven-pointing spire, a wraith, a warning; and fanned out at last a wan, fluttering beacon. It tiptoed, it swayed, and genuflected, and shook itself in an agony of entreatment. But no one came to put out the fire. Quenching a forest fire is a difficult matter; and then it is always some one else's business. Only the mountain knew how long it had been growing, those pines that went out in a flare and a little crackling, and nobody cared. At the end of a week a wind rose and drove the fire straight across the mountain toward Pierre Jullien's meadow. Pierre's hut stood in a little island of pines on a knoll swept about by a strip of meadow and a running stream. Thence he fed out with the home flock as far as he might to the gentian hollows deep set among the rifted hills.

When the pillar of smoke cast up by the burning forest grew red by night Pierre went cautiously, keeping the flocks close and watching every turn of the wind. It dropped a little and the fire with it. Then Pierre, to save the home pasture, moved the flock across the ridge away from the fire. He made all safe in his house, and trusted to his

luck and the chances of the wind. If the fire would come, it would come; it was not to be stayed for all Pierre's stopping at home. The new meadow was deep set and fenced about with barrenness, so that Pierre and his dogs could lie in the sun and watch the portentous smoke above the mountains. That the fire was heavy and coming his way he had known by the wild wood creatures that pushed by his meadow with an incessant panting and padding of feet. Seven deer drank at his brook in the gray of the morning, wings whirled steadily, and at all hours hoofed creatures broke through the thickets of ce-anothus, all with incredible haste, but dumbly, heralded by the noise of their going. And in the night the wind whipped the fire along the steep, and about the meadow where Pierre was lying with his sheep. It rioted in the resin-dripping pines, sung as it wrestled with them, and grew merry as it raged.

The sound of its singing woke Pierre and the sheep in the middle hours. But the dogs, mindful of the blethering flocks, held them faithfully, huddling toward Pierre, who wept with his face upon his hands. "Oh, my house," he whimpered, "my dear house!" He had built it of the soil and what grew therein; it was part of the mountain, and part of him; and it was all his home.

With the fire, cattle broke into the meadow from the roaring wood, and an antlered stag, snorting with fear, thrust into the midst of them. Quail and small fourfooted things fled, mad and blind with terror, past the haven into the wood and fire again, and when the morning cut the smoke that overhung, Pierre was aware of a wild-cat that licked a dead kitten between him and the flame.

Lastly out of the blaze limped a coyote, dragging a crushed foot, and deeply burned across the flank. Eight hours the fire panted about the meadow, tugged and strained toward them from the pines,

and Pierre, trampling blazing brands, smothering sparks, heartening and helping, knew himself a brother to beasts, and yet more a man. For, ever as he moved, the dumb shouldering cattle shifted their place a little, not to lose the sense of his presence, the sheep pressed to his knees, the dogs came whimpering and went back to their stations comforted. The coyote, dressing his burn with his tongue, laid nose to the ground as Pierre went by, and cried with the pain of his hurt as a child might.

The fire ripped and tore at the heart of the wood and poured the bitter smoke above them thick and hot, and through all Pierre could hear the water hissing among burning logs, and the breathy whine of the cat above her dead. Pierre thought how she must have come from hunting to her lair and found the fire before her. It was written in her singed and cinder-blackened coat how she had won her way far and slowly, heat driven, carrying her dead by turns, her mother's grief having way even in the dreadful hollow of the singing flames. "Mother of God," said the simple heart of Pierre Jullien, "but I set me no more traps for the mothers of wild things."

The danger passed with the day, and the stream, cut off in mid-morning by the falling timbers, came back to the meadow. Pierre divided his jerke with the cat and the coyote, and woke in the night, at the crash of falling trees, to catch the glow of their unwinking, regardful eyes.

The stag left at the dawn, going down the cañon with wide fearful leaps amid the burning, and after him the cattle picked out a way along the water courses. From where the wood had been rose up the ghost of a forest; for every tree an uptrailing, wavering smoke-spirit, topped by umbrageous clouds, and flame-flowers broke and blossomed in dissolving embers. The wild-cat, putting as much space as possible between her and the dogs, grown fearful with the passing of

the fire, essayed the smoke forest by one and another of the trails she had known, breaking away at last by well-considered bounds, and looking back to the trampled meadow and the sheep huddling between Pierre and the lame coyote.

The coyote, made unhappy by the broadening day, drew up to the meadow's edge, but having put foot among the hot ashes, set up his drawling whine looking back toward Pierre. "Stay where thou art, friend," said the shepherd. "It will be long before you can abide the smell of fire." Pierre fed him that day with the offal of a sheep he had killed for his own eating, and ever as he busied himself about the flock the coyote came and smelled of all the places where he had been. "Thou wilt know me again by that token," said Pierre, "and I you by that burnt flank, should you fall into any trap of mine." And being in a merry mood Pierre upbraided him with the evil ways of his kind, until the coyote slunk abashed from the sound of his voice to the edge of the clearing.

It was the third day, and a blessed rain was falling, before Pierre could make way with his flock across the burned district, looking back from the top of the ridge to see the lame coyote getting himself clumsily down to the lower levels, looking back also at Pierre. Now, by good fortune which fell little short of a miracle, Pierre found his house unhurt, only the outer ring of pines heat shriveled past any spring's redeeming. And as for Ettienne, the fire had not been near him.

The burned coyote eschewed a forest country thereafter, and going down to the sagebrush levels joined the pack on the east side of the Ceriso. Pierre saw him there the first time he came thither feeding with his flocks, and knew him by his rocking, three-legged gait, and the long scar, newly healed, upon his flank. That the coyote knew him Pierre affirms, for, seeing him, the howler dropped upon

his haunches dog fashion and waited until the flock had gone by. And this is true, that Pierre has given up his traps and yet has not lost by beasts so much as a weanling. And the shepherds of Black Mountain and the Ceriso, and as far north as the hills of Augustora, are divided between the opinion of Pierre,

who will protest that it is the work of the Virgin, and the opinion of Ettienne Picquard, who says that Pierre has lived like a wild creature so long that the beasts mistake him for one of themselves. But for myself, I think, as I said at the beginning, this end of the story belongs to the lame coyote.

Mary Austin.

A BIT OF OLD FRANCE.

THE village of Ermenonville does not fill a large space on the map of France, and the guidebook offers it merely the beggarly tribute of a paragraph in fine print. In this year of a universal exposition the world will journey to Paris and pass the little city by, as it passes by Rouen, Blois, Loches, and other towns more picturesque, more graciously intact, than the oft-times ruin-swept metropolis. Yet the great city and the little one are neighbors. Paris hides away Ermenonville under her elbow, cherishing near her heart this souvenir of the olden time. World-weary herself, she guards its innocence, uttering no whisper of the passing of epochs. If a destructive rumor of revolution threatened violence a century and more ago, Paris answered the outcry, and left her protégé to its old ways. The storm passed over the sheltered village, leaving only one ruin in the path of its lightning. Thus it happens that here, almost under the shadow of the Eiffel Tower, and now, on the eve of a new century, one may find a bit of old France. The railroads dare not invade it, the traveler never hears of it; even the omnipresent investigating bicyclist turns away from its cobblestone barricade of "royal roads." It is lost to our time, out of our world. The princes and peasants who are its sole inhabitants seem to guard the secret of its existence. Its two innkeepers look

with disdain upon the passing foreigner, with suspicion upon all revenue derived from others than the sportsmen who annually, so soon as the chase is open, descend upon field and forest. That we remote Americans should have found it, that we should have made it ours for two idle months, is a miracle which should not be revealed to the inquisitive modern world.

The omnibus from the far-away railroad town rattled clamorously around the curve of the stone-paved street, past clustering red-tiled roofs and fronts of stucco, and into the courtyard of the Hotel of the Cross of Gold. Yes, the landlady would accommodate us, — a front room and one only a trifle less desirable were at our disposal for the sum of two francs each a day. Large, square bare rooms they proved to be, which the overzealous modern upholsterer had never entered. But the pine floor was clean, the bed under faded curtains was a good old piece of mahogany, and its linen was white and fine and embroidered with a flowery monogram. We sank so softly back into the past, that night, that we resolved not to return to our less gentle era. The only house in the town which is neither a cot nor a palace fell into the wonder-working hands of the Parisian madame who was managing the world for us. A spacious old mansion, with a hilly wooded park from which one

might look down even on the château, — a park inclosed with walls of ivied stone, locked in with iron gates, and filled with tall pines and beeches and broad lindens ; all this was ours.

We made no haste to explore the little town, — why should we vex the restful spirit of the place by filling up the sunny days with energy ? Just beyond our park lay a national domain of forest ; its shady spaces of trees, its sandy reaches of heather, were joy enough for the long sweet hours. And up on the crest of the village hill was an ancient Gothic church, in whose square tower and queerly carved portals and capitals three centuries have left the record of their faith. It was enough to wander between these two along the quaint old streets, to enter the little shops and talk to the bent old women, and arouse their effusive gratitude by the expenditure of sous ; to follow the worshipers in to mass, and marvel at the array of gayly decked Madonnas and realistic martyrs in agony. No dilapidated interior this, like so many of the village churches round about. "Through the pity of God and the bounty of the Prince and Princess Radziwill," — so reads the tablet, — "this church has been completely restored in the year of grace 1886." Ah, this is that scion of a noble Polish house who bought the château of Ermenonville from the ancient family of the Girardins. This is the ardent sportsman who rents from the government the right to shoot small game in the forest, while the Duc de Gramont, of the Château de Mortefontaine at the other end of it, pays fifty thousand francs a year for his feudal lordship over deer and wild boar.

To-day, as we pass the prince's château, the great iron gates of the park swing wide. It is Sunday ; we may leave our mediæval mood at the entrance, and, with one bold step, move forward as far as the eighteenth century. For this park is the *chef-d'œuvre* of the infatuated old Marquis de Girardin, who laid his play-

ful hand on nature a century and a third ago. He twisted this rivulet and set up those rocks for it to fall over, and placed these stones whereon we cross it ; and down at the foot of the cascade he fashioned this grotto. But no, not he ; this is the work of fairies. Here, on a tablet of artificial stone, little midnight revelers have set their signatures to eight or ten lines of courtly verse, which warn away all mortal intruders from their moonlit rendezvous, and promise good fortune to true lovers.

We circle half around the little lake, and discover that philosophers, as well as fays, have looked into its waters. For among the trees on the slope is a ruined belvedere, dedicated in respectful Latin to the memory of Montaigne, *qui omnia dixit*. Each of its fluted pillars, erect or fallen, bears the name of some great wise man, and here the little wise are commanded by the inscription over the portal to "know the causes of things." "Quis hoc perficiet ? — falsum stare non potest." Is it possible that neither time nor enemies wrought this ruin, that the noble builder left his temple picturesquely incomplete to typify sentimentally the incompleteness of philosophy ? What a luxurious old sage he must have been, — one of those toy democrats of a royal age, who held to their feudal tyrannies with one hand, while the other played with pretty symbols of the equality of man, until the bold realities arose in a confounding murderous flood to overwhelm both tyrannies and symbols ! What an adjustable mind he must have had, with the appropriate sentiment always ready for the dramatic moment, with graceful moods of mirth or melancholy waiting to be summoned at need ! And what scorn he would feel for modern humor, for the desecrating realism of the nineteenth century ! I can almost see him leading me down the path toward his lake, a courteous, overstately little gentleman, dressed in decorous black velvet, with an edge of fine lace on his ruffles.

He sits beside me on the low stone bench as I look across the narrow water to the tiny "isle of poplars;" and his solemn gesture bids me read some half-obliterated sorry little verses carved on two stones in this open space under the trees. A touch of pride in his sadness convinces me that he is the poet who wrought them, and I offer him an English version with a deprecating air of humility for its unworthiness:—

"There beneath those poplars, that holy tomb
below,

Where soft shade peace imparts,
Lies the mortal body of Jean Jacques Rousseau.

But 't is in sensitive hearts
That this man so good, who was all sentiment,

Has built of his soul the eternal monument."

So reads the first stone. I scrutinize my courtly guide with deeper interest, and search among half-forgotten incidents of literary history. My poet and philosopher is then Rousseau's patron,—it was no other than the Marquis de Girardin who gave Jean Jacques the home which only six weeks later became his burial place. I take off my hat to him, and try to feel more respect for his poetry as I decipher the second inscription:—

"He gave back to the child its mother's tenderness;

He to the mother restored her child's caress.
For man at his birth this benefactor stood
And made him more free so that he might
be good."

With mind and soul thus properly attuned by a modest muse, I cross the little bridge to the sacred isle, and ponder at the tomb of the romantic philosopher of a bygone time. "*Icy repose l'homme de la nature et de la vérité.*" "The man of nature and of truth,"—such was the verdict of Rousseau's age upon his character; and here, in broken and weather-stained bas-reliefs, are the mothers and children whom he restored to one another's caresses,—mothers chastely and classically draped, babies artistically

nude, sporting in primitive innocence together. What respect he felt for parental tenderness,—this man who gave never a thought to his own children, but left them to suffer or prosper as the fates might will! As I study the battered stone, the eighteenth century itself seems to lie in that sarcophagus, and the pompous epitaph is a tribute to its ineradicable insincerity. And suddenly the picturesque irony of the monument is emphasized by a consciousness of its emptiness,—for was not even Rousseau's body taken away, borne in triumph to the Pantheon at the climax of the great storm which he had helped to awaken? In vain the old-world marquis lifted his voice to stay the young republic's vandal hand: the philosopher could not be suffered to sleep in peace even here where he belonged. These classic sculptures, these overwrought rills and groves and temples, were too romantically appropriate.

What would Rousseau's nebulous naturalism have thought of the storm? How it would have shocked his *cœur sensible*, scared the soul *qui fût tout sentiment*. What would he have done with the whirlwind, he who had sown the wind? The new era descending in clouds and darkness would have swept him back into the old, like a lost leaf in a gale. If he had lived another fifteen years with his sympathetic marquis, if he had followed the resolute mob to the beautiful abbey of Chaalis only a mile or two away, and watched them batter and burn and sack it till of its grandeur nothing was left but ruin, would he not have returned in terror to his "desert" and his "cabin," to his illusions of simplicity and tenderness, and left to a more intrepid philosophy the interpretation of this violent realism?

The new age may be irreverent, but it is honest. It is unkind to illusions, intolerant of impracticable theories, but it takes nature and men as they are, and does not try to furbish them with senti-

ments. It is methodical, exact, and bold in its search for truth, not imaginative and worshipful. These shapely villages nestling in shady hollows it rudely proclaims unsanitary, and would ruthlessly tear down their mossy walls of stucco and their thatched roofs heavy with the dampness of ages, and build for the meagre huddling peasants cottages fresh and wholesome, if hideous. Its aspiration is not æsthetic but practical, not for beauty but for comfort. It may rear for the future a stronger race, but it will not bequeath to it monuments so fine, towns so harmonious, palaces so noble.

This region, like a rich old parchment, bears undisturbed the illuminated writing of the past, and to read it one needs only a horse or a wheel capable of expanding one's vision by ten miles. For though the great king's road of cobblestones is a barricade against Parisian invasion, one finds beyond the barrier the level paths of the republic, and follows them to sequestered villages, — yes, even to railroad towns. Senlis, beloved of Henry of Navarre, the ancient capital of the Merovingian kings, sleeps peacefully to the north, lifting the towers and graceful transept of its cathedral out of many centuries of its silent past, — centuries whose various architectural moods make a discord between turret and portal — a war of forms and ornaments in which time, the great mediator, has proclaimed a lasting truce. And Dammartin crowns an ambitious hill at the end of a shady mounting road, — sleepy old Dammartin, which wakes up for a fête once a year, a fête with booths and merry-go-rounds and delicious plum tarts, — even an “*exposition des tableaux*,” wherein he who buys an admission ticket may draw a prize, if he wins a fateful number, from a collection which shows to what abysses modern French art may sink in the provinces. And down across fertile meadows the tiny city of Baron awaits its discoverer, revealing from afar the beautiful stone spire of its

little church, — a church which is a masterpiece of early Gothic, as perfect, as consummate, as a richly wrought jewel on Saint Louis' breast.

These three towns are the terminal points of as many radii centring in Ermenonville, but to reach them one must pass through little hamlets so alluring, so individual, that it is difficult to resist and ride on. Ver and Ève and Hautisse nestle cosily in curves of the road, each with its primitive little stuccoed chapel wherein the village life has been consecrated for centuries. Sometimes these churches antedate the Gothic era with their rounder, more massive lines; sometimes they carry curious additions of Renaissance portal and ornament; but always they have the charm of simplicity, naïveté, and a grace half expressed and therefore pathetic in its appeal. They are architectural sketches; out of such experiments, as these cathedrals grew in creative minds; and thus they are suggestive beyond the perfect, the consummate work with all its pinnacles and saints of stone. And there are sketches also in domestic architecture. At the outskirts of Fontaine-des-Corps-Nus (what a name for legends to mount on!) is the ancient quadrangle of a farm, where the laborers and horses, the pigs and chickens, still work and feed and clatter as of old; and where their tolerance permits one to linger and admire the sturdy round tower in the corner, the long, low-sloping red roofs, the faultless grouping, — all simple, unpretentious, and yet perfect with the touch of a feeling finer than our labored thought.

Then, since this is a country of princes and peasants, where the middle class is obliterated, there are châteaux facing broad avenues or hidden in deep woods, — châteaux varying in age and degree, from the homelike simplicity of the one which dominates this farm to the ornate splendor of Mortefontaine, whose super-refined late Renaissance design attests

the gorgeous but rotting epoch of Louis XV. All these princely dwellings have passed from the families who built them to the lordship of a newer aristocracy, but the old customs are honored still, as though to propitiate the dispossessed ghosts of earlier days. Still does monsieur the prince or the duke go forth to meet the boar in the forest, even though the quarry has to be imported and fed and tended for his unkind fate. Still does the horn blow in the curving street of Ermenonville — I myself have been awakened by it — when the hounds are led to the starting place by green-coated keepers. Still does my lord give a fête and fireworks to the villagers — I myself have seen the spectacle — when his son and heir comes of age; and all the neighboring country makes merry as of yore, though perhaps with a little less of feudal faith and loyalty.

It was only the other day — twenty or thirty years by the calendar — that the château of Ermenonville passed away from the forlorn reluctant descendants of Jean Jacques' marquis into the reverent hands of the Polish prince, who at once set about restoring house and park to their old artificial prettiness, checking the decay to which an iconoclastic century had exposed the ancient seat. And the neighboring estate of Chaalis, whose abbey and château were a monastery in Rousseau's time, is now ruled over by a house made royal by alliance with the plebeian emperor who set his heel upon the old régime. The grandson of Prince Murat, King of Naples and Sardinia, dwells in the beautiful Louis XIV. palace, and looks out upon the Gothic abbey's mossy ruin. Simple and fine almost to sternness are the lines of the château, with only one dormer breaking the strong slope of its roof, — a severe early experiment in a style ambitious for distinction and magnificence. Under the vaulted stone ceiling of its long corridor are busts and paintings of the empire, with other reminders of a

race that was hidden away in Corsican hills when these shapely stones were laid. Doubtless there is a higher righteousness behind the irony of fate. Doubtless the past should yield to the present, the ideals of one age should become the sport of another, and we should stand sure and self-secure in the modern faith as our fathers did in that of their day. But in the presence of memorials of the past it is difficult to maintain this mood of serenity. How are we writing our story on the scarred old earth? Will our scientific courage leave as fine a record as the aspiration of the past has left? Will the future accept our labors as gratefully as we accept these quiet quaint old villages, these beautiful battered churches, these châteaux which prove the splendor of feudal lordship? Shall we, who sit in judgment on the past, leave proofs of faith as indisputable as these?

Under the princely portal and out in the flowery park, I reflect upon all the warnings against modern egotism which have surprised me from day to day in manor and hamlet, — upon the round Norman towers, the dilapidated Gothic portals and belfries, the finely simple dwellings of prince and peasant. I feel abased almost to self-contempt under the tall, gaunt choir of this ruined abbey, whose mighty columns and arches our awakening era so violently swept away. We cannot carve such capitals as these, nor set the vaulting of those cloisters, nor shape these lofty windows, nor fill their empty spaces with pictures wrought in gleaming jewels. We have lost this instinct for architecture, this sense of direct connection between the mind and the uplift of stone on stone. We are separated from it by centuries of imitation, of affectation, of cheap meddling with a great art, — the long effort to repeat the past instead of presenting the truth of our own souls, as these old monks presented theirs. I try to rebuild this fallen temple in their spirit,

and the touch of that spirit withers me with their scorn. How they would hate our boasted liberalism, our iconoclastic science, our sacrilegious use of the mysterious powers of nature, our restless wanderings to and fro upon the earth! In this their noble monument I dare not give them scorn for scorn. As their

solemn procession winds through these lofty aisles, I dare not say that our search is braver than theirs, our truth as much greater as the sun-thronged universe is vaster than their little star-en-circled world. For not with boasting may we answer the silent centuries, but with works as sublime as theirs.

Harriet Monroe.

MISSOURI.

No other state of the forty-five presents so many striking antitheses as Missouri. Though most of the parallels which run through Missouri intersect Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois on the east, and Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and California on the west, there is generally a broad divergence between it and the others in politics, Missouri being Democratic, and the rest of these usually Republican, except as the rise of Populism and the appearance of the silver issue have temporarily injected cross currents in politics, and have recently put most of the states west of the Missouri constructively on the Democratic side. While, in its aggregate vote, Missouri is reliably Democratic, its principal city, St. Louis, has been more uniformly Republican for years past than any other large town in the United States except Philadelphia.

On an east and west line, Missouri is situated near the middle of the country, and belongs socially and industrially in the same group as Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Kansas, yet it is generally called a Southern state. In the popular conception Missouri figures as an agricultural community, yet it has a greater variety of mineral products than almost any other state. Few states surpass it in the aggregate of its mineral output: fewer still exceed it in the production of its mills and factories.

Humorous ideas frequently associate themselves in the popular mind with the name Missourian, very much as they have since the days of Irving and Paulding with the name Dutchman as he figures in the history of old New York. Nevertheless, the Missourian belongs to a state which stands not far from the head of the forty-five in the proportion which the number of its pupils in the public schools bear to the aggregate population, in the per capita amount of money spent on its educational institutions, and in the ratio which its church attendance bears to its inhabitants. It differs in no perceptible degree from the other states of the North and West in the qualities which determine the balance and sanity of a people.

What are the causes of these contrasts between the reputed and the actual as relates to Missouri? They are due to peculiarities of ethnology, location, climate, and social development. In setting forth these causes the geology and mineralogy of the state will have to be touched on, and the race ingredients which went to make up its early settlers will have to be mentioned. Missouri must here be dealt with sociologically, economically, and psychologically. Incidentally, too, a little of the romance and the picturesqueness in its life will have to be glanced at.

Four times Missouri has changed its

flag. It was Spanish territory in the days of Charles V. With the rest of Louisiana it was claimed for the France of Louis XIV. by La Salle in 1682, when he sailed down to the mouth of the Mississippi, and France subsequently occupied it. Louis XV. ceded it to his ally Charles III. of Spain in 1762, at the end of the Seven Years' War, to keep it out of England's hands. Bonaparte coaxed or coerced Charles IV. to return it to France in 1800. Want of money to enable him to prosecute his wars, fear that England might seize it, and dread that even if he could keep England out of it the Americans might wrest it from him, constrained Bonaparte to sell it, with the rest of the Louisiana territory, to the United States in 1803.

Soto, marching northward and westward, passed into the present state of Missouri in 1541, near where New Madrid now stands, pushed onward to the Washita and the White rivers, and then turned southward. Coronado, marching northward and eastward, about the same time, penetrated to a point close to the Missouri River, not far from Missouri's western line. Both these Spanish *conquistadores* were searching for gold, — Soto seeking a northern Peru, like the one he, as a lieutenant of Pizarro, helped to conquer; Coronado, hunting the "seven cities of Cibola," and chasing Quivira's golden myth, aimed to repeat Cortez's conquest, and to win another Mexico in the heart of North America. The locality, Missouri, at which the paths of these two Spanish adventurers — Soto coming from the Atlantic side of the continent, and Coronado from the Pacific's verge — crossed, or where they would have crossed if they had been pushed a few score miles farther, was destined to witness a greater meeting and mingling of the races of the earth than any other part of the New World.

In those distant days when Soto in Missouri and Coronado near Missouri's western border were, by their exploits,

penning the preface to the history of the United States, nearly a quarter of a century was to pass before Menendez should lay the foundation of St. Augustine, the oldest permanent settlement in the American republic. Two thirds of a century were to elapse before Gosnold, Newport, and their companions at Jamestown should start the first stable English colony on this side of the Atlantic; before Champlain, at Quebec, should make the first feeble beginnings of French power in the western hemisphere; and before Henry Hudson's Half Moon should sail into New York Bay, and give Holland the claim on which to build the short-lived colony of New Netherland. It was more than three quarters of a century ahead of the days when Carver, Bradford, Miles Standish, and their compatriots stepped from the Mayflower on to Plymouth Rock.

One fact connected with Soto's entrance into Missouri deserves especial mention as a historic precedent. He enslaved most of the Indians whom he captured in the Mississippi Valley, as, in some cases, Velasquez had done in Cuba and Cortez in Mexico. Thus Soto carried slaves into Missouri two and a half centuries before the United States government under the Constitution came into existence, and three and a quarter centuries before the Emancipation Proclamation was issued and the Thirteenth Amendment adopted.

In connection with the early visitors to this region in the French period a similar fact can be cited. Sieur Renault, one of the directors of the Mississippi Company, which took control of affairs in Louisiana after Crozat surrendered his charter to the colony which Louis XIV. gave him, received grants of land in 1723 in Missouri, and, as told by one of the annalists, he took with him "many families who had received concessions of lands in the neighborhood of Kaskaskia, and who brought with them a number of negroes granted to them by

Bienville, for the purpose of cultivating those lands." By these concessions, which extended to the west side of the Mississippi as well as to the east side, negro slavery, three quarters of a century after Soto brought Indian slaves into the territory, made its appearance in Missouri.

The alternating possession of Missouri in its early days by Spain and France determined the race ingredients, the religion, and the customs of its first settlers. The slavery which was taken into it by its Spanish and French occupants, and by the earlier immigrants from the eastern side of the Mississippi Valley and from the Atlantic seaboard, dictated its attitude toward many of the great issues which arose in the public life of the country until the Civil War, and it has had an effect on the politics of the state to this day.

Delassus, Spain's last governor of Upper Louisiana, had a census taken in 1799, which showed that the white population of the dozen settlements constituting the present state of Missouri was at that time 4948, the free colored were 197, and the slaves 883, or 6028 inhabitants in all. St. Louis, which had been founded in 1764, had 925 inhabitants, white and colored, free and slave. St. Charles, a little younger than St. Louis, had 875, while St. Genevieve, the oldest town in Missouri, had 949 population, the largest number of inhabitants of any settlement in Upper Louisiana.

On the eve of the time when Louisiana became United States territory nearly one out of every seven of Missouri's inhabitants was a slave. After annexation in 1803 Missouri's population increased rapidly, tripling between 1810 and 1820, much more than doubling between 1820 and 1830, and also between 1830 and 1840, and nearly doubling between 1840 and 1850 and between 1850 and 1860. The aggregate number of inhabitants in 1860, the last year of a national enumeration in which slavery existed, was 1,182,012, of which 114,-

931 were slaves. Missouri advanced from the twenty-third in point of population among the states and territories in 1810 to eighth in 1860, while ever since 1870 it has held the fifth place.

At the beginning of this period, the slave ingredient of Missouri's population increased somewhat faster than the free element. The slaves, which numbered a little less than one out of every seven of the inhabitants at the end of the Spanish domination, were slightly in excess of one out of six in 1830. Then they began to decline, and had dropped to a little less than one out of ten in 1860. The proportion of the state's negro population has continued to shrink since emancipation, and was as one to seventeen in 1890.

The slaves in Missouri gained on the free element at the outset, because most of its early immigrants after annexation were from the slave states, particularly Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia. Many of them carried slaves with them. The further introduction of slavery into the Northwest Territory (the present states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and that part of Minnesota east of the Mississippi) was forbidden by the ordinance of 1787. This restriction helped to divert to Missouri in the beginning many immigrants from the older states who otherwise would have gone into the more accessible territory north of the Ohio. A large majority of the Missourians, whether they had slaves or not, expected that their locality would be a slave state. Naturally the South stood with them. It aimed to preserve the balance between the number of slave and free states, so as to defeat in the Senate all measures directed against slavery, the North being dominant in the House, in which representation was based on population. Counting Alabama, which was let in in 1819 after Missouri first asked admission, there were twenty-two states, eleven free and eleven slave, before Missouri entered.

Most of the North, on the other hand, was determined that no more slave states should be created. It was a sectional and not a party question. Practically there was only one party after 1816, the last national canvass in which the Federalist party participated, and the Democracy had the entire field to itself. A Northern Democrat, Tallmadge of New York, to the bill for the admission of Missouri, offered, in 1819, an amendment that no more slaves should be let into Missouri, and that the children born of slaves in the state after it was admitted should be free after reaching the age of twenty-five.

A contest then began which startled Jefferson, as he declared, "like a fire-bell in the night," which lasted two years, and which convulsed the country. Twice the House, in which the North was predominant, passed the bill with the anti-slavery proviso, but the restriction was each time defeated in the Senate. The latter at last yoked Maine, which was ready for admission, with Missouri, the South agreeing to let Maine in as a free state if the North would allow Missouri to come in with slavery. Then an adjustment was proposed, by a Northern Democrat of pro-slavery proclivities, Senator Jesse B. Thomas of Illinois, by which Maine was to be admitted as a free state; Missouri was to enter with slavery, but slavery was to be excluded from all the rest of the territory bought from France in 1803 north of latitude 36°, 30', which line was Missouri's southern boundary through part of its length. This arrangement, which the House fought for a time, but which it at last (in 1820) accepted, was the Missouri Compromise proper. Missouri's constitution containing a clause which required the legislature to prevent the entrance of free negroes into the state, another contest was precipitated in Congress. This was at last settled by a compromise offered by Clay, under which Missouri agreed not to shut out

anybody recognized as a citizen by any state, and at that time negroes were recognized as citizens by several Northern states. Thus, by the Thomas adjustment, supplemented by the Clay concession, Missouri was thrust northward as a cape of slavery into a sea of freedom.

The slavery interest drew Missouri toward the South, the slavery section, and toward the Democracy, the party which was generally predominant in that region. Other influences — mineral production, internal improvements at the national expense, and the tariff — drew Missouri in the opposite direction, harmonized it with the West, to which, by geography and the character of its principal products, it belonged, and built up within the state a considerable following for the various parties which successively were the antagonists of the Democracy throughout the country.

"Dig for lead instead of silver. The lead that you will get here will bring you more silver than you will ever find in these rocks and hills."

These words were said to have been addressed to Renault, the director of the Mississippi Company already mentioned, while he was prospecting for silver in Missouri, in 1723, with a force of negro slaves. The advice was taken. Lead mines — situated in the southeastern part of the present state, some of which are still being worked, a century and three quarters after Renault's days — were opened, and rude smelters were constructed. The product was carried to the Mississippi on pack horses, conveyed across the river to Fort Chartres, in the present state of Illinois, sent down to New Orleans in keel or flat boats, and then shipped to the outer world.

Renault, the Frenchman, had been vainly seeking for gold and silver in Missouri for a year or two at this time, as Soto, the Spaniard, had been a century and three quarters earlier. Here, however, Renault, more than fifty years before the United States government was

founded, eighty years before the Missouri region became part of the United States, and nearly one hundred years before Missouri became a state of the Union, began the development of Missouri's mineral resources, whose product, as mined throughout the world, has been of immeasurably greater service to mankind than all the gold and silver which have ever been dug out of the earth. Lead, zinc, coal, iron, quicksilver, copper, manganese, tin, nickel, and many other minerals have been found in Missouri since the days when Renault's slaves began to make their clumsy and tentative efforts to dig lead. In the production of some of them Missouri takes a high rank.

According to figures furnished to the writer of this article by Mr. George E. Quinby, Missouri's Inspector of Lead and Zinc Mines, the lead ore product of the state for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1899, was valued at \$3,146,237, and the zinc ore at \$5,974,624, or a total value of the two ores of \$9,120,861, a gain of 53.59 per cent over the preceding year. The gain was chiefly in the zinc ore, which was 104 per cent, that in lead ore being 4.48 per cent. It is estimated that the output of the zinc ore in the year (181,430 tons high and low grade ore) equaled a product of 96,650 tons of spelter, while the total production of spelter in the United States was 99,980 tons in 1897, as shown by the government report. Missouri's output, therefore, of zinc ore in 1899 came within 3330 tons of equaling the country's entire product in 1897. The inspector predicts that, on the basis of the new fields which are being opened, Missouri will prove to be the richest lead and zinc region in the world.

In area of coal fields, 26,000 square miles, Missouri leads all the states, though in output it falls below many of them. In 1899, according to figures furnished by Mr. Charles Evans, State Inspector of Coal Mines, coal was mined in 36 of

the state's 115 counties, the product being 3,191,811 tons, the largest output in the state's history, and 12.85 per cent over the previous year. The State Geologist, Mr. John A. Gallagher, tells the writer that in the coal measures in the northwest part of Missouri the character and structure of the rocks suggest large bodies of coal yet untouched, as well as vast accumulations of petroleum and natural gas. "When fully explored and developed," he declares, "Missouri will be the greatest producer of lead and zinc in the world, a large producer of copper, nickel, and cobalt, and always a producer of iron."

The development of Missouri's mines had a powerful effect in starting manufacturing in the state. "In despite of the savages, Indian and British," said the Missouri Gazette of St. Louis, the predecessor of the present St. Louis Republic, July 17, 1813, "the country is progressing in improvements. A red and white lead manufactory has been established in this place by a citizen of Philadelphia named Hartshog. This enterprising citizen has caused extensive works to be erected, to which he has added a handsome brick house on our principal street, for retailing merchandise. We understand that his agent here has already sent several hundred thousand weight of manufactured lead to the Atlantic states." St. Louis at that time had a population of about 2000. Major Amos Stoddard, who, as an agent of France, received Upper Louisiana from Spain in 1803, and then turned it over to the United States, and who was made governor of the territory, said, "The inhabitants generally cultivated sufficient cotton for family purposes, and spun and wove it into cloth."

From these small beginnings Missouri soon rose to prominence as a manufacturing community. The census report of 1890 showed that in that year, in round figures, the gross value of the products of its manufactures was \$324,000,000,

and the net value was \$147,000,000. At that time 143,139 persons were employed in the manufactures of the state, and the wages paid to them that year was \$76,416,364. Using the census figures in each case, Missouri in 1850 stood tenth on the roll of states in the gross value of manufactured products, ninth in net value, and thirteenth in the number employed and in the wages paid. By 1890 it had advanced to the seventh place in the gross and net value of product, ninth in number of persons employed, and seventh in the wages paid. When the latest national census was taken the only states which stood ahead of Missouri in manufacturing were New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Massachusetts, Ohio, and New Jersey. St. Louis, Missouri's chief city, stood in 1890, in the amount of capital invested in manufactures, fifth among the country's cities, being led by New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Brooklyn only.

It was said in an earlier part of this article that when Missouri in 1821 was admitted to statehood it was thrust northward as a cape of slavery into a sea of freedom. It was also thrust westward as a promontory of civilization into an ocean of savagery. Outside of its boundaries were no settlements of any consequence west of the Mississippi except down near the Gulf of Mexico, in the state of Louisiana, and these were far out of the current of western travel.

The state in which the paths of Coronado and Soto, one marching from Florida and the other from the Gulf of California, would have crossed if they had been extended a little farther, became, early in the present century, the meeting place of mightier hosts than were ever arrayed under the banner of these Spanish cavaliers. It was the rallying point of forces which were gathering for the conquest of a continent. Here converged the streams of immigration coming from New England and

New York; from Pennsylvania and Maryland; from Virginia and the Carolinas; from Louisiana and the other Gulf states, reinforced by contingents from every important country of the Old World. Within this remotest outpost of civilization were assembled the most daring, restless, and resourceful of all the races under the sun.

From St. Louis started Lewis and Clark in 1804 up the Missouri and down the Columbia to the Pacific, to learn the wonders and mysteries of the vast empire which Jefferson had just purchased from France, — the first among Americans, and the third among men of any nationality, to cross the continent, Cabeza de Vaca, the Spaniard, in 1528–36, traveling from Florida through Texas and Mexico, being the first man of any race to accomplish this achievement, and Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the Scotchman, in Canada in 1793, being the second. From St. Louis also Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike sailed up the Mississippi in 1805 to trace out the sources of that waterway. A year afterward, moving from the same starting point, he discovered the peak in the Rocky Mountains which bears his name, — the first instance, as Bryant said, in which "the speech of England" gave a designation to any part of that range south of the Missouri River, — and carried the American flag to the Rio Grande, then Spanish territory, forty years before Zachary Taylor's approach to that river precipitated the Mexican War. Major Stephen H. Long, in 1819, moved from the same base, using the first steamboat ever employed for government exploration in the interior of the country, went up the Missouri, and then struck across to the Arkansas and the Red rivers to ascertain the boundary between the United States and Spain as laid down by the treaty of 1819 by which Florida was annexed. A quarter of a century later, Fremont, with the same city as a headquarters, began that career as a path-

finder in the Rockies and conquistadore in California which gave him the picturesque and prominence that captivated the imagination of his fellow countrymen in his day, and secured for him the nomination for President in 1856 of the new Republican party.

When founded by Laclede and Chouteau back in 1764, under a patent from Louis XV., St. Louis was designed to be a post for the collection of peltries, and soon became the headquarters for this trade all over Upper Louisiana. Here John Jacob Astor, in 1819, established the western department of his fur company, and it remained the centre of the fur trade in the United States to a recent day. Here, too, for many years was the headquarters of the Indian agencies. The old and the new order among Indian fighters and pioneers met here. Daniel Boone, the last and most typical of the forest rangers, who had lived under two flags — the British and the American — while east of the Mississippi, and who was under three flags — the Spanish, French, and American — west of that stream, died in Missouri just as Kit Carson and Jim Bridger, the earliest and most eminent of plainsmen, were beginning their career at that point.

From Missouri's metropolis were started the first trade relations ever established between the United States and the Spaniards and Mexicans in the Southwest. The commerce which was opened in an unpromising way with Santa Fé, New Mexico's capital, by Auguste P. Chouteau and Julius P. Mun, in 1816, grew eventually to represent millions of dollars a year. It was carried by long trains of wagons whose story is invested with as much romance and mystery as that of the caravans laden with silks, cashmeres, spices, and precious stones which, moving from India to Europe, passed from the Persian Gulf up the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris to the Black Sea in the days of Marco Polo. Previous to 1832

the eastern terminus of the Santa Fé trail was at Franklin, and afterward, until the railroad superseded the caravans, it was at Independence. Both are Missouri towns, but the headquarters and distributing point for the trade were in St. Louis.

In Missouri began all the historic trails which, in the days before the advent of the railroads, were traversed by the immigrants and the explorers on the route to all parts of the West from New Mexico and California to Oregon. It was over one of these — that from Santa Fé to St. Louis on part of his course — that Marcus Whitman made that wild ride of several months in the winter of 1842-43 from the valley of the Columbia to Washington, to warn President Tyler and Congress that the British were preparing, through the importation of colonists from Canada, to secure Oregon, then dominated by the British monopoly — the Hudson's Bay Company. Over another route, that leading from Westport, on the site of the present Kansas City, by way of the South Pass, Whitman returned in the summer of 1843, leading 800 immigrants with 200 wagons to the basin of the Columbia, and started the movement of Americans thither which won Oregon for the United States in the treaty with England in 1846. Through Missouri also passed part of the Mormons in their hegira from Nauvoo when they set up their Zion in the Salt Lake valley.

Now let us see how these conflicting conditions registered themselves in Missouri's politics. Slavery drew the state toward the Democracy, while the state's mineral wealth and its manufactures, which caused a demand for tariffs for protection, pulled it toward the Democracy's successive antagonists, — the National Republican, the Whig, and the Republican parties. The slavery influence, supplemented by other considerations after slavery was abolished, was, on the whole, the stronger.

A few facts, however, which are often lost sight of by writers on American politics, must be kept in view, in order that the history of the West in general, and that of Missouri in particular, in the days before the Civil War may be understood. The objection to slavery was not, in the free section of the country, so widespread or intense when Missouri was asking for admission as it became a quarter of a century later. The importance of slavery in Missouri's industrial system was less than it was in any other of the fifteen states in which it existed. Relatively, slavery declined in Missouri from 1830 onward to emancipation. Many of Missouri's dominant party, the Democracy, were personally opposed to slavery, and went into the Republican party when, by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1854, the Whig party was destroyed, and the Free-Soilers, Abolitionists, and anti-slavery elements of the Whig, Democratic, and Know-Nothing organizations were swept into the coalition which adopted the Republican name.

In the free states west of the Alleghanies there was, at the outset, a powerful sentiment in favor of slavery. By the sixth section of the ordinance of 1787 the further introduction of slavery into the territory north of the Ohio River was prohibited, but some slaves remained in one or two of the states of that locality until near the middle of this century. It was only by a majority of one that a proposition to introduce slavery into Ohio was defeated in the convention which framed the constitution of that state in 1802, and the anti-negro legislation known as the "black code" was not entirely swept away in Ohio until 1887. In the early days of the territory of Indiana William Henry Harrison, its governor, and delegate conventions appealed year after year to Congress to permit slavery to enter that locality. In the Illinois legislature of 1823-24 a proposition was carried by a

two-thirds vote to hold a convention to alter the state's constitution, the principal change desired being the elimination of the slavery exclusion clause, the aim being to align Illinois with Virginia, Kentucky, South Carolina, and the rest of the slave states. After one of the most exciting contests which ever occurred in the state the proposition for a new convention was beaten when it got before the people, and the state was saved to freedom, but Illinois, like Indiana, refused to join the Republican party until 1860. The Ohio River did not really become an extension of Mason and Dixon's line until after the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1854 gave slavery an equal chance with freedom in territory from which slavery had been excluded by that adjustment. It was then that the northern section of the agricultural West broke from the agricultural South and left the Democratic party; though Indiana and Illinois remained in partisan harmony with Missouri and the slave section in general until Lincoln's first election.

The Democrats controlled Missouri almost without interruption from 1821 to 1861, though often by only small majorities, and in the mineral producing and manufacturing districts there was a decided leaning toward the successive antagonists of the Democracy. There was a strong current of anti-slavery feeling in one section of that party, and it asserted itself when, in 1849, the legislature adopted the Jackson resolutions, — so called from the fact that Claiborne F. Jackson, who was the secessionist governor of the state in 1861, was chairman of the committee which reported them, — pledging Missouri, through its representatives in Congress, to assist the other slave states against all attempts to exclude slavery from the territories. Thomas H. Benton, then near the end of his thirty years' service in the Senate, denounced the resolutions as aiming to disrupt the Union, refused to obey them,

declared that slavery was an evil which he would neither sanction himself nor impose upon others, and appealed to the people of the state upon that issue.

This split the Democracy in Missouri. The Benton, or anti-slavery element, was led by Francis P. Blair, Jr., B. Gratz Brown, Arnold Krekel, John D. Stephenson, and Richard A. Barrett. The most prominent pro-slavery Democrats were Benton's colleague in the Senate, David R. Atchison, Governor Sterling Price, and Jackson. Benton was beaten for reëlection, retired from the Senate in 1851, but kept up the fight, was elected to the House in 1852, in which body he made a powerful speech against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise; was defeated in 1854 in attempting to get a second term, and was beaten in 1856 as the anti-slavery Democratic candidate for governor. The pro-slavery section of the Democracy controlled the state until the Civil War. Most of Benton's Democratic supporters joined the Republican party at its appearance in 1854. Benton himself advocated the election of Buchanan in 1856, against his own son-in-law, John C. Fremont, the Republican nominee, but he did this because he feared a triumph for the Republicans would send the South out of the Union, though he turned against Buchanan in 1857 when the latter fell under the influence of the Southern extremists and attempted to force slavery upon Kansas. Benton died in 1858, but would undoubtedly have supported Lincoln had he lived to 1860, for he detested the secessionists, who had Breckinridge for a candidate in that year, and despised Douglas, whom he had, while in the House, denounced for repealing the Missouri Compromise and bringing slavery up in a portentous phase.

Missouri gave only 17,000 votes to Lincoln in 1860, but Breckinridge got only 31,000, as compared with 59,000 for Douglas, the nominee of the North-

ern section of the Democrats, and 58,000 for Bell, the candidate of the Constitutional Union party of ex-Whigs and ex-Know-Nothings. Thus the aggregate vote of the three Unionist ingredients of the citizens of Missouri was 134,000, as against 31,000 for the disunionists. In 1861 the secessionist faction, whose master spirit was Governor Jackson, was beaten in the convention held to decide whether Missouri was to leave the Union or remain in it, the popular vote on delegates to the convention showing a majority of 80,000 for the Unionist side, whose most active leader was Blair. Missouri was one of the four slave states which clung to the Union, Kentucky, Maryland, and Delaware being the others, and Kentucky was largely influenced in its course by Missouri. By throwing the immense weight of its resources and strategic position on the side of the government in this election for delegates, which was held several weeks before Lincoln's inauguration; by the prompt and vigorous blows by which Blair and General Lyon defeated the plottings of the disunionists, and by the 109,000 soldiers which it furnished to the Federal armies, Missouri pushed back the northern line of secession to the Arkansas River, weakened the grip of the Confederates upon the Mississippi, and contributed materially toward the triumph of the Union cause. By an ordinance of its constitutional convention adopted January 11, 1865, before the Thirteenth Amendment was submitted to the states, Missouri abolished slavery within its limits, and it was the only slave state which emancipated its slaves voluntarily.

The war of 1861-65 put the Republicans in control of Missouri. Lincoln in 1864 and Grant in 1868 carried it by large majorities, and two Republican governors — Thomas C. Fletcher and Joseph W. McClurg — were chosen, the latter of whom was elected in 1868. The Liberal Republicans, under the lead of

B. Gratz Brown and Carl Schurz, in combination with the Democrats, carried the state in 1870, electing Brown governor, and every governor elected since then has been a Democrat.

Why did the Republicans so quickly and so completely lose their hold on Missouri? Chiefly because of the adoption of the Drake constitution of 1865, popularly nicknamed the "Draconian code," Charles D. Drake being the controlling spirit in the convention which framed it. This constitution had some excellent features, one dealing with education being particularly admirable, but the provisions relating to the suffrage, particularly that part creating the test oath, aroused powerful opposition throughout the state. This was an oath of loyalty to the government, and nobody could vote, hold any state, county, or municipal office, practice law, teach in a secular or Sunday school, serve as a juror, preach the gospel, or solemnize marriage without taking this oath, while the offenses which were named were so numerous and so comprehensive that those who could take the oath without committing perjury were comparatively few.

Many of the Republican leaders in Missouri opposed the test oath, and in the election in June, 1865, to ratify or reject the constitution of which it was a part, it got a majority of only 1862 out of a total poll of over 85,000, although nobody was permitted to vote unless he could have qualified under the terms of the constitution if it had already been in operation. General Francis P. Blair, the leading spirit among the Unionists and Republicans, refused to take the oath, and brought suit against the registering officers for denying him permission to vote. Father John A. Cummings, who had been indicted for administering the rites of his church without taking the oath, brought the case before the Supreme Court of the United States, and that tribunal, in January, 1867, declared the test oath unconstitutional.

The discriminations against ex-Confederates still imposed by the constitution were opposed by many Republicans, and these, who took the name of Liberal Republicans, led by B. Gratz Brown and Carl Schurz, bolted the regular convention in 1870, organized another convention, put up Brown for governor, and he was supported by the Democrats and elected. That was the beginning of the Liberal Republican party, which put up Greeley and Brown for President and Vice President respectively in 1872, and were supported by the Democracy. At the election of 1870, at which Brown was chosen governor, amendments were ratified abolishing the test oath and the disfranchisement clause. Thus the Republicans of Missouri were weakened by the secession of the Brown, Schurz, and Blair elements, and the Democrats were strengthened by the removal of the disabilities from the ex-Confederates. The Democratic party at once went to the front, elected the governor chosen in 1872, and has been dominant in the state ever since.

Nobody in the party which was responsible for the Drake constitution defends that instrument now. It should be remembered, however, that passion blazed fiercely all over the country in 1865. Missouri had suffered seriously by the war. Many battles were fought in the state. The movements of armies continued in it for nearly four years. The state furnished 109,000 men to the Union army, and 30,000 to the Confederacy. Out of the Union contingent 14,000 were killed in battle or died of wounds or disease. Tens of thousands of people in the region harried by the contending armies moved out of the state. Immense losses of property were occasioned. Society was disorganized. These conditions explain, though they do not excuse, the legislation directed against the element which the Union party conceived to be the authors of the state's woes.

But let it not be inferred that politics in Missouri is so one-sided that the minority party is hopelessly in the minority. The state's great natural wealth enabled it to recover so quickly from the effects of the war of 1861-65 that whereas it stood thirteenth on the roll of states in population in 1850, and eighth in 1860, it had jumped to fifth in 1870, and it has held that rank ever since. The only states which lead it in population are New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Ohio. Prosperity brought a softening of the asperities caused by the Civil War, and this has gradually narrowed the gap between the vote of the two great parties.

While the Democrats have elected all the governors chosen in Missouri since 1872, the Republicans carried it for the part of the ticket (minor state officers) elected in 1894, and also carried one branch of the legislature in that year,

and ten of the state's fifteen members of Congress. The Democrats cast fifty-three per cent of the vote of the state for President in 1896, but in that year they were in alliance with the Populists. Their proportion of the total vote of the state in 1898 for Supreme Court judge was only fifty-one per cent. In the state's larger cities, particularly in St. Louis, the Republicans have been predominant for years. Among the Germans, who have been an important ingredient in Missouri's population since the later "fifties," the Republican party has always been particularly strong. The balance is getting so close in Missouri that the ideal political condition must soon be at hand when the two great parties will be forced by self-interest always to nominate their cleanest and ablest men, and to put forward a policy which will mean economy, efficiency, and progress.

Charles M. Harvey.

IMPRESSIONISM AND APPRECIATION.

PURE impressionism in literary criticism has of late years grown into great favor, both among critics themselves and with the public. The essentials of a good critic — so the rubric has come to run — are sensitiveness to the varying appeal of art, and the ability to translate this appeal unerringly into images and phrases. The impressionist must have delicacy of perception, mobility of mood, reverence for the shade, and a sure instinct for the specific integrating phrase and for the image, tinged with feeling.

The popular legend that places Matthew Arnold at the head of this critical tradition in England is, at least partly, true; he certainly cared more for the shade, and sought more patiently to define it, than any earlier English critic. The cult of the shade was one of the

many good things that came to him from France. But Arnold the critic was no match for Arnold the foe of Philistinism. Though he had early insisted on the need of detachment in literary criticism, Arnold suffered his moods to be perturbed and his temperament to be blurred by worry over practical and public questions of the hour; and in later years he grew so intent on coaching his fellow countrymen in morals and religion as to lose in some degree his critical zest for refinements that had no direct ethical value. It is rather to Walter Pater among English essayists that the modern impressionist looks for precept and example in his search for disinterestedness, for artistic sincerity, and for flexibility of temperament; and it is Pater who, more than all other English critics,

has illustrated what appreciative criticism may accomplish.

Yet if we consider the matter more carefully, impressionism is neither Arnold's nor Pater's importation or invention. It is the result of far deeper influences than any one man could have put in play. It is indeed the expression in literature of certain spiritual tendencies that have long been developing, — tendencies the growth of which may be traced in man's relation to nature as well as to art. And it is because the moods and the instincts and the methods of impressionism may thus be discovered working themselves out connectedly and progressively in the history of the human spirit that they must be regarded as justifying themselves, and as deserving from even the most conservative judges some degree of recognition and acceptance. Little by little, during the last two centuries, the human spirit has gained a finer and closer sense of the worth and meaning of every individual moment of pleasure in the presence alike of nature and of art. The record of this increase of sensitiveness toward nature is to be found in poetry, and toward art, in criticism.

Thomson's *Seasons* may be taken as representing the utmost sensitiveness to nature of which the early eighteenth century was capable. Even for a modern reader, Thomson's descriptions still have considerable charm; but what such a reader soon notes is that the effects Thomson portrays are all generalized effects, grouped significantly under the names of the four seasons. Typical spring, typical summer, and so on, — these Thomson describes, and of these he feels what may be called the generalized emotional value. Beyond this typical treatment of nature and these generalized emotions he does not pass. As we go on, however, through the poetry of the century, nature becomes gradually more localized; poets dare to mark with specific detail — to picture vividly — in-

dividual objects, and they feel, and set down in their verse, the general charm that *this* landscape, *this* smiling valley, or *this* brimming river has for an impressionable observer. Cowper has thus recorded much of the beauty of the valley of the Ouse, — with delicate truth and finished art. Yet, be it noted, he has included in his record little or no suggestion of his momentary moods. In Wordsworth and the Romantic poets the impressions of nature are still further defined — are individualized both in place and in time; at last we have "the time and the place and the loved one all together." Continually in Romantic poetry, a special bit of nature, tinged with the color of a fleeting mood, is enshrined in verse; the fusion of nature with man's spirit is relatively complete.

In criticism, too, — that is, in man's conscious relation to art, — a similar growth in sensitiveness and in concreteness of matter and mood may be traced. Addison was the first to try to work out, in his *Pleasures of the Imagination*, the psychology of artistic enjoyment; and his papers on *Paradise Lost* come nearer being patient and vital appreciation of literature than any earlier English criticism comes. Yet, after all, they get little beyond a conventional and general classification of impressions. Addison's words of praise and blame are few, literal, abstract, colorless. "Just," "natural," "elegant," "beautiful," "wonderfully beautiful and poetical," — these words and phrases, and others like them, are used again and again; and rarely indeed does Addison escape from such tagging generalities and define a personal impression vividly and imaginatively. The history of literary criticism from Addison's day to our own is, if viewed in one way, the history of the ever increasing refinement of the critic's sensorium; it is the history of the critic's increasing sensitiveness to delicate shades of spiritual experience in his reaction on literature; and, finally, it is

the history of a growing tendency on the part of the critic to value, above all else, his own intimate relation to this or that piece of literature, — a tendency that more and more takes the form of prizing the fleeting mood, the passing poignant moment of enjoyment in the presence of art, until at last certain modern critics refuse, on principle, to feel twice alike about the same poem. In short, what has occurred is this: a poem in its relation to the critic has been gradually carried over from the outside world and made an intimate part of the critic's personality; it has been transformed from an external object, loosely related to universal mind and generalized emotion of which the critic stands as type, into a series of thought-waves and nerve-vibrations that run at a special moment through an active brain and a sensitive temperament. For the pre-Addisonian critic, a poem was something to be scanned and handled, like an exquisite casket, and to be praised in general terms for its conventional design, its ingenious setting of jewel-like ornaments, and its sure and skillful execution; for the modern impressionistic critic, it is like the tone of a dear voice, like the breath of early morning, like any intangible greeting that steals across the nerves and cherishes them with an intimately personal appeal.

Impressionism, then, justifies itself historically. But more than this, it justifies itself psychologically; for it recognizes with peculiar completeness the vitalizing power of literature — its fashion of putting into play the whole nature of each reader it addresses, and its consequent, unlimited, *creative* energy. A piece of scientific writing offers to every man the same studiously unequivocal message; as far as the writer is consistently scientific, his terms have only an intellectual value, put only the mind into play, and guide all minds through the same routine of syllogism and inference

to an inevitable conclusion. In contrast with this uniformity in the appeal of science is the infinite variableness and adaptability of literature. Every piece of literature is a mimic piece of life that tempts the reader to capture from it, with mind and heart and imagination, an individual bliss; he may, in some measure, shape it as he will — work out his own destiny with it. A theorem from Euclid once mastered is one and the same thing to every man — perennially monotonous. A play of Shakespeare's (or, for that matter, a sonnet of Rossetti's) speaks a language that varies in its power and suggestion according to the personality of the hearer, and even according to his mood; the poem gets its value, as life gets its value, from the temperament that confronts it; and it is this enchanting fickleness in literature that of late years impressionism has been more and more noting and illustrating, until some critics, like M. Anatole France, assure us that literary criticism is nothing, and should be nothing, but the recital of one's personal adventures with a book.

It is a mistake, then, to protest against the growth of impressionism, as some nervous guardians of the public literary conscience are inclined to protest, as if a parasitic form of literature were creeping into undue importance. Regarded as literature about literature, impressionism may seem an overrefined product — two degrees removed from actual life, fantastically unreal; but regarded as the intimate record of what a few happy moments have meant to an alert mind and heart, impressionism is transcendently close to fact. The popularity of impressionism is only one sign more that we are learning to prize, above most things else, richness of spiritual experience. The sincere and significant mood, — this is what we have come to care for, whether the mood be suggested by life, by nature, or by art and literature. False moods expressed maladroitly will

doubtless try to get themselves accepted, just as artificial poems about nature have multiplied endlessly since Wordsworth's day. The counterfeit merely proves the worth of the original. In an age that has learned to look on art with conscious sincerity, and to recognize that the experience offered in art rivals religious experience in renovating and stimulating power, there must more and more come to be an imaginative literature that takes its inspiration direct from art; of such imaginative literature critical impressionistic writing is one of the most vital forms.

But though impressionistic writing may, as literature, not only justify itself, but prove to be sincerely expressive of some of the most original tendencies of the modern mind, the case is somewhat different when such writing is considered as literary criticism pure and simple, and is cross-questioned as to whether it can do the work that has hitherto been exacted of literary criticism. Some French critic, perhaps M. Jules Lemaitre, has been accused of turning an essay on a volume of Renan's *Histoire des Origines du Christianisme* into a lyrical recital of his own boyish delights with a Noah's ark. Instances enough of such critical waywardness must have fallen under every one's eye who keeps the run of current essay-work. Sainte-Beuve long ago said of Taine that in criticising an author he was apt to pull all the blankets to his own side of the bed. And what was true of Taine, because of his devotion to theory, is true of many modern critics, because of their willfulness and caprice — or, to put the matter more sympathetically, because of their overruling delight in their own sensibility and impressionableness; they care for themselves more than for their author. When such egoism goes with genius and with artistic resource, the resulting essays justify themselves, because they reveal in fascinating wise new phases of the ever varying spiritual con-

sciousness of the age. But even in such cases, where a really original personality, under the chance stimulus of literature, flashes out at us winning and imaginatively suggestive glimpses of itself, it may be doubted whether the essay that results is, properly speaking, criticism. Nor is this doubt a mere quibble over terms. The doubt involves several serious questions as regards the nature of a work of art and the critic's proper mode of approach to art. Paradoxical folk have sometimes asserted that what is best worth while in a work of art is what the author never meant to put in it, and that the superlative act of the critic is to find in a work of art for the delight of modern temperaments some previously unsuspected implication of beauty. Paradoxes aside, how much truth is there in this conception of the critic's task? and how much truth in the conception that goes with it of the essentially relative and variable character of art? We may grant that a piece of impressionistic writing is *literature*, providing it is a beautiful and significant revelation of personality, whether the nerve-vibrations that it utters take their start from life or nature or art. But is such a piece of writing *criticism*, if in commenting on a work of art it willfully neglects its intended value as conceived in the mind of the original artist and as expressing, at least in part, the genius of the age whose life he shared? Can *criticism* properly neglect this original pleasure-value in a work of art? Can it furthermore neglect that permanent and deeply enwrought pleasure, involved in a work of art, through which it has always ministered and will always minister to normal human nature? Can *criticism* properly confine itself to the record of a momentary shiver across a single set of possibly degenerate nerves?

Surely, there is something objective in a work of art even when the work of art is regarded simply and solely as potential pleasure; and surely it is part

of the task of the critic to take this objective character into full consideration. Unless he does so, his appreciation of the work will not be properly critical; nor indeed, for that matter, will his appreciation gather the full measure of personal delight that the work of art offers him. Just here lies the distinction between whimsical impressionism — which may be literature, very delightful literature, but lacks the perspective essential to criticism — and vital appreciation, which is indeed criticism in its purest and most suggestive form.

A work of art is a permanent incarnation of spiritual energy waiting for release. Milton long ago called a good book "the precious life-blood of a master-spirit stored up on purpose to a life beyond life." We may nowadays go even farther than this, and find treasured up in a piece of literature certain definite blisses and woes and flashes of insight that once went thrilling through a special temperament and mind. The most recent psychological explanations of artistic creation¹ concern themselves continually with the feelings of the artist; they trace out minutely the ways in which, through the play of the artist's feelings, a work of art is instinctively and surely generated. The poet concentrates his thought on some concrete piece of life, on some incident, character, or bit of personal experience; because of his emotional temperament, this concentration of interest stirs in him a quick play of feeling and prompts the swift concurrence of many images. Under the incitement of these feelings, and in accordance with laws of association that may at least in part be described, these images grow bright and clear, take definite shapes, fall into significant groupings, branch and ramify, and break into sparkling mimicry of the actual world of the senses — all the time delicately controlled by the poet's con-

scious purpose and so growing intellectually significant, but all the time, if the work of art is to be vital, impelled also in their alert weaving of patterns by the moods of the poet, by his fine instinctive sense of the emotional expressiveness of this or that image that lurks in the background of his consciousness. For this intricate web of images, tinged with his most intimate moods, the poet through his intuitive command of words finds an apt series of sound-symbols and records them with written characters. And so a poem arises through an exquisite distillation of personal moods into imagery and into language, and is ready to offer to all future generations its undiminishing store of spiritual joy and strength.

But it is not merely the poet's own spiritual energy that goes into his poem. The spirit of the age — if the poem include much of life in its scope, if it be more than a lyric — enters also into the poem, and moulds it and shapes it, and gives it in part its color and emotional cast and intellectual quality. In every artist there is a definite mental bias, a definite spiritual organization and play of instincts, which results in large measure from the common life of his day and generation, and which represents this life — makes it potent — within the individuality of the artist. This so-called "acquired constitution of the life of the soul" — it has been described by Professor Dilthey with noteworthy acuteness and thoroughness — determines in some measure the contents of the artist's mind, for it determines his interests, and therefore the sensations and perceptions that he captures and automatically stores up. It guides him in his judgments of worth, in his instinctive likes and dislikes as regards conduct and character, and controls in large measure the play of his imagination as he shapes the action of his drama or epic and the destinies of his heroes. Its prejudices interfiltrate throughout the molecules of his entire moral and men-

¹ See, for example, Professor Dilthey's *Die Einbildungskraft des Dichters*.

tal life, and give to each image and idea some slight shade of attractiveness or repulsiveness, so that when the artist's spirit is at work under the stress of feeling, weaving into the fabric of a poem the competing images and ideas in his consciousness, certain ideas and images come more readily and others lag behind, and the resulting work of art gets a color and an emotional tone and suggestions of value that subtly reflect the genius of the age. Thus it is that into a work of art there creeps a prevailing sort of spiritual energy that may be identified as also operating throughout the social life of the time, and as finding its further expressions in the precepts and the parables of the moralist, in the statecraft of the political leader, in the visionary dreams of the prophet and priest, and, in short, in all the various ideals, mental, moral, and social, that rule the age.

Now, as for the impressionistic writer about literature — he is apt to concern himself very little with this historical origin of a work of art. In dealing with the poetry of a long past age, he will very likely refuse the hard task of "trundling back his soul" two hundred or two thousand years and putting himself in close sympathy with the people of an earlier period. He is apt to take a poem very much as he would take a bit of nature — as a pretty play of sound or imagery upon the senses; and he may, indeed, capture through this half-sensuous treatment of art a peculiar, though wayward delight. But the appreciative critic is not content with this. He is, to be sure, well aware that his final enjoyment of a poem of some earlier age will be a far subtler and richer experience than would be the mere repetition of the pleasures that the poem gave its writer; that his enjoyment will have countless overtones and undertones that could not have existed for the producer of the poem or for its original hearers. But he also believes that the generating

pleasures that produced the work of art, and that once thrilled in a single human spirit, in response to the play and counter-play upon him of the life of his time, must remain permanently the central core of energy in the work of art; and that only as he comes to know those pleasures with fine intimacy, can he conjure out of the work of art its perfect acclaim of delight for now and here.

Therefore the appreciative critic makes use of the historical method in his study of literature. He does not use this method as the man of science uses it, for the final purpose of understanding and explaining literature as a mass of sociological facts governed by fixed laws. This rationalization of literature is not his chief concern, though he may pass this way on his journey to his special goal. But he is persuaded that in all the art and all the literature that reach the present out of the past, spirit speaks to spirit across a vast gulf of time; that he can catch the precise quality of one of these voices that come down the years only through the aid of delicate imaginative sympathy with the life of an elder generation; and that he can develop to certainty of response this divining sympathy only through patient and loyal study of the peculiar play of the powers that built up in the minds and the imaginations of those earlier men their special vision of earth and heaven.

Difficult and elusive indeed are the questions he must ask himself about the art from a distant age, if he is to be sure of just the quality of the pleasure that went into its creation. If it be Greek art that he seeks to appreciate, he will study and interpret it as the expression of the spirit of Greek life, of a spirit that lived along the nerves and fibres of an entire social organism, of a spirit that sprung from the unconscious depths of instinct, out of which slowly bodied themselves forth conscious purposes and clear ideals, and that penetrated and animated all fashions and

forms of belief and behavior, and gave them their color and shape and rhythm. He will trace out and capture the quality of this spirit as it expressed itself in the physical life of the Greeks, in their social customs, in their weaving of scientific systems, in their worship of nature, and in the splendid intricacies of their religious ritual and mysteries. And so he will hope to gain at last a sure sense of the peculiar play of energy that found release in some one of their poems, or in the marble or bronze of a hero or a god.

But the universal element in the poetry of an age by no means completes the objective character of the feeling the poetry has treasured for the delight of later times. In the case of all poetry not communal in its origin, the pleasure involved in a poem was generated in the consciousness of a single artist, and had a definite quality that partook of his individuality. Therefore the appreciative critic has a further nice series of identifications before him in his ideal search for the delight that inheres in a poem. Just what was the innermost nature of the poet who appeals to us in it, often so pathetically, down through the perilous ways of time? What was the special vision of life that he saw and felt the thrill of? What were the actual rhythms of the quicksilver passion in his veins? What was the honey dew on which he fed? What was the quintessential pleasure that he, among all men of his day, distilled into his verse?

Fantastic or insoluble these questions may seem unless with regard to poets about whom we have the closest personal memoranda. Yet critics have now and then answered such questions with surprising insight, even in the case of poets the gossip of whose lives is wholly unknown to us, and whose form of art was least personal in its revelations. Professor Dowden's grouping of Shakespeare's plays in accordance with the prevailing spiritual tone-color of each and the moods

toward life that are imaginatively uttered — moods of debonair light-heartedness, of rollicking jollity, of despairing pessimism, or of luminous golden-tempered comprehension — is an admirable example of the possible intimate interpretation of a poet's varying emotions as treasured in his art.

Here, then, are suggested two ways in which the appreciative critic who would make his impression of a work of art something more than a superficial momentary irritation of pleasure and pain will contrive to direct the play of his spiritual energy. He will realize, as far as he can, the primal vital impulse that wrought out the work of art; he will, in appreciating a poem, discover and recreate in his own soul the rhythms of delight with which the poem vibrated for the men of the age whose life the poem uttered; and he will also discern and realize those actual moods, those swift counterchanges of feeling, which once, in a definite place and at a definite moment, within the consciousness of a single artist evoked images and guided them into union, charged them with spiritual power, and called into rhythmical order sound-symbols to represent them thenceforth forever.

But it must at once be noted that this mimetic enjoyment is after all only the beginning of that process of vitalization by which an appreciative critic wins from a work of art its entire store of delight. The mood of the modern critic is something far subtler than any mere repetition of the mood of the original creative artist; it contains in itself a complexity and a richness of suggestion and *motifs* that correspond to all the gains the human spirit has made since the earlier age. Indeed, these subtle spiritual differences begin to declare themselves the moment the critic tries to describe the earlier enjoyment enshrined in a work of art. Walter Pater, for example, in noting in his essay on Winckelmann the serene equipoise in

Greek art between man's spirit and his body, at once involuntarily sets over against this mood the later mood in which spirit usurps and so tyrannizes over matter in its exaction of expression as to distort the forms of art, and render them "pathetic." No such contrast as this was present in the mind of the Greek as he enjoyed his own art; nor any contrast with a hungry, over-subtle intellectualism, such as nowadays makes the modern consciousness anxious for the individualizing accurate detail and the motley effects of realism. Yet these contrasts and others like them are part of the very essence of our modern delight in the freedom and largeness and calm strength of Greek art. Perhaps the Greek had more zest in his art than we have in it; but his enjoyment certainly had not the luxurious intricacy and the manifold implications of our enjoyment.

Always, then, in the complete appreciation of a work of art there is this superimposition of other moods upon the mood of the creative artist — there is a reinforcement of the original effect by the delicate interfusion of new tones and strains of feeling. Often this is as if harmonies once written for a harpsichord were played upon a modern piano whose "temperament" has been made rich and expressive through the artful use and adjustment of all possible over-tones. We should be able to draw from the music new shades of meaning and of beauty. But the original chords — those we should scrupulously repeat; and the original tone-color, too, it were well to have at least in memory. If a critic will win from early Florentine painting — from the work, for example, of Fra Lippo Lippi — its innermost value for the modern temperament, he will first recover imaginatively the sincere religious impulse and the naïve religious faith, as well as the dawning delight in the opening possibilities of a new art, which animated those early paint-

ers. He will try to catch the very mood that underlies the tender mystic wistfulness of Lippo Lippi's Madonnas, and that gives them their soft and luminous constraint in the midst of the eager adoration of shepherd boys and attending angels. He will recognize this mood as all the more appealing because of the quaint incompleteness of the artist's technique, his loyal archaic awkwardness, his religious formalism and symbolism, his unsure perspective, all the tantalizing difficulties of execution through which his vision of beauty made its way into color and form. This mood will define itself for the critic through the aid of many nicely modulated contrasts — through contrast, it may be, with the more shadowed and poignantly mysterious Madonnas of Botticelli, and with the splendid and victorious womanhood of Titian's Madonnas, with the gentle and terrestrial grace of motherhood in those of Andrea del Sarto, and with the sweetly ordered comeliness of Van Dyck's Madonnas. But above all, it will define itself through contrast with our modern mood toward the Madonna and the religious ideas she symbolizes — through contrast with our sophisticated reverie, our hardly won half-credence, and our wise, pathetic insight. And through this contrast the earlier mood will gain for us a certain poignancy of delight; for the mood will come to us as something restored as by miracle out of the otherwise irrecoverable past of the spirit — out of the past of that spirit whose wayfaring through passions of aspiration and joy, and through drear times of sadness and desolation, was *our* wayfaring, since we have gathered into ourselves all the usufruct of it: —

"Oh! what is this that knows the road I came,
The flame turned cloud, the cloud returned to
flame,
The lifted, shifted steeps and all the way?"

The appreciative critic, then, should know the characteristic joy of every generation of men, and the special joy

of each individual artist. He is to be a specialist in historic delight, as the poet is a specialist in the joys of his own day and generation. And therefore in trying to make real to the men of his own time the special bliss that an older work of art contains for them, the appreciative critic will not be content, as is the impressionistic critic, with interpreting it in terms of some chance wayward mood. He will wish to relumine and make potent all that is emotionally vital in the work of art; he will capture again its original quality; he will revive imaginatively those moments of bliss in the history of the human spirit which are closely akin to this bliss and which yet vary from it finely, and moments, too, that contrast broadly and picturesquely with it, all the moments, indeed, which his divining instinct directs him toward, as fit to throw into relief by contrast what is quintessential in this one moment of spiritual ardor. Thus he will try to offer to the men of his own day a just appreciation of the peculiar joy that, in the passage of years, the human spirit has stored up for itself in this record of one of its earlier phases of experience.

Throughout all his patient search for the precise quality of a work of art, the critic will, of course, make wise use of the science of æsthetics. Its analyses and principles are supposed to reveal and sum up in terse formulas the mystery of beauty, and they should therefore offer the critic a means of steadying himself into a sincerely sympathetic and uneccentric report of the special charm that lurks in a work of art. Yet it must at once be noted that for the appreciative critic the whole region of æsthetics is full of danger. Æsthetic theorizing has been the pet pastime of many callous and horny-eyed philosophers, whose only knowledge of beauty has come by hearsay. Nothing worse can happen to a critic than to be caught in the meshes of such thinkers' *a priori* theories, so much

depends on the critic's keeping an intimately vital relation to the art of which he will interpret the peculiar power. Of recent years, however, the science of æsthetics has been rescued from the region of metaphysics, and has been brought close to fact and made real and suggestive through the use of psychological methods of study. The peculiar genius of the artist has been analyzed and described; the characteristics of his temperament have been noted with the nicest loyalty; and particularly the play of his special faculty, the imagination, as this faculty through the use of sensations and images and moods and ideas creates a work of art, has been followed out with the utmost delicacy of observation by such acute and sensitive analysts as M. Gabriel Séailles, M. Michaut, and Professor Dilthey. The behavior, too, of the mind that is enjoying a work of art — this has been minutely studied and described; the "effects" and the "impressions" have been recorded by such masters of silvery instruments for weighing a fancy and measuring a motive as Fechner. The relations between all these impressions and effects and the form and content of a work of art have been tabulated. And so the science of æsthetics has become a really vital record of what may be called the mind's normal behavior both in the creation and in the enjoyment of art.

The expert critic must some time or other have followed out all these devious analyses and tracked out the intricate workings both of the typical artist's and of the typical appreciator's mind. Such an abstract initiation will have quickened his powers of perception in numberless ways, will have made him alive to countless signs and suggestions in a work of art that might otherwise have appealed to him in vain, and above all will serve to steady him against extravagance and grotesque personal caprice in appreciation. In these analyses and principles he has the sensitive record of a con-

sensus of expert opinion on the nature of artistic enjoyment — its causes and varieties. Through the help of these canons he may guard against meaningless egoism; he may manœuvre wisely within the region of the normal; he may keep within measurable distance of the tastes and the temperaments of his fellows. He will be able to test his impressions, to judge of their relative importance, to restrain personal whim within bounds, and to remain sanely true to the predominating interests of the normal human mind.

Not that the critic will let his use of æsthetic formulas and points of view conventionalize or stereotype his treatment of art. If he be happily individual and alert, he will refuse to have forced upon him a system, a method, unalterable preconceptions, or habitual modes of approach to art. He will keep in his repeated encounters with a work of art much of the dilettante's bright willfulness and fickleness. He will go to it in all moods and all weathers, will wait upon its good pleasure, and will note delightedly all its fleeting aspects. But these stray impressions will not content him, nor will he care to report them as of themselves forming a valid and final appreciation. He will play the pedant with himself; he will, in sober moments of wise hypocrisy, test the worth of his impressions by approved and academic standards; and he will scrutinize them in the light of those canons which the best modern theorizers in things æsthetic have worked out psychologically. He will select and arrange and make significant and unify. And so, while approaching a work of art unconventionally and communing with it intimately, he will, in commenting on it, keep his casual and personal sense of its charm within limits, and be intent on doing full justice to what the work of art may well mean to the normal man in normal moods.

Moreover, this æsthetic initiation will reveal to the critic one special sort of

pleasure stored in a work of art that the layman is peculiarly apt to miss — the pleasure that may be won from tracing out the artist's mastery of technique and the secrets of his victorious execution. Here, again, the critic, if he is to make the work of art give up its quintessential quality, must call the historical method to his aid. An artist who, at any moment in the history of art, wishes to express his vision of beauty through the medium and the technique of his special art, whether it be painting, or music, or poetry, always confronts a definite set of limiting conditions. He finds certain fashions prevailing in his art; he finds in vogue certain conventional ways of treating material; he finds certain fixed forms offering themselves for his use — forms like the sonata and the concerto in music, or like the sonnet and the drama in poetry. These forms are traditional, have various laws and regulations attached to their handling, and, in a sense limit the freedom of the artist, require him to make certain concessions, force him to conceive his material in stereotyped ways, and to cast it in predetermined moulds. An artist has always to find out for himself how far he can use these old forms; how far he can limit himself advantageously through accepting old conventions, whether his peculiar vision of beauty can be fully realized within the limits of the established technique, or whether he must be an innovator.

There is a curious and exquisite pleasure to be won from watching artists at close quarters with technical problems of this sort, and from observing the fine certainty with which genius gets the better of technical difficulties, through accepting a convention here, through following a fashion there, through slightly or even audaciously altering received forms or modes to secure scope for novel moods or hitherto unattained effects. An artist's vital relation to the past of his art — this is something that as it shows itself here and there in his work, the sen-

sitive and alert critic finds keen pleasure in detecting. Here, again, the critic's specialized temperament and knowledge mediate between the art of earlier times and the men of his own day, and reveal through the help of æsthetics and history the peculiar pleasure with which art has, consciously or unconsciously, been charged.

Finally, the critic must bear in mind that it is distinctly for the men of his own day that he is revitalizing art; that it is for them that his specialized temperament is to use its resources. Every age, some one has said, must write its own literary criticism; and this holds specially true of appreciative criticism. The value of a work of art depends on what it finds in the consciousness to which it appeals; and because individuality is deeper and richer now than it has ever been before, and because the men of to-day are "the heirs of the ages," and have "ransacked the ages and spoiled the climes," a great traditional work of art ought to have a richer, more various, more poignant value for modern men than it had for their predecessors. Even in the matter of sense-perceptions this progress is noticeable. "Our forefathers," says a recent essayist on M. Claude Monet, "saw fewer tones and colors than we; they had, in fact, a simpler and more naïve vision; the modern eye is being educated to distinguish a complexity of shades and varieties of color before unknown." If there has been this increase of delicate power even in a slowly changing physical organ, far greater have been the increase and diversification of sensitiveness in the region of spiritual perception. New facts and ideas have been pouring into the national consciousness from the physical sciences during the last half century, tending to transform in countless subtle ways man's sense of his own place in the universe, his ideals of brotherhood, of justice, of happiness, and his orientation toward the Unseen. The half-mystical

control that has of late years been won over physical forces, the increased speed with which news flies from country to country, the cheap and swift modes of travel from land to land which break down the barriers between the most widely divergent civilizations — all these influences are reacting continually on the life of the spirit, are stirring men's minds to new thoughts and new moods, are developing in them new aptitudes and new powers. For minds thus changed and thus touched into new alertness and sensitiveness, past art must take on new phases, reveal in itself new suggestions, and acquire or lose stimulating power in manifold ways. These alterations of value the appreciative critic ought to feel and transcribe.

And therefore the critic's must not be a "cloistered virtue;" at least, imaginatively, he must be in sympathy with the whole life of his time. He must be intimately aware of its practical aims and preoccupations, of its material strivings, of all the busy play of its social activities, of its moral and religious perturbations, even of its political intrigues. Doubtless Matthew Arnold was right when he insisted on "detachment" as the first requisite of good criticism. But in urging detachment, Arnold meant simply that the critic must not let himself become the victim of practical problems or party organizations; that he must not let his imagination be seized upon by a set of definite ideas that are at once to be realized in fact; that he must not become an intellectual or moral or political bigot or a mere Tory or Radical advocate — the one-idea'd champion of a programme. The critic must have much of the dilettante's fine irresponsibility, perhaps even something of the cynic's amused aloofness from the keen competitions of daily life. But he must also have the dilettante's infinite variety, his intense dramatic curiosity, and his alert, wide-ranging vision. He should know the men of his own day through

and through in all their tastes and tempers, and should be even more sensitively aware than they are themselves of their collective prejudices. So he should deepen his personality and as far as possible include within it whatever is most characteristic of his age. In the terms of all this, as well as of his own fleeting moods, he will try to appreciate past art. And so he will become, in very truth, the specialized temperament of the moment, interpreting the past to the present.

Continually, then, in his search for the pleasure involved in a work of art, the critic finds that he must go outside the work of art and beyond his own momentary state of consciousness; he must see the work of art in its relations to larger and larger groups of facts; and he can charm out of it its true quality only by interpreting its sensations and images and rhythms as expressing some-

thing far greater than themselves, and as appealing to something far more permanent than his own fleeting moods. He must put the work of art in its historical setting; he must realize it in its psychological origin; he must conceive of it as one characteristic moment in the development of the human spirit, and in order thus to vitalize it he must be aware of it in its contrasting relations with other characteristic moments and phases of this development; and, finally, he must be alive to its worth as a delicately transparent illustration of æsthetic law. In regarding the work of art under all these aspects, his aim is primarily not to explain and not to judge or dogmatize, but to enjoy; to realize the manifold charm the work of art has gathered into itself from all sources, and to interpret this charm imaginatively to the men of his own day and generation.

Lewis E. Gates.

ARABY THE BLEST.

I.

It was known afar off as the water boat by the oddity of its sail. Even those people whose untrained eyes noted no differences of line and rigging, to whom the cut of the jib was a metaphor pure and simple, could not miss the contrast between a faded blue sail and a shining white one. There was something primitive and idyllic in its errand that appealed to the imagination, and something humanitarian that allied it to the moral meanings of the universe. Whether it slipped about from yacht to trading schooner or sloop in the early morning, before the movement of life had fairly begun, cleaving the quiet waters with their broken reflections of the dawn, or threaded its way at evening through the array of anchored boats, beginning to

hang out a light, here and there, in that moment which "calls the glory from the gray," there was in its gentle passage a hint of something harmonious as Nature herself.

In the bow, her elbows on her knees, her chin on her hands, sat Araby, daughter of old Captain Kellaway, for whom the open sea had at last grown too rough, and who, driven to plying a peaceful trade, had found a singularly congenial one as water carrier. Not much moved by the spectacle of the silver and rose of the evening hour, which shed magic upon the harbor and tenderly suffused the whole atmosphere with unreality, the quick, gray eyes of the girl glanced from a heavy dory pulled by a taciturn oarsman to the luxurious dignity of a graceful yacht floating to her anchorage. She nodded now and then in more or less

indifferent greeting, without raising her head, and as the sunset gun sounded near at hand, her gaze followed the dropping of the colors in front of the clubhouse, and then again wandered idly from lantern to lantern, the lights of which flashed superfluously in the radiant glow.

"Late, ain't you, to-night, cap'n?" called out one of the crew of a weather-beaten schooner, on board of which barrels and boxes and drying linen spoke of the pursuit of the useful rather than the beautiful.

"'Bout as late as common," answered the active old man, steadying his craft for the transfer from one hogshhead to another. Two other men laid aside their belated labor to lean on the rail and look down into the boat.

"How are you, Araby?" they called in their turn. "Business pretty good at the bar?"

"So so," replied Araby composedly.

"Have a banana?" asked one of the men. The girl's interest in the situation grew more vivid. For answer, she straightened herself, held out her hands and deftly caught the fruit that the sailor tossed into them.

"Thank you," she nodded, and began peeling off the yellow skin.

"Why don't you wind up your dad earlier in the day, Araby?" asked the first speaker. "Then he'd begin to start up his works and run round kinder betimes." The man had an eye for resemblances: there was an unmistakable likeness to a mechanical toy in the movements of the thin, hardy old man. Araby saw it and laughed, and Kellaway's own faded eyes twinkled within their creased and tanned casements.

"You don't even need dusting off to run all around him, do you dad?" she said. "He only gets round to looking out for you once in twenty-four hours; if you should get here sooner, it would put him all out of breath."

The heavy, short-winded man, who was not as quick on his feet as he had been

once, unresentfully pulled a banana off the bunch.

"Have another," he sang out, as the boat swung off. With the acquisitiveness of the squirrel, the girl caught this one as she had the other, and tucked it under the seat of the boat, which wended its slow way with drooping sail to a taut little knockabout lying to starboard.

"You be a reg'lar catch-all for anything there is to eat," said her father not unenviously. "If it ain't black-jack it's bananas."

Aboard the knockabout were two young fellows, one of whom, fair and broad, sat awkwardly in the stern, and, saying nothing as the boat approached, flushed ruddily through his tan. The other, darker, more active, stood in the bow, balancing himself with a slight rocking motion which tipped the craft from one side to the other.

"Hullo, Araby!" he called out.

"Hullo, Hal!" she responded. "Did you get any fish with that party you took out?" and she looked up into his face with frank interest, while the slow hazel eyes of the boy in the stern watched her every gesture with unwavering attention.

"Goin' to stay aboard to-night, ain't you, Hal?" asked Captain Kellaway.

"Yes, and want some water, cap," answered the young skipper. "Fish? no," he went on, turning to Araby again. "They did n't really go to fish, you know. They talk and laugh too much to do anything else."

"Friends of yours from Boston, were n't they?" queried the girl, as she dropped the banana skin into the water.

"Yes, friends of mine," laughed the boy, "from Boston."

"Did you take Steve along?" she asked, with a side glance at the silent figure in the stern. "Hold on, father," and she caught the gunwale of the other boat, as her father sheered off.

"I dunno as I came out this evening to give you sassiety," observed the cap-

tain mildly. At the sudden reference to him, Steve moved a little uneasily, but kept his eyes on her face.

"Oh yes, I took Steve. Any objections, missy?"

"Oh no, only I suppose he did most of the talking," she answered. "He's such a hand to carry on," and she broke off into laughter. Steve flushed deeper, his eyelids drooped in embarrassment, and he looked helplessly away, and helplessly back again to her face.

"You ought to have seen him with one of those girls this afternoon," said his friend, good-naturedly coming to his assistance, and being rewarded with a glance of smothered resentment from his beneficiary.

"Seen him!" exclaimed Araby. "I can see him any time. What I want to know is did she hear him!" The boat moved off so that it brought her abreast of the silent boy. She leaned over toward him, and flicked a bit of salt water in his face. "Did you say anything to her, Steve?" she demanded, with a coquetry the impertinence did not disguise.

"No," said the boy stolidly, while the drops of salt water rolled down his face unheeded.

"I thought so," she laughed. "Good-night, Hal."

"Steve's a good boy," said Captain Kellaway with justice, as the sail filled gently. "You keep sharpin' on him, — just because he ain't like you and some other folks, — all there is of 'em in your ears."

The headlands out toward the open sea no longer detached themselves exquisitely clear from the sky behind them; they had melted with it into a blue mistiness. An indescribable softness lay upon the rippling harbor, permeating the air and water alike, while the lights of the town sprang swiftly to join themselves to the twinkling line that defined it. There was just light enough to guide the water boat along its well-known de-

vious course. Somebody on one of the long, slender, white and shining yachts struck a match as he stood by the rail. Araby looked up quickly; she had been gazing out to sea trying to discern just where the cloudy shape of Wreck Island lost itself in the night. She saw the smoker turn to speak to a woman seated near him on the cushions, and caught her profile as it was lifted in reply. Then she came nearer as they rounded the stern, and the man looking down raised his cap.

"Good - evening, Araby," he said.

"How are you, captain?"

"Fair to middlin', Cap'n Carwood," answered the old man. "Thought I heard you was back again 'n these latitudes — you and the Mildew," and he glanced with the eye of a connoisseur at the familiar lines of the graceful craft. Araby looked from the owner of the boat to his smiling guest, at whom she smiled in return, while she rapidly and undisguisedly scanned her face and figure.

"And you, Araby," said Carwood, as the slow, almost imperceptible motion of the smaller boat brought her quietly through the water, "you — you have n't grown since I saw you last; that is n't what they say to you now, is it? What is it they say to you now?" he asked laughing down into the eyes which laughed fearlessly back.

"I don't have to tell them what to say anyhow, Mr. Carwood." She tossed her response to him, gayly and insouciantly, as though there had been no graceful, possibly critical companion listening to the colloquy.

"I'll warrant she does n't, captain," called out the young man, still laughing. The mechanical toy wagged its head after the manner of accomplished mechanical toys.

"It's me as has to tell her what not to say," it responded, and pointed the water boat toward the shore. Araby looked back, and nodded and waved her hand in farewell; the man raised his cap again, and turned to his companion.

"What a pretty girl!" exclaimed Miss Deering. "She is charming."

"Yes, Araby is pretty," he assented absently, his eyes fixed on the face before him. "I've seen her grow up from a peculiarly irresponsible infancy. She is the daughter of old Kellaway, the water boatman. All the harbor is on terms of almost affectionate friendship with them both."

"The water boatman?" and Miss Deering turned to follow with her eyes the sturdy little craft.

"Yes. It supplies the yachts and so on with fresh water when they want it."

"How picturesque! And what a pretty girl," she repeated. "But what is her real name?"

"Araby."

"Araby? How absurd — not to say inappropriate. Why Araby, pray?"

"Local tradition asserts that her mother was less lettered than devout, and upon hearing an itinerant preacher refer to Araby the Blest, took it to be a particularly successful saint, and named her daughter for her forthwith. As Captain Kellaway has never been known to refute it, I fancy local tradition is in the right."

"How delightful!" Miss Deering was given to exclamation of an unemotional sort. "Though of course she ought to be Hebe. What a Hebe she would make, standing in the prow!"

"I fear Araby's really extensive nautical knowledge would fall short of a prow."

"In the prow, raising a crystal beaker. That curly hair blown back, those laughing eyes challenging;" she paused and settled herself again among the cushions.

"Yes, but that is not the way one is offered the wine of life," he sighed, seating himself beside her.

"Certainly not wine," she answered. "Cold water is at once more hygienic and more grateful." There was no evasion in her smile.

"More hygienic, I grant you, since you choose the metaphor of pathology, but not more grateful. Unfortunately, I prefer champagne."

She shrugged her shoulders and tucked a cushion under her graceful head.

"Your kind always does," she assented tolerantly. "Unless sometimes you cry for cold water from very ennui — and then, I will say, you are apt to be sorry afterwards." He caught her hand and kissed it.

"Don't be so trying, Agatha," he said petulantly.

"Don't be so impulsive," she rejoined withdrawing her hand. "I suppose at least the harbor has the grace to call it the Hebe," she went on.

"It?"

"The water boat."

"The harbor is not peopled with classical allusions," he replied.

"Speaking of names," she added with mild curiosity, "whatever made you give your boat such an absurd one, Mildew?"

"Her name was Mildred," he affirmed without false shame. "And I wanted to name it after her. She was older than I, and she laughed and said she thought Mildew would be quite as pretty and not so conspicuous. She was a scoffer, too," he declared, meditatively knocking the ash off his cigar, and turning to regard his companion more closely. "My lot has been cast among scoffers. I have at least learned not to kick against the pricks."

"It is really not a bad name," she said. "It is rather pretty, when you come to think of it."

"So I thought," he agreed. "She added that if not briny, it was at least damp, and quite as good on the face of it as 'Curlew,' which belongs to the accepted. It was a catboat then," he subjoined. "But I've passed the name along."

"Whereby there is a lesson," she began with languidly raised eyebrows.

"Don't draw it," he interrupted. "You never yet learned one correctly. Look over your shoulder at the moon."

Araby pulled her father ashore in the dory from the moorings of the water boat, and sprang lightly to the dock, after his more deliberate landing. As she was making fast, she paused a moment and looked across through the shadows to the graceful white yacht with its brilliant electric lights — she could almost distinguish the figures in the stern. Then she finished her knot with a jerk, and with her father went on along the queer little tortuous streets to their home, stopping now and then to exchange greetings with their contemporaries, who for the most part saw less of life and society than Araby and her father.

II.

"Well, there's war declared," said an aged seaman of meditative action, whose eyes were shafts of light peeping through the crevices of shaggy brows and wrinkled cheeks and temples. He sat in the sun, an upturned dory shielding him from the wind, which had a slight chill this morning.

"They've really done it, have they?" commented Captain Hanson, a large, round, red-faced sailor, with clumsy-looking fat fingers which could make you a delicate piece of mechanism with a jack-knife and a shingle.

"They had to," definitely announced a third member of the group on the sunny side of the dory. "They's times, what with flappin' of the riggin' and strainin' of the sheets and general creakin', the man at the wheel's got to slue her round, though it ain't altogether the way she's p'inted."

"The boys are all kinder crazy to go," suggested the business man of the community. He kept the store around the corner, having late in life abandoned nautical for civic enterprises, on account of

inherited responsibilities. Consequently his social pleasures were limited by the exigencies of trade. Just at this hour business was slack, and Tippet's stout, shapeless little daughter could mind the shop. "I saw Steve this morning," he continued, "and he can hardly wait to get off to the battlefield."

"Course they are crazy to go," said Captain Apelby with modified impatience. "Battlefield! They don't remember no better. It's just a fight to them," he went on, "and I would n't resk boys hearing of a fight in kingdom come, — not if I was arrangin' a peace procession, I would n't."

"I guess it's something beside plain fight this time," said Captain Kellaway, who had slowly approached and taken his seat on one of the unpicturesque chairs which stood about every sunny day in this otherwise empty space, bordered on one side by the rambling village street, on the other by the harbor itself. It was the Rialto of the town, and thither drifted, day after day, the seasoned old salts, the somewhat weary old men to whom not much was left but observation and philosophy; but, be it said, an observation quickened by a life in which carelessness meant misadventure and stupidity disaster. The younger men stopped there now and then, stood a few moments at a time behind one or the other of the group, or dropped down on a bit of timber and listened, but they were there on sufferance only, for action claimed them before long, and they went on and left the oligarchy to itself. For with all its suggestion of the superannuated, it had its effect upon the mould of public opinion. The elders looked up at Captain Kellaway and nodded, half in greeting, half in assent.

"I guess," he went on, "that there's one or two black flags that Spain has got to haul down before things can go on just as they'd ought to, and if she don't want to," he added mildly, "I guess there ain't any way but to make

her." There was a moment of tacit agreement.

"There's a good deal of talk about our bein' a Christian nation," said the shopkeeper with diffidence, "and wantin' to keep the peace." He felt that it was an unpopular sentiment, but after all it was as well to cover all the ground.

"Well," growled the old sea-dog with the shaggy brows, "so long as we ain't Christian enough to let 'em get in the first broadside, I guess you and me need n't worry."

"Not so's to lay awake through the other man's watch," said his neighbor.

Steve had more to say now. Martial ardor unloosed his tongue, and his speech was not silvern, but all of cold steel.

The day after his return from the recruiting station, and three or four days after the declaration of war, Araby and her father met him at the dock as they were about to start on their morning trip. The color of the open sea was like nothing but a sapphire, there was a fresh breeze, and the air had action in it; the outlines of the headlands and of the buildings were so clear that they seemed actually to move forward from the background—to jump to the eyes; the sails, the water, the pennons, and the sunshine, all titillated with impulse. A man who looked like a painter's model sat on the edge of a cashiered dory and impartially watched them and some men who were bringing in fish. A sailor from one of the yachts, an alien, with an air of disinterestedness, was awaiting the ferry, not far off. Some girls who were sitting high up on the bank, almost over their heads, suddenly hushed their voices and laughter, and craned their heads over to hear what they were saying. But no one of the three lowered his voice for the listeners, and in truth the attention given them was most desultory—the model's eyes wandered to the fish even while they were speaking.

"So you're goin', Steve," called out the old man, as he pulled in his dory.

Steve paused in his work of calking the seams of a catboat and pushed back his straw hat.

"Yes, I'm going," he answered readily. Araby said nothing, but regarded him with a certain wide-eyed curiosity. She saw him in new relations, and it was as if his very appearance might have altered. For the moment he was less moved by the change than she. The sailor nodded.

"Young folks is all for goin'," he said without regret, as he climbed into the heavy rowboat, and Araby followed him. Then before she seated herself she turned and spoke.

"When are you coming back?" she asked.

"Coming back!" Steve's eyes fell on her with a scorn as of retreat.

"When they get into Havana, I guess," chuckled the former whaling captain.

"Yes, that's about it," Steve answered.

"You may never come back," said the girl suddenly.

"That's so, too," he assented soberly.

"Sho!" said Captain Kellaway, as they pulled out, after Steve had returned to his calking. "That ain't just what I'd ha' said to him."

Araby did not reply to this reflection on her tact. She had grown thoughtful, and her father, recognizing with entire acquiescence that aged men, though infinitely wise, were not always the chosen arbiters of the parting words of young men and maidens, withheld further emphasis of reproof.

"The Mildew ain't turned up again," he said as he lowered his sail for return. "She's been cruisin' quite a spell."

"Three weeks," said Araby.

"It's all of that," he replied. But that afternoon, through his spyglass, he saw her in the offing, and later in the day she steamed slowly in among the other craft, and dropped anchor in her accustomed place.

"That there's the Mildew," he said to his daughter, as he stood in front of his cottage looking out to sea. Araby came quickly to his side.

"So it is," she assented.

III.

The next morning the owner of the Mildew walked down through the twisting streets of the town toward its outskirts. He was chewing the cud of bitter fancy in the shape of an unlighted cigar, and was manifestly somewhat ill pleased by his mental environment. The little shops that jutted on to the rough brick pavement, the square houses with their hints of bygone roomy hospitality, now for the most part closed or metamorphosed for one or another public use, the cramped dwellings with their tiny gardens spilling over the weakly accommodating fences in profusion of brilliant color—he passed them all by, scarcely raising his eyes from the ground which he was covering with easy stride on his way to the old fort. When he reached it, with its barely to be distinguished bastions and intervallations, he sought a sunny corner out of the wind, stretched himself on the turf, and lighted his cigar. The water rippled in shaded moire antique under the strong blaze of the morning sun. The buildings on Wreck Island stood out with the pitiless accuracy of a parallelogram against the sky—the sky which was blue overhead but faded into a paler warmth upon the horizon. The island itself curved in gray barrenness above the blue of the sea with only a trifling verdancy of color clothing its slight elevation. To the left a smaller island, sparsely settled, blocked the view of the distant shore, its two lighthouses lifting themselves like the loftier monuments of an unpopulous graveyard. The old fort itself stretched its stiff bones basking in the sun, its grassy ramparts showing themselves

much less adequately defensive than the rocks piled in such unyielding jagged masses beyond them—masses which were warmed this morning into a flush that was almost pink. There was always more or less coming and going about the fort. Inactive seamen sauntered down there for a glance out to sea; lovers trysted there in solemn fashion, wandering about in the gleaming sunshine, in the aimlessness of absorption; fishermen came there to cast tentative lines off the rocks, and visitors, in pursuit of the picturesque. Carwood bestowed on none of them the meed even of transient observation. When, however, the slight buoyant figure of Araby Kellaway came around the rampart and paused before him a moment looking out to sea, although she did not perceive him, he was roused from his apathy.

"Why Araby!" he exclaimed, rising. "You here in the morning?" The girl started and turned toward him, disregarding the traces of tears on her flushed cheeks.

"I've been saying good-by to Steve," she said.

"Oh yes, Steve has gone to the war," he answered with a flash of recollection. "Lucky fellow!" he added, with a sigh.

"Why?" asked Araby.

If it had been Agatha Deering who asked, he would have offered the conventional explanation, more or less decked with novelty of phrase, that it was because she wept for his departure. As it was Araby, he answered as a man answers who is thinking his own variable thoughts.

"Because he is free to go."

"And are n't you?" inquired Araby, staying, with admirable composure, the course of a rolling tear that had not had time to dry.

"No, Araby, I am not," he replied with directness like her own. "I'm one of those who have to stay at home."

"It's mighty lucky some of you have got to stay at home," she said promptly.

It was homely consolation, but its genuineness made it grateful, and Carwood laughed.

"Thank you, Araby," he said. Araby looked at him in surprise.

"Well, I'm sure you're welcome," she said. Then she went back and seated herself on some heaped-up timber that had been left there, and had taken upon itself that weatherbeaten gray that is the gift of wind and storm.

"Steve did n't say much," she volunteered. Carwood taking his former seat on the ground felt that frankness of reference would not be amiss.

"Well, he's said it to you a good many times already, I suppose," he hazarded. Araby laughed.

"You don't know Steve," she declared. "He never says anything a good many times."

"Oh," said Carwood. He was regarding her with attention and thinking that, as Agatha had said, she was very pretty. How rapidly from a tousled child she had become a piquant young woman! He smoked dreamily as he fancied the pretty idyl—the boy, his eyes and ears filled with the panoply of war, not "saying much" but expressive notwithstanding; his sweetheart, with eyes full of the tragedy of parting, the waiting boat rocking on the sunlit waves.

"She was very pretty, was n't she?" said Araby suddenly.

Carwood opened his eyes in astonishment.

"She?" he repeated mechanically.

"Yes, the one on your boat when you were here last," explained Araby, with what might have been an elaborate carelessness, and might not.

"Oh, Miss Deering," he said, for he had remembered before she had spoken the second time. "Yes, she is very beautiful." Araby gazed at him with that undisguised keenness which gave her glance something of the curiosity of the child mingled with the shrewdness of a woman.

"I wondered," she went on with somewhat astonishing simplicity, "how much you liked her." Carwood laughed a little in spite of himself. It was impossible to resent anything from Araby's lips.

"I'm afraid she does n't, Araby," he said lightly. "I don't think she has any curiosity about it at all."

"Oh yes, she has," said Araby sagely. "That's just what she has got. Those are the things she likes to know." Carwood threw away his half-smoked cigar.

"Araby the Blest!" he ejaculated. "How do you know?"

"Oh, I know," she assured him. "I see a lot of people first and last."

"That's true," he assented. "But," he concluded half to himself, "certainly you have intuitions." Then he mused a few moments on that which defies analysis.

"But," resumed Araby ingenuously, "I was n't wondering about her."

"But I was," interpolated Carwood. "I beg your pardon—go on."

"I was wondering about you."

Something in the frankness of her eyes brought Carwood to a mental standstill, like the jerk of a rein. A single sailboat swooped down within the charmed limits of the stretch of sea between the islands and the fort. An old man, — Captain Apelby, — active if heavy, pulled his dory sturdily by, close to the rocks, with short, strong strokes, effective if not spectacular. It was a world of clearness, the patent and the undisguised — the mystery and the ambiguousness were waiting for the sea when the sun should set. Before Captain Apelby had pulled four strokes, Carwood told himself he was a fool — whatever was in Araby's eyes, it was not confession. He wondered vaguely what had become of Steve — he seemed to have dropped out of the conversation rather unaccountably.

"She is much the more interesting

of the two, Araby," he said, not without an effort, "because she is hard to understand."

Araby had employed the pause in making a spyglass out of her two hands, and observing through it the manœuvres of the sailboat.

"You're not so awful easy," she said. For the life of him, he could not make out if she were simply following the dictates of her ample curiosity, to which nothing human was foreign, or if there were a persistent personal emotion driving her on.

"Nor you," he said impulsively.

"Oh, me!" she replied indifferently. "But I think you would like me better if I were." From piquant, her frankness had become tantalizing, and Carwood forgot to speculate about Miss Deering. "That is one thing about you I've noticed," she went on, "you and a lot of other people that come to the harbor—you like best what you don't quite understand. Now I like what I can see right through."

"You like fresh water better than salt?" he queried half absently, half laughing.

"Well," she assented seriously, "I don't know but what I do." It was odd how near it came to what Agatha Deering had said about her. The fact that education has not much to do with the apprehension of cause and effect struck Carwood like an illumination. With it came another thing that was in part the result of his dissatisfaction in a subtler experience, in part the effect of the brilliant day and the girl's vivid beauty and a simplicity which was crystalline but not insipid. He dropped his head in his hands a moment. Oh, the refreshment of a cup of cold water! When he raised his head again Araby was observing him with something approaching anxiety.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked.

"No, Araby the Blest," he laughed, half at himself, half at life, "nothing is

the matter except that I seem to be falling in love with you."

"Oh, my!" said Araby the Blest.

IV.

"Oh, my!" was practically what she continued to say, since Carwood found what might have been the caprice of a summer morning developing into a persistent purpose. It was not difficult for him to perceive in the swift appeal of the clear and the primitive a settled reaction toward all that was finest and most satisfying. If Araby's simplicity had been stupidity, none would have wearied of it more readily than he. But she was wonderfully quick and perceptive, and the habit of her life, so distinctly social, had given her an unaffected ease of manner which lightly adjusted itself to circumstances, and in which many of more conventional but less varied opportunities are often noticeably deficient. And why, in short, should he not marry her? She was beautiful, charming, and adaptable, and, as he told himself more than once, he had no one he must please but himself in this matter of marrying.

"The Mildew sets in the harbor most all of the time now, don't she?" remarked Mr. Tippet one morning when the gray of the water was slashed with white and the boats rocked ominously.

"Yes, she'll be getting barnacles on her keel if her skipper don't look out," jested Captain Apelby somewhat heavily.

"He's lookin' out," said Hanson briefly.

"It's a kind of pity Steve is busy bayoneting them Dagos," ruminated Tippet.

"He is n't bayoneting any Dagos," said Apelby scornfully. "He's lyin' in a camp ten feet of mud by sixteen of chills and fever, while his officers are singin' 'Old Glory.'" Captain Apelby

was chronically opposed to the administration of public affairs, and occasionally sacrificed precision to picturesqueness.

"He'll get fever himself," said Hanson gloomily, while his keen, aged eyes watched the curtsying masts and the tossing waves upon which blew the free winds of heaven.

"He wants to get it quick," said Captain Apelby, epigrammatic still, "unless he wants somebody else to get Araby."

"I don't know as that would help," said Mr. Tippet, blinking slowly his milder orbs.

"It'd bring him home," rejoined Hanson.

"There's Kellaway now!" exclaimed Captain Apelby, as the water boat with its clumsy lines and blue sail, careening riskily, went out toward the mouth of the harbor.

"The Irma's layin' way out, is n't she?" commented Tippet. "I guess she's short of water. There's Araby in the bow."

"And Cap'n Carwood," added Hanson, while all the grizzled heads turned in the same direction. "Gosh!" he concluded definitely, after due meditation, "I don't believe he can tell the water boat from the Mildew these days." A dry restricted smile went about the circle—a smile neither anxious nor satirical. Affairs of sentiment held their true place in the alembic of these minds, that of the temporary, fleeting, and not infrequent.

Carwood was himself not insensible to the amusement of the situation, when as now he carried on his wooing under the eyes of Captain Kellaway. It was, it must be admitted, a desultory wooing, rendered so as much by the insouciance of the lady as by the holiday humor of the knight. "You know I really am very much in love with you, Araby," he said now and then, "and you really have got to take it seriously some time." And Araby would respond, "Yes, I

guess you are," with a nod of perfect apprehension, and an absence of deduction which was disconcerting. As for Captain Kellaway, he had grown old with an entire indifference to so-called social distinctions, and he was not going to trouble himself because Araby had another admirer. She had already shown herself capable of all necessary finesse in similar relations. Once in a while Araby gave the matter her attention. Then Carwood would find her looking at him with meditative speculation.

"What is it, Araby?" he would ask.

"I was thinking," she would reply with readiness.

"Yes, but about what?" he persisted, this morning.

"I was wondering if you ever knew what you wanted," she said. "It's going to be a blow, father," she called out, almost in the same breath, to the old man at the tiller. He glanced at the sullen aspect of the heavens and the sea.

"It's blowing now somewhere not far off," he assented.

"What I want?" exclaimed Carwood. "The question is what you want or do not want."

"That isn't so mighty important," she answered imperturbably. Carwood turned up the collar of the cape she wore to protect her against the flying spray. His touch was a caress, but she did not flush under it; instead, she looked up into his face and laughed.

"Araby," he said, "I wish I could tell whether you are very simple or only awesomely complex."

"I'm simple enough for two," she replied. "There's the Nellie M., father," she called out again to the skipper, whose machinery responded to the little twist and caused him to look off to the right.

"True's you live," he answered with all the mildness compatible with the wind in his teeth. The Nellie M. was an awkward freight steamer, which went

up and down on errands between Boston and the harbor, with appearances and disappearances unfixed by any schedule.

"She'll get in just in time to avoid the blow, won't she, captain?" said Carwood absently.

"If she wants to," said the captain. "She's goin' to come atween us and the Irma as it is," he added, as he moved the tiller.

"Why she's signaling to us," said Araby; "she must want water. Put about, father."

"A pretty time to be wantin' water," muttered the sailor. "She's goin' right into harbor. I never had any use for victualin' in the open." But accustomed to the heed of such signals, he made ready to alter the boat's course.

"You'll tip us over, father," warned Araby suddenly.

Carwood had time to glance at her in surprise — she was usually so free from apprehensiveness! — while her father spoke.

"Can't tip over this old flat-bottomed man-of-war" — There was a swift rattle, a dizzying lurch, and the captain interrupted himself with an exclamation not strictly nautical in its character, as the flat-bottomed man-of-war tipped over.

Fortunately none of them were injured or involved in the timber or cordage of the upset, and a ducking more or less meant little to any one of them. But even for expert swimmers, clinging to an upturned boat is susceptible of ennui, and it was with a distinct sensation of relief that Carwood saw a boat put off at once from the Nellie M. to their assistance.

"It ain't the first time there's been an upset because folks was too plumb sartain," was the only comment Kellaway permitted himself in return for the chaff which assailed him on his seamanship from the crew of the relief boat, all acquaintances, if not friends, of Kellaway and his daughter.

"What made you so anxious all at

once for a drink of water?" demanded Araby, with some irritation, of her rescuers. "Could n't you have waited till you got in? 'Twas all your fault." She expected a reply in kind, but instead, the men at the oars grew sober, and glanced at one another uneasily, and then at her, where she sat wrapped in a reefer sent by friendly hands. It was not cold, and her hair was already beginning to dry in the wind. It was as if she had shaken herself like a water spaniel and were none the worse. Carwood, who was dripping but not dismayed, saw her quick eyes searching the men's countenances, and he scanned them too.

"Well, we've got a sick man on board," said one of them, as he drew breath after a sturdy stroke.

"And have n't you any water at all?" asked Carwood.

"Yes," answered the other oarsman, shamefacedly, "we've got water enough."

There was a pause in which the men again glanced sidewise at one another.

"Well?" said Araby imperiously.

"Well — you see he's been askin' for a drink of water right along now for a spell," replied the man obediently, though with hesitation, "but he would have it — well, he wanted it, right — out of the water boat — nothin' else would do, — he's kinder out of his head, you see, — and seein' you so near, and him wantin' it so powerful bad, the doctor he allowed that" — The speaker's eloquence broke down finally, and he turned appealingly to his mate. But Araby was the first to speak.

"You've got Steve aboard," she said calmly.

"That's it," said the man with the joy of a lifted responsibility.

"Steve!" exclaimed Carwood. "And ill!"

"Well," said their informant cautiously, "the doctor allowed he would n't get any better unless they got him where he was bound to go, so we fetched him

along of us ;” and they shipped oars by the side of the Nellie M.

It scarcely needed the helping hands to swing the girl to the low deck of the freight boat.

“Give me the cup, father,” she called down. For once Captain Kellaway found his daughter quite impracticable. The mild eyes shone with a brief vexation.

“The cup !” he exclaimed ; and then not trusting himself to anything but unadorned statement, “The codfish has got it,” he affirmed. It was Carwood who found a cup and filled it for her with the fresh water some one offered him. Kellaway’s indignation lapsed at once, and, temporarily subdued into a rare self-distrust, he looked dumbly on. Then they watched her go forward to where, on a mattress, lay the wreck of the handsome boy who had gone forth with the glorious dreams of youth into a conflict other than that which they had portrayed, and whose return was so close to the weariness of defeat. Hollow-eyed, pitifully weak, feverishly restless, he barely lifted his eyelids as the girl knelt beside him, and slipped her arm under his head.

“Here I am, Steve,” said Araby, “let me give you a drink of water.”

The boy’s eyes opened wider with something like a flash of gratitude, and fixed themselves on her smiling face, with a shadow of the old, dumb look of devotion, and, silent still, he drank eagerly.

V.

A week later, Carwood stood alone on the deck of his yacht. Every now and then, through the stillness of the dusk, drifted words of greeting or farewell, called out into the night from the doorways of club or cottage across the harbor, and bursts of laughter from the cabin close at hand, in which a party of his guests were sitting about a card table, and from which he had escaped a few

moments ago into this silence of undulating waters, ghostly forms of scattered boats, and undeviating starlight. Leaning on the rail he looked over to the grass-grown heights where he had met Araby that morning.

“Araby,” he had said, “you are going to marry Steve, are you not ?”

Araby shook her hair out of her eyes.

“Yes,” she said, “I suppose I am. Though,” and she paused to laugh, “Steve has n’t said much about it yet.”

Carwood had been conscious of a pettish rebellion against a fate which seemed determined to be weakly injurious, but it did not pass into an outbreak.

“And what about me ?” he demanded, not unreasonably. “Don’t you know I’m in love with you too ?”

Araby regarded him with frank readiness.

“Well,” she said, “you see Steve — Steve wants just what I can give. And you — well, you want a good deal more.” There was neither reserve nor bitterness in her explanation.

“And you — what about you ?” He could not help the question, though he might not have defended its taste.

“Oh, I ? — if I know what folks want, I’m glad to give it to them,” and her eyes gleamed with laughter as she waved her hand to him and went on. For the hundredth time he was trying to-night to decide if it were by her very simplicity that she puzzled him so. One of his men came forward and gave him the mail just brought over from the mainland. He took it nearer the light and saw that one of the letters was from Agatha Deering, and bore the New York postmark. She had returned, then, from England, and had written to him almost at once. He thought he knew about what she would say and how she would say it, this enigmatic young woman. She was more compelling than Araby, but, after all, she puzzled him less. He could at least understand that she was by no means always sure that she understood herself.

Her elusiveness were more intelligible than Araby's franknesses. Have we lost our grasp of the simple in our efforts to realize the complex, he asked himself, as he glanced again at the smooth characteristic handwriting on the envelope. He was conscious of a sense of pleasure so keen that it was excitement as he noted its well-known delicate angles. As he was about to break the seal, one of his guests, young Morrow, came to the door and sang out:—

"Where are you, Carwood?"

"Here," answered his host, putting the letter in his pocket.

"Come in and attend to your guests," commanded Morrow. "Would you buy us off with meat and drink, while you consort with our betters? Come in and change the luck!"

"I am coming," laughed Carwood, lighting a fresh cigar, and together they entered the bright cabin.

"Oh, here you are at last, Carwood," said an older man, glancing up at him with some attention, as with a glass of wine at his elbow he dealt the cards. "Chilly outside, eh? Sensible boy, to come in. What is cold water to champagne!"

Annie Eliot Trumbull.

TWO SCHOLARS.

MAGICAL powers like those imputed to the flesh of mummies abide in the languages we call dead. They have the mystery of death, — of resurrection, too, — of a perpetual life in death, not due to the disentombing of antiquaries, but to the loyalty of one distinguished class. This class of scholars truly is magnificently repaid. "*Vitæ lampada tradunt.*" Without them the lamp would have fallen and expired. They, like vestals, dwell apart, keep ever burning the holy fire, and claim their immunities. The glories of the languages haunt also their husbandmen.

Nothing so troubled the old Roman, troubled him even in his grave, as a thought that the rites of the hearth might be neglected, and offerings to dead ancestors left unbrought. Therefore a sanctity awaited the heir that fulfilled these duties; and even such a sanctity clothes the scholar that cherishes their ancient speech. Yet the glory about him is like the glory of fire in a lampless room, — that "counterfeits a shade." For it is pathetic that the language in which "Saintly Camillus lived and firm Atilius died,"

that the language of those who fought at Marathon, should, if they have not perished, no longer be transmitted with the mother's milk to her son. Their posterity, it may be, cannot read their epitaphs. Montaigne was nursed by one who spoke Latin, and he heard nothing save that tongue around his cradle; but it was not in his blood; he records, in fact, that his Latin gradually degenerated, until he lost the use of it. In this way, the handling of Greek and Latin gives a solemnity, a touch of pathos, to the scholar. But he is often poor. The words that would lay open the gates of heaven are impotent at the tradesman's door. The world calls Greek, —

"Greek in a hut, with water and a crust,
— Learning, forgive us! — cinders, ashes,
dust."

Still, learning is not ill paid. If it were, so also would the martyr be, and mighty poets that have died before their fame was born. He that soweth roses must not look for apples, or even poppies. "Aristotle is more known than Alexander," says Democritus Junior, "yet I stand not upon this; the delight is what

I aim at ; so great pleasure, such sweet content, there is in study." It is much to speak the tongue that Shakespeare spoke, but more perhaps to speak the tongue of Greece that gave light, and Rome that gave fire, to the world. The scholar has upon his lips imperial accents. When I speak a line of Greek I seem to taste nectar and ambrosia. As in Heine's fable the eagle of Jupiter was with him, antiquated and mournful though it might be, in his exile on a northern island ; so the eagle accompanies the scholar.

There is ever something ideal in the "dead languages." They cannot be invaded, but remain crystallized immortally. *Cæsar semper Augustus* were words of incantatory effect on mediæval ears ; and the sound of Greek falls freshly upon the mind, with a surprise, still as great as to the scholars of the Renaissance when Learning returned from her Babylonish captivity. So much so that we often praise the classic for a thought which in a modern would perhaps draw little attention. For the medium is as divine as marble ; and we might say with Michelangelo, of certain modern works, "If this were to become marble, alas for the antiques." De Quincey forgets his assumed contempt for the classical world when he remembers the sound of ἐπομπεύς, or *Consul Romanus*. . . .

I remember once, traveling in a southern county of England, coming across a servant who, even without his melancholy, seemed no ordinary man, and spoke with a kind of splendor that was new to me. He was tall, and had been straight, but now walked with a majestic stoop, though like Vulcan he limped. He was past middle age, his woes were of the kind that invite expressions of sympathy. On my inquiring what might be his misfortune, he answered in tones so carefully modulated as to appear half satiric, "Eheu ! mater mea obiit hodie. O causa meæ vivendi sola senectæ." The words, however, seemed to carry their own balm ; his face glowed continually, as we talked

for several minutes together, without a word that would have made Quintilian stare and gasp. His thoughts moved gracefully in a pomp of altisonant syllables. Sometimes he spoke English, but returned happily to Latin in the flashes of humor with which he referred to the university,—when, for example, he spoke of a languishing literary society (that had expelled him for a freak of classicism) as equaling the number of the good, and no more, —

"vix numero sunt totidem, quot

Thebæ portarum vel divitis Ostia Nili."

He felt like a swallow kept among the starlings of a cold clime, while his fellows had flown eastward. . . . When I last heard of him, he was earning his bread by the composition of advertisements for a firm of merchants, and thus at last he found a subject matter adaptable to his peculiarly florid but melodious eloquence. I recognized with a sigh more than one of his favorite mighty words thus fallen.

In C—shire, I know a hamlet (a mere capful of houses) that lies, dimly seen below the high-perched road, like a cluster of straw beehives, under a great wood. Even these few houses are divided from one another by several tiny streams, that run in and out like gay, live things. Thither I descended one twilight from the hills, to buy honey from a cottager. It was August. Across the road went a stream, a tinkling chain, of silver beads, presently buried in trees, on which the uncertain light was mixed with shade. Here and there were sombre alders, noisy still with the delicate southern voices of invisible birds. Here and there were poplars with a sound, not of running water, but of rain (the shower apparently dying away now and then as the wind fluctuated). And in the sunset among those enormous hills a bell was ringing out a melancholy sweet *sic transit*. . . . There was some light outside, but none in the low room, where the beekeeper was writing. He rose

and greeted us with a bow. Then he left us, after lighting a candle for our good, and one for his own use in a loft where the honey was stored. The wooden frame, gray from the touch of his hands, was contrasted with the dewy, amber cells. While we were completing the purchase, and talking, he surprised us by answering in Latin, *Omnibus una quies*, etc., which Dryden has rendered thus : —

“ Their toil is common, common is their sleep ;
They shake their wings when morn begins
to peep ;
Rush thro’ the city gates without delay ;
Nor ends their work but with declining day.”

Pronounced by a mellow elegiac voice, this speech interested us profoundly.

Next day we went again with a freshened memory of the Georgics. He was never once at a loss, though we seldom spoke except in hexameters of Virgil. He had lived a large, roaming life, full of outward adventure, chiefly on the plains of America. Thither he had gone in his youth, accomplished in nothing but books, and those Latin and Greek. Notwithstanding, he had amassed great wealth. Of this a mighty accident — a prairie fire, or some such insurrection of the elements — had all but despoiled him, and he came home at the end of middle life to Wales. There he took to bee farming. Economy and hard work had made his life comfortable, and might have made it luxurious, for he was held rich. He remained unmarried. He had no kinsmen. He made no friends : two aged women of the hamlet were accustomed to tend him in occasional sicknesses. For the rest, he was contented, if not happy, with his bees and a few books, mainly Delphin classics. The bees would answer his call as they answered the smitten brass ; and only when thus engaged on a tranquil summer evening did he betray a mellow complacency, except when with his books. He took pleasure in Claudian’s verses on the sirens ; Virgil, however, was his dearest author.

Virgil was his oracle in all matters ; he practiced *sortes Virgilianæ* : to him, rhyme was reason. His life was almost perfectly that of a scholar. After adventure, after witnessing the downfall of kings, and great peoples embattled one against another, after shipwreck and scenes of violent death, he concluded that

“ the tears of Imogen
Are things to brood on with more ardency
Than the death-days of Empires.”

He finds a refuge from the shadows of the world among the realities of books.

But, says one, your knowledge is nothing until another has acknowledged it. He contradicts that entirely. He knows that at least intellectual pleasure and the dulcitudes of a sane self-approval are by no means like snowflakes in the river, and that real joy holds within itself the germs of an endless self-reproduction. Electra, Aspasia, Lesbia, are sweet friends to him, when Orestes and Pericles and Catullus have been many centuries underground. Cæsar is nearer to him than Napoleon, and Thyrsis nearer than either. Experience has not impaired or clogged his imagination. If it has taught him anything, it has taught him the worth of silence. We often found him by the river, “ dazed,” in Virgilian phrase, “ by the mighty motion of the tide.” He told us himself that he was often “ drunk with silence.” In such moments, as we afterwards learned, he had monitions of an after life, — monitions arising merely, it may be, from a thought that from things with which he was in completest sympathy no separation was possible. He was to become part of the viewless winds. No writing of his remains ; and it is improbable that he was ever satisfied with his attempts. But, with what is perhaps the true spirit of the scholar, he laughs at the notion that to expect the approbation of posterity is unconsoling and vain. With a touch of pleasantry, he said, on one of my visits : “ My door is not strong enough to keep out the feeblest person in the hamlet ;

yet when I close it, I effectually shut out the whole world; like Heinsius, I bolt the door, excluding ambition, passion, desire, the children of ignorance and nurslings of sloth, and in the very bosom of eternity I sit down with a supreme content in the company of so many famous minds, that I compassionate the

mighty who know naught of this my felicity." Yes! "in the bosom of eternity," anticipating and making little of death. When we last parted, "Death," he said, "always brings into my mind those closing verses of the last Eclogue, 'Ite domum saturæ — venit Hesperus — ite capellæ!'"

Edward Thomas.

CONTENT IN A GARDEN.

II.

It is a fatal thing for happiness if the garden is too small for constant and free bestowal of flowers; therefore, one must plant liberally and widely; for as neighborhood knowledge of the garden increases, it imposes upon the owner and planter all the duties of wealth. He or she must give with liberal hand, and find in giving, the joy which belongs to kindness, or sympathy, or pure neighborly sharing of life's alleviations. A well-used garden is a successful flower mission, making of its owner a true philanthropist; and surely that is as near being a contented soul as can be found in the world of souls. There are some flowers whose manifest destiny it is to be given away. Those which reproduce themselves quickly, like roses, honeysuckle, sweet peas, pansies, or nasturtiums, seem to grow for the giving; but when it comes to breaking the one supreme effort of a plant, like a stalk of ascension lilies, — with the concentrated sweetness of its whole summer put into its cluster of flowers, — I confess I feel like taking the bulb into conference. I want it to consider that to stand in a room preoccupied by pain or bereavement or disappointment is to go out of its own land upon a foreign mission, and I would like to be sure that my lily is capable of the true mission spirit.

One of the dearest privileges of a garden is the power of bestowal, and the lord of the garden can use it royally, without fear or danger of his own pleasure being thereby stinted. The true gardener knows the unfailing nature of his income, and that it yields all the more for being constantly dispersed; therefore he can give and continue to give without touching the limit set by thrift in every careful mind. Looking in the face of one of his own tall white lilies, and realizing the splendor of this miracle of creation; when he bestows it, the sense of its rarity and preciousness lifts him into the scale of world benefactors. Emerson says: "Flowers and fruits are always fit presents. Flowers because they are a proud assertion that a ray of beauty outvalues all the utilities of the world." To give these "proud assertions" — to give them freely, as an expression of human kindness, or human sympathy, or human love — is a privilege which a man, poor in all else but his garden, can share with the richest; with the princes of the earth, or even with the beneficence of the great giver, — whom we call Providence.

Again, the ministry of the garden to the lord and owner of it, as well as to those upon whom he bestows its treasures, is something which can hardly be reckoned. For as truly as it is the crowning luxury of the rich, it is also the solace of the poor, and brings its healing to

all temperaments and circumstances. There are certain self-conscious, or sensitive souls, so unsteadily poised upon happiness, that a breath of criticism will tip the balance and drop them into melancholy. An adverse thought, a word of censure, and the poor insecure being collapses, and sinks into deeps of unhappiness. To such a temperament no human love can minister savingly or make it secure upon its pedestal; it must fall back upon nature; upon the universally benevolent; upon the forces which are no respecters of persons, but which give according to impartial unconscious law, and not by selection. It is good to realize that one need be neither rich, nor young, nor beautiful, who appeals to nature in a garden. If he is halt or maimed or deaf, it takes no note of these deficiencies, but will make the subject of them forget in its spontaneous kindness all the rudenesses he has found in the world; and when the world is forgotten, truly the land of content is near.

The dear land of content! Many of us never reach it, and fewer still have learned to live in it. The world preaches continually that it is only to be found at the end of a long road of ambition and accumulation; that content means success, and success means content; but certainly something of content can be found in untrammelled *doing*; in getting above the barriers which block the ordinary course of energy, and becoming a law unto one's self. This, which is the cheerful privilege of the rich, becomes also the privilege of the happy man whose life is in his garden. There he evades the rule of the powerful. He may move his paths hither and yon, and he breaks no law and invades no man's inherited or purchased privileges. He can make and unmake, according to his instinct of improvement, with a free hand and no accountability. Within these limits he possesses the independence, the actual omnipotence, which only the largest success in the world may

give. His roses and lilies will answer joyfully to his wishes. If he says, "Stand there in the sun," there they will stand. If he chooses to transplant them, they do not resist or murmur, but go cheerfully to the place where he would have them, rendering him his due of spreading leaves and odorous blossoms. If he says, "Stand here in the shadow," they will do their best to make sunshine in a shady place. In short, if power to carry out what one wisely wishes makes for content, it is surely to be found in a man's own cultivated acre.

But there are things besides beauty or the power of beneficence, or the friendship of plants, or their cheerful obedience, which make for content in a garden. To one who lives with them and has perfect commerce with nature, the characters of the things which live in the garden, or come or go in it by chance, are a source of delight. And these characteristics are not only or entirely vegetable, but often very human. I am tempted to ascribe far more individual action to flowers than is generally conceded. We know, for instance, that voluntary growth belongs to all plant life. People say, "You cannot make such or such a plant grow here!" or, "I have planted this or that here or there many times, but have never succeeded in making it live!" And that means that the creature absolutely refused to accept conditions ignorantly offered; conditions which a true gardener, or plant-lover, would have avoided by instinct, and not put the kindly thing to the pain of refusal. There might have been an individual or family prejudice which had not been consulted, and if it were a family prejudice the gardener should have been aware of it. It is certain that whole species will refuse to be colonized, although, in the spot of their choice, — which, by the way, may differ very little, so far as our coarser senses are aware, from that which they refuse, — they will put an energy into their de-

velopment which makes one envious for humanity; yet in that other which has been selected for them they prefer to die rather than live, choosing suicide before ungenial surroundings.

Plant preferences are things we may recognize without understanding, since the causes are closely hidden. They are shrouded in the stem and folded in the bud, but they guide the plant unerringly to the thing it needs. The places in which they will grow, or not grow, cannot be named unless the plants are taken into council.

In the course of many years lived on Long Island, where the lives and habits of different natural growths are in the open, and their large and small prejudices patent to all men, I have found it curious to note how plant or kind will choose its particular locality, ignoring all the wide stretch of uncultivated acres within their sight. On the hill-ridge east of, and really in the village of Jamaica, I have been acquainted for many years with a patch of pink azalea which blossoms rosily against the clustering catbriers on the return of every spring; and yet I may search up and down for miles of just such formation and exposure and not find another vestige of azalea root, or stem, or flower. Also, all through this space there is not a trace of trailing arbutus, although arbutus is a Long Island flower. It has apparently set Hempstead as its western limit, but it wanders east of that through woods and sheltered ground for miles.

In May you easily know, as you cross on the ferryboats to the city, in what part of the island the crowds of well-gowned and well-bred-looking women have been staying, by the bunches of flowers they wear or bring. If in the neighborhood of Hempstead, they have not only hunted the fox but arbutus as well. If at Cold Spring Harbor, they will wear beautiful waxlike buds of laurel; if at Wave Crest or Rockaway, the flat, pinkish-blue crow-foot violet. We say such and such a

thing grows in such and such a place, which means — that unconscious as we think it — it has considered and selected a place to live and grow in, which it prefers above all others. It is no haphazard selection, but founded upon something which is beyond us. Perhaps tradition and sentiment have to do with it, as well as warmth or shadow or exposure.

In one of the Long Island ponds known in Jamaica as "the one-mile mill pond" grew a gigantic white water lily, the peer of which I have not found elsewhere, and which, as far as I know, grew in no other water spot on the island. There are hundreds of north-side ponds where lilies grow, but they are of another kind; unacknowledged kindred which these particular ones royally ignored. The moderately sized flexible-stemmed variety grows in still and shallow water nearly everywhere. This one grew upon a stem the size of a woman's finger, and held its head as proudly as a queen. The buds were from three to four inches in length, and the flowers often eight inches across. As the pond was the southern boundary of our homestead, the long tangle of woods between was traversed as often as once a week in the lily season to bring home these wonders of blossoms; and a shallow tub of them made a small lily pond on the north piazza of "Nestledown." In those days the Bryant homestead at Roslyn was the living habitation of the living poet, and the drive across the Island, nearly from shore to shore, was an ideal summer afternoon performance. Always when the lilies blossomed we carried a basket of them to Mr. Bryant, knowing right well that they would please a man who had given pleasure to the world. His love for flowers was a very lively sentiment, and few things grew on Long Island of which he was not aware. He inquired after these particular lilies like friends, and his acquaintance with and recognition of them was a source of added appreciation. To know that they

commended themselves to one of the finer and higher intelligences of the world gave a crown to their beauty. There is now only a bed of white sand where they grew in the black ooze of the mill pond, all the water of it running in a narrow channel into the Brooklyn waterworks; but the lilies which were planted in the minds of the children of the family in those days are living yet in the remembrance of the mature men and women they have become.

It was from those wonderful blossoms that I learned to know and value the *individuality of flowers*. Of course every one knows that one rose will differ from another in size and color, and one lily from another in fidelity to the type, but I painted the portraits of some of these Egyptian queens before I learned that one flower differed from another in expression. Studying them hour after hour with a painter's eye, copying the features in shape and shadow, from the golden central crown to the pink-tinted curve of the outer leaf, I learned that they differed as one human face differs from another. When I placed myself and my canvas before the crowding mass of bloom each morning, no matter how the individuals had shifted their places overnight, those which I had painted the day before were unmistakable. No individual face in a crowd could detach itself more perfectly from the mass than did these lily-faced creatures. I am glad I have the portraits of some of them still, and that the children who knew them then yet recognize them, and that their children are learning to know them, as members of one of the lost tribes of Long Island, whose place of sepulchre is unknown.

But there are flowers with even more individual expression than water lilies. Individual roses may be pensive or perky, dignified or hoidenish; and as for pansies, every one you pick shall have a different character. Some are perverse, like bashful babies, and will not look you

in the face. Some are confiding; and some are even bold. Go and study them if you are an unbeliever, and you shall find that many things which we call human traits belong in almost equal proportion to plants and animals.

The *friendships of plants* are as positive and unmistakable as their preferences. They may like only their own kind, or they may prefer the companionship of certain kinds of trees, or they may even prefer to live in the neighborhood of man. The white clover and the dandelion are as much domestic plants as the cat and the dog are domestic animals. They choose always to live in the vicinity of human beings, while it must be confessed that many of the vegetable tribes shrink from voluntary association with us. We can make friends with most of them, and they will reward us constantly and royally if we give them the guest chamber and observe the fine conditions of hospitality; but if we forget to make their beds or arrange their baths, they have too much self-respect to remain. We may ignore all observances with the clover and the grass, for they will blossom almost under the tread of our careless feet.

The whole tribe of ferns have tree affinities, choosing each its own variety of tree friends. There is a beautiful family of semi-evergreen fern which will grow a crown and spread a radius of two-foot length of leaf, on even a rock foundation, as long as it is under balsamic shadows. Whether the exposure is north or south, or east or west, it makes no difference, so long as it can stand and sleep, and grow under its beloved evergreens. In fact, on the north side of Onteora Mountain where juniper, "The sharpe sweete Juniper," King James of Scotland calls it, adds its almost solid shelter to that of the hemlock, it will send out long delicate semi-transparent leaves in sheaves which are almost tropical in their luxuriance. Occasionally you may find a root of this

variety in the sugar camps where the lady-fern grows, but, as a rule, it will disappear when the woods are open to the sunlight, scorning all but its own chosen companionship.

But the lady-fern will not grow at all in the fir woods; it prefers the sugar-maple camps on the southern and eastern slopes, and will send forth stately leaves of finest substance there, and unroll its disks with a glad alacrity. If the woodcutters come in winter and cut away the maples, the lady-fern will not die or migrate as the maidenhair fern makes haste to do; it simply dwindles and deteriorates until it becomes almost another species, a sister race dwarfed and hardened instead of encouraged and blessed by the blessed sunshine. Finally the grass comes creeping closer and closer about it, until it shows only as patches of vivid green where spreading baby fronds struggle through tangling grass roots. The ferns are truly a loyal race. Strong in their attachments and friendships, yet more varied in their tastes than most of the vegetable tribes, — since we find their species as widely divided in choice of habitat as swamp, brookside, roadside, banks, bare rocks, and maple and hemlock forests can part them. We might say that these instances show preferences only, and not friendships; but the ferns certainly make choice between tree species, and adhere to their choice.

Nothing is more flattering than to find one's self a favorite in the garden, to half fancy that the flowers do not mind being plucked and carried inside the house because it is you who plucked them, and not another; and we do often find that a familiar acquaintance with garden things gives a sort of mysterious freedom of meddling with their lives and habits. It is not hard to believe that there are individual likings between man and plant; that plants will respond more promptly and grow more gladly for one person than for another; and this

belief (or shall we call it a fancy?) tends to great content in our intercourse with them.

It is not only our own personal associations with the garden which give happiness, but these are memories of friends and people which grow to belong with certain things that flourish year by year in one's own little acre, and these suggestions are not the least of garden joys.

When my plate-shaped yellow marigold blooms cover their allotted garden space, spanning the days from July to late October, I look at them and remember walking in an English garden with its appreciative owner. It was Miss Muloch, who gathered the seeds and gave them to me with the same hands which had written John Halifax and many another worthy piece of literature, and when I returned, as an offset, a small sod of pinks from my Long Island garden, she wrote that "a little American worm" had come over with it.

There is a row of fragrant, hardy, double violets, which send out blossoms every spring under the windows of our Long Island homestead, the pioneer plants of which were carefully dug from his own garden bed, and wrapped in paper, and given into my hands, by William Cullen Bryant; and every spring the thought of him "smells sweet and blossoms in the dust" where they grow.

The widespread lemon lilies, which burn so yellow over every inch of my garden in June, are sprung from a single five-fingered root brought from one of the old manor houses on the Hudson forty years ago. Its progeny has peopled the grounds of the family homestead on Long Island, spreading from thence into innumerable farm gardens, and now, after distinguishing my own garden with its beauty, is silently making its way into the rocky garden spaces of all Ontario.

The radiant fleur-de-lis, which radiates from the garden centre, came through friendly hands in a little box of selected

roots from a garden in Cambridge. Some one had told the original possessor of my kindred passion for the iris; and the impulse of satisfaction at finding a fellow appreciator of what was at that time an almost unappreciated flower culminated in the gift. This varied, orchid-like collection was preceded and welcomed by the ordinary deep purple and blue fleur-de-lis, the roots of which I had picked from the old post road of Long Island, where they had been thrown from an overstocked lawn or garden border.

It seems to me an ungrateful, almost a wanton act, to throw surplus flower roots out to a lingering death in the road track. There are so many waste corners within the limits of a country home where they might be allowed to live and bloom, and give thankful and abundant account of themselves! If there could be foundling asylums in every neighborhood for rejected or surplus garden growths, — little flowery places which might be made garden schools for children, — happiness and goodness would grow in them as well as flowers.

It is strange how precious growths will come of themselves to a true garden lover! Every one has experienced these mysterious acquisitions. Things come from no one knows where, and make themselves at home, and grow into important members of the garden family, self-introduced at the first, but apparently sure of their welcome. It was so that my Colorado columbine appeared in my garden world. One morning in early June I found its budded stalk standing in the strip of gravel, under the drip of the house eaves. I had no columbine; I had planted none. Indeed, it is out of my policy to plant seeds, unless they speedily make roots and take care of themselves; and although the columbine will do this, it is at best an evanescent flower, and a little too giddy for my requirements. But here it was! and I treated it as a lady should treat

an unexpected visitor: I waited for developments. After a morning or two they came. A very hearty, healthy, dragon-fly-looking blossom, in white and violet-blue with a three-inch spread of wings; altogether aristocratic looking, — like a lady of fashion in her newest Easter bonnet, — and totally unconscious of and indifferent to the hard gravelly furrow under her feet. She was admirable, but where did she come from? I had never seen a columbine of the same freedom and largeness of growth, or the same freshness and purity of color.

A few days after this I started on a journey to Denver. At certain Springs in Colorado the train suddenly emptied itself of people who rushed out into the blue freshness of Colorado air to look at the great spring lake and the circle of faintly drawn snow-tipped ghostly mountains of its environment. "Good mountains, dead and gone to heaven," I quoted, as I stepped from the car, and there stood a boy in front of me offering a great bunch of violet-blue and white columbine. They seemed so a part of the blue air and the blue spring lake water that I hardly recognized them at first; but when I did, and questioned the boy, lo and behold they were wild flowers, growing in the mountain pastures — the chosen and representative Colorado state flower. My mind went back to the single stately stalk in my far-off Onteora garden, and at once I grasped the meaning of its stateliness of mien. It was a representative flower; the chosen blossom of the golden state, and by some miracle of aerial transportation it had anticipated and flattered me with an acquaintance. Now, every June when it appears and unfolds its wings they will unfold to my sight a vision of the snow mountains and violet-blue distances of Colorado.

I wish I knew how it was that the poppy tribe decided upon coming to me, for it is certain I never planted them; and yet only last summer they appeared

in battalions, flaunting their silken banners over every foot of the garden. Of course I saw them as they grew, and said to myself, "Here is a poppy," and a few feet away, "There is a poppy," and in a week or two the indescribably graceful arch of stem, holding a folded bud, was everywhere to be seen; and then how they blossomed! It was a veil, a flame-colored silken veil, spread over the midsummer scarcity of bloom. But where did they come from? If my gar-

den were an old one, instinct with seed, like the acres of the Long Island homestead, I should understand that the tiny infinitesimal thing might have been sleeping in the ground for ages, still holding within its atom of matter the principle of life, like Egyptian wheat in mummy cases. But my garden was a wild pasture just a few years since, with no garden history, no buried forbears, no traditions, — and from where and from whence came the poppies?

Candace Wheeler.

THE MACHINE OF MOSES.

I.

HE had spent the fullness of his years, to speak figuratively, in squaring the ever widening circle of the impossible; to speak literally, not a few of his days had been wasted on the impossibility of squaring the circle mathematically. He had tried sundry methods of producing gold alchemically, and the philosopher's stone had been for three long decades the fond reality which was to crown his labor and his age; but old age found him still, white-bearded, stooping, wrinkled, uncrowned, and poor to pauperism.

"Moses," some friend would ask, "and if thou squarest the circle, what then? Canst thou buy aught with it?"

He would shake his head solemnly in reply. "Nay, but thou knowest not the pleasure of the dream," — a reply that was poetical and ideal enough, but which, like Moses himself, lacked all practicality; so he passed in the Ghetto under the nickname of Moses the Schlemihl, the luckless ne'er-do-well, the unfortunate wight; and every child in the Chicago Ghetto knew that Moses the Schlemihl was Moses Berkovitz.

He had tried the practical on and off, — the peddling of shoestrings, matches,

cigars, and collar buttons, the buying of old clothes, window-mending, — almost everything that he was not fitted to do; and the result was, of course, that he proved less successful in the realities than in the impracticabilities themselves. He discarded commerce altogether, and lived, Heaven knows how — he never knew himself, and rarely took time to consider the problem.

Fortunately he was childless, — an odd bird and a rare one in the Judaic flock, take him straight through, — and no offspring of his starved on the barren harvest of his copious sowing of visionary ideas; and more luckily still, — a fool for luck, inside of the Ghetto and outside of it, — his wife could sew, and did; not so well, perhaps, as when the Shatchen had saddled her on an unsubstantial dream, when she was thirty and slender, and possibly not the worst-looking woman in the Ghetto of Cracow; but still she managed to keep Moses and herself alive on the bitter bread of the sweat-shop.

Nevertheless, she revered her husband; he was pious in the extreme; he never missed one of the long list of diurnal prayers, never slighted the most insignificant of the interminable roll of

religious observances, and he let no day pass without the reading of a passage of the Talmud, and a long one. But I am inclined to think that her reverence arose more from the fact that she did not understand Moses, his dreams and his experiments and his "beautiful language," hence she considered him her superior, and thought, what is still more, that everybody else ought to regard him in the same light, — which they did n't; and that was one reason the more why she should and did; otherwise her respect might not have been perennial, and Moses might not have dreamed and dreamed and dreamed in such undisturbed quiescence.

"Thou hast a good wife, Moses," remarked Isaac Goldzier, in the Beth Hamedrisch, as the visionary was swaying back and forth like a mechanical toy over the outspread pages of the ponderous Talmud.

Absently Moses shook his head, and went on and on with the syllogistic unraveling of the Mishna, "What shall be used for lighting Sabbath lights, and what shall not be used," and his thoughts thriddled the intertwining mazes of the Gemara, "Now Rabbi Huna and Beruna say, and therefore" —

"Thou hast a good wife," repeated Isaac.

"Yea," answered Moses, "she sews well, and she performs the Mitzvahs;" and he pondered with absorbing interest what the ancient Rabbin had said on the hundred and one things that were allowed for Sabbath lights, and the hundred and one things that were interdicted, and the thousand reasons for each single approval and disapproval.

He had no fault to find with his wife: she was there, and he took her as she was; if she had been different it would undoubtedly have escaped his attention. Thus Moses went on with his dreams and his Talmudical studies, his wife "sweated" and moiled, and they managed to enjoy life very well, save that

Moses, not troubling himself with the means of support, enjoyed it the better.

Years ago he had shambled into Rosenzweig's sweatshop and told her, with a triumphant smile on his strongly but not strong Semitic face, that he was on the eve of discovering the philosopher's stone, and she might quit work at once, for fortune was at last in their grasp. His wife left her machine, noising her good fortune throughout the place, and declaring that she would be a woman of importance now, but that she would not be proud; they might come to visit her in her new mansion on Michigan Avenue. Before her hearers could realize what had happened, she and her husband had vanished, arm in arm. Two days thereafter she returned to her position at the machine, affecting nonchalance at the jeers and fleers of her fellow workers.

On another occasion Moses wended his way into the sweatshop to announce that she might cease her labor that minute, — she might have the pleasure of snapping her fingers in Rosenzweig's face, if she liked; he had discovered a method of manufacturing gold. She did not leave her machine this time; she was not exactly skeptical nor exactly credulous; she resolved to wait until the gold should materialize, meanwhile not losing the pittance to be gained by stitching six pairs of trousers. A smirk followed Moses out of the room, a mingled cry of "dreamer" and "Schlemihl;" but they might as well have shouted at a stone. Moses saw the walls of Jerusalem glitter auriferously, and he was millions of miles removed from that dark sweatshop, the hum of its roaring machines, the foulness of its stifling atmosphere, and its sneering occupants.

He came thither again and again to declare the unquestionable success of new projects; but his wife merely nodded her head, without looking aside from her work. The others ceased to ridicule her, for the keen edge of the

ludicrous had worn off, leaving a dull pity for the witless Schlemihl and his woe-laden wife. But all this was years and years ago, before Moses' black beard had turned to gray, and before stray wisps of white hair had poked their stealthy way through his wife's scheitel.

Moses never grew discouraged. Discouragement is not one of the serious obstacles of the dreamer's business; it is so easy to try another dream if one fails; for to dreaming, like the making of books, there can be no end.

He gave up the squaring of the circle, the philosopher's stone, the scheme for utilizing the earth's electricity, and another for harnessing the sun's heat; and at sixty-five he was ready to solve the insoluble problem of perpetual motion. It was the most barren, the most absurd, the most fantastic scheme of any; but the very chances of unsuccess appealed mightily to Moses. He waxed enthusiastic as a boy, and he set his peculiar mental machinery to work in a manner and with a vehemence that were bound to produce bizarre results.

II.

The kindly director of the Jewish Manual Training School had a strange caller one fine morning, and the strange caller had a still stranger proposition. He wished to use a room in the basement; some tools; materials of wood, wire, and steel, — a key of the room was a *sine qua non* of the bargain, — and if the director would but consent he should have an interest — one per cent, say — in the invention that the tools and the materials and the caller would turn out in the workshop. What was the invention? Moses refused to answer the director's question; that was a secret between him and his inspiration. It would revolutionize the world, though: throw steam into the air, toss electricity to the skies, and bury all existing machinery fathoms

deep under the earth. Now Moses had not the air of that dangerous species of insanity which makes infernal machines, — which might toss things where Moses wished to send them, — and the director, abnegating his right to the one per cent, charitably allowed Moses to go ahead with his machine, whilst he mentally labeled him "harmless, but active."

Early in the morning and late at night Moses was toiling in that workshop, so engrossed in his work that he almost laid eternal sin on his soul and a curse on his handiwork by laboring after sundown on Friday, the hour which heralds the advent of Princess Sabbath.

"Well, and how does the invention progress?" the director would ask, as Moses emerged from the basement at nightfall, weary, covered with grime, his clothes spotted with rust, but the eternal light of hope sparkling unspent in his dreamy eyes.

"Finely, finely," he would answer, tugging at his white beard and looking abstractedly into space; "it will be done soon. We shall buy back the Holy Land, you and I."

There were obstacles to be overcome, difficulties to be mastered, and Moses lay awake night after night, racking his poor brain and goading his tired thought, until the pallor of his cheeks matched the whiteness of his beard. The Harvest Festival, with its adornment of green boughs, was followed by the winter Feast of Lights and its burning candles; and the spring sallied forth gayly to meet the Passover; and the unleavened bread in turn made its exit before the merry peal of the New Year's trumpet; and ere the sacred music had died away on the chilly air of non-sacerdotal days, the machine of Moses was done, — perpetual motion was solved. The notes of the Shofar in the synagogue had set the mechanism to whirling madly in his head, despite his frantic efforts to stop the wheels; and now, in that dusty, cobwebbed basement, the very angels

were blowing the priestly trumpet even more jocosely, to usher in Peace and Perpetual Motion on earth.

If Moses was enthusiastic about his other dreams and schemes, he was intoxicated by this; and his intoxication climbed the dizzy height of delirium. His faith was somewhat contagious; he cajoled his wife into visiting the machine at the Training School. She came, she saw, and Moses conquered; nor was it to be wondered at, since this was the first visible embodiment of any of his innumerable vagaries, the first one localized and habited in stern substance. Besides, it went, — went like the dreams of Moses, perpetually.

The contrivance was an ingenious affair, — a deplorable waste of mechanical ability, untutored and untrained though it was, that might better have been applied in other directions. A wheel placed between two upright axles, its circumference looped with a series of pockets, spaced regularly, into which fitted square pieces of lead that popped out and fell back into their places as one half of the wheel went down and the other half went up, — this, in the rough, was Moses' way of sneering at the little force which men call gravity.

A lead might get out of order once in a while, break from its string, destroy the balance, and stop the wheel; sometimes it refused to flop out and in at the required time, colleaguely with the enemy; but such accidents were rare, and Moses had long ago cultivated the habit of telling himself that the fault lay with the mechanism, and not with the principle.

His wife was so carried away by what lay absolutely beyond the range of her ken that, with a little more persuasion from her husband, she would have let the sweatshop go, and have fed herself on dainty dishes cooked in the marble kitchen of her air castle; but Moses was too preoccupied to think of even arguing such an unmomentous question.

At dusk one night he covered the machine with a black cloth, and slipped it out of the Training School and into the bare and denuded room that made his home, turning around every now and then to make sure that the demons of jealousy, dishonesty, and inquisitiveness were not at his heels.

Two whole days of fasting and prayer followed for Moses; he had been so lost in his machine that he had forgotten the minutiae of his religious duties, and had run close to that dangerous boundary within which he who steps throws himself open to the charge of being an Epikuros, — a sacrilegious wretch; and Moses strove to atone for his worldliness by beseeching the God of Israel to make his machine prosper, trying to interest the Almighty, as it were, by binding himself to send the chosen people back to Jerusalem should the perpetual-motion machine succeed.

III.

Samuel Witkowsky, capitalist, banker, steamship agent, insurance and real-estate man, as the host of Yiddish signs over his shop on Jefferson Street proclaimed to a populace never tired of estimating his wealth, was told by his clerk that Moses the Schlemihl was in the outer office, craving an audience.

Witkowsky shrugged his shoulders until they reached his protruding ears. Moses was evidently not a stranger; in fact, the banker had heard him expatiate at length in that very office on the fortunes that were in the heat of the sun, in the centre of the earth, — at such distances that the capitalist was certain he could never reach them in his lifetime, much to the disgust of Moses, who felt sure he could.

"Meschugener," leered the banker.

"He cannot see you," is the way the kinder clerk translated the message to Moses. Yiddish is a language capable of infinite variation.

Unable to interview the banker in his office, Moses sought him out in his home; and failing there, he sought the office again, trotting that vicious circle until his legs ached; but his spirit never quailed. There were twenty-four hours to every day, and three hundred and sixty-five days to every year, and on one of the hours of one of the days, Sabbath excluded, the wily moneyed man must capitulate.

The hour of the day came, and it came sooner than Moses expected (he had calculated on at least another month of visits); Witkowsky clearly perceiving that if he did not see Moses he could not rid himself of him, and the sooner he saw Moses, the quicker would he be rid of the incubus, other things being equal.

But other things were not equal, — they never are. Moses came to stay. When the banker shrugged his thick shoulders and smiled skeptically, Moses kept shouting, with a wave of his long, thin arms: "But it runs, I tell you, — I have the machine! It is wasting a million every minute it runs for nothing! Don't be a fool; listen! We shall lend money to the Rothschilds, you and I."

Then, for the twentieth time, he launched into an extravagant eulogium of his invention, proclaiming what it could do (and there was nothing that it could not do), demonstrating the uselessness of everything when that wonderful wheel ran. You could tie a rope to one end of it, the earth to the other; the sun and the moon might disappear, and the earth would revolve just the same.

The banker shook his head less and less disbelievingly. He began to push his heavy spectacles on his high forehead and to rub his eyes. That was a good sign, and Moses bobbed up and down, as if he had been suspended to the ceiling by a rubber band. Rapturously did he expand on the demerits of electricity and steam as compared with the merits of perpetual motion, and Witkowsky, who understood none of them, found himself

agreeing with Moses against his will; for he had firmly made up his mind in the beginning to disbelieve any statement the Schlemihl should make, — even if what he said should chance to be true. They were such dangerous business propositions, these Schlemihls; all the gold they ever touched turned to brass. Moreover, Moses and his grandiloquence had all but drawn Witkowsky into one crazy scheme, and for that escape he had offered up prayer ever afterwards.

The black-rimmed spectacles pushed farther and farther toward the bald crown of Witkowsky. Moses had left his chair, and began to thump the banker's desk, knocking over the ink well, heedless of the black stream that was flowing in dangerous proximity to the trousers of his auditor.

"The machine has lost twenty millions whilst I have been explaining its mechanism. I can prove it on paper. Give me a pencil."

The spectacles were perched on the highest point of the bald crown; the psychological moment had come. Moses seized Witkowsky by the arm, and the money-lender and the poverty-stricken Schlemihl moved together toward the latter's room in silence; the banker half wanting to turn back, the exultant dreamer urging him forward with the shibboleth, "A million a minute," — increasing the number of millions as the minutes toward their goal decreased.

When they reached Moses' dwelling, Witkowsky was appalled by the insignificance of the size of the wheel and the simplicity of its mechanism. He had expected something that reached from floor to ceiling, at least, and so complicated that he could not grasp the wondrous working; and he turned to leave the room, disillusioned.

But Moses held him tightly by the arm, shouting vociferously that the principle was there, — this was only the model; they could build one big as the earth; and straightway he poured forth such a

mixture of facts, figures, and fancies, proving what he said by actual reckoning on actual paper, unrolling wonderful prints with fantastic designs to substantiate figures and fancies, that the banker's head swirled and reeled. He became mystified, and he believed.

IV.

A week after this visit, a great Yiddish sign, made of canvas and painted in red letters, was swung over Witkovsky's windows:—

THE HEBREW-AMERICAN PERPETUAL MOTION MACHINERY CO.

Mechanics revolutionized by Moses Berkovitz, inventor.

Patents applied for.

Capital \$5,000,000. Divided into 500,000 shares.

Par value \$10 a share, non-assessable and full paid.

The first 100,000 shares now on sale at \$1.00 a share.

THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME TO GET RICH!
Second 100,000 shares to be sold at \$2.00 a share.

The Third 100,000 shares to be sold at \$3.00 a share.

Subject to change! announcements later!

President, SAMUEL WITKOWSKY, Banker.

Vice President, MOSES BERKOVITZ, INVENTOR.

Secretary, AARON ROSENZWEIG, Merchant.

Full particulars inside!

In the window was the machine of Moses, clacking away as the strips of metal fell in and out of the pockets, and the little wheel turned on in endless revolution; under it was a Yiddish placard, composed by Moses, which explained the possibilities and advantages of the device in the culled and luring phrases of the visionary.

It was a proud hour for Moses on the morning when that sign saw the light of day over the banker's windows. He walked by it again and again, and read it over and over, until the arabesque Hebrew letters danced and ran into one another. He had not dreamed in vain,

God be praised; he had lived to see his dreams realized, to reap the substantial harvest of his airy visions at last. There were tears in the old fellow's eyes, due half to superexcitability, due half to gratitude and deferred hope fulfilled and thankfulness, and he would dart around the corner to dry his eyes with his rag of a bandanna handkerchief, and then run back again and stand with eyes uplifted to the sign, as he raised them to the Scroll of the Pentateuch borne from the sacred ark of the synagogue each Saturday.

The flaring letters of the canvas attracted attention before the hanger had driven the last tack into the wood, and black-shawled women and ill-clad children and long-bearded Russian Jews were gathering in knots and clusters, struck almost breathless by the magnitude of the figures, the majestic sound of words like "par value," "non-assessable," "full paid," which had for them all the fascination of the unknown, the unheard; struck almost dumb by the transformation of Moses the Schlemihl into "Moses Berkovitz, inventor and vice president."

It was Friday morning, — market morning in the Ghetto, — but the display of eatables became of subsidiary importance. The long lines of vegetable wagons, the fish tanks, the chicken and geese coops, the little Lithuanian woman with her round table of sweetmeats, the peddlers of wax tapers, — all were deserted for the doors of the banker; and the surplus in the market led to a savage cut in prices.

The excitement waxed as the crowd grew; the men cackled louder than the geese under the arms of the housewives, and the women cackled louder than either. Such wonderful chances, such fabulous opportunities of acquiring a fortune on next to nothing, were enough to bewilder the poor folk whose standard of value in the monetary system was a penny, who were paid in pennies, and who rarely handled dollars.

Even Witkowsky's clerk, who had been presented with ten shares to advertise the scheme, was wildly sanguine over the utopian dream of Moses, and when the wheel slowed up, he would give it a surreptitious twirl and set it going again; he believed in it so thoroughly that he was quite willing to deceive himself, that his faith might not suffer.

Abraham Cohen who ran the Peddlers' Supply House Company, and who was known far and wide for his business astuteness and his conservatism, was the first to issue from the bank with the brightly lithographed paper proclaiming his right to twenty shares, full paid and non-assessable. His example was contagious; every possessor of a dollar made a rush for the door, fearful lest the first one hundred shares disappear before his entrance, and the El Dorado vanish like a mirage before his eager, hungry glances.

It was a stampede. Market baskets were broken to bits, their contents scattered to the mercy of trampling feet, and the yolks of crushed eggs dripped unheeded on shabby garments. Several geese, taking advantage of relaxed grasps, fluttered and flew away, while the perplexed owners, knowing not whether to lose the goose in the hand or the golden egg in the stock company, stood still and blocked the progress of the strugglers.

Witkowsky shut the doors, and another Yiddish sign was plastered on the window; lines must be formed; only ten were to be allowed inside of the bank at one time. The advantages were being held back, favoritism was being shown, and each resolved to gain the favor or lose his life in the attempt. Stampede turned into panic, and panic into hand-to-hand encounter, in the evolution of which coats were torn, bodies bruised, and scheitels lost. A policeman was summoned to the scene, and his blue coat was strongly in evidence

in that drab sea of gray shawls and dun frock coats.

At noon the crowd broke, but all day long a steady stream of investors poured into Witkowsky's, and drew their petty savings from the bank to turn them into the coffers of the stock company. Sweaters, peddlers, shoemakers, glaziers, impoverished clerks, came forth nervously fingering their certificates and dreaming of the day when they should live in ease and luxury on the invested capital of a dollar or two.

Moses, resplendent in shiny frock coat, stained white vest, frilled gray trousers, glossy silk hat, and metal-handled cane (supplied from the discarded wardrobe of Witkowsky; for the vice president must dress in a style commensurate with his importance), stepped into Rosenzweig's sweatshop briskly, with head erect, with features struggling in vain to suppress a smirk and maintain a dignified balance, jingling three silver dollars loudly, — the salary of vice president, partly drawn in advance. A few minutes later, amid the envious and admiring glances of the poor sweaters, he left with his wife. Her toil was over at last, her rest was to begin; the days of starvation had ceased, and days of luxurious plenty were at hand; but, better than all, events justified her faith in this dreamer of beautiful dreams, for whom she had moiled and slaved and never doubted, even when repeated failure made temptation strong.

The pair stopped in front of the bank whilst Moses read the signs aloud, and his wife ejaculated every expression of astonishment in her vocabulary, and pinched her husband's arm to make sure that this too was not a phantom that had arisen from the misty realm of his illusions. Then they stepped inside.

Witkowsky was nearly bereft of reason, so beside himself that he was unable to figure, so perturbed that he could neither concentrate his thoughts nor marshal his words into coherent sen-

tences. He had done nothing all that long morning but pay bills incurred by the erection of a monstrous perpetual-motion wheel: bills for patent lawyers, bills for model-makers, bills for draughtsmen, bills for machinists, bills for experts, bills for factory rent, and bills for the machinery to make machinery. The world seemed sicklied o'er with one large bill, and he pictured his Satanic Majesty in waiting, with doffed hat, for a receipt. He feared that the money was flowing out of his coffers swifter than it was flowing back into them by way of the stock company, and that a disastrous end to the bank was inevitable. The clerk ran back and forth from his iron cage to assure him to the contrary, even going so far as to count the money in his presence, and to give him ocular proof that the funds available were eight hundred dollars to the good. Nevertheless, Witkowsky worried and fretted and stewed, in a cold sweat lest that point arrive where some poor depositor demand his paltry savings and a blank deficit necessitate a refusal. He shuffled his feet under his desk and murmured, "If the bank goes down, if the bank goes down!" His anxiety only diminished when another placard announced, "No more shares sold to-day. First 100,000 gone." He wished time to compose his thoughts, and find out just where he and the bank and the new company stood.

Moses and his wife sat there stiff and dignified, not understanding the reason for the banker's uneasiness, and not in the least regretting their lack of comprehension in financial matters. Finally Moses, securing three dollars more in advance, left with his wife to invest the wages of dreaming in an alarm clock and a looking-glass, and to purchase on credit a stuffed sofa, and a host of other second-hand and totally unnecessary articles, which he bought because they were cheap, and because his wife thought it wise to seize bargains by the forelock

and to buy furniture for their new home by degrees.

And whilst Moses was throwing his money to the four ends of the Ghetto stocks took another rise; for as soon as the information spread that no more stocks were to be sold that day, and hence not until Monday, the solidity of the new company was established in the minds of the people; shares were so valuable that the directors would not even sell them. From Friday until Monday the first purchasers were offered a small but constantly growing premium on their holdings. Witkowsky's error proved a stroke of wisdom.

V.

It was no longer Moses the Schlemihl, but Moses the Zaddik, the wise man, the inventor, the vice president. His importance changed with his name; he became a greater man in the Ghetto than Simeon Rheinstein, who was alderman in the ward, and who owned a buggy. Simeon himself had requested the honor of driving Moses about in becoming style, which Moses promptly refused as he had received a thousand other invitations, and to accept one were to offend the nine hundred and ninety-nine refused. Yes, everybody had predicted well of Moses; and those few who were honest enough to admit that they had not were quick to slip in a saving and compromising clause.

Men asked his advice on all things which Moses never knew, on matters secular, religious, and on all subjects which wavered between the two. The hearing alone of the questions was a liberal education. All sought secret "tips" on stock. Moses was as well versed in the arcana of finance as a newborn babe; it was all hopelessly intricate to him; and he wisely remarked, "Go to Witkowsky; he's the business man of the company; I'm the invent-

or," — which was the best possible thing he could have said under the circumstances.

Then they plotted to bribe his wife : a stream of callers, voluminous as the number of investors who had fought for entrance to the bank on the day previous, flowed into Moses' squalid room, leaving behind it a variety of presents that ranged all the way from cooked goose to framed lithographs, and from lithographs to prayer books ; and the bare room became as cluttered as a storehouse. Moses sat like a graven image, inscrutable, apparently impassive ; but happy as a lark lifting a dewy wing to the warmth of the rising sun.

On Saturday night, when the wax light was dipped in the wine and the saying of the Haddalah dismissed the Sabbath, he sought Witkowsky, and boldly demanded that the plutocrat rent him the attractive apartment over his bank, which the capitalist had left vacant since his widowhood.

"Don't you want a half interest in my bank too?" sneered the man of money.

"No," retorted Moses, serious as the other had been sarcastic, "there is too much worry connected with banking, otherwise I might."

"But how in the world can you pay me eighteen dollars a month rent? You are mad; you are riding your high horse too quickly, before you have struck the right road."

"My credit is as good as ready cash now," retorted Moses.

"Not with me; I know all you have n't got."

"Very well; I will let the people know that you don't trust your own vice president; that you refused to give me credit for a bagatelle of eighteen dollars. If my credit is damaged, so is that of the Hebrew-American Perpetual Motion Machinery Company, and that of Samuel Witkowsky likewise."

"In the name of God (blessed be He),

Moses, rest satisfied with your old home ; it is plenty good enough."

"No more. A vice president should live in a flat. Then I have not room enough to arrange all the fine presents given me, and the new furniture ; and, moreover, I am having a life-size portrait of myself made, — I always wanted one, — and where shall I put it? On the floor, perhaps?"

The banker protested and cajoled, the dreamer insisted and threatened ; and the former was forced to grant the demand of the latter, in dread lest his declension be trumpeted through the Ghetto, and his credit be dragged into the mire with that of Moses. Witkowsky regretted his share in the bargain more and more every minute ; he had not expected such a series of complications.

That same night discovered the inventor and his wife in the Yiddish theatre, witnessing the performance of *The Apostate*. They were the cynosure, — an attraction greater than the play itself ; all strained their eyes to see what change fortune had wrought in the physiognomy of the Schlemihl. One super, in the midst of the most thrilling situation, cried out aloud to another, "That's Moses, — there!" and the prompter poked his red head out of his cramped box, lifted his candle aloft, and gazed around ; the audience cried, "Speech!" and Moses arose and bowed with a benevolent grin ; and amid the ravings of Mansheffesky, the manager, the curtain went down.

On Sunday evening Witkowsky, vaguely apprehensive that Moses might be engaged in some violently uncommercial transaction, visited the vice president. His fears were realized ; they were more than realized. Moses, careless of magnificent surroundings, was busily engaged over his drawing board, in a recrudescence of his old scheme for utilizing the heat of the sun.

"In the name of God (blessed be He), desist from your wild-cat ventures,

Moses ! Do you wish to ruin us both ? Are you mad ? If people discover that you are going to work over that insane project, they will think both companies are will-o'-the-wisps, dancing about in a lunatic's brain. They will sell their stocks for next to nothing, there will be a slump, and a panic, and " — He mopped his brow and his head with his handkerchief, wiping away the cold sweat. He could feel his bank totter, and he heard the ominous crash of the fall.

"Nothing of the kind," answered Moses, undisturbed ; "they know that I am a wonderful man, who can accomplish anything. They will leave the old company, and rush for the new one. You should see the beautiful prospectus I am writing, — such fine language !"

Witkowsky rubbed his chubby hands, shuffled his feet, stormed, raved, and even swore at the top of his voice ; and at last, by the promise of a new suit and a month's rent free for Moses, and a marble-top table and a dress for his wife, won the dreamer over to a two weeks' postponement of his ideas for promoting the Hebrew-American Sun Heat and Illuminating Power Company.

The financier wondered how he had let himself be inveigled into the chimera of a fool. He prayed the consequences might be light.

VI.

The fall and the day of judgment of the Perpetual Motion Company might have been delayed for a week or two, at least, had it not been for the conduct of Aaron Rosenzweig, the secretary. Moses had demonstrated to the boss sweater how easily the principle of his invention might be applied to the sewing machine, and how expenses would be cut in two by the application ; on the strength of this explanation, Rosenzweig announced that wages would be cut down, five cents the garment. The poor sweaters, already ground to the barest margin of a

meagre subsistence, heard the news with horror. They held a meeting, and they struck. The other bosses followed the example of Rosenzweig, and their laborers emulated his sweaters. By the middle of that week there was not a single sweatshop running in the entire Ghetto.

It was a different crowd that assembled around Witkowsky's now to watch the running of the machine, read the Yiddish signs, and see the fortunate purchasers display their certificates ostentatiously, — a poor, hungry, dissatisfied, angry mob ; shivering with cold, tortured by jealousy, starving for a morsel of food, cursing the invention that was snatching the crumbs from their yawning, aching stomachs.

The bosses remained stubborn, and the sweaters resolved to starve without work, rather than work and receive starvation for wages. The cold weather was at its height, the mercury dropped below the zero point on its downward course ; and freezing was added to the misery of the wretched malcontents. The suffering was superhuman ; action was necessary, and the love of life commanded that it be quick.

At a public session, one of the women suggested that a committee be appointed to wait upon Moses' wife, and request her to intercede in their behalf with her husband about the dreadful machine that threatened to destroy their means of livelihood. What was to be gained by this move no one knew ; but the disease was desperate ; any remedy was worth a trial. Five haggard Polish sweaters, who had worked side by side with Mrs. Berkovitz in Rosenzweig's shop, were appointed to wait upon the vice president's wife.

The prosperity built on the misfortune of her comrades had already become a thorn in the fleshy side of that tender and sensitive woman. She had enjoyed nothing since the inception of the trouble. This too sudden rise boded evil ; it was the false dawn that must pulse away into night thrice gloomy. She

wished herself back into that one bare cheerless room where she had been so discontentedly happy. Fain would she have hid from her five old friends the garish symbols of her newly acquired wealth. When the lean spokesman of the five retailed the pain and the wretchedness they had endured with tremulous voice and moistened eyes, she burst into sobs and cried like a beaten child. It needed no stretch of her dull imagination to put herself in their place, — half of her life had been squeezed into its narrow, racking confines. Their desperate plea fell not on ears of stone.

All that night she lay awake and prodded her slow, inactive intellect, to evolve some thought that would give her the power to wrest those poor slaves of the machine from dolorous want and famine. Her conscience pricked sharper and sharper as the hours dragged their weary length in unending procession, and sleep outtimed its sluggish advance. She prayed deeply and earnestly and longingly for an inspiration that would aid her to aid them; and when the stars shone pale in that murky Ghetto sky, and the morning flushed on the horizon, the inspiration was sent, and her troubled conscience found rest.

"Moses," she said on arising, "I had a dream last night."

"Nu," he remarked, greatly startled, "has the Bal-Cholem visited thee too?" He wished to have a monopoly of dreams; it augured failure when a woman embarked in the business.

"Yes. Thou must take the machine home from the bank, or else evil will happen it. Last night I saw two angels pound it to pieces with heavy hammers in Witkowsky's window!"

Moses grumbled and protested and argued; he had such faith in dreams in general that he durst disregard no dream in particular, — not even his wife's; and he stalked into Witkowsky's office and demanded the model.

Witkowsky struck the sides of his

head with his clenched fist, then he bent his neck and dug his finger tips into his ears; ostrich-like not daring to look ahead or behind, trembling lest Moses have some other fatal desire to communicate.

"The devil stirs inside of your head," he cried, jumping to his feet, after the first minutes of quickened agony. "You will ruin us. I will not consent. People will be suspicious, and stocks will tumble. What do you want with the machine, anyway?"

"I have an improvement in my mind, — my wife dreamed something."

"Must your wife put her finger in this broth too? Is not one fool enough? Make the improvement on paper, and we will put the paper in the window."

Blandly Moses threatened to promote the Sun Illuminating Company, and the banker choosing between two evils, although the choice seemed small enough, let the "madman" depart with his model. He would gladly have disposed of his prospective millions for a song, if he had but the assurance that his bank would stay out of the raging waters into which the Schlemihl was exerting himself to push it.

Again a placard was pasted in the window, proclaiming to all whom it concerned that Moses Berkovitz, inventor, was adding another improvement to the machine. Stocks flurried awhile, and ended by going down a point or two, and Witkowsky's heart fell toward his shoes. They advanced to par again, and he recovered his breath, — sufficient breath to heap that day which had introduced him to Moses with opprobrious names.

VII.

"God of Israel, thou who lovest the poor and the humble and the downtrodden, give me courage to do that which I wish to do. May my action be good, and find favor in thy sight." It was

the fourth time that Moses' wife had fervidly repeated the long prayer of which these few lines are the end. She arose from her bed, and moved through the darkness of the room to the corner where the machine stood.

The fierce light of her inspiration had beaten over a pathway of destruction, pointing to the demolition of the contrivance as the only salvation of the sweat-ers; and for this task had she sought spiritual guidance and assistance. The work of annihilation once completed, ran the feeble logic of her intuition, her husband would be too discouraged to re-assume his labors along the lines of perpetual motion, and the banker would abandon the enterprise in dismay, discouraged by unending obstacles. Moreover, Moses dropped one idea to pick up another with such juvenile elasticity that he might just as well, and just as profitably, employ himself over a discovery the results of which would be less noxious to the under half.

She was tranquil and serene enough; for the nobility of her purpose had armed her with resolution and courage that were in striking disproportion to her usual amount of those qualities; but the moment her hand touched the wheel, calmness retreated before an increasing and conquering wrath. The model took on tremendous proportions to her now excited imagination. She was struggling with a wild beast that had its jaws fastened on the throat, and its sharp claws dug into the shoulders of a defenseless and victimized people. To the rescue then; let no moment be lost in the battle of deliverance! On bended knee, and with strained tendons, she combated the beast with all the fury of a divine despair.

She seized the cutting wires with firm grasp, and tugged and twisted and pulled till her hands bled. She jerked the leads from their place, and threw them on the floor. She hammered with might and main at the rim of the wheel until what was left of it suggested a square

rather than a circle. The avenging fury won swift victory: the beast was dead; the people were wounded, but free. It was a bacchanalia of humanitarianism; she stamped with bare feet on the scattered ruins, screaming aloud in the excitement of her frenzied worship of righteousness triumphant.

Moses awoke with a start, thrown to an upright position in his bed by the shock that vibrated on his high-strung nerves. The noise ceased. He missed his wife, and called to her with the vigor of fright. No answer. He stepped on the floor, and lighting a candle, caught sight of a white-robed figure crouching on the floor over a tangle of bits of iron, wire, wood, and steel.

"What doest thou? Have thy senses left thee?" he cried, springing forward.

The first all-including glance told him that the machine was broken beyond the hope of repair. His body turned to lead from his heart to the soles of his feet; his brain swirled with a multitude of intangible thoughts, formless as wind. He raised a violent hand to smite her. The candle fell from his clasp, emitting the faint blue of an expiring flame; the current of his blood ceased to flow, — he fell fainting to the floor.

The family who occupied the flat above responded to Mrs. Berkovitz's piercing shrieks for aid.

VIII.

The Ghetto is one large family, and before the hovering dawn broke over that bleak wintry day it was known that the machine of Moses had been destroyed. No one stopped to consider that it might be rebuilt any more than had its inventor; but everybody who held one share of stock, or who had a penny in the bank, rushed to Witkovsky's, and stood there shivering in the biting air of the early morn, chilled to the marrow of their poorly nourished

bones by the cold blood that sinking hearts sent through wasted systems.

The eagerness to purchase stock paled to indifference when compared to the frantic efforts to dispose of them; and yet some few clutched those oblong papers as if they had been pure gold, refusing to disbelieve that the plutocratic banker would not refund their money on presentation of the gilt-lettered certificates. The fretting throng murmured and muttered as their endeavors to sell became more and more hopeless, and their holdings sunk to nothing on that open, turbulent market. Imprecations against Witkowsky and Moses grew louder and bolder; and this people, ordinarily so peaceful and meek, threatened violence.

At eight Witkowsky appeared, smiling, suave, outwardly serene; but within him burned the live fires of a consuming dread, kept glowing by the anger he felt for the dreamer and the vengeance he was promising himself to wreak upon him. He pushed his way to the doorstep, and started to deliver his prepared speech; but he was hissed down; a stone, thrown from the back line of the crowd, barely missed his head.

"Open the bank! Open the bank! Open the bank!" yelled the mob with full-throated vehemence; and menacing looks and uplifted hands, holding sticks and stones aloft, showed in a manner not to be mistaken what the punishment of delay would mean.

Witkowsky unlocked the doors, and the mob crushed forward like infuriated cattle, all warring for first place at the clerk's window. Let the devil take the hindmost was the uppermost doctrine of the moment. The run on the bank began in grim earnest; and Witkowsky cowered in the back room, wringing his hands, pressing his head, and shuffling his feet.

When the stockholders were met with a blank refusal for the reimburse-

ment on their shares, the battle and the mutiny began: the brass railing was hurled to the ground, the rioters crushed toward the back room, and Witkowsky fled for his life through the alley door, leaving the clerk and the depleted cash boxes to the mercy of the unsatisfied.

Despair followed in the wake of the devastating storm; and the deluded ones who had put their great faith and their small toil-won savings in the bank and the machine company were weeping and wailing piteously, — asking one another what they should do now that the winter was at its full, and the children would beg for bread and sicken from the cold.

A half hour after the banker's sudden and unpremeditated flight, Moses, still weak from the mental and physical pangs of the night before, walked toward the wrecked bank with measured step to hold a consultation with the financier. He was as jubilant and sanguine as ever; his blood flowed again; and the freighted ship of his dreams moved gracefully on the ebb.

"May your neck grow as thin as my finger and your head large as a bushel basket, and may your head wag up and down until your neck breaks!" raved the old woman who caught sight of Moses first. A volley of horrible curses followed her malediction, — "Thief! Rascal! Swindler! Villain!"

They forgot his age, his white hair, his frail limbs, his defenselessness; and the signal for a general attack was opened by the throwing of a stick straight at his white head. A cloud of frozen mud, stones, refuse, followed — anything that had weight enough to carry and hurt went whistling through the air at the poor old man's body. He dodged as quickly as his stiff limbs would let him; then he started to run, but he staggered to the sidewalk before his awkward movements had gained ten feet. There was an ugly wound in the back of his

head, and scarlet blood poured out on the wooden walk profusely.

The very ones who had been most implacable in their thirst for vengeance, whose missiles had been thrown with the most savage aim, were the most sympathetic and sorrowful now; the old woman who had cursed him so picturesquely wept convulsively, and stanching his blood with her brown shawl, baring her scantily protected shoulders to the nipping air.

IX.

Moses never entirely recovered from the effects of that deep gash, from the brutal attack of the mob, the sudden rupture of his dream, the cruel jerk from the sun-kissed hill of fortune to the depths of failure; and his eccentric brain never resumed its normal function — what was normal for Moses, at least.

You may see him pass through the Ghetto, tossing tin washers from the capacious depths of his worn-out pocket on the sidewalks and the streets, right and left, in an argent shower. They are the silver dollars poured into his

Fortunatus' purse by each revolution of a single perpetual-motion machine.

His insane phantasy is made pathetically real by the kindly connivance of the poor Ghetto folk who believed in the falling of such an unremitting argentine shower in stern truth once; and the more compassionate of them are never too weary to stoop to pick the round tins from the gutter, blessing the donor for his Cæsar-like generosity, that he in turn may have the blissful satisfaction and the joy of smiling benignantly upon them.

His wife has returned to her place in the sweatshop, where she is regarded as a kind of patron saint; for did she not save her famished fellow toilers from the rapacity of the boss and the ravages of her husband's monster of a machine?

Her inflexible fingers move slower and slower as the wisps of hair protrude from her scheitel whiter and whiter; but gentle hands are ever at her beck and call to aid and assist, and many work overtime, far into the night if need be, that the "good soul" may have bread to eat and time wherein to rest.

I. K. Friedman.

THE CRY OF THE YOUNG WOMEN.

GIVE us a little joy, O World,
We are so young and strong,
So fit for love's sweet usages,
For laughter and for song;
O World, our joy is in thy hand,
Withholden long and long.

*Or if youth's rapture be not thine to give,
A little rest, — or leave to cease to live!*

Life called us, not desire for life,
And we obedient came;
Were blindfold set, nor knowing why,
To play Fate's losing game

For foolish stakes, a crust of bread,
Or still retreating fame.

*Daily we play, from dawn to set of sun,
Nightly we cry, Oh that the play were done!*

Each holds a dream within her heart
Of future or of past,
A dream of mother, lover, child,
Too poignant-sweet to last,
A mirage dim in dimming eyes,
We know, — but hold it fast.

*Let outlawed Esau take his mess and roam ;
Give us our birthright, World, — love, peace, and home !*
Helen M. Bullis.

THE INVASION OF JOURNALISM.

THE significance of certain facts as distinguishing marks of a new paper-reading age is generally lost sight of, though the facts themselves may attract attention. In popular comment their possible bearing on the much discussed newspaper problem is often completely ignored. Take, for example, a familiar fact, the passing of old-fashioned sonorous eloquence. Walter Bagehot, with his illuminating acuteness, put it in this way in the essay on Lord Brougham : —

“ We are apt to forget that oratory is an imaginative art. From our habits of business, the name of rhetoric has fallen into disrepute ; our greatest artists strive anxiously to conceal their perfection in it ; they wish their address in statement to be such that the effect seems to be produced by that which is stated, and not by the manner in which it is stated.”

This is true to a word, but it is not exhaustive. Directness being the dominant note of a business age, the newspaper, the reflection of the age, has been a contributory force in displacing rhetoric by directness, perhaps simplicity, of statement. The newspaper directness

has popularized its own peculiar colloquial form of expression and method of treatment far beyond the limits where “ habits of business ” influence and control. Thus it has come about that we have seen the last of “ the eloquent lawyer ” of tradition, and almost the last of his once twin brother, “ the eloquent preacher ; ” that as Senator Depew remarked at a Harvard-Yale debate, “ twenty years of college history have not produced a single famous orator ; ” that on increasingly few commencement platforms does the commencement orator still lag superfluous ; that the formidable word “ oration ” is going out, the usual formula being, where an audience is expected, that “ Mr. So-and-So will make the address ; ” that, in short, as a distinguished professor of literature put it in an informal talk, if Daniel Webster were to rise from his grave to deliver some of his most impressive periods to a modern audience, they would strike not a few in that audience as a case of “ the big bow-wows.” In a final illustration, one has but to cite so-called “ after-dinner oratory,” which in its

salad-like mixture of half-seriousness with "good stories," of applause with laughter, or of vinegar with oil, so closely suggests the sort of intellectual mixture one finds in the most popularly spiced newspaper.

The comparison points the fact that the chief emphasis should be put on its entertaining quality when the modern newspaper is differentiated. Max O'Rell has described the typical American newspaper as a "huge collection of short stories." The late James Gordon Bennett, the father of modern journalism, once broke in somewhat roughly upon a young man who was enlarging, in an old-fashioned way, on the "mission" of the newspaper. Said Mr. Bennett: "Young man, 'to instruct the people,' as you say, is not the mission of journalism. That mission, if journalism has any, is to startle or amuse." So conservative an authority on journalism as the London Spectator not long ago made this similar public confession:—

"Even those of us who feel that 'personal journalism' is carried to absurd lengths are not indifferent to information about people. We prefer (accuracy apart) the 'picturesque' historians to the 'dry' men. We like the gossip of Pepys and Saint-Simon. We like to hear of Milton's light supper of water and olives, of Johnson's toast and unsweetened tea on Good Fridays. The average man only carries that fondness for personal details to a higher power."

The secret of the modern newspaper's universality of appeal lies in its miscellaneousness, which provides almost everybody with something that interests or entertains. Interest in significant news is sometimes solemnly invoked as a basis for "higher journalism," as if there existed among newspaper readers a class of people of superior intelligence who were interested in what is significant news as distinguished from what is sensational or trivial. In point of

fact, there are individuals here and there answering to this description, but they are far too few to be counted as a class for purposes of a newspaper constituency. Even those of us who think we take our news most seriously will be caught — by ourselves if we are honest with ourselves — in turning first, on opening the paper, to some interesting "story," perhaps a curious bicycle adventure, perhaps the capture of a clever burglar (not to say a bit of salient gossip), and in turning second to the news of Washington or Europe. The amusing experiment of a Kansas city paper is an excellent illustration in point. For some weeks it printed on Saturday a résumé of the week's religious news. Noting no voluntary evidence that the experiment had hit those for whom it was purposed, the editor sent his reporters out to interview fifty young men, prominent in Y. M. C. A. and Y. P. S. C. E. circles, that he might discover what they thought of the experiment as a journalistic departure rightwards. Out of the fifty interviewed, forty-four — if memory serves — confessed frankly that they had not read the résumé at all, having found the "sporting news" more interesting.

It is the old case of Thackeray's favorite quotation from Horace, *De te fabula docet*. It is not the things that ought to interest us which oftenest do interest us in the newspaper. We would not go to it half as often as we think we would for light and leading, if the newspaper approximated those higher ideals for which we sigh in vain. Thus it comes about, because the newspaper caters to what most of us really like, and not to what we think we should like, that, reading it constantly and not critically (except at intervals), but as a matter of course, we unconsciously assimilate its point of view, method of treatment, and form of expression. The subtle encroachment of journalism — the "journalization" or "newspapering,"

as Charles Dudley Warner has called it, of our ways of speaking, writing, and even thinking — is one of the most serious of the unchallenged changes of modern American life. For example, without attempting to discuss the philological value of slang in keeping a language fresh and vital, its popular excess is calling out numerous protests as constant as vain, chiefly for what reason? The answer is not doubtful. The newspaper has seized upon slang as peculiarly adapted to the purpose of effective popular expression. Accustomed thus to recognize slang as the most effective way of saying a thing forcibly, of making an impression, we have acquired the habit of dropping into slang as Silas Wegg dropped into poetry. One can find evidence of this, if one is looking for it, where it is to be expected the least, in the lecture on literature. Not a few of our University Extension lecturers make use, on the platform, of an English that is supposedly confined to the degenerate "editorial sanctum." They are so much afraid of being thought conventional and formal, they seek so far afield to find the smart or clever thing to say, they are so well aware that the strong or daring phrase will "stick," that they resort to the same tricks of slang familiar in the newspaper. A personal experience may not be out of place. The subject was John Ruskin, and the lecturer was a Johns Hopkins Ph. D., a poet of acknowledged standing, and a professor of English in a leading university. This student, poet, and professor felt himself under a deep debt to Ruskin for a determining influence at a critical time in his personal development. In simple, natural phrases, whose force all felt, he paid a very appreciative tribute to what Ruskin's influence had meant to him. Then becoming more and more impassioned he fell into the vicious habit he had adopted for effectiveness, and closed with this remarkable exhortation: "Young man, tie up

to 'John'! tie up to 'John'!" This illustration may be extreme, but it does not stand alone.

Another illustration of the unnoted invasion of journalism is to be found in the increasing number of reportorial or journalistic books — so far as style is concerned — which are crowding to the front in the issues of current literature. It is not proposed to raise here the mooted question of literature versus journalism. It suffices for the present purpose to call attention to journalism's literary output, as by the best authority it may be fairly described as literary in certain cases. The names of Richard Harding Davis and Julian Ralph in this country, or of the late George W. Steevens and Andrew Lang (press writer no less than Greek scholar) in England, suggest themselves at once as striking examples.

The growing tendency toward "journalization" involves far more than a matter of colloquialism and style. It concerns as well point of view and method of treatment. This is seen conspicuously in the changed relations of the popular magazine and the newspaper. Once it was the ambition of the newspaper to be rated as high as the magazine. Now it often seems to be the ambition of the magazine to be ranked as a monthly newspaper. Minor indications of this abound. Take for one example a mechanical device. What newspaper men call "sub-heads" — short descriptive headlines placed at regular intervals over sections of a long article to catch the eye and keep the attention — are to be seen more and more frequently in leading magazines. Take for another example the growing habit of using the text to illustrate the illustrations, — a habit which, while not borrowed from newspapers, since magazines were illustrated first, has yet been greatly stimulated by the competition. But to come to things more serious. Literature once quoted with approval the ideal of an early magazine "as set forth in its prospectus," "A Re-

pository for the Occasional Productions of Men of Genius." The ideal, somewhat fantastic, touches grotesque absurdity when contrasted with the standard of the modern magazine, seeking far afield the occasional production — "for this appearance only" — of the unlettered notability or notoriety. It is of course unfair to charge all the changes in "up-to-date" magazine editing to the journalistic tendency. In the evolution of the book, the magazine, and the newspaper under modern conditions of production and distribution a process of delimitation is to be traced, defining more exactly the proper sphere of each. The "gettableness" of the modern book has had as much to do with the differentiation as the universality of the newspaper. "The book will find its own constituency," said Mr. Henry M. Alden, author of *God in His World*, in discussing the displacement of a certain class of magazine articles by the book. In illustration Mr. Alden instanced the fact that a noticeably large proportion of the first purchasers of *God in His World* hailed from "beyond the Rockies," although the book was published in New York. To-day's extended market for books, practically coextensive with the mails, and the great increase of libraries and library facilities, the traveling library in some sections reaching the smallest village within the radius of the city, have made book readers out of thousands who in the past were of necessity magazine readers. What is more properly of permanent than of contemporaneous interest thus naturally finds in the book a first form of publication, the call for an earlier magazine publication no longer existing. The magazine has also, in the process of delimitation, surrendered to the newspaper certain classes of articles which in the development of the newspaper fall to it naturally, for example, the article simply descriptive, the old "travel" article, so familiar in magazine pages twenty-five years ago.

But while triteness and universality of travel have contributed to making the travel article hardly worth while for the magazine, it remains that many interesting things of the sort may still be found to write, only the natural place in which to print them is the newspaper. There they still appear, reaching a newspaper, instead of a magazine, constituency. Not to particularize further, but to venture a generalization, one may say that it is the office of the magazine to interpret the significance of life as it is being lived, after it is mirrored, *en passant*, in the press, but before its perpetuation in the book.

This attempt to define the natural spheres of the magazine and the newspaper is interesting not only for what it explains in the changes which have taken place in both, but even more for what it ought to explain and does not, — that is, the successive encroachment of the magazine and newspaper each upon the other's sphere. These encroachments began about twenty-five years ago with the Sunday editions of the more conservative newspapers, which justified themselves under the charge of Sabbath-breaking by "pointing with pride" to a literary excellence equal to that of the magazine. The argument was: Would you deprive the people, on a day of leisure for reading, of such excellent literature to be obtained for so small a price? That argument has to-day only an academic interest, but is still worth noting for two reasons: that it was justified in large measure by the facts; and that the departure called out futile protests from newspaper men themselves, on the ground that it was bad journalism to go outside the newspaper's legitimate sphere. The best Sunday newspaper of that time was in many respects a first-class magazine. Its literary articles, often signed by men of letters of acknowledged authority, its European correspondence dealing with matters of significance, its cable letters of comment (not gossip) by

trained observers, among whom Mr. George W. Smalley set the standard, and its other generally attractive features, went far to justify the claims of its promoters. In this connection it is interesting to note that the recent attempt to introduce similar Sunday journalism in London failed, despite a like appeal on the literary side. A strong journalistic protest against this departure, although probably made without the Sunday newspaper specially in mind, is to be found in Mr. Whitelaw Reid's address on Newspaper Tendencies, delivered in 1879 before the editorial associations of New York and Ohio. In that address Mr. Reid said : —

"I do not believe that the daily newspaper of 1890 will give many more pages than that of 1880. Book-making is not journalism. Even magazine-making is not journalism. The business of a daily newspaper is to print the news of the day in such compass that the average reader may fairly expect to master it during the day without interfering with his regular business. When it passes beyond these limits it ceases to be a newspaper; and it ceases to command the wide support which is essential to its success. . . . The great revolution in newspapers is not, therefore, to be in doubling their size, in doubling the quantity of matter they give, or in doubling the multitude of subjects they already treat."

Almost from the time that Mr. Reid entered this futile protest dates the beginning of the policy of magazine reprisals upon the sphere of the newspaper. For in 1878 the late Allen Thorndike Rice became the owner of the *North American Review*, and applied to it those methods of journalistic editing which have contributed so much toward changing the character of the periodical press. Two innovations in particular will catch the eye of the future historian, — the resort to a prominent name, regardless of any literary reputation attaching to the name, the device being often

worked out in the form of a symposium or debate, and being often no more than an adaptation of the newspaper interview; and resort to what Mr. Howells has called the article "contemporanic," which in newspaper parlance is known as the "timely" article, the subject being one that attracts to-day as it did not yesterday and will not to-morrow, having been chosen for its immediate contemporaneous interest and not for any intrinsic value. Out of an embarrassing riches of illustration, perhaps no more amusing case is offered of resort to a name than the *North American Review* debate on the truth of Christianity, in which the late Jeremiah S. Black of Pennsylvania was chosen to answer the late Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll. Judge Black will be recalled as the able lawyer who was President Buchanan's Attorney General; but his claim to be counted an authority on theology must rest on his selection for this brief only. The innovation of resort to a name is obviously open to the possibility that one person contributes the name and quite another the article. Whether this familiar device of the schoolboy composition writer and the "orator" in Congress has ever found a place in magazine editing must in the nature of the case remain a secret of the "sanctum," being one of those things, as Lord Dundreary used to say, that "no fellah can ever find out."

Passing from resort to the name to resort to the contemporanic article, we all remember the overwhelming invasion of our magazines by the Spanish war, an invasion which more than held its own long after it seemed that popular interest in it must have died of surfeit, if of nothing else. Mr. Howells has described this invasion in his characteristic way. Writing in *Literature* (issue of May 16, 1899), he observes that "the spirit of war seems to have obsessed our periodical literature, and there seems at present no hope of release from it. The hostilities began just one year ago. In two

months they subsided, and peace was practically made between the nations. And still, in this month of May, troops of horrors of all shapes and sizes are writing themselves up, or are being written up, with tireless activity in the magazines. I have had the curiosity to look over the periodicals for the month to the number of eighteen or twenty, and I have found only four or five which apparently made no mention of the war; but no doubt, if I had looked more carefully, I should have found some shade of battle in these. In thirteen issues an inexhaustive search developed thirty-three papers relating to the recent hostilities, of a variety ranging from sober history and criticism, through the personal narratives of the combatants, high and low, down to the biographies of witnesses of the fighting." A magazine editor with a sense of humor in those days must have often indulged a quiet smile at himself over the absurdity of so hopeless a stern chase.

On looking at this journalistic invasion broadly, and taking as an index of its extent the popular high-class magazine, one finds one's surface impressions confirmed. This is true not only of a time when some subject of special interest, like the Spanish war, centres general attention, but also of an average time, when there is on the editor no special pressure of temptation to choose journalistic articles to the exclusion of others. The writer has made a somewhat careful examination of the changes of twenty-five years in the character of the articles printed by two representative magazines. The volume of Harper's Magazine for 1872 was compared with the volume for 1897, both being years fairly free from special "journalistic" interests. The principal articles in the two volumes were classified, and the per cents of change were worked out (the curious can find the figures in the Journal of the American Science Association for 1899).

A like comparison was made of the volume of Scribner's Magazine for 1872 with the volumes of Scribner's and the Century for 1897, — as both, in a sense, represent descent from the first Scribner's. In a general way, the results of the comparison were curiously similar in the three cases. These results justify the general statement that the representative popular magazine of to-day as compared with the representative popular magazine of twenty-five years ago is marked by the disappearance of the old-fashioned travel article, — as Mr. Alden pointed out, — by a noticeable gain in the number of short stories, and by a gain of about ten per cent in the number of journalistic or contemporanic articles. The proportion of scientific, literary, and artistic articles to the whole number of articles may be called a constant, — that is, the proportion was found about the same in 1872 as in 1897.

The significance of the journalistic invasion of the magazine, taken as an index, does not lie so much in its present actual extent as in the extent of a near future to which it points. No receding wave from some contemporanic subject of dominating interest goes back to the starting point; while the next wave, rising out of a fresh contemporanic impulse, carries the invasion to a new mark of permanency. The newspaper is the expression of the mood of the age. Its sensationalism is an incident; while its subtle substitution of standards and points of view denotes a radical departure. The newspaper may perhaps represent an inevitable tendency, opposition to which is merely a case of what Gladstone called "fighting against the future." Even so, nothing is gained by putting the emphasis in the wrong place. To lay exclusive stress on the demoralization of what is sensational is to overlook a more serious condition, the quiet journalistic invasion of so much of the intercourse and thinking of life.

Arthur Reed Kimball.

DR. FURNESS'S VARIORUM EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE.

AFTER the regular lapses of time, The Winter's Tale and Much Ado About Nothing have appeared in Dr. Furness's New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare,¹ exhibiting the same correctness and elegance of workmanship that have characterized their predecessors. These volumes are, respectively, the eleventh and twelfth of the series, which now includes eleven plays, — to wit, Romeo and Juliet, Macbeth, Hamlet (occupying two whole books), King Lear, Othello, The Merchant of Venice, As You Like It, The Tempest, A Midsummer Night's Dream, and the dramas which are the subject of this review. The touching legend "In Memoriam" is set upon the portals, as for many years it has been set, and there are no other words of dedication. At the close of the Preface to Much Ado About Nothing, Dr. Furness, in a gracefully humorous phrase, thanks his sister, Mrs. Annis Lee Wister, for translating the extracts from German critics, and thus reminds the public — though there was no such stuff in his thoughts — to congratulate itself that all of his father's stock were born to the Shakespearean royal purple.

A careful perusal of these last two volumes again permits — or rather, compels — the strong word of admiration, appreciation, gratitude, to be uttered. To that large portion of the world of readers for whom Shakespeare is only the name of a dead classic; to the smaller, yet very numerous portion of that world for whom he is one of many authors, to be read, seen, and enjoyed like the rest, Dr. Furness's work makes no special appeal. But to the earnest students of the Master Poet, to the sincere amateurs, professional and lay, of the incomparable dramas, the great American editor

is safe guide, wise counselor, intimate friend, and, in a high sense of the words of attribution, interpreter and illuminator. The reward of such work as that which has produced these books must be chiefly in the workman's own delight, — in the *gaudium certaminis* which has sustained him during his extreme toil, and, after its surcease, has comforted him with the splendor of the achievement; but not the less — perhaps all the more — are they who reap the harvest of such travail bound to pay their tribute to the man who has wrought for their joy and edification.

The labor involved in sorting and collecting the various texts — because of which the edition assumes in its title the genitive plural Variorum — is herculean in its severity, and in its minute delicacy is like that of the artist who reconstructed the Portland Vase out of the myriad fragments to which a madman had reduced it. When a half dozen variants upon a difficult passage are presented, — every difference, even in spelling and punctuation, to be plainly indicated, — the task, which would be hopeless for most of us, must sometimes seem, even to experienced fingers, like working in grains of dry sand. The eyesight of the editor needs to be of the quality of a lynx's and of the quantity of an Argus's. In handling Much Ado About Nothing, for example, the editor reproduces, as the body of the play, the print of the First Folio in every particular: he repeats the blunders of the original compositors, even when a single Italic type has erred in among its Roman relatives, or a workman, mind-weary perhaps at the close of the day, has twice gone wrong on a terminal and transsexed Leonato into Leonata. Below this chief text are lucidly exhibited and contrasted all the differ-

¹ Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Company.

ent readings, not only those which are found in the other three Folios, and in the famous Quarto of the comedy, that was published in Shakespeare's lifetime and used as the basis of the First Folio, but all, conjectural or other, derived from every important edition printed from that day to this, — from Rowe in 1709 to W. A. Wright in the Cambridge series of 1891, — without the elimination, even, of all the demonstrated *bêtises* of Collier's notorious manuscript.

In what will be regarded by most students as the more important matter of notes, the editor is required to clear up every difficulty in the understanding of the text, either by excerpts from approved commentators or by elucidations of his own; being careful, also, not to miss any of the signally grotesque or inane reflections in which famous critics, such as Bishop Warburton and Dr. Johnson, occasionally indulged. No allusion to manners and customs, local, provincial, or national, is to be missed, in the interest of the student of history or archæology; the utmost erudition is to be used in the discussion of the forms of words and phrases, of whatsoever may throw light either upon the language of the time of Elizabeth and James I., or upon Shakespeare's methods in the handling of our tongue, or, in general, upon the linguistic history of the English people as it is illustrated by the Shakespearean dialogue. At proper intervals the notes are to be enlivened with intuitive observations upon situations and speeches which demonstrate the nature of the *dramatis personarum*; and obscurities in this kind are to be explained away, if possible. In short, the light of the editor's lanthorn is to shed its ray upon every dark nook and corner of the text; his hand is to be always ready to guide the footsteps of the reader, be the said reader "general" or be he very particular. And when some passage is reached the form or sense of which has been much in controversy, all the opinions of

the chief critics must be cited, and the editor is expected to present his own verdict either by the confirmation of a predecessor or by the pronouncing of an original judgment. Finally, within the last quarter or third of the volume are to be included separate chapters upon the text, the date of composition of the play, the duration of the action, and the scenery and costumes appropriate to or formerly used in performance; also, reprints of the original romances from which the plot was derived, of important "versions" through which Shakespeare has been misrepresented, of criticisms — English, German, and French — upon the literary and dramatic features of the drama, and of notices of the impersonations of leading parts by distinguished actors, past and contemporaneous.

In fulfilling these severe duties, Dr. Furness, here twice again, redemonstrates his extraordinary ability, and reconfirms our country in her honorable satisfaction with possessing the greatest living Shakespearean. An emphasis which Dr. Furness would appreciate must be laid upon the adjective "living." It can rarely be right to dogmatize on the comparative powers of late and early critics in the realm of the Shakespeare literature. It is the toil of the pioneer which is almost always the hardest; the share of obligation due to the pioneer from his successor can seldom be determined. Yet it would not be extravagant for an American to guess — packing into the good old verb all its Chaucerian meatiness — that if our editor had flourished with all his native mental equipment in the middle of the eighteenth century, he would have anticipated Theobald in inspired conjectural emendations of blundered texts, and Cappel in shrewd unravelings of tangled phrases. At the close of the nineteenth century Dr. Furness gives to the world the word which will for a long time be the last, as to the form and substance of the plays, enriching his gift with the pro-

ducts of tireless industry, abundant learning, delicate taste, acute intuition, sound judgment, and, best of all, of a full and fervid sympathy with the Dramatist. Moreover, our editor often shows, in dealing with the text of Shakespeare, that clairvoyance which seems to be a separate, unanalyzable power of the spirit, a gift like that of divination. Great lawyers sometimes display a similar gift when, in the midst of a hopeless labyrinth of details, they suddenly see the clue of plain direction; great physicians exhibit a like faculty when, out of a maze of ambiguous symptoms, their minds rush to a sure diagnosis. Over and over again in these volumes Dr. Furness, with a dozen pen strokes, quietly overthrows some old accepted blunder, and substitutes an explanation of his own which carries complete conviction. On the other hand, when, as occasionally happens, he finds a passage hopeless, he is neither afraid nor ashamed to say so, and to leave the student wandering in a bog, with eyes confused by twenty will-o'-the-wisp lights from the pens of as many commentators. The readers of *The Atlantic* scarcely need to be reminded of Dr. Furness's quaint humor, which not only coöperates charmingly with his fine faculty in the discussion of nice points of taste, but often serves as a watering cart when the editor is involved in the dust of textual and verbal criticism.

The Preface to *The Winter's Tale* abounds in interesting matter. Very valuable is the comment upon the careful typing of the play in the First Folio, the frequent use of "the suggestive apostrophe" to indicate the absorption of sounds in pronunciation, and the help which the recent discovery of misprints dependent upon that "absorption" has been in clearing up obscure texts. It seems almost certain that compositors in Shakespeare's day set up types solely by ear from sentences which were read aloud to them, and that, when two similar sounds came together at the end of

one word and the beginning of the next, one of the two would often be lost to the ear of the artisan. The few additions in the Second Folio to the text of the First Folio are noted as invariably the result of attempts to improve the rhythm, some of them being so deliberate and authoritative as to have led Tieck to surmise that Milton edited the Second Folio.

Of course our old geographic boggy, the coast of Bohemia, looms up again here. It was a subject of joke for generations, Ben Jonson perpetrating the first recorded sneer at Shakespeare because of it, in a conversation with Drummond of Hawthornden, in 1619. But neither rare Ben nor any other critic for more than a century noted the fact that Shakespeare borrowed this detail, as he borrowed the substance of his plot, from the *Dorastus and Fawnia* of Robert Greene, who, with all his glaring faults, was accounted a learned man, and subscribed himself "Maister of Arts." And after all the attacks upon the Dramatist and all the ingenious apologies for the passage, it now appears — the suggestion having been made first in a "little obscure corner of *The Monthly Magazine*, in 1811" — that Greene knew what he was writing about. At all events, there is much reason to believe, though some of the modern textbooks on Bohemia seem to be written for the purpose of concealing the truth, that about 1270 A. D., Ottakar II., as king of the country, claimed to hold all, except the Tyrol, of what is now Western Austria, including Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola, the last of these districts reaching down to the Adriatic at the point where the town of Fiume is placed.

The reviewer is inclined to charge Dr. Furness with an excess of good nature when, in his Preface, he deprecates harsh criticism upon Garrick for a tasteless adaptation of *The Winter's Tale*, and upon other stage managers for the production of like enormities. The citing of Dr. Johnson's monstrous assertion

that there was nothing in Shakespeare equal to certain lines in Congreve's *Mourning Bride* does not help the deprecation. Let every critic and every age be sharply brought to book for stupidities and vulgarities, by the application, as far as possible, of absolute standards of taste! That is the best course to be pursued, and is open to no worthy objection, except when made the means of fostering self-conceit in the generation which comments upon its predecessors. Nor will it do to assume that Garrick or any other manager had or has an infallible knowledge, through the "pocket nerve," of the temper of the public. The vanity of managers and adapters and their desire for self-display constantly mislead them and confuse their judgments in such matters. For forty years the Viscount of Lansdowne's inane version of *The Merchant of Venice* possessed the stage. Who doubts that there was a public waiting for the glorious original long before Macklin restored it to the stage, with himself as "the Jew, that Shakespeare drew"?

In the Preface, and afterward in the Appendix, when "the date of composition" is considered, Dr. Furness, with much good nature and stringent self-control, tries, as in earlier volumes he has tried, to conceal his contempt for what he regards as a mere exercise of ingenuity, and with dry faithfulness catalogues the opinions of a score of leading critics. His mental attitude in the matter probably accounts for what many will regard as an important omission. Doubtless a majority of the attempts to affect the text of Shakespeare with historical references have been fantastic and misleading. But inasmuch as an almost unanimous consensus of the commentators makes the date of the production of *The Winter's Tale* 1611, it seems necessary to note that the splendid words of Camillo (Act I. Sc. ii.), in which he refuses to assassinate the King of Bohemia,

"If I could find example
Of thousand's that had struck anointed Kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: But since
Nor Brasse, nor Stone, nor Parchment beares
not one,
Let Villanie it selfe forswear 't,"

may not improbably have been uttered within a few months after the assassination, May 14, 1610, of King Henry of Navarre, by Ravallae, and the horrible death of the murderer a fortnight later. If this assumption be reasonable, it follows that Shakespeare's audience, at least, would have found in the lines a stirring reminder of an event by which England had been deeply moved.

Among Shakespeare's plays *The Winter's Tale* stands first in the number of very obscure passages. The poet's style is more abrupt and elliptical in this drama than it is even in *Macbeth* or *Antony and Cleopatra*, and the display of his power of condensation surpasses that of any other writer who has used our tongue. Dr. Furness has commented upon the extraordinary solution of Leontes' passion in his language. Much of the difficulty of his text springs from his maniacal rage, which at its highest points sometimes chokes, sometimes breaks, sometimes furiously propels his speech. Here Leontes tries to say three things at once; anon his words come with separated gasps and spasms. The effect of these different mental conditions appears even in the rhythm of some of the king's diatribes, as Dr. Furness shows in interesting footnotes. Leontes' fury utters itself in drawling, snarling sneers, and Shakespeare makes one syllable do for two syllables in the blank verse; again, the king's passion runs with breakneck speed, and words of six syllables are reduced to four. The poet's opinion as to his right to subordinate language to the needs of emotion underwent an amazing change between 1594 and 1611. After printing three pages of opinions, Dr. Furness practically gives up, as im-

possible of clear solution, the famous passage (Act I. Sc. ii.) beginning,

"Affection thy intention stabs the Center."

Another noted crux of critics — the speech of Polixenes just before his flight (Act I. Sc. ii.) which begins,

"Good Expedition be my friend, and comfort
The Gracious Queene" —

does not embarrass Dr. Furness; but his exposition much embarrasses the reviewer. The editor's paraphrase of the lines is, "May my hasty departure prove my best course and bring what comfort it may to the gracious queen, whose name cannot but be linked with mine in the king's thoughts, but who is not yet the fatal object of his ill-founded suspicion." Leontes has charged Polixenes and Hermione with adultery. Camillo's phrase, "touched his Queen forbiddenly," can have no other supposable meaning. And inasmuch as it takes two persons to commit the crime, it is hard to conceive how the "ill-founded suspicion" even of a semi-lunatic could fall upon one without squarely hitting the other.

The rule, however, to which there are but few exceptions, is, as has been said, that Dr. Furness's word is conclusive in all questions of poise and difficulty. Some brief examples may be cited. In Act I. Sc. ii. Polixenes says that he and Leontes were in their youthful innocence "as twyn'd lambs that did frisk i' the Sun," and that if they had always lived as then they lived, they could have pleaded boldly "not guilty" to Heaven,

"the Imposition clear'd
Hereditarie ours."

Theobald's accepted interpretation of the last lines was, "Setting aside original sin, we might have boldly protested our innocence to Heaven." Dr. Furness says, No; the meaning is that the boys were so innocent that they were cleared even of hereditary sin. It is plain, on a moment's reflection, that our

editor is right. His use of "cleared" is precise, even to the point of theology; Theobald's paraphrase of "cleared" by "excepted" is absolutely un-English. Again, it is pleasant to note Dr. Furness's delicate appreciation of the verb, when Polixenes says he sees that his favor with Leontes begins to "warpe." Dr. Schmidt has employed the passage as an authority for a definition of "warp," which the Century Dictionary has followed, namely, "to change for the worse." The American editor says that "warp" means "to be shrunken or distorted by the coldness of Leontes," and citing, "Though thou the waters warp," from *As You Like It*, has made out a perfect case via the freezing, "bitter sky" of the song. Once again, when the boy Mamillius, speaking into his mother's ear, says he will tell her his little story "softly; yond crickets shall not hear it," the "yond," as Dr. Furness shrewdly observes, fastens the reference to the "tittering and chirping of the ladies in waiting." The child is indeed precocious; but this expression of irritation, it may be added, is peculiarly boyish, not girlish.

The mention of Mamillius recalls an excerpt from Swinburne, printed in the notes, in which that eccentric poet discusses the dear little fellow in a strain of touching eloquence. Finally, Mr. Swinburne is so carried away by his theme that, emphasizing the pathos of the boy's death, he proceeds even to asperse Hermione as "the mother who would seem to have forgotten the little brave sweet spirit" that died for love of her. When one is handling Shakespeare, it is well to have the text under one's nose as well as hypothetically before the eyes of one's mind. Just fifty lines earlier, the queen's moan had gone up in the court of justice (Act III. Sc. ii.): —

"My second Joy
And first fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barred like one infectious."

And, apropos of the danger of inexact quotation, it may be mentioned, quite out of connection with the last theme, that no American editor, not even Dr. Furness, seems to have observed that in Greene's romance the King of Bohemia, not of Sicilia, was said to have married the daughter of a Czar. It was quite characteristic of Shakespeare to preserve this detail, but to transfer it for high dramatic purposes to Hermione, who, at the darkest moment of her trial, cries out (Act III. Sc. ii.):—

"The Emperor of Russia was my father.
Oh that he were alivè and here beholding
His Daughter's Tryall; that he did but see
The flatnesse of my miserie; yet with eyes
Of Pitty, not Revenge."

An exceedingly interesting trio of lines (Act IV. Sc. iii.) in a speech of the delicious Autolycus—who deserved to be brought as near to Ulysses as to be named for that much-contriving gentleman's tricky, prevaricating maternal grandfather—requires particular mention here. In his opening soliloquy, wherein the fine rogue is autobiographic, occurs the passage upon which Coleridge made his celebrated stricture. "My revenue," says Autolycus, "is the silly cheat;" that is, thieving or picking pockets. "Gallows and knock," he goes on, "are too powerful on the highway. Beating and hanging are terrors to me. For the life to come I sleep out the thought of it." This last touch Coleridge declared to be a "note out of tune," "too Macbeth-like in the 'snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.'" Coleridge has been attacked and defended. Dr. Furness says that Coleridge would be right if the received interpretation of the passage were not quite wrong. "The life to come," according to our editor, means the near future on earth: "Autolycus will have no terrors of the gallows hanging over him," and the question where his next day's food and lodging are to come from shall be forgotten in sleep. It appears to the re-

viewer that Shakespeare was right, and not Coleridge; Shakespeare right again, and not Dr. Furness, who misinterprets him. It seems to have escaped the attention of all the critics that Autolycus *must* have lived in constant apprehension of the gallows. The picking of pockets, or "larceny from the person," whenever the sum stolen exceeded twelve pence, was made a capital crime "without benefit of clergy" in the eighth year of Elizabeth, and continued to be such until the forty-eighth year of George III., the penalty being constantly and publicly exacted. Neither Shakespeare nor the rudest yokel in his audience could have been ignorant that every professional pickpocket dwelt under the shade of the gallows-tree. There is no difficulty with what precedes, if the "and" be made emphatic; and with such an emphasis the passage will become very piquant. Autolycus was confessedly "no fighter;" a coward, indeed, and, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, "religious in it." "Beating *and* hanging," he says, "are terrors to me;" I do not care to chance "gallows *and* knock" on the highway. In other words: "I prefer not to attempt highway robbery, in which I run the risk not only of the gallows, but of being soundly thrashed by a stout traveler. In practicing the gentle art of larceny from the person, I run only one of these risks." If this explanation is correct, "the life to come" means what Coleridge and everybody else supposed it to mean, yet the psychic logic of the passage cannot be resisted: "I shall take care to keep a whole skin in the pursuit of my trade, though the gallows I must daily chance, and death by the noose is always near me; as for 'the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.'" Even a vagabond with a spirit as gay as that of Autolycus is not "Macbeth-like" if, with death ever staring him in the face, he deliberately schemes to suppress the thought of eternity.

In passing from *The Winter's Tale* to *Much Ado About Nothing* the reader will find himself strongly reimpresed by Shakespeare's marvelous variety, a sense of which is brought home to him through the sharp contrasts between the two dramas. They are both comedies: but the atmosphere of one is thick with thunderclouds and torn with lightning during more than a half of the progress of the action; the sky of the other is pure azure, checkered with light clouds, except for a single sudden tornado, of whose harmlessness the reader is comfortably assured in advance. The solemnity of *The Winter's Tale* is unbroken, save by the gayety of Autolycus and a quarter of an hour of the shearing feast; *Much Ado About Nothing* takes its tone from Beatrice, and, when it has "dreamt of unhappiness," wakes itself "with laughing." The poetic elevation of the older play seldom sustains a cadence; but the mirth of the merry drama — as near superficiality as Shakespeare permits any of his work to be, after he has passed from his first youth — is expressed in a dialogue more than three quarters of which is in prose, so that the proportion of verse to prose is smaller than is discoverable in any other of Shakespeare's comedies except *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Upon two much-mooted questions, mentioned in the Preface to *Much Ado About Nothing*, Dr. Furness does not express a decided opinion. Whether the play is that referred to by Meres, in his often-quoted enumeration, in 1598, of Shakespeare's dramas, as *Love's Labours Won*, has been greatly debated; and though the difficulty about dates is very serious, Brae's argument for the affirmative has some strength, especially because of the suggestion that the phrase "*Love's Labour*" would be likely to be used in Shakespeare's age in a mythologic sense, *Love* meaning *Cupid*. But the general verdict of critics has identified *All's Well That Ends Well* as the

missing work; Hunter thought he had found it in *The Tempest*; and Craik and Hertzberg urge the claims of *The Taming of the Shrew*. "It is all guess-work, from which the guessers alone retire with intellectual benefit," is our editor's last word on the point. As to Richard Grant White's contention that the "Nothing" of the title was pronounced indifferently "noting" or "nothing," and that the resulting pun was of prime significance because the comedy abounds in "notings" of sundry things by divers personages, Dr. Furness neither affirms nor denies, but, inclining on the whole against Mr. White's judgment, assigns a moderate value to his orthoepic investigations.

Our editor favors the opinion that the comedy was built upon the substructure of an old lost play, of which there is a seemingly important trace in the appearance, with Leontes, of "Innogen his wife," in the list of characters who enter at the opening of the first scene, no line of dialogue being ever assigned to her. This hypothetic old play may have had the name "*Benedicte and Betteris*," or, perhaps, the quoted words may have been used at one time as a second or subtitle of *Much Ado About Nothing*. Also, in some of Beatrice's speeches, wherein reference is made to former passages between her and Benedick, Dr. Furness thinks he sees possible fragments of the same old play.

Shakespeareans who are taken to task by their friends for supersentiment as to the poet himself may draw no little comfort from two succulent paragraphs of the Preface. In one of these, the editor, by logic of elimination and negation, arrives at the happy result that Shakespeare's "life was so gentle and clear in the sight of Heaven that no record of it has come down to us;" in the other, he says that the poet could not have been guilty of any unrighteous sale of his plays for publication, because "not thus dishonestly would the sturdy Eng-

lish soul of Shakespeare act." An Amen to that strong declaration will not stick in the throat of any honest lover of the poet.

Dr. Furness accepts the spelling "Shakespeare," for the simple reason that it was "adopted by the poet himself, and so printed by his fellow townsman, Richard Field, in both *Venus and Adonis* and in *Lucrece*;" and, after noting that the reading of the old chirography is quite uncertain, reduces to powder one of the silly argumentlets of "the Baconians," founded upon the crabbed script of the Shakespeare signatures, with the remark that the most difficult writing to decipher is the "Court-hand or Chancery-hand, which Shakespeare used when he subscribed to his will and to the Blackfriars deed, and in which like other laymen he was but little skilled."

The reviewer takes exception to that half page of the Preface in which Dr. Furness groups together "the absurdities" of *As You Like It*, for the purpose of asserting that, "in spite of them, the play has full power to charm." Of course the proposition contained in the last seven words is not controverted. But the collocation of the alleged blunders of *As You Like It* seems not to have been made with the editor's usual perfect felicity. These are the points: that two characters bear the same name, — Jaques; "that in one scene Celia is taller than Rosalind, and in another Rosalind is taller than Celia;" "that, though Touchstone has been about the old court all his days, neither Jaques nor the exiled Duke knows about him;" and that the instantaneous conversion of such a violent tyrant as the usurping Frederick by "an old religious man" is preposterous. These "blunders" seem to the reviewer either insignificant or no blunders at all. The double use of Jaques is of no consequence, especially in the early editions, which denominate Jaques de Bois "Second Bro-

ther," when he makes his one appearance. Rosalind is twice said to be above Celia in stature, and the comparative "taller," applied to Celia by Le Beau in Act I. Sc. ii., is, by an almost perfect consensus of the commentators, recognized either as a mere pen-slip, or, more probably, a misprint. What more likely than that a compositor, setting up his type by ear, as Dr. Furness has convinced us was the mode, should have misheard "smaller" and substituted "taller"? As to Touchstone, the dramatist has indicated, with clearness sufficient for the play, that the Clown's service had been wholly with the usurper, Frederick, and *not* in the "old court" of the elder Duke. Touchstone's word about a certain courtier (Act I. Sc. ii.), — "one that old Frederick your father loves;" the speech of the Second Lord (Act II. Sc. ii.), directed to Duke Frederick, describing the jester as "the roynish Clown at whom your grace was wont to laugh;" and Celia's remark (Act I. Sc. iii.) about the devotion of the Fool, who would "go along o'er the wide world with" her, with no inclusion of Rosalind, are small scraps of testimony, yet serve well enough for an acquittal of Shakespeare, especially as there is no evidence to the contrary. But, surely, these trifling details ought not to be classed with Frederick's change of heart and purpose, through which everything is brought out to be "*As You Like It*." The conversion of the usurper, like the conversion of the cruel Oliver, is exactly in line with that great scheme of poetical romance in which Shakespeare here and elsewhere deliberately disregards time as an element affecting motive.

Among the thousand and one matters of interest which appear in Dr. Furness's Preface and Notes it is bewilderingly embarrassing to select such as best deserve comment. On two important points in the development of our language the plays give frequent and valid testimony. The English tongue has lost something both in precision and power

by discarding particles and forms of declension; it has gained much in precision by determining with accuracy the shades of meaning of words once used indifferently as synonyms, and in assigning definite values to the terminals of adjectives. It seems, for example, nearly certain that in the old grammar the comparative of "much" was "more," and the comparative of "many" "mo;" that "yea" and "nay" were answers to questions framed in the affirmative, and "yes" and "no" to questions framed in the negative. In practically banishing "thou," "thy," and "thee" from our speech we have eliminated an element of force and beauty, which the Germans still possess. On the other hand, many an Elizabethan word had a vast variety of meanings, the distinguishing of which by context must have kept the hearer on a constant strain. What tricks, for one instance among hundreds, Shakespeare plays, or seems to us to play, with the great noun "affection"! As for the adjective terminals, -ive, -ible, -able, -ous, and -less, the Elizabethans knew, and apparently wished to know, no law; "contemptuous" appears, in 2 Henry VI., as a synonym for our contemptible; and next week's audiences in our theatres will ignorantly laugh when they hear Don Pedro charge Benedick with having a "contemptible" spirit, though the Prince means contemptuous.

In the discussion of the stories of Benedick and Beatrice and of Claudio and Hero, and in the analysis of their natures, the critics have contradicted one another with striking flatness, and have often made spectacles of themselves by their vehemence of partisanship, their passionateness of conviction, and their sentimentalism. With the tip of his magic staff Shakespeare touched clay and turned it into men and women; with the butt of the staff he sometimes touches the critics and fills them with fantastic upside-down opinions of those men and women. "Poor Claudio,"

a gentle-mannered, rather silent, somewhat unsophisticated, brave young soldier, — whom Shakespeare has used as a chief implement of the brutal but not surprising mediævalism of the scene of the denunciation and rejection of Hero, — has been treated by Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke and Lady Martin as if he were a low-lived knave. Indeed, Mr. Clarke calls him "a scoundrel in grain," the particular text out of which that attribution grows being the meek and stammering question, "Hath Leonato any son, my Lord?" with which Claudio opens a dialogue, in order to lead up to the subject of his desire to marry Hero! That is the sneaking inquiry of a base fortune-hunter, say Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Clarke. To which, saving their reverences, Pooh! is the only reply. Lady Martin discovers at the very close of the play that Benedick is "cold and reserved" to Claudio in order to testify that his "disapproval" of Claudio still abides. Once again, and with all possible gentleness to a gentle lady, Pooh! Benedick's "disapproval" of his friend — to whose "bent of honor" he had testified at the height of the climax of pain — was never anything but an echo of Beatrice; and there is no place for any such coldness and reserve in a scene which concludes in a tempest of gayety and with the frivolity of a dance, after experiences which the dramatist chose to call *Much Ado About Nothing*.

With Benedick and Beatrice the queerest liberties are taken. That virtuous but lively girl of her own period, according to Lady Martin, was much moved and incensed by the sneer at her sex implied in the first speech put into Benedick's mouth in the opening scene of the comedy. It would be interesting to see Beatrice's expression, if Lady Martin should succeed in making the heroine understand her ladyship's vicarious delicacy: amazement and amusement would have a lively contention in

that glowing countenance. Even Dr. Furness goes far out of the record to discover that Beatrice "deeply resented" the imputation of indelicacy in Benedick's gibe that she "had" her "good wit out of the Hundred Merry Tales." Not a fraction of a syllable indicates her resentment, deep or other; she is simply overflowing with vivacious malice at the moment; and if the taunt moved her at all, one may hazard a safe guess that it was because of the attack upon her originality. That the lively pair, despite their squabbling, were strongly drawn together by unseen cords was long ago observed. But that is not enough for some of the moderns. Dr. Hiram Corson will not stop short of the proposition that, before the trick was played on them, they were already in love with each other; not merely willing to love or ready to love, but actually and completely ensnared and bound. And, in all the profusion of ingenious comment, there nowhere appears the obvious and important reflection that Beatrice's excessively irritated consciousness of her false relation with Benedick is demonstrated by the wild extravagance of her sneers at him, which have no sort of relation to truth; a corollary of that proposition being that, before they came together, her interest in him was more profound and of the heart than his in her.

Dr. Furness does not pretend to find a way through the famous obscurity in the speech of Leonato, Act V. Sc. i., in which the crying "hem" and the bidding sorrow to "wag" are probably vagaries of an absent-minded typesetter, who was, perhaps, in love or in liquor; the reader is furnished, however, with two pages and a half of critical opinions on the passage. But the editor, with characteristic good sense, brushes away anxieties which some fidgety commentators have afflicted themselves withal because old Antonio heard the confidential talk of Claudio and Don Pedro in the garden of Leonato's palace, and Don John's

servant, Borachio, overheard a continuation of the same talk in the palace, as the gentlemen walked to their rooms to dress for the "great supper." Again, in the same sensible fashion, Dr. Furness comprehends the kind of game which Borachio had taught Margaret to play, when, at her chamber window, the unhappy Claudio heard him "call Margaret Hero," heard "Margaret term" him "Claudio," not Borachio, the juggling with names being an element of peculiar offensiveness to Hero's affianced husband.

It is pleasant to see how highly Dr. Furness honors Mrs. Jameson, both in phrases of direct approval and in his large and frequent citation of her essays. It is a fashion at this particular moment with the younger Shakespearians to sneer at Mrs. Jameson, because her zeal sometimes overloads and overheats her style with ardent adjectives. But her excess in this kind is merely the overflow of an enthusiasm as genuine and deep as was ever found in any student of any master. Her essays on Shakespeare's heroines abound in fine intuitions, in exact appreciations, in subtle justnesses of attribution, in close and delicate discriminations. The felicity of her diction is constantly remarkable, and her eloquence at its highest points is poetic in power and beauty. Strike her work out of the total comment made in the English language upon the women of Shakespeare, — her work, that is to say, and the enormous mass of critical matter which is little more than a repetition or extension of that work, — and the literature of the theme, which now blossoms as a rose garden, would be as barren as a sand-hill. If the catastrophe had occurred, it would be curiously interesting to see the men who disparage her — any or all of them — set themselves to the task of producing studies, worthy to be compared with hers, of Imogen, or Juliet, or Hermione, or Beatrice.

The last paragraph of this review can have no better subject than that portion

of Dr. Furness's Preface which discusses Dogberry and Verges and their relations to the action of *Much Ado About Nothing*. Coleridge, in one of his moments of expansive self-confidence, said, "Dogberry and his comrades are forced into the service when any other less ingeniously absurd watchmen and night constables would have answered the mere necessities of the action." Not so, replies our editor. And in a page of commentary, irresistibly convincing, admirable in lucidity and grace, he demonstrates that Shakespeare, "who never loses sight of the trending of his story," was "forced to have characters like these, and none other." If they had been quick-witted enough at once to recognize the villainy of Don John's plot, the play would have ended at once. Yet they must be faithful to hold their prisoners and make their return to the Governor of Messina, and to let the audience see that of which they themselves have no vision. "These infinitely stu-

pid watchmen appear at the very point of time to assure us that the play is a comedy." "Had Dogberry been one whit less conceited, one whit less pompous, one whit less tedious, he could not have failed to drop one syllable that would have arrested Leonato's attention and have brought the drama to a conclusion then and there." "Dogberry *had* to be introduced just then, to give us assurance that Don John's villainy would come to light eventually, and enable us to bear Hero's sad fate with such equanimity that we can listen immediately after with delighted hearts to the wooing of Benedick and Beatrice." In such commentary as this — a nugget of gold being taken for exhibition from the treasure-house where ingots are heaped — one recognizes the hand and the brain of a true guide in this greatest of all the realms of literature. Fortunate is the world to be blessed at this late day with a new Master Critic, worthy to be the Editor of the ever new Master Poet!

Henry Austin Clapp.

THE RASCAL AS HERO.

EVER since those far-off days when pious Greeks sang praise to Hermes, godly cattle-thief, and the beautiful Shahryar bought her life night by night with judiciously doled accounts of Ali Baba and his shrewd little accomplice, the adroit and interesting scoundrel has been adding his spice to literature. And if Mr. Fiske is right in his theory that human evolution differs from that of the lower orders merely in its multiplicity of means, — so that while an antelope must be swift, a man may be many things and still live long in the land, — if this is true, then the resourceful rogue certainly has a *a priori* proof of existence. Or shall we rather say that the con-

sideration paid him furnishes a remarkable instance of Mr. Fiske's principle?

To follow the heroic rascal through all the stages of his long and checkered career would be a task for the specialist accurately versed in literary genres and tendencies. But it will perhaps add interest to a cursory survey of the characteristic marks of the fraternity if we stop to notice the novel suggestion regarding its development, offered by Mr. Frank W. Chandler in his *Romances of Roguery*,¹ Part I. of which has recently been published. This detailed study of the Spanish

¹ *Romances of Roguery*. By Frank W. Chandler. London and New York: The Macmillan Co. 1899.

picaro shows him rascal to the core. He is hard of heart, light of hand, and glib of tongue, and "in his time plays many parts," with one intent — to dupe a foolish world. And yet he is, as Mr. Chandler aptly names him, the "anti-hero." In roguery as a high art he has no interest; his ruling motive is avarice, wit is his sharpest weapon, and his daily bread and servant's livery his highest aims. But as he is rascal *par excellence*, so he throws the light of a logical contrary upon the term hero, and thus, "an episode in the history of the novel," the rogue romance marks, so Mr. Chandler would have us believe, a distinct and necessary step in the forward progress of the heroic type it was created to satirize. Just how explicit Part II. of the Romances will render this obvious implication of Part I., it is of course impossible to say. For our present purpose it is interesting to notice that, theoretically at least, a knowledge of the depths of rascality is bound to add reality to the scaling of its heights, and then to see how, on broad lines, Mr. Chandler's theory is borne out by the obvious distinctions between the ancient and the modern rascal.

In any case, whatever the generating principle or exact process of the heroic rascal's evolution, he certainly "arrived" early. In primitive literature he is generally a thief, because thieving is at once the most obvious and most lucrative form of miscreancy. In this guise he travels from country to country, as Master-Thief, Little Fairly, or the Shifty Lad, robbing a long-suffering king's treasure-house, stealing an ox from under the driver's nose, or a sheep from off his back, and occasionally carrying away a beautiful princess for variety. He is always phenomenally cunning and charmingly reckless of all lives but his own; and he takes an æsthetic pleasure in his own performances that lifts him far above the level of the merely mercenary robber.

At first his presentation is naïve and without question. No stern regard for the ethics of *meum* and *tuum* blinds the author to the fact that craft and cunning, as well as steadfast constancy or blunt, honest courage, may be on a truly heroic scale. So the wily Odysseus is as wholly a hero to his Homer as the warlike Achilles; and why should he not be, when double-dealing and diplomacy were unquestioned laws in the Olympus all three prayed to?

Guileless Phæacians were born to be deceived, so ran the primitive philosophy; golden fleece was hung up to be stolen; why, then, turn one's enjoyment of so pretty a feat to sympathy for a wicked and outwitted dragon or a foolish king? Nobody is perfect, and simple stupidity is as likely as anything else to cover a multitude of sins.

So it was seldom indeed in those days that the rascal got his deserts. Brer Rabbit, having connived at the destruction and death of two of his friends and basely betrayed the third, lives on, a loved and respected citizen; and if the Shifty Lad is accidentally hanged on the bridge of Baile Cliabh, this sad fate overtakes him rather because he has been a bad son and has neglected his old mother's warnings than because he stole much fine gold and treacherously murdered the Black Rogue, his master.

Poetic justice, in short, was not yet recognized as an æsthetic criterion. On the other hand it is noticeable that the villain as such, deep-dyed and evil to the core, is likewise unknown in primitive literature. Like the minor character and the soliloquy, the villain is after all more or less of a stage convention. He is not often met with in real life, and the abstraction necessary to create him is far beyond the naïveté of folk lore or national epic. Yet the general tendency to specialization was bound to produce him — bound to exalt the hero, and to substitute for the Homeric conflict between two great per-

sonalities an opposition of conscious, if intermittent, virtue against consistent vice.

So it is necessary, in any consideration of the modern rascal, to make certain careful distinctions. First is he a hero at all, or is he rather offered like the rollicking devils and merry little vices of the Miracle Plays, merely as a foil for his more worthy compeers? Then is he a hero because, or in despite of his rascality? Satan, for example, in the Puritan Milton's presentation of him, is great not as devil but as archangel ruined; when the mantle of his whilom glory has wholly fallen from him he cowers, a craven and unlovely serpent, at his Creator's feet. Shakespeare, on the other hand, with larger heart and serener spirit, dares to let Richard III. die fighting bravely, conquered only by his own bitter judgment on himself, and sends a country lout to foil great Cæsar's triumph and enable Cleopatra to die in majesty as she had lived in power.

Yet the monster Richard is not offered as normal, nor does one feel in Cleopatra's story any lack of the deepest poetic justice. Rascality has been presented in all its beauty and in all its power, and as truly as in the *Paradise Lost*, only more subtly, has it been condemned.

It is for this same reason — the inability of the avowed rascal to stand for any finality in a rational world — that most of Shakespeare's scoundrels are presented as minor characters. It is because of the subtlety of his method that he is willing to make them heroes — at least to themselves — as charming as Autolycus or Falstaff, as incomparably graceful as Iago.

To the average reader the most interesting, because most familiar, presentation of the heroic rascal is undoubtedly that to be found in the modern novel. Here as elsewhere he is omnipresent. He came on as Rochester, black-browed, eccentric, mysterious, and

supremely fascinating, — at least to Charlotte Brontë and Jane Eyre; and during the present year he has delighted us as David Harum, and made us shiver as the Gadfly.

In contrast with his primitive prototype, the modern rascal is noticeable first of all for his versatility. He is no longer merely a reckless thief, a dexterous liar, or a coarse practical joker. With the increasing complexity of life his sphere has widened immeasurably, and his motives and ambitions have been stretched to cover everything in the material and moral universe. So we have Baldassare cultivating cunning that he may take his vengeance on Tito Melema, and Tito too indolently fond of his own sweet will, and too ambitious for the favor of the Medicis, to seek power or pleasure by the straight and narrow way. We have Becky Sharp tricking matchlessly for a title, and Leicester scheming less adroitly if more recklessly for a throne. And as curiously modern variants, we have the philanthropic rascal in Roden's Corner, and the rascal on principle in Beggars All. Some play for the prize, and some, like Rupert of Hentzau, love best the hazards of the game; some, like Becky, tread hard on human hearts, and others, like Gilbert Parker's *Pretty Pierre*, can be very tender when there is need; some, as Rochester, stand proudly self-justified in a condemning world; others, undecieved, drink the bitter draught their own hearts pour for them to its dregs.

It should be needless to say that in this ethical and scientific nineteenth century the making of a hero has long since ceased to be the simple thing it was in the days of the wily Odysseus. This is partly, no doubt, because all the stories have meanwhile been told; but another and better reason for it is the fact that the standard for the heroic has been rising steadily ever since the Renaissance. Once we were satisfied that our hero should be great; now he

must also be good, — or we would know the reason why.

So the novelist who attempts to deal in rascality is confronted at once by the necessity for justifying his miscreants. The methods of apology are various. One, the favorite with the romancers, is to label the rascal villain and kill him off ignominiously in the last chapter, taking care, however, to make him so artistic and debonair a sinner that he can run hard by the real hero for first place in the reader's sympathy. This method, practiced at present by Anthony Hope and his allies, is really a reversion to the Homeric principle.

But while it satisfies the requirements of our enlightened morality, it offers no grist for our scientific mill. It is therefore far less popular than the second method of justification; namely, the "accounting for" the rascal by virtue of his environment. Except for such isolated instances as the Soldiers Three and the bad little boy of the Sunday-school book, the rascal of to-day is not born but made. And so, as the inevitable product of his circumstances, he is at worst unmoral, — a butterfly on a pin, pitiful, more sinned against than sinning.

This method of presentation involves certain rather obvious disadvantages. First, it generally entails an appalling amount of philosophy and psychology per rascal; but that we are getting to enjoy. Then the rascal is frequently made known to us from his youth up, a process strongly reminiscent of the expe-

rience of the German professor who began the study of chemistry in order to clean his coat. Most of us feel that the direct road to the rascal's heart does not lie through Part I. of the *Gadfly*; and while that is undoubtedly an extreme case of indirection, it is typical in kind if not in degree.

A third method of justification has lately come to the notice of the long-suffering public. Its perpetrator is Mr. Henry James, in the *Awkward Age*, where the reader's pleased expectancy is excited by the entrance of the charming Mr. Longdon, only to be turned to a haunting doubt that the well-intentioned old gentleman cannot conceivably be as sweet and simple as he seems. But this casting a cloud of mystery over the whole situation accomplishes directly — if with slight confusion of spirit to the uninitiated — just what all the methods of apology are aiming at, namely, the reconciliation of what, in modern ethics, are contradictory terms.

These are some modern tendencies, but they have not downed the rascal. Twice at least the *Gadfly* is clothed with majesty; Mr. Carter and Dolly Mickleham, both rascals born, smile serenely from the pages of the *Dialogues*; and David Harum, hard-hearted and keen at a horse trade, triumphs over his detractors with each new edition. So here 's to the Rascal as Hero! Long may he live in the land! May he always fight featly and fair, as befits a good rascal and a true hero!

Edith Kellogg Dunton.

THE SONG OF THE CANOE.

TO H. R. C.

DIP! Dip!

And I thrill with the start —
For the ripples run and the waters part
At the Song the paddle sings.

Drip! Drip!

And lo, it brings
The word of a sweet command to me,
And leaping to answer it—I am free!

Water-weeds weaving in vain to stay me.

Fain, fain

Are the reeds arrayed at my prow to delay me—

Vain, vain,

They cast their lure and they bid me bide,

For the paddle swinging along my side—

Dip! Dip!

Hath a dearer bribe than the still things know,

And I go. I go!

Lo, I am come of a wilding birth—

The Brown God's cunning my mother made,

In the days of the younger earth.

He wrought her stanch in sinew and thong,

Making her slender and supple and strong

And lithe as his knife's own blade.

He garnished her bravely, without and within,

Breathed into her being the soul of desire,

To follow the wake of the mad marsh-fire,

Thistle-drift's sister and Will-o'-the-wisp's kin.

Out on the trail that the free things know,

I go! I go!

On the airy quest that is never won;

And tempting me, daring me, luring me on,

The iris wings of the dragon fly—

Till the day is done and the last lights die.

Glide! Glide!

Across the calm of the evening tide

When the first white stars begin.

Creep! Creep!

Where the lilies sleep—

Stars in a sky as soft, as deep—

The paddle singing me in.

Hush! Hush!

For the tall reeds brush

My side as though they love me.

Rest! Rest!

On the inlet's breast

With the roof of the leaves above me.

Arthur Ketchum.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Now that pestilence walketh in darkness, and destruction wasteth at noonday, this little world of taro patches seems indeed a very place of refuge. Here one can revel, undisturbed, in the crinkled velvet of the taro leaves, and the misty lavender of the Waianae Hills. Plague means so little here that Honolulu might well be a thousand miles away instead of only two, — so far away in time and space that somehow one is reminded of that Italian garden whither the light-hearted people of Boccaccio's Decameron betook themselves centuries ago. Their old-time gayety and indifference one can fully appreciate only now when the town is filled with portentous beings, wearing continually a funereal expression. For in Honolulu itself a monstrous cloud of smoke is rolling up from Chinatown, and dazed Celestials are being hurried away to quarantine camps, or huddled together in Kawaiahao, the old stone church. A sanitary committee has suddenly sprung into life, all armed like Minerva; has divided the town into *apana*, or districts; and has sent trotting round twice a day a volunteer army of inspectors and sub-inspectors. Transports and liners appear only for a moment beyond Diamond Head, which stands like a crouching lion at the entrance to the harbor. They toss their mail onto a pilot boat, and are off and away with never a glance at the city beyond. For Honolulu is an infected port, and is grimly settling down for a stubborn fight with bubonic plague.

In taro-patch land, with its joyous green, all is different, — smiling Hawaiians sitting pleasantly about under monkey-pod trees, eternally idle! Here and there one can see or hear a *pake* (Chinaman) pounding and slapping the baked taro root and making it into *poi*, — but

never a Hawaiian at work. "How do they live?" Ask the Sphinx. Some, perhaps, have leased their taro patches to Chinamen, and buy from them the *poi* they need. Some live, rent free, on the land owned by American *kamaeinas* (old residents) who have regard for the natives. Others, perhaps, are partly supported by descendants of royal houses. By working a little — a very little — each week, on the wharves for instance, the average Hawaiian can make enough to buy fish and *poi*. And he is never so poor but that he can drive about luxuriously in a hired hack. "But where does the money come from?" "How about clothing?" As well ask the hibiscus blossoms for an annual budget, or for details of wardrobe. Cease questioning, and take life as you find it in taro-patch land, — one long, easy loll. And everywhere such charming generosity, such readiness to help, that even "Wrinkled Care" loses her identity, and becomes instead a fat-smiling goddess in a flowing *holoku*.

"Questions of the day" float lazily overhead, and are rarefied almost beyond recognition. In this pleasant atmosphere, even the burning of Chinatown excites but little interest, and that purely æsthetic. One regrets a little the loss of the only picturesque part of Honolulu, — dusty and rusty perhaps, but with the glamour of the Orient, — a quarter of overhanging balconies and "Mikado galleries," of deep stores where, by searching, one could find out glimmering grass-cloth, camphor trunks, and dragon china. There, too, was that snare and joy, — the *lei* corner, where chattering Hawaiians, of all degrees of corpulency, twisted into wreaths the charming laurel-like leaves of the *maile*, or strung on grass threads fluffy carnations and yellow ilimas (the royalist leis). There they sat, these lei

An Hawaiian
Garden of
Refuge.

women, in bunches on the sidewalk ; and there they stayed all day long, until evening shades prevailed and Phœbus' car, in the shape of a rickety 'bus, gathered them up and swept them off, disgracefully merry, to some Arcadia in "the valley."

Flowers and flower wreaths ! A lei about your hat, or round your neck, — you must learn to love these things before ever you can hope to understand the little subtleties of Hawaiian character. The melody of life is in them, and everywhere you hear the overtones. Walk by the taro patches or down Liliha Street, and you will find the children stringing oleander blossoms. Look from your window early in the morning, and see the native girl standing on tiptoe, looking into the bougainvillaea flowers. See yesterday's flowers, the pinks on your table, all glistening with dewdrops when they have been carefully sprinkled by the little girl who sweeps your room. And everywhere leis ! leis ! brilliant or fragrant, or graceful, — on the jolly Hawaiian whose horse is zigzagging across the street ; on the defiant boy lounging near Palama Chapel ; on the baby wondering over her first birthday. It is good to be in Hawaii even in plague time.

LET your stylists and your dovetailers of plots fret their art to its uttermost limits, they will never compile anything more fascinating than the fortuitous charm of dictionaries, directories, concordances, gazetteers, and such lore. It is true, these suffer the stigma of being only "words, words, words," and they are indictable of the old charge of changing the subject over often. But for all their monotony of variety, who ever picked up any of these works to hunt down one word that he did not read a dozen more ? Directories I find particularly irresistible ; if they are too far out of date to serve your immediate purpose, there is still more hypnotism about them, especially if a line of impatient is waiting

for you to have done with your search. There is then added to the delightful egotism of keeping people champing for your whim the further sweetness of stolen perusal — such a fearful pleasaunce as the foolhardy used to take when they peeked into the chained Bibles.

A somewhat similar and equally fruitful field of chance literature is the belles-lettres of signboards, romances set up so that he who runs may read, and stop running. This compilation and collaboration of accident and unintention makes what Horace Greeley called "mighty interesting reading." Every city has its literature of this engaging sort, but it seems as if the cosmopolitanism of America gave its nominology a special breadth and piquancy. Every American city has its curiosities, and its whole districts of foreign and native oddities of namery. But the fact that New York is the funnel of the country's immigration, and that a modicum of everything that starts through lingers behind, gives the signs of the city an infinite variety.

There are of course the regions and wards where one seems to have stepped into a foreign land *instantly* : the streets where one sees nothing but Hebrew letters on the walls and the outswung shingles ; and streets where Italian is the only wear, or French, or Chinese. But the expected happens here, and that is death to literary charm. The great arteries of the city offer a more poignant entertainment. It is true, as somebody has remarked, that the lower part of Broadway reads like a list of Rhine wines ; but even at the worst of this obsession, there is a sprinkling of names that are *recherchés* from all corners of the world.

It looks sometimes as if these tall buildings were so many Towers of Babel, with the confusion of tongues finding its wildest climax in the streets, rioting in the unassimilated jargon of the names, names, names.

To run the eye up the front of certain of these structures pied with signs is like reading a geological table of strata and epochs. In one Broadway block I noted these names in this order: Bernheim, Carroll, Lin Fong, Lester, Lissa, Pulaski. Other oddities, a few out of a myriad, range from Moje to Hiltpolstein, from Semel and Propos to Boos and Doob, Ping and Pinner, Krüsi and Kiffé, Livor, Jellif, Goldflam, Massoth, Schnatz, Jaulus, Gussaro, Teese, Radt, and Mihalik. And yet there are strange, inconsistent beings who assert that we Americans are Anglo-Saxon in speech, tradition, and sympathy! In the agricultural regions the un-English name is not in such majority, but there are whole states where some foreign colony makes a little Sweden, or Finland, Mexico, or Cuba.

When the weather is not encouraging to conning the signs of the times, the partisan of accidental literature can always read the advertisements. The lists of real estate transfers and recorded mortgages are a very anthology of poesy. Of course there is the eternal speculation as to the causes for the transfer, and the very word "mortgage" is as redolent of romance as an Italian salad is of garlic. There is the banality of such records as the mortgaging of O'Beirne's property to Ehret, and of Finnerty's to Weinstein; but the unexpected enthralls you now and then with such a reversion of the natural order of things as a transfer from Goldberg to Dooley (*sic!*). It is picturesque, too, just to know that such people exist, even in the relation of mortgagor and mortgagee, as Flank and Marinus, Panish and McCauslan, Miss Moth and Mr. Weeks, Lang and Langbein, Feletti and Kehoe, Mordecai and Dramien.

Aside from the absolute interest of the names themselves, which the initiate will enjoy without extraneous matters (as the learned musician finds his highest pleasure in pure music without re-

lying on that charm of association which chiefly occupies the layman), there is the occasional dissipation of imagining romance, or at least characterization, around certain suggestive names which inevitably fume up pictures of their owners as Arabian bottles distil genii, once you uncork them. Of course your fancy is a deceitful will-o'-the-wisp, but it leads you into no bogs or fens, moors or wolds, or any of those literary places of gloom, and you have at least the benefit of the exercise, and your fiction for your pains. Some of the names you meet send through you a pang of regret that the patient Balzac or the studious Dickens, ransacking the streets of Paris or London for fit handles for their creatures, should have missed the boon and stimulation of these New York or Chicago signboards.

Then your sympathies are often called into play as acutely as at any tragedy by pity for the wretches that are given certain names for crosses to bear. You think of the misérables who must always be met with the same old puns every time they are introduced to anybody, and you writhe with them in anguish over the necessity of greeting the odious quotidian with a sickly smile of courtesy. Then you read names that are hard to live up to — feudal and literary names, that consort ill with a lowly trade for the men folk, and with freckles and fat for the women. You encounter names that must be hard to live down to — shocking names, belittling names, that handicap a pretty face or a lofty mind irrevocably. How can people with the tag of — or — be said to be created free and equal with wearers of such altisonance as — or — ?

The literature of the subject is too large even to hint; but enough has surely been said to prove that the adventures of a whole Dumas school cannot vie in fascination or variety with the adventition of proper (and improper) names.

THE Woman of Forty was sitting alone in her apartment when Fame and the Woman of Forty came knocking at the door. His appearance was nothing to boast of, but she recognized him by his brazen trumpet.

"Good-morning," he said. "I understand that you desire my acquaintance. I am a little late in returning your call, but I suppose you are still expecting me?"

"To be frank with you, I was not," said the Woman of Forty. "You see, that was twenty years ago, and since then I have found other acquaintances who are much more cordial and congenial."

"That is just it," said Fame. "They recommended you so highly that I thought I would look you up."

"I fear I'm rather too old to care about you now," said the Woman. "I have n't thought of you for years. I have been too busy with other things."

"Well, it is high time you were recognized," said Fame; "so you may take all the old rejected manuscripts out of your trunk, — you know you've kept them, — and find all the periodicals clamoring for them. You see, you are very much in the public eye since that eccentric individual left you his money."

"But I don't wish to be famous," said the Woman. "I was cured of that folly years ago. I have lived my life for myself and my family, and I hate the idea of reporters and literary rag-pickers prying into my private affairs."

"What do you suppose I care about that?" asked Fame. "I can't take the trouble to consult peoples' preferences. You bespoke me in advance, you know, and you can't in common decency send me away. Besides, the Public is at your door."

"I won't admit it."

"I really don't see how you can help yourself," said Fame. "When the first one gets his foot in the door, it will stay open, and you can never shut it again."

"I won't be famous," said the Wo-

man. "I won't have people coming to rake up my past. My life is my own, and you have no right to it. Take my work, if you must, though there is too much of my heart in it, but leave my life alone."

"Of course I shall take your work, and people will read your books and forget them; but I shall also take your life, and the Public will gloat over it and remember it," said Fame. "So I'll trouble you for the details of that early love affair."

"No, no! Leave me as I am!" cried the Woman.

"But you sent for me when you were twenty," said Fame, "and I have come to stay. I am going out for a few minutes now, but I shall be back shortly, and in the meantime I shall leave the door open." And he went away blowing his trumpet.

OUR literary tradition is not a long one; the history of our fiction is shorter still. Brief as that history is, however, to the student who is willing to read not only novels but volumes of periodicals old and new, it reveals points of difference that mean change, if not growth. Prominent among the developments of the last few years is the marked importance given, not to study of mind nor to study of emotion, but to study of clothes.

In earlier days the clothing of the people in a book was not considered their chief characteristic. Charles Brockden Brown, Cooper, Mrs. Stowe, Hawthorne, each emphasized that phase of human life that appealed most strongly to the author's heart. In no case did the emphasis fall on costume. The writers of fiction in the better magazines and reviews followed suit, and only the stories in fashion magazines presented dress as the chief end of man and of woman. Romantic and highly flavored much of this early fiction was, but at least it appealed to true feeling, and probed human life below the surface of the looking-glass.

Clothes in
Recent
American
Fiction.

In the last few years a subtle change has come over the work of all our story-writers, with a few notable exceptions. The literary tradition of the fashion magazine has triumphed, and man, in a novel, is preëminently a "clothes-wearing animal." Our new hero must possess great knowingness in the matter of dress, and must bear the stamp of smart New York. He must be a judge of wine and of oysters; he must flick the ashes of an expensive cigar gracefully away with his finger; he must patronize European civilizations with an air of having outdone them all. Of course he is invincibly brave and very clever, but bravery and cleverness are trimmings for his dress suit, not *vice versa*. So with the heroine. Like the leading young lady in a clothing shop, she must have a good figure for the display of clothes. To her bootmaker, her tailor, her dress-maker, is given the sacred task of making her the fitting helpmate of the correctly dressed man. These young people are represented as being full of fresh and unspoiled feeling, but the emotion seems to be invariably the result of the fit of the glove and the cut of the boot.

Now fiction is sensitive, as is no other form of art, to the general currents of thought and of feeling in the world which produces it. If one stops to consider this most modern hero and heroine, with their background of English traps, expensively dressed elderly ladies, trunks with European labels, Dresden china, and boys in buttons, one is led to ponder on the wider significance of this new social ideal. The popularity of the type is shown not only by the extensive sales of books by masters in the art, but by the number of their imitators.

Nothing is more suggestive than the new college story, where the undergraduate boy, clad in imitation of the young man from New York, calls his father "the governor," and airs an accurate knowledge of actress life behind the scenes; or where the undergraduate girl poses with her Latin dictionary clasped to her Parisian gown. All this is certainly amusing, but it does not represent material out of which the stuff and sinews of strong nations are made. To quarrel with fiction is only to quarrel with the social state out of which it grows. We cannot gather figs of thistles, nor profound works of art from surface life. America of forty, thirty, twenty years ago had made a fair beginning in the art of novel-writing, picturing a life of marked simplicity. A few of our earlier novels, the *Scarlet Letter*, for instance, cut down, as it is seldom the fortune of art to do, into the very depths of human motive and human passion. America of to-day says through her fiction that it has been hers to touch Parisian clothes to a higher state of prettiness, and to borrow all that is best in England's tweeds and walking sticks. To object to this phase of our life and of art; to suggest that there is a certain vulgarity in following too closely the latest mode in anything, even clothes; to make a plea for an ideal of deeper hold and stronger grasp on both past and future, is perhaps only to roll a stone into the path of our triumphal progress. If the fiction of to-day tells the truth, a slight, concealed swagger in the wearing of good clothes represents the height of our ideal as well as the height of our achievement. For this state of civilization there is perhaps no cure save that of Babylon and Nineveh.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXXXVI. — AUGUST, 1900. — No. DXIV.

POLITICAL EDUCATION.

AMONG the many demands which are made upon our schools and colleges at the present day, none is more universally voiced than the demand for a fuller course of political education. And for this there is good reason. With the growing complexity of modern life, the difficulties of social organization and government are increasing. With the growing pressure toward specialized training for varied spheres of usefulness, the danger that we shall sacrifice the general basis of higher education which will enable us to cope with these difficulties is also increasing. It is not enough for our schools to fit men and women to be parts of a vast social machine; it must prepare them to be citizens of a free commonwealth. If our educational system fails to do this, it fails of its fundamental object.

But in thus recognizing the importance of training for citizenship, there is danger that we shall make mistakes as to the particular kind of training which will secure the results desired. A true political education is a very different thing from much that passes current under this title. To begin with, it is not a study of facts about civil government. A man may possess a vast knowledge with regard to the workings of our social and political machinery, and yet be absolutely untrained in those things which make a good citizen. This distinction is of special importance at the present day, because these topics have so large a place in many of the schemes

of education which are now being urged by social reformers. We hear on every side calls for more teaching of sociology and politics and civics and finance, and all manner of studies intended to inform the young American concerning the mechanism of the political world in which he lives. I shall not try to judge the value of these studies from the pedagogical standpoint, or to estimate whether the undoubted advantage which they possess in awakening interest is more than balanced or less than balanced by the danger of cramming which connects itself with their teaching. But when the plea is urged, as it so often is, that they constitute a necessary and valuable training for citizenship, we are justified in making a direct protest. Except within the narrowest limits, they do harm rather than good. As ordinarily taught, they tend to fix the attention of the pupil on the mechanism of free government rather than on its underlying principles; to exaggerate the tendency, which is too strong at best, toward laying stress on institutions rather than on character as a means of social salvation; to prepare the minds of the next generation to look to superficial remedies for political evils, instead of seeing that the only true remedy lies in the creation of a sound public sentiment. Not that I would underrate the value of knowledge of political fact to the man or woman who is first well grounded in political ideals, but that the endeavor to cram with facts as a substitute for the development

of ideals is at best an inversion of the true order of education, and may easily become a perversion of its true purpose. For the sake of a plentiful and immediate crop of that mixture of wheat and chaff which is known as civics, we run the risk of unfitting the soil for the reception of that seed which should result in the soundest and best growth of which the field is capable.

Nor is it right to conceive of political education as being primarily a training in those scientific principles which regulate the activity of governments. It is true that the teaching of science is a far higher ideal than the teaching of facts, and that the pupil who has received this training enjoys a position of inestimable vantage in judging social events of the day. But it is also true that the study of political science is an extremely difficult one; and that if we depended for the success of our political education upon the truth of the abstract doctrines of politics which have been taught, the outlook would be dark indeed. One political science, and only one, has reached a high degree of exactitude. This is jurisprudence; and just because it is an exact science, people have ceased to pretend that it is easy, and do not attempt to teach it in the schools. Next to jurisprudence in exactness comes political economy, certain parts of which have been developed in the hands of experts to a satisfactory stage of clearness and precision. But that which is taught as political economy in the majority of institutions is very far from having this scientific character. And what is true of the current teaching of political economy is, I think, true in even higher degree of the various branches of sociology and politics, as they are presented in the classrooms of the present day. As a rule, the teaching of sociology is better when it is called by the plain name of history, the teaching of politics better when it is made an incident in the unpretentious study of geography. Under

the old-fashioned name of history or geography, the description of social phenomena arrogates to itself less claim as an exact science than its enthusiastic devotees desire. But the really essential elements in science are truthfulness and precision; and I fear there can be no doubt that the substitution of the new names for the old has been accompanied by a loss in these respects. Next to an education in political facts without ideals, I can imagine no worse training for the future citizen of the country than an education in political principles without exactitude.

It must constantly be borne in mind that the training of the free citizen is not so much a development of certain lines of knowledge as a development of certain essential qualities of character and habits of action. Courage, discipline, and loftiness of purpose are the things really necessary for maintaining a free government. If a citizen possesses these qualities of character, he will acquire the knowledge which is essential to the conduct of the country's institutions, and to the reform of the abuses which may arise. If he does not possess these qualities, his political learning and that of his fellow men will not save the state from destruction. If he has not the courage to exercise his political rights in the face of possible intimidation, no amount of acquaintance with constitutional law will save his vote from suppression or prevent popular government from becoming a mere mockery. If he has not the discipline to subject his will to the restraints of law, no amount of knowledge of the beneficent effects of these restraints will save the people from that revolution and anarchy which invite tyranny from within or conquest from without. If he does not possess a measure of political idealism and disinterestedness of aim, no amount of knowledge of the needs of the country and the ways of meeting them will lead to the formation of an active public sentiment, or prevent the institutions of the

nation from degenerating into a more and more rigid formalism.

If there is one thing which distinguishes the great writers on politics from the petty ones, it is the recognition of this overwhelming importance of character and public opinion, as compared with the particular institutions in which that character and public opinion may choose to embody its organized activity. Unfortunately, their words on this matter do not always find ready hearing. The details of the organization are so much easier to see than the underlying spirit which gives it life that everybody looks at the former, and few have the sense to see the latter. Every one knows that Aristotle divided governments into monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy; very few know that Aristotle said that there was a more fundamental division of governments into those which were legitimate and those which were not, the former being based on the consent of the governed and acting in the interest of the whole, while the latter were based on the authority of a class and exercised in the interests of that class. Every one knows that Rousseau's Social Contract was a powerful means for the promotion of democracy in Europe, and identifies him with the doctrine that majorities should rule. Few know that Rousseau protested against the abuse of this doctrine with which his name was connected; that he said emphatically that the majority of the people was not the people and never could be; and that he only called for the determination of the public will by majority votes as being a better means than any other which had been devised of approximating to that real public sentiment which, after all, was the only legitimate power. Let us not adopt a line of education which shall emphasize in the minds of our children those details which were trivial in Aristotle and those which were pernicious in Rousseau. Let us rather impress upon them their responsibility as members of

a body politic in the formation of that sentiment running throughout the whole body, which is behind the laws of a free state, and without which all law becomes either a mockery or a means to the tyranny of some over others.

But what is this public sentiment, about which so much is said and so little understood?

"Man," says Aristotle, "is a political animal." Many attempts have since been made to restate this proposition in an improved form, but on the whole none is so good as the original. The instinct for forming communities which shall be the unit and centre of action is a distinguishing mark of the human species. And in the formation of these communities, the thing which holds them together and marks them out from those about them is not so much a distinction of physical character, or even of mental quality, as a distinct system of political ethics. A man under the influence of this code of political ethics imposed by the community will do things which may seem to militate, and sometimes actually do militate, against his self-interest as an individual. Under its influence he will encounter personal danger to promote public safety, will submit his passions and desires to the restraints of irksome discipline, and, hardest of all, will in modern times perform disinterestedly as a trustee in behalf of the community those powers which the voice of that community has intrusted to his charge.

On that feeling which gives effect to those political virtues we have bestowed the name of public sentiment. It may be said to perform the same functions in the world of political morality which the individual conscience performs in the wider domain of personal morality. And just as codes of private morals are unmeaning or formal unless there is a sturdy conscience to give them effect, so legal regulations and police discipline are but a vain reliance unless public sentiment stands behind them and comes to their

aid. We may carry the analogy one step further, and say that just as in private morality there is an alternative between self-government by one's own conscience and the compulsion of external authority, so in public morality there is a similar alternative between self-government by public sentiment and the tyranny of a dominating power.

It will be readily seen that public sentiment, as thus described, is a very different thing from much that passes under that name. If a large number of people want a thing, we not infrequently hear it said that there is a public sentiment in its favor. It would be much more correct to say that there is a widespread personal interest in securing it. The term public sentiment can only be applied to those feelings and demands which people are willing to enforce at their own cost, as well as at that of others. The desire for better municipal government on the part of the man who is not willing to labor for that end, the effusive patriotism of the man who hopes thereby to lead other people to enter upon a war of which he may celebrate the glories and enjoy the fruits, the denunciation of trusts by the man who has tried to do what they do and has not succeeded, can never be regarded as expressions of public sentiment in any true sense. They are but instances of the selfishness, the vaingloriousness, and even the envy of large sections of the community. There is perhaps nothing which more severely cripples economic reform than a failure to distinguish between a disinterested condemnation of that which we should despise in ourselves no less unsparingly than we denounce it in others, and the interested outcry of those who object to an evil, real or alleged, simply because some one else happens to be its beneficiary.

There is just as much need for the training of this public conscience or public sentiment, by whatever name we choose to call it, as for the training of the individual conscience in the affairs of pri-

vate life. In fact, there is all the more need for such training, because the functions of the public conscience are less perfectly understood and the matters with which it deals are much more complex. In the practice of ordinary personal virtues a man or woman cannot go far astray without being brought up with a round turn by social disqualification, if not by the police or the reformatory. But in matters which concern the public interest, the transgressor, under our present system, is often entirely safe from the condemnation of the law, and largely so from any active exercise of social disqualification on the part of his fellow men. The greater the complexity of our social phenomena, the less clear are the applications of some of our standards of personal morality in their conduct, and the more does this education of public morality become an indispensable thing for the community that would preserve its integrity.

The means for this education have not kept pace with the need. In some respects we have actually gone backward. Grand as is the work which is done by the courts of the present day, it is doubtful whether their function as public educators stands where it did a century ago. Partly on account of the increasing difficulty of the cases with which they have to deal, partly on account of a theory of legal authority which dates from the beginning of the present century, our judges have contented themselves more and more with the application of precedents, and have been less and less concerned with the elucidation of reasons which should appeal to the non-technical mind. Add to this the fact that the performance of jury duty, once an all but universal educator in the principles underlying some of the most important branches of the law, has now become a burden which men seek to avoid, and we see how the judiciary has been largely shorn of those educational functions which in the

history of the human race have been even more important than the purely technical duties of the office.

A still more serious retrogression has perhaps taken place in the educational influence of our public orators and debaters. It is hardly more than a generation since the utterances of political leaders in and out of Congress were a mighty power for the shaping of public opinion. Calhoun and Clay, Webster and Lincoln, formed by their speech the sentiment of large bodies of men on matters of public duty. We may differ in our judgment as to the rightness or wrongness of the conclusions which they drew. The man who agreed with Calhoun will disagree with Lincoln. But, now that the clouds of strife have passed away, all can agree that Calhoun and Lincoln alike appealed to something higher than personal interest, created something with more cohesive power than a mere enlightened selfishness — that each, in short, was inspired by a high ideal of the public conscience to which he appealed, and helped others to realize that ideal. To-day, on the other hand, it is almost proverbial that the effective speeches are those which voice a prepossession already felt, and give a rallying cry to partisan or personal interests. The system of district representation has gone far to make legislation a series of compromises between the interests of the several parts concerned, rather than an attempt to meet the needs of the whole. So far as this change has taken place in our legislation, it has become inevitable that the debate by which such legislation is preceded should be not so much an attempt to discuss the interest of the whole and to subordinate thereto the interests of the several parts by an appeal to self-sacrifice, as a skillful conduct of a negotiation where each speaker represents his sectional demands, which he strives to enforce by his superior adroitness as one among many players in the game of politics.

It is a common saying, and on the whole a true one, that newspapers have taken the place of orators as the educators of public sentiment. That the change has been attended with some advantages, none but the blindest pessimist would deny. The average citizen learns more facts through his newspapers in a day than he learned from his public speakers in a month. Materials for judgment are thus brought home to him far more promptly, and on the whole, I am inclined to think, rather more truthfully, than they were under the old régime. But whatever advantages the modern newspaper offers, it does not, with some honorable exceptions, recognize the duty of educating public sentiment as a paramount one. From the very circumstances of the case, the daily newspaper is under a strong pressure to emphasize what is ephemeral as compared with what is permanent; to throw into high relief what is crude rather than what has been thoroughly digested; to make more use of that which is sensational than of that which is sedative. Too often it is compelled by pressure of necessity to subordinate everything else to partisan ends. Even where the editor himself has a high ideal of the possibilities of his vocation, he finds himself hindered by a lower conception of journalistic duty which prevails among the public at large. Whatever the reason, and wherever the blame, we cannot rely on the average newspaper of the present day to furnish that training in disinterestedness which is the essential basis of a really powerful public sentiment.

All these facts increase the responsibility which is placed upon our institutions of learning. The more inadequate the means for forming a disinterested public opinion in other ways, the more urgent is the need that our colleges should make this one of their chief functions. It will not do to have our higher education a purely technical one. However completely the citizens of the

next generation may be fitted for the exercise of their several callings, our Constitution will not be safe unless they are also trained in the principles which enable them to govern themselves and their fellow men.

It is an interesting thing to see how the higher education of different countries reflects in its organization and character the political institutions of the nations concerned. In France and in Germany, where the citizen is part of a public machine, university life is occupied with an almost purely technical training, which fits each man for his place in that machine. In England and America, on the other hand, where the citizen is regarded primarily as part of a governing body, we have had a system of college education less closely adapted to technical needs, but more efficient in the creation of public sentiment. England and America have a system of liberal education in a sense which France and Germany have not, — an education whose liberality consists not in the superior quantity of knowledge, but in the relation of that knowledge to civil liberty.

How shall our colleges continue to give the education which is liberal in this higher sense, — education in the virtues of the freeman as distinct from those of the slave? In the answer to this question is bound up the whole future of the American college as an institution; not only its form, but perhaps its very existence.

Its course of study, in the first place, must deal with subjects which are non-professional. The student who begins at too early a period of his education to occupy himself with matters pertaining to the gaining of bread and butter is from that very fact in danger of losing sight of his broader privileges and duties as a citizen. The moral influence of having the student's mind fixed, during some of the most plastic years of his mental life, on things whose value is independent of their money-making power

for him individually is a thing of incalculable value.

In the second place, the course of study must deal with things which are permanent and not ephemeral. The man who would govern a nation and lead its public sentiment must not be swayed by the misjudgments and distortions of the moment. There is no power which in the long run has more commanding influence over the people than the power of a strong man to adhere to fixed standards where weaker men are unbalanced and unsettled by momentary confusion. It is this quality of permanence, I believe, more than any other, which has given to classical literature its commanding place in the educational systems of countries like England and America. I would not confine the term "classic" to the literature of Greece and Rome; but I would insist with confidence that the education of free citizens should be grounded in the study of those works which have proved their greatness, not by the appeal to a single generation or even to a single country, but by living long enough and spreading far enough to serve as a permanent basis of thought amid the shifting views and ideals of different communities.

In the third place, it must deal with large affairs rather than small ones. In some of our modern methods of work there is a real danger that this need may be disregarded. Controlled as our studies are by persons who see in every brilliant scholar a possible candidate for the degree of doctor of philosophy, there is a tendency in some quarters to substitute thoroughness and minuteness of detail for breadth of view, and to use, in those general studies which are intended to enlarge the mental horizon, methods of training which are more fit for those who would pursue them for technical purposes. It cannot be too strongly impressed on the teaching force of the country, in these days of specialization,

that a liberal education has in view purposes different from those which control the specialist, and in some degree opposed to them. Original research, of which so much is said, is a valuable thing in its place; but it will not do to have the citizens of our republic regard the muck-rake as the chosen instrument of higher learning. I would not undervalue for one moment the importance of hard and thorough work; but unless our teachers can find methods of securing this work on broad lines instead of narrow ones, the collegiate education of the country, in its older sense, is bound to pass away, because it will no longer be fulfilling its definite function in the training of the citizen.

But by no means the largest part of the education in public spirit which a college ought to give is to be sought in its course of study. The education given by the students to one another, and resulting from the spirit of the place, is that on which we most rely for the development of loyalty and self-devotion and those moral elements which are necessary as a basis of public sentiment in a self-governing community. It is perhaps not too much to say that the chief importance of the choice of studies in the collegiate training of citizens lies in the fact that the right selection of studies attracts the right kind of student material. The school which is purely technical, which enables its graduates to get large salaries at the sacrifice of breadth of character, inevitably attracts, as the years go on, those persons to whom money-making is the prime object. The school whose course is crammed with things of momentary rather than of permanent interest attracts those persons who value the superficial or transitory rather than the profounder things of life. The school whose methods of instruction are microscopic rather than telescopic attracts the minds that are narrow instead of broad. But with a

course of study arranged independently of preparation for professional life, dealing with the things of all time more than with the interests of the moment, and aiming to give all possible breadth of intellectual interest, we are reasonably sure of attracting a student body capable of educating one another in disinterestedness, in stability of purpose, and in that sense of proportion which goes with largeness of vision. Nor is the influence of such students confined to those who are immediately associated with them. A few successive classes of this kind can build up a system of traditions and of sentiments which are hard to explain to those who have not come under their influence, but which, to those whose privilege it has been to feel their force, constitute the profoundest element in the political education furnished by a college course. This influence is not confined to any one department of college activity. It is manifested alike in the classroom, in the society, or on the playground. It carries those who feel it outside of themselves, and makes them part of a college life whose freedom trains them for the freedom of the larger national life into which they are just entering. Taking our boys — and, in the present generation our girls also — from different sections of the country, it makes them acquainted with their fellow men or women in a broader and more national sense than is possible in the secondary school, and under circumstances which contribute to the development of wider ideals than are possible in a system of technical training. May the time be far distant when these elements in our college life shall be crowded out by the pressure of professional studies, or weakened by schemes of education which lay more stress on the things which lie immediately before us as individuals than on those which fit us to be members of a free commonwealth and makers of the world's history!

Arthur Twining Hadley.

THE FOREIGNER.

I.

ONE evening, at the end of August, in Dunnet Landing, I heard Mrs. Todd's firm footstep crossing the small front entry outside my door, and her conventional cough which served as a herald's trumpet, or a plain New England knock, in the harmony of our fellowship.

"Oh, please come in!" I cried, for it had been so still in the house that I supposed my friend and hostess had gone to see one of her neighbors. The first cold northeasterly storm of the season was blowing hard outside. Now and then there was a dash of great rain-drops and a flick of wet lilac leaves against the window, but I could hear that the sea was already stirred to its dark depths, and the great rollers were coming in heavily against the shore. One might well believe that Summer was coming to a sad end that night, in the darkness and rain and sudden access of autumnal cold. It seemed as if there must be danger offshore among the outer islands.

"Oh, there!" exclaimed Mrs. Todd, as she entered. "I know nothing ain't ever happened out to Green Island since the world began, but I always do worry about mother in these great gales. You know those tidal waves occur sometimes down to the West Indies, and I get dwellin' on 'em so I can't set still in my chair, nor knit a common row to a stocking. William might get mooning, out in his small bo't, and not observe how the sea was making, an' meet with some accident. Yes, I thought I'd come in and set with you if you wa'n't busy. No, I never feel any concern about 'em in winter 'cause then they're prepared, and all ashore and everything snug. William ought to keep help, as I tell him; yes, he ought to keep help."

I hastened to reassure my anxious guest by saying that Elijah Tilley had told me in the afternoon, when I came along the shore past the fish houses, that Johnny Bowden and the Captain were out at Green Island; he had seen them beating up the bay, and thought they must have put into Burnt Island cove, but one of the lobstermen brought word later that he saw them hauling out at Green Island as he came by, and Captain Bowden pointed ashore and shook his head to say that he did not mean to try to get in. "The old Miranda just managed it, but she will have to stay at home a day or two and put new patches in her sail," I ended, not without pride in so much circumstantial evidence.

Mrs. Todd was alert in a moment. "Then they'll all have a very pleasant evening," she assured me, apparently dismissing all fears of tidal waves and other sea-going disasters. "I was urging Alick Bowden to go ashore some day and see mother before cold weather. He's her own nephew; she sets a great deal by him. And Johnny's a great chum o' William's; don't you know the first day we had Johnny out 'long of us, he took an' give William his money to keep for him that he'd been a-savin', and William showed it to me an' was so affected I thought he was goin' to shed tears? 'T was a dollar an' eighty cents; yes, they'll have a beautiful evenin' all together, and like 's not the sea 'll be flat as a doorstep come morning."

I had drawn a large wooden rocking-chair before the fire, and Mrs. Todd was sitting there jogging herself a little, knitting fast, and wonderfully placid of countenance. There came a fresh gust of wind and rain, and we could feel the small wooden house rock and hear it creak as if it were a ship at sea.

"Lord, hear the great breakers!" ex-

claimed Mrs. Todd. "How they pound! — there, there! I always run of an idea that the sea knows anger these nights and gets full o' fight. I can hear the rote o' them old black ledges way down the thoroughfare. Calls up all those stormy verses in the Book o' Psalms; David he knew how old sea-goin' folks have to quake at the heart."

I thought as I had never thought before of such anxieties. The families of sailors and coastwise adventurers by sea must always be worrying about somebody, this side of the world or the other. There was hardly one of Mrs. Todd's elder acquaintances, men or women, who had not at some time or other made a sea voyage, and there was often no news until the voyagers themselves came back to bring it.

"There's a roaring high overhead, and a roaring in the deep sea," said Mrs. Todd solemnly, "and they battle together nights like this. No, I could n't sleep; some women folks always goes right to bed an' to sleep, so 's to forget, but 't aint my way. Well, it's a blessin' we don't all feel alike; there's hardly any of our folks at sea to worry about, nowadays, but I can't help my feelin's, an' I got thinking of mother all alone, if William had happened to be out lobsterin' and could n't make the cove gettin' back."

"They will have a pleasant evening," I repeated. "Captain Bowden is the best of good company."

"Mother'll make him some pancakes for his supper, like 's not," said Mrs. Todd, clicking her knitting needles and giving a pull at her yarn. Just then the old cat pushed open the unlatched door and came straight toward her mistress's lap. She was regarded severely as she stepped about and turned on the broad expanse, and then made herself into a round cushion of fur, but was not openly admonished. There was another great blast of wind overhead, and a puff of smoke came down the chimney.

"This makes me think o' the night Mis' Cap'n Tolland died," said Mrs. Todd, half to herself. "Folks used to say these gales only blew when somebody's a-dyin', or the devil was a-comin' for his own, but the worst man I ever knew died a real pretty mornin' in June."

"You have never told me any ghost stories," said I; and such was the gloomy weather and the influence of the night that I was instantly filled with reluctance to have this suggestion followed. I had not chosen the best of moments; just before I spoke we had begun to feel as cheerful as possible. Mrs. Todd glanced doubtfully at the cat and then at me, with a strange absent look, and I was really afraid that she was going to tell me something that would haunt my thoughts on every dark stormy night as long as I lived.

"Never mind now; tell me to-morrow by daylight, Mrs. Todd," I hastened to say, but she still looked at me full of doubt and deliberation.

"Ghoststories!" she answered. "Yes, I don't know but I've heard a plenty of 'em first an' last. I was just sayin' to myself that this is like the night Mis' Cap'n Tolland died. 'T was the great line storm in September all of thirty, or maybe forty, year ago. I ain't one that keeps much account o' time."

"Tolland? That's a name I have never heard in Dunnet," I said.

"Then you have n't looked well about the old part o' the buryin' ground, no'th-east corner," replied Mrs. Todd. "All their women folks lies there; the sea's got most o' the men. They were a known family o' shipmasters in early times. Mother had a mate, Ellen Tolland, that she mourns to this day; died right in her bloom with quick consumption, but the rest o' that family was all boys but one, and older than she, an' they lived hard seafarin' lives an' all died hard. They were called very smart seamen. I've heard that when the

youngest went into one o' the old ship-pin' houses in Boston, the head o' the firm called out to him: 'Did you say Tolland from Dunnet? That's recommendation enough for any vessel!' There was some o' them old shipmasters as tough as iron, an' they had the name o' usin' their crews very severe, but there wa'n't a man that would n't rather sign with 'em an' take his chances, than with the slack ones that did n't know how to meet accidents."

II.

There was so long a pause, and Mrs. Todd still looked so absent-minded, that I was afraid she and the cat were growing drowsy together before the fire, and I should have no reminiscences at all. The wind struck the house again, so that we both started in our chairs and Mrs. Todd gave a curious, startled look at me. The cat lifted her head and listened too, in the silence that followed, while after the wind sank we were more conscious than ever of the awful roar of the sea. The house jarred now and then, in a strange, disturbing way.

"Yes, they'll have a beautiful evening out to the island," said Mrs. Todd again; but she did not say it gayly. I had not seen her before in her weaker moments.

"Who was Mrs. Captain Tolland?" I asked eagerly, to change the current of our thoughts.

"I never knew her maiden name; if I ever heard it, I've gone an' forgot; 't would mean nothing to me," answered Mrs. Todd.

"She was a foreigner, an' he met with her out in the Island o' Jamaica. They said she'd been left a widow with property. Land knows what become of it; she was French born, an' her first husband was a Portugee, or somethin'."

I kept silence now, a poor and insufficient question being worse than none.

"Cap'n John Tolland was the least smartest of any of 'em, but he was full smart enough, an' commanded a good brig at the time, in the sugar trade; he'd taken out a cargo o' pine lumber to the islands from somewheres up the river, an' had been loadin' for home in the port o' Kingston, an' had gone ashore that afternoon for his papers, an' remained afterwards 'long of three friends o' his, all shipmasters. They was havin' their suppers together in a tavern; 'twas late in the evenin' an' they was more lively than usual, an' felt boyish; and over opposite was another house full o' company, real bright and pleasant lookin', with a lot o' lights, an' they heard somebody singin' very pretty to a guitar. They wa'n't in no go-to-meetin' condition, an' one of 'em, he slapped the table an' said, 'Le's go over an' hear that lady sing!' an' over they all went, good honest sailors, but three sheets in the wind, and stepped in as if they was invited, an' made their bows inside the door, an' asked if they could hear the music; they were all respectable well-dressed men. They saw the woman that had the guitar, an' there was a company a-listenin', regular highbinders all of 'em; an' there was a long table all spread out with big candlesticks like little trees o' light, and a sight o' glass an' silver ware; an' part o' the men was young officers in uniform, an' the colored folks was steppin' round servin' 'em, an' they had the lady singin'. 'Twas a wasteful scene, an' a loud talkin' company, an' though they was three sheets in the wind themselves there wa'n't one o' them cap'ns but had sense to perceive it. The others had pushed back their chairs, an' their decanters an' glasses was standin' thick about, an' they was teasin' the one that was singin' as if they'd just got her in to amuse 'em. But they quieted down; one o' the young officers had beautiful manners, an' invited the four cap'ns to join 'em, very polite; 'twas a kind of public house, and

after they 'd all heard another song, he come to consult with 'em whether they would n't git up and dance a hornpipe or somethin' to the lady's music.

"They was all elderly men an' ship-masters, and owned property; two of 'em was church members in good stand-in'," continued Mrs. Todd loftily, "an' they would n't lend theirselves to no such kick-shows as that, an' spite o' bein' three sheets in the wind, as I have once observed; they waved aside the tumblers of wine the young officer was pourin' out for 'em so freehanded, and said they should rather be excused. An' when they all rose, still very dignified, as I've been well informed, and made their partin' bows and was goin' out, them young sports got round 'em an' tried to prevent 'em, and they had to push an' strive considerable, but out they come. There was this Cap'n Tolland and two Cap'n Bowdens, and the fourth was my own father." (Mrs. Todd spoke slowly, as if to impress the value of her authority.) "Two of them was very religious, upright men, but they would have their night off sometimes, all o' them old-fashioned cap'ns, when they was free of business and ready to leave port.

"An' they went back to their tavern an' got their bills paid, an' set down kind o' mad with everybody by the front windows, mistrusting some o' their tavern charges, like's not, by that time, an' when they got tempered down, they watched the house over across, where the party was.

"There was a kind of a grove o' trees between the house an' the road, an' they heard the guitar a-goin' an' a-stoppin' short by turns, and pretty soon somebody began to screech, an' they saw a white dress come runnin' out through the bushes, an' tumbled over each other in their haste to offer help; an' out she come, with the guitar, cryin' into the street, and they just walked off four square with her amongst 'em, down toward the wharves where they felt more

to home. They could n't make out at first what 't was she spoke, — Cap'n Lorenzo Bowden was well acquainted in Havre an' Bordeaux, an' spoke a poor quality o' French, an' she knew a little mite o' English, but not much; and they come somehow or other to discern that she was in real distress. Her husband and her children had died o' yellow fever; they 'd all come up to Kingston from one o' the far Wind'ard Islands to get passage on a steamer to France, an' a negro had stole their money off her husband while he lay sick o' the fever, an' she had been befriended some, but the folks that knew about her had died too; it had been a dreadful run o' the fever that season, an' she fell at last to playin' an' singin' for hire, and for what money they 'd throw to her round them harbor houses.

"'T was a real hard case, an' when them cap'ns made out about it, there wa'n't one that meant to take leave without helpin' of her. They was pretty mellow, an' whatever they might lack o' prudence they more'n made up with charity: they did n't want to see nobody abused, an' she was sort of a pretty woman, an' they stopped in the street then an' there an' drew lots who should take her aboard, bein' all bound home. An' the lot fell to Cap'n Jonathan Bowden who did act discouraged; his vessel had but small accommodations, though he could stow a big freight, an' she was a dreadful slow sailer through bein' square as a box, an' his first wife, that was livin' then, was a dreadful jealous woman. He threw himself right onto the mercy o' Cap'n Tolland."

Mrs. Todd indulged herself for a short time in a season of calm reflection.

"I always thought they 'd have done better, and more reasonable, to give her some money to pay her passage home to France, or wherever she may have wanted to go," she continued.

I nodded and looked for the rest of the story.

"Father told mother," said Mrs. Todd confidentially, "that Cap'n Jonathan Bowden an' Cap'n John Tolland had both taken a little more than usual; I wouldn't have you think, either, that they both was n't the best o' men, an' they was solemn as owls, and argued the matter between 'em, an' waved aside the other two when they tried to put their oars in. An' spite o' Cap'n Tolland's bein' a settled old bachelor they fixed it that he was to take the prize on his brig; she was a fast sailer, and there was a good spare cabin or two where he'd sometimes carried passengers, but he'd filled 'em with bags o' sugar on his own account an' was loaded very heavy beside. He said he'd shift the sugar an' get along somehow, an' the last the other three cap'ns saw of the party was Cap'n John handing the lady into his bo't, guitar and all, an' off they all set tow'ds their ships with their men rowin' 'em in the bright moonlight down to Port Royal where the anchorage was, an' where they all lay, goin' out with the tide an' mornin' wind at break o' day. An' the others thought they heard music of the guitar, two o' the bo'ts kept well together, but it may have come from another source."

"Well; and then?" I asked eagerly after a pause. Mrs. Todd was almost laughing aloud over her knitting and nodding emphatically. We had forgotten all about the noise of the wind and sea.

"Lord bless you! he come sailing into Portland with his sugar, all in good time, an' they stepped right afore a justice o' the peace, and Cap'n John Tolland come paradin' home to Dunnet Landin' a married man. He owned one o' them thin, narrow-lookin' houses with one room each side o' the front door, and two slim black spruces spindlin' up against the front windows to make it gloomy inside. There was no horse nor cattle of course, though he owned pasture land, an' you could see rifts o' light right through the

barn as you drove by. And there was a good excellent kitchen, but his sister reigned over that; she had a right to two rooms, and took the kitchen an' a bedroom that led out of it; an' bein' given no rights in the kitchen had angered the cap'n so they were n't on no kind o' speakin' terms. He preferred his old brig for comfort, but now and then, between voyages, he'd come home for a few days, just to show he was master over his part o' the house, and show Eliza she could n't commit no trespass.

"They stayed a little while; 't was pretty spring weather, an' I used to see Cap'n John rollin' by with his arms full o' bundles from the store, lookin' as pleased and important as a boy; an' then they went right off to sea again, an' was gone a good many months. Next time he left her to live there alone, after they'd stopped at home together some weeks, an' they said she suffered from bein' at sea, but some said that the owners would n't have a woman aboard. 'T was before father was lost on that last voyage of his, an' he and mother went up once or twice to see them. Father said there wa'n't a mite o' harm in her, but somehow or other a sight o' prejudice arose; it may have been caused by the remarks of Eliza an' her feelin's tow'ds her brother. Even my mother had no regard for Eliza Tolland. But mother asked the cap'n's wife to come with her one evenin' to a social circle that was down to the meetin'-house vestry, so she'd get acquainted a little, an' she appeared very pretty until they started to have some singin' to the melodeon. Mari' Harris an' one o' the younger Caplin girls undertook to sing a duet, an' they sort o' flatted, an' she put her hands right up to her ears, and give a little squeal, an' went quick as could be an' give 'em the right notes, for she could read the music like plain print, an' made 'em try it over again. She was real willin' an' pleasant, but that did n't suit, an' she made faces

when they got it wrong. An' then there fell a dead calm, an' we was all settin' round prim as dishes, an' my mother, that never expects ill feelin', asked her if she would n't sing somethin', an' up she got, — poor creatur', it all seems so different to me now, — an' sung a lovely little song standin' in the floor; it seemed to have something gay about it that kept a-repeatin', an' nobody could help keepin' time, an' all of a sudden she looked round at the tables and caught up a tin plate that somebody'd fetched a Washin'ton pie in, an' she begun to drum on it with her fingers like one o' them tambourines, an' went right on singin' faster an' faster, and next minute she begun to dance a little pretty dance between the verses, just as light and pleasant as a child. You could n't help seein' how pretty 't was; we all got to trottin' a foot, an' some o' the men clapped their hands quite loud, a-keepin' time, 't was so catchin', an' seemed so natural to her. There wa'n't one of 'em but enjoyed it; she just tried to do her part, an' some urged her on, till she stopped with a little twirl of her skirts an' went to her place again by mother. And I can see mother now, reachin' over an' smilin' an' patten' her hand.

"But next day there was an awful scandal goin' in the parish, an' Mari' Harris reproached my mother to her face, an' I never wanted to see her since, but I've had to a good many times. I said Mis' Tolland did n't intend no impropriety, — I reminded her of David's dancin' before the Lord; but she said such a man as David never would have thought o' dancin' right there in the Orthodox vestry, and she felt I spoke with irreverence.

"And next Sunday Mis' Tolland come walkin' into our meeting, but I must say she acted like a cat in a strange garret, and went right out down the aisle with her head in air, from the pew Deacon Caplin had showed her into. 'T was just in the beginning of

the long prayer. I wish she'd stayed through, whatever her reasons were. Whether she'd expected somethin' different, or misunderstood some o' the pastor's remarks, or what 't was, I don't really feel able to explain, but she kind o' declared war, at least folks thought so, an' war 't was from that time. I see she was cryin', or had been, as she passed by me; perhaps bein' in meetin' was what had power to make her feel homesick and strange.

"Cap'n John Tolland was away fittin' out; that next week he come home to see her and say farewell. He was lost with his ship in the Straits of Malacca, and she lived there alone in the old house a few months longer till she died. He left her well off; 't was said he hid his money about the house and she knew where 't was. Oh, I expect you've heard that story told over an' over twenty times, since you've been here at the Landin'?"

"Never one word," I insisted.

"It was a good while ago," explained Mrs. Todd, with reassurance. "Yes, it all happened a great while ago."

III.

At this moment, with a sudden flaw of the wind, some wet twigs outside blew against the window panes and made a noise like a distressed creature trying to get in. I started with sudden fear, and so did the cat, but Mrs. Todd knitted away and did not even look over her shoulder.

"She was a good-looking woman; yes, I always thought Mis' Tolland was good-looking, though she had, as was reasonable, a sort of foreign cast, and she spoke very broken English, no better than a child. She was always at work about her house, or settin' at a front window with her sewing; she was a beautiful hand to embroider. Sometimes, summer evenings, when the windows was

open, she 'd set an' drum on her guitar, but I don't know as I ever heard her sing but once after the cap'n went away. She appeared very happy about havin' him, and took on dreadful at partin' when he was down here on the wharf, going back to Portland by boat to take ship for that last v'y'ge. He acted kind of ashamed, Cap'n John did; folks about here ain't so much accustomed to show their feelings. The whistle had blown an' they was waitin' for him to get aboard, an' he was put to it to know what to do and treated her very affectionate in spite of all impatience; but mother happened to be there and she went an' spoke, and I remember what a comfort she seemed to be. Mis' Tolland clung to her then, and she would n't give a glance after the boat when it had started, though the captain was very eager a-wavin' to her. She wanted mother to come home with her an' would n't let go her hand, and mother had just come in to stop all night with me an' had plenty o' time ashore, which did n't always happen, so they walked off together, an' 't was some considerable time before she got back.

" 'I want you to neighbor with that poor lonesome creatur,' says mother to me, lookin' reproachful. 'She's a stranger in a strange land,' says mother. 'I want you to make her have a sense that somebody feels kind to her.'

" 'Why, since that time she flaunted out o' meetin', folks have felt she liked other ways better 'n our'n,' says I. I was provoked, because I 'd had a nice supper ready, an' mother 'd let it wait so long 't was spoiled. 'I hope you 'll like your supper!' I told her. I was dreadful ashamed afterward of speakin' so to mother.

" 'What consequence is my supper?' says she to me; mother can be very stern, — 'or your comfort or mine, beside lettin' a foreign person an' a stranger feel so desolate; she 's done the best a woman could do in her lonesome

place, and she asks nothing of anybody except a little common kindness. Think if 't was you in a foreign land!'

"And mother set down to drink her tea, an' I set down humbled enough over by the wall to wait till she finished. An' I did think it all over, an' next day I never said nothin', but I put on my bonnet, and went to see Mis' Cap'n Tolland, if 't was only for mother's sake. 'T was about three quarters of a mile up the road here, beyond the school-house. I forgot to tell you that the cap'n had bought out his sister's right at three or four times what 't was worth, to save trouble, so they 'd got clear o' her, an' I went round into the side yard sort o' friendly an' sociable, rather than stop an' deal with the knocker an' the front door. It looked so pleasant an' pretty I was glad I come; she had set a little table for supper, though 't was still early, with a white cloth on it, right out under an old apple tree close by the house. I noticed 't was same as with me at home, there was only one plate. She was just coming out with a dish; you could n't see the door nor the table from the road.

"In the few weeks she 'd been there she 'd got some bloomin' pinks an' other flowers next the doorstep. Somehow it looked as if she 'd known how to make it homelike for the cap'n. She asked me to set down; she was very polite, but she looked very mournful, and I spoke of mother, an' she put down her dish and caught holt o' me with both hands an' said my mother was an angel. When I see the tears in her eyes 't was all right between us, and we were always friendly after that, and mother had us come out and make a little visit that summer; but she come a foreigner and she went a foreigner, and never was anything but a stranger among our folks. She taught me a sight o' things about herbs I never knew before nor since; she was well acquainted with the virtues o' plants. She 'd act awful

secret about some things too, an' used to work charms for herself sometimes, an' some o' the neighbors told to an' fro after she died that they knew enough not to provoke her, but 't was all nonsense; 't is the believin' in such things that causes 'em to be any harm, an' so I told 'em," confided Mrs. Todd contemptuously. "That first night I stopped to tea with her she'd cooked some eggs with some herb or other sprinkled all through, and 't was she that first led me to discern mushrooms; an' she went right down on her knees in my garden here when she saw I had my different officious herbs. Yes, 't was she that learned me the proper use o' parsley too; she was a beautiful cook."

Mrs. Todd stopped talking, and rose, putting the cat gently in the chair, while she went away to get another stick of apple-tree wood. It was not an evening when one wished to let the fire go down, and we had a splendid bank of bright coals. I had always wondered where Mrs. Todd had got such an unusual knowledge of cookery, of the varieties of mushrooms, and the use of sorrel as a vegetable, and other blessings of that sort. I had long ago learned that she could vary her omelettes like a child of France, which was indeed a surprise in Dunnet Landing.

IV.

All these revelations were of the deepest interest, and I was ready with a question as soon as Mrs. Todd came in and had well settled the fire and herself and the cat again.

"I wonder why she never went back to France, after she was left alone?"

"She come here from the French islands," explained Mrs. Todd. "I asked her once about her folks, an' she said they were all dead; 't was the fever took 'em. She made this her home, lonesome as 't was; she told me she had n't been in France since she was 'so

small,' and measured me off a child o' six. She'd lived right out in the country before, so that part wa'n't unusual to her. Oh yes, there was something very strange about her, and she had n't been brought up in high circles nor nothing o' that kind. I think she'd been really pleased to have the cap'n marry her an' give her a good home, after all she'd passed through, and leave her free with his money an' all that. An' she got over bein' so strange-looking to me after a while, but 't was a very singular expression: she wore a fixed smile that wa'n't a smile; there wa'n't no light behind it, same's a lamp can't shine if it ain't lit. I don't know just how to express it, 't was a sort of made countenance."

One could not help thinking of Sir Philip Sidney's phrase, "A made countenance, between simpering and smiling."

"She took it hard, havin' the captain go off on that last voyage," Mrs. Todd went on. "She said somethin' told her when they was partin' that he would never come back. He was lucky to speak a home-bound ship this side o' the Cape o' Good Hope, an' got a chance to send her a letter, an' that cheered her up. You often felt as if you was dealin' with a child's mind, for all she had so much information that other folks had n't. I was a sight younger than I be now, and she made me imagine new things, and I got interested watchin' her an' findin' out what she had to say, but you could n't get to no affectionateness with her. I used to blame me sometimes; we used to be real good comrades goin' off for an afternoon, but I never give her a kiss till the day she laid in her coffin and it come to my heart there wa'n't no one else to do it."

"And Captain Tolland died," I suggested after a while.

"Yes, the cap'n was lost," said Mrs. Todd, "and of course word did n't come for a good while after it happened. The letter come from the owners to my uncle, Cap'n Lorenzo Bowden, who was

in charge of Cap'n Tolland's affairs at home, and he come right up for me an' said I must go with him to the house. I had known what it was to be a widow, myself, for near a year, an' there was plenty o' widow women along this coast that the sea had made desolate, but I never saw a heart break as I did then.

"'T was this way: we walked together along the road, me an' uncle Lorenzo. You know how it leads straight from just above the schoolhouse to the brook bridge, and their house was just this side o' the brook bridge on the left hand; the cellar's there now, and a couple or three good-sized gray birches growin' in it. And when we come near enough I saw that the best room, this way, where she most never set, was all lighted up, and the curtains up so that the light shone bright down the road, and as we walked, those lights would dazzle and dazzle in my eyes, and I could hear the guitar a-goin', an' she was singin'. She heard our steps with her quick ears and come running to the door with her eyes a-shinin', an' all that set look gone out of her face, an' begun to talk French, gay as a bird, an' shook hands and behaved very pretty an' girlish, sayin' 't was her fête day. I did n't know what she meant then. And she had gone an' put a wreath o' flowers on her hair an' wore a handsome gold chain that the cap'n had given her; an' there she was, poor creatur', makin' believe have a party all alone in her best room; 't was prim enough to discourage a person, with too many chairs set close to the walls, just as the cap'n's mother had left it, but she had put sort o' long garlands on the walls, droopin' very graceful, and a sight of green boughs in the corners, till it looked lovely, and all lit up with a lot o' candles."

"Oh dear!" I sighed. "Oh, Mrs. Todd, what did you do?"

"She beheld our countenances," answered Mrs. Todd solemnly. "I expect they was telling everything plain

enough, but Cap'n Lorenzo spoke the sad words to her as if he had been her father; and she wavered a minute and then over she went on the floor before we could catch hold of her, and then we tried to bring her to herself and failed, and at last we carried her upstairs, an' I told uncle to run down and put out the lights, and then go fast as he could for Mrs. Begg, being very experienced in sickness, an' he so did. I got off her clothes and her poor wreath, and I cried as I done it. We both stayed there that night, and the doctor said 't was a shock when he come in the morning; he 'd been over to Black Island an' had to stay all night with a very sick child."

"You said that she lived alone some time after the news came," I reminded Mrs. Todd then.

"Oh yes, dear," answered my friend sadly, "but it wa'n't what you'd call livin'; no, it was only dyin', though at a snail's pace. She never went out again those few months, but for a while she could manage to get about the house a little, and do what was needed, an' I never let two days go by without seein' her or hearin' from her. She never took much notice as I came an' went except to answer if I asked her anything. Mother was the one who gave her the only comfort."

"What was that?" I asked softly.

"She said that anybody in such trouble ought to see their minister, mother did, and one day she spoke to Mis' Tolland, and found that the poor soul had been believin' all the time that there were n't any priests here. We'd come to know she was a Catholic by her beads and all, and that had set some narrow minds against her. And mother explained it just as she would to a child; and uncle Lorenzo sent word right off somewheres up river by a packet that was bound up the bay, and the first o' the week a priest come by the boat, an' uncle Lorenzo was on the wharf 'tendin' to some business; so they just come

up for me, and I walked with him to show him the house. He was a kind-hearted old man ; he looked so benevolent an' fatherly I could ha' stopped an' told him my own troubles ; yes, I was satisfied when I first saw his face, an' when poor Mis' Tolland beheld him enter the room, she went right down on her knees and clasped her hands together to him as if he'd come to save her life, and he lifted her up and blessed her, an' I left 'em together, and slipped out into the open field and walked there in sight so if they needed to call me, and I had my own thoughts. At last I saw him at the door ; he had to catch the return boat. I meant to walk back with him and offer him some supper, but he said no, and said he was comin' again if needed, and signed me to go into the house to her, and shook his head in a way that meant he understood everything. I can see him now ; he walked with a cane, rather tired and feeble ; I wished somebody would come along, so's to carry him down to the shore.

"Mis' Tolland looked up at me with a new look when I went in, an' she even took hold o' my hand and kept it. He had put some oil on her forehead, but nothing anybody could do would keep her alive very long ; 't was his medicine for the soul rather 'n the body. I helped her to bed, and next morning she could n't get up to dress her, and that was Monday, and she began to fail, and 't was Friday night she died." (Mrs. Todd spoke with unusual haste and lack of detail.) "Mrs. Begg and I watched with her, and made everything nice and proper, and after all the ill will there was a good number gathered to the funeral. 'T was in Reverend Mr. Bascom's day, and he done very well in his prayer, considering he could n't fill in with mentioning all the near connections by name as was his habit. He spoke very feeling about her being a stranger and twice widowed, and all he said about her being reared among the heathen was to ob-

serve that there might be roads leadin' up to the New Jerusalem from various points. I says to myself that I guessed quite a number must ha' reached there that wa'n't able to set out from Dunnet Landin' ! "

Mrs. Todd gave an odd little laugh as she bent toward the firelight to pick up a dropped stitch in her knitting, and then I heard a heartfelt sigh.

"'T was most forty years ago," she said ; "most everybody's gone a'ready that was there that day."

V.

Suddenly Mrs. Todd gave an energetic shrug of her shoulders, and a quick look at me, and I saw that the sails of her narrative were filled with a fresh breeze.

"Uncle Lorenzo, Cap'n Bowden that I have referred to" —

"Certainly !" I agreed with eager expectation.

"He was the one that had been left in charge of Cap'n John Tolland's affairs, and had now come to be of unforeseen importance.

"Mrs. Begg an' I had stayed in the house both before an' after Mis' Tolland's decease, and she was now in haste to be gone, having affairs to call her home ; but uncle come to me as the exercises was beginning, and said he thought I'd better remain at the house while they went to the buryin' ground. I could n't understand his reasons, an' I felt disappointed, bein' as near to her as most anybody ; 't was rough weather, so mother could n't get in, and did n't even hear Mis' Tolland was gone till next day. I just nodded to satisfy him, 't wa'n't no time to discuss anything. Uncle seemed flustered ; he'd gone out deep-sea fishin' the day she died, and the storm I told you of rose very sudden, so they got blown 'off way down the coast beyond Monhegan, and he'd just got back in time to dress himself and come.

"I set there in the house after I'd watched her away down the straight road far 's I could see from the door; 't was a little short walkin' funeral an' a cloudy sky, so everything looked dull an' gray, an' it crawled along all in one piece, same 's walking funerals do, an' I wondered how it ever come to the Lord's mind to let her begin down among them gay islands all heat and sun, and end up here among the rocks with a north wind blowin'. 'T was a gale that begun the afternoon before she died, and had kept blowin' off an' on ever since. I'd thought more than once how glad I should be to get home an' out o' sound o' them black spruces a-beatin' an' scratchin' at the front windows.

"I set to work pretty soon to put the chairs back, an' set outdoors some that was borrowed, an' I went out in the kitchen, an' I made up a good fire in case somebody come an' wanted a cup o' tea; but I did n't expect any one to travel way back to the house unless 't was uncle Lorenzo. 'T was growin' so chilly that I fetched some kindlin' wood and made fires in both the fore rooms. Then I set down an' begun to feel as usual, and I got my knittin' out of a drawer. You can't be sorry for a poor creatur' that 's come to the end o' all her troubles; my only discomfort was I thought I'd ought to feel worse at losin' her than I did; I was younger then than I be now. And as I set there, I begun to hear some long notes o' dronin' music from upstairs that chilled me to the bone."

Mrs. Todd gave a hasty glance at me.

"Quick 's I could gather me, I went right upstairs to see what 't was," she added eagerly, "an' 't was just what I might ha' known. She'd always kept her guitar hangin' right against the wall in her room; 't was tied by a blue ribbon, and there was a window left wide open; the wind was veerin' a good deal, an' it slanted in and searched the room. The strings was jarrin' yet.

"'T was growin' pretty late in the

afternoon, an' I begun to feel lonesome as I should n't now, and I was disappointed at having to stay there, the more I thought it over, but after a while I saw Cap'n Lorenzo polin' back up the road all alone, and when he come nearer I could see he had a bundle under his arm and had shifted his best black clothes for his every-day ones. I run out and put some tea into the teapot and set it back on the stove to draw, an' when he come in I reached down a little jug o' spirits, — Cap'n Tolland had left his house well provisioned as if his wife was goin' to put to sea same 's himself, an' there she'd gone an' left it. There was some cake that Mis' Begg an' I had made the day before. I thought that uncle an' me had a good right to the funeral supper, even if there wa'n't any one to join us. I was lookin' forward to my cup o' tea; 't was beautiful tea out of a green lacquered chest that I've got now."

"You must have felt very tired," said I, eagerly listening.

"I was 'most beat out, with watchin' an' tendin' and all," answered Mrs. Todd, with as much sympathy in her voice as if she were speaking of another person. "But I called out to uncle as he came in, 'Well, I expect it's all over now, an' we've all done what we could. I thought we'd better have some tea or somethin' before we go home. Come right out in the kitchen, sir,' says I, never thinking but we only had to let the fires out and lock up everything safe an' eat our refreshment, an' go home.

"'I want both of us to stop here to-night,' says uncle, looking at me very important.

"'Oh, what for?' says I, kind o' fretful.

"'I've got my proper reasons,' says uncle. 'I'll see you well satisfied, Almira. Your tongue ain't so easy-goin' as some o' the women folks, an' there 's property here to take charge of that you don't know nothin' at all about.'

“ ‘What do you mean?’ says I.

“ ‘Cap’n Tolland acquainted me with his affairs; he had n’t no sort o’ confidence in nobody but me an’ his wife, after he was tricked into signin’ that Portland note, an’ lost money. An’ she did n’t know nothin’ about business; but what he did n’t take to sea to be sunk with him he’s hid somewhere in this house. I expect Mis’ Tolland may have told you where she kept things?’ said uncle.

“ ‘I see he was dependin’ a good deal on my answer,’ said Mrs. Todd, ‘but I had to disappoint him; no, she had never said nothin’ to me.

“ ‘Well, then, we’ve got to make a search,’ says he, with considerable relish; but he was all tired and worked up, and we set down to the table, an’ he had somethin’, an’ I took my desired cup o’ tea, and then I begun to feel more interested.

“ ‘Where you goin’ to look first?’ says I, but he give me a short look an’ made no answer, and begun to mix me a very small portion out of the jug, in another glass. I took it to please him; he said I looked tired, speakin’ real fatherly, and I did feel better for it, and we set talkin’ a few minutes, an’ then he started for the cellar, carryin’ an old ship’s lantern he fetched out o’ the stairway an’ lit.

“ ‘What are you lookin’ for, some kind of a chist?’ I inquired, and he said yes. All of a sudden it come to me to ask who was the heirs; Eliza Tolland, Cap’n John’s own sister, had never demeaned herself to come near the funeral, and uncle Lorenzo faced right about and begun to laugh, sort o’ pleased. I thought queer of it; ‘t wa’n’t what he’d taken, which would be nothin’ to an old weathered sailor like him.

“ ‘Who’s the heir?’ says I the second time.

“ ‘Why, it’s *you*, Almiry,’ says he; and I was so took aback I set right down on the turn o’ the cellar stairs.

“ ‘Yes ‘t is,’ said uncle Lorenzo. ‘I’m glad of it too. Some thought she did n’t have no sense but foreign sense, an’ a poor stock o’ that, but she said you was friendly to her, an’ one day after she got news of Tolland’s death, an’ I had fetched up his will that left everything to her, she said she was goin’ to make a writin’, so’s you could have things after she was gone, an’ she give five hundred to me for bein’ executor. Square Pease fixed up the paper, an’ she signed it; it’s all accordin’ to law.’ There, I begun to cry,” said Mrs. Todd; “ ‘I could n’t help it. I wished I had her back again to do somethin’ for, an’ to make her know I felt sisterly to her more’n I’d ever showed, an’ it come over me ‘t was all too late, an’ I cried the more, till uncle showed impatience, an’ I got up an’ stumbled along down cellar with my apern to my eyes the greater part of the time.

“ ‘I’m goin’ to have a clean search,’ says he; ‘you hold the light.’ An’ I held it, and he rummaged in the arches an’ under the stairs, an’ over in some old closet where he reached out bottles an’ stone jugs an’ canted some kags an’ one or two casks, an’ chuckled well when he heard there was somethin’ inside, — but there wa’n’t nothin’ to find but things usual in a cellar, an’ then the old lantern was givin’ out an’ we come away.

“ ‘He spoke to me of a chist, Cap’n Tolland did,’ says uncle in a whisper. ‘He said a good sound chist was as safe a bank as there was, an’ I beat him out of such nonsense, ‘count o’ fire an’ other risks.’ ‘There’s no chist in the rooms above,’ says I; ‘no, uncle, there ain’t no sea-chist, for I’ve been here long enough to see what there was to be seen.’ Yet he would n’t feel contented till he’d mounted up into the toploft; ‘t was one o’ them single, hip-roofed houses that don’t give proper accommodation for a real garret, like Cap’n Littlepage’s down here at the Landin’. There was broken furniture and rubbish, an’ he let down a

terrible sight o' dust into the front entry, but sure enough there was n't no chist. I had it all to sweep up next day.

"'He must have took it away to sea,' says I to the cap'n, an' even then he did n't want to agree, but we was both beat out. I told him where I'd always seen Mis' Tolland get her money from, and we found much as a hundred dollars there in an old red morocco wallet. Cap'n John had been gone a good while a'ready, and she had spent what she needed. 'T was in an old desk o' his in the settin' room that we found the wallet."

"At the last minute he may have taken his money to sea," I suggested.

"Oh yes," agreed Mrs. Todd. "He did take considerable to make his venture to bring home, as was customary, an' that was drowned with him as uncle agreed; but he had other property in shipping, and a thousand dollars invested in Portland in a cordage shop, but 't was about the time shipping begun to decay, and the cordage shop failed, and in the end I wa'n't so rich as I thought I was goin' to be for those few minutes on the cellar stairs. There was an auction that accumulated something. Old Mis' Tolland, the cap'n's mother, had heired some good furniture from a sister: there was above thirty chairs in all, and they 're apt to sell well. I got over a thousand dollars when we come to settle up, and I made uncle take his five hundred; he was getting along in years and had met with losses in navigation, and he left it back to me when he died, so I had a real good lift. It all lays in the bank over to Rockland, and I draw my interest fall an' spring, with the little Mr. Todd was able to leave me; but that's kind o' sacred money; 't was earnt and saved with the hope o' youth, an' I'm very particuliar what I spend it for. Oh yes, what with ownin' my house, I've been enabled to get along very well, with prudence!" said Mrs. Todd contentedly.

"But there was the house and land," I asked, — "what became of that part of the property?"

Mrs. Todd looked into the fire, and a shadow of disapproval flitted over her face.

"Poor old uncle!" she said, "he got childish about the matter. I was hoping to sell at first, and I had an offer, but he always run of an idea that there was more money hid away, and kept wanting me to delay; an' he used to go up there all alone and search, and dig in the cellar, empty an' bleak as 't was in winter weather or any time. An' he'd come and tell me he'd dreamed he found gold behind a stone in the cellar wall, or somethin'. And one night we all see the light o' fire up that way, an' the whole Landin' took the road, and run to look, and the Tolland property was all in a light blaze. I expect the old gentleman had dropped fire about; he said he'd been up there to see if everything was safe in the afternoon. As for the land, 't was so poor that everybody used to have a joke that the Tolland boys preferred to farm the sea instead. It's 'most all grown up to bushes now, where it ain't poor water grass in the low places. There's some upland that has a pretty view, after you cross the brook bridge. Years an' years after she died, there was some o' her flowers used to come up an' bloom in the door garden. I brought two or three that was unusual down here; they always come up and remind me of her, constant as the spring. But I never did want to fetch home that guitar, some way or 'nother; I wouldn't let it go at the auction, either. It was hangin' right there in the house when the fire took place. I've got some o' her other little things scattered about the house: that picture on the mantelpiece belonged to her."

I had often wondered where such a picture had come from, and why Mrs. Todd had chosen it; it was a French

print of the statue of the Empress Josephine in the Savane at old Fort Royal, in Martinique.

VI.

Mrs. Todd drew her chair closer to mine; she held the cat and her knitting with one hand as she moved, but the cat was so warm and so sound asleep that she only stretched a lazy paw in spite of what must have felt like a slight earthquake. Mrs. Todd began to speak almost in a whisper.

"I ain't told you all," she continued; "no, I have n't spoken of all to but very few. The way it came was this," she said solemnly, and then stopped to listen to the wind, and sat for a moment in deferential silence, as if she waited for the wind to speak first. The cat suddenly lifted her head with quick excitement and gleaming eyes, and her mistress was leaning forward toward the fire with an arm laid on either knee, as if they were consulting the glowing coals for some augury. Mrs. Todd looked like an old prophetess as she sat there with the firelight shining on her strong face; she was posed for some great painter. The woman with the cat was as unconscious and as mysterious as any sibyl of the Sistine Chapel.

"There, that's the last struggle o' the gale," said Mrs. Todd, nodding her head with impressive certainty and still looking into the bright embers of the fire. "You'll see!" She gave me another quick glance, and spoke in a low tone as if we might be overheard.

"'T was such a gale as this the night Mis' Tolland died. She appeared more comfortable the first o' the evenin'; and Mrs. Begg was more spent than I, bein' older, and a beautiful nurse that was the first to see and think of everything, but perfectly quiet an' never asked a useless question. You remember her funeral when you first come to the Landing?

And she consented to goin' an' havin' a good sleep while she could, and left me one o' those good little pewter lamps that burnt whale oil an' made plenty o' light in the room, but not too bright to be disturbin'.

"Poor Mis' Tolland had been distressed the night before, an' all that day, but as night come on she grew more and more easy, an' was layin' there asleep; 't was like settin' by any sleepin' person, and I had none but usual thoughts. When the wind lulled and the rain, I could hear the seas, though more distant than this, and I don' know's I observed any other sound than what the weather made; 't was a very solemn feelin' night. I set close by the bed; there was times she looked to find somebody when she was awake. The light was on her face, so I could see her plain; there was always times when she wore a look that made her seem a stranger you'd never set eyes on before. I did think what a world it was that her an' me should have come together so, and she have nobody but Dunnet Landin' folks about her in her extremity. 'You're one o' the stray ones, poor creatur',' I said. I remember those very words passin' through my mind, but I saw reason to be glad she had some comforts, and did n't lack friends at the last, though she'd seen misery an' pain. I was glad she was quiet; all day she'd been restless, and we could n't understand what she wanted from her French speech. We had the window open to give her air, an' now an' then a gust would strike that guitar that was on the wall and set it swinging by the blue ribbon, and soundin' as if somebody begun to play it. I come near takin' it down, but you never know what'll fret a sick person an' put 'em on the rack, an' that guitar was one o' the few things she'd brought with her."

I nodded assent, and Mrs. Todd spoke still lower.

"I set there close by the bed; I'd

been through a good deal for some days back, and I thought I might 's well be droppin' asleep too, bein' a quick person to wake. She looked to me as if she might last a day longer, certain, now she 'd got more comfortable, but I was real tired, an' sort o' cramped as watchers will get, an' a fretful feeling begun to creep over me such as they often do have. If you give way, there ain't no support for the sick person; they can't count on no composure o' their own. Mis' Tolland moved then, a little restless, an' I forgot me quick enough, an' begun to hum out a little part of a hymn tune just to make her feel everything was as usual an' not wake up into a poor uncertainty. All of a sudden she set right up in bed with her eyes wide open, an' I stood an' put my arm behind her; she had n't moved like that for days. And she reached out both her arms toward the door, an' I looked the way she was lookin', an' I see some one was standin' there against the dark. No, 't wa'n't Mis' Begg; 't was somebody a good deal shorter than Mis' Begg. The lamplight struck across the room between us. I could n't tell the shape, but 't was a woman's dark face lookin' right at us; 't wa'n't but an instant I could see. I felt dreadful cold, and my head begun to swim; I thought the light went out; 't wa'n't but an instant, as I say, an' when my sight come back I could n't see nothing there. I was one that did n't know what it was to faint away, no matter what happened; time was I felt above it in others, but 't was somethin' that made poor human natur' quail. I saw very plain while I could see; 't was a pleasant enough face, shaped somethin' like Mis' Tolland's, and a kind of expectin' look.

"No, I don't expect I was asleep," Mrs. Todd assured me quietly, after a moment's pause, though I had not spoken. She gave a heavy sigh before she went on. I could see that the recollection moved her in the deepest way.

"I suppose if I had n't been so spent an' quavery with long watchin', I might have kept my head an' observed much better," she added humbly; "but I see all I could bear. I did try to act calm, an' I laid Mis' Tolland down on her pillow, an' I was a-shakin' as I done it. All she did was to look up to me so satisfied and sort o' questioning, an' I looked back to her.

"'You saw her, did n't you?' she says to me, speakin' perfectly reasonable. 'T is my mother,' she says again, very feeble, but lookin' straight up at me, kind of surprised with the pleasure, and smiling as if she saw I was overcome, an' would have said more if she could, but we had hold of hands. I see then her change was comin', but I did n't call Mis' Begg, nor make no uproar. I felt calm then, an' lifted to somethin' different as I never was since. She opened her eyes just as she was goin' —

"'You saw her, did n't you?' she said the second time, an' I says, '*Yes, dear, I did; you ain't never goin' to feel strange an' lonesome no more.*' An' then in a few quiet minutes 't was all over. I felt they 'd gone away together. No, I wa'n't alarmed afterward; 't was just that one moment I could n't live under, but I never called it beyond reason I should see the other watcher. I saw plain enough there was somebody there with me in the room.

VII.

"'T was just such a night as this Mis' Tolland died," repeated Mrs. Todd, returning to her usual tone and leaning back comfortably in her chair as she took up her knitting. "'T was just such a night as this. I've told the circumstances to but very few; but I don't call it beyond reason. When folks is goin' 't is all natural, and only common things can jar upon the mind. You know plain enough there 's somethin' beyond this

world; the doors stand wide open. 'There's somethin' of us that must still live on; we've got to join both worlds together an' live in one but for the other.' The doctor said that to me one day, an' I never could forget it; he said 't was in one o' his old doctor's books."

We sat together in silence in the warm little room; the rain dropped heavily from the eaves, and the sea still roared, but the high wind had done blowing.

We heard the far complaining fog horn of a steamer up the Bay.

"There goes the Boston boat out, pretty near on time," said Mrs. Todd with satisfaction. "Sometimes these late August storms 'll sound a good deal worse than they really be. I do hate to hear the poor steamers callin' when they're bewildered in thick nights in winter, comin' on the coast. Yes, there goes the boat; they'll find it rough at sea, but the storm's all over."

Sarah Orne Jewett.

THE WILD GARDENS OF THE YOSEMITE PARK.

WHEN California was wild, it was the floweriest part of the continent. And perhaps it is so still, notwithstanding the lowland flora has in great part vanished before the farmers' flocks and ploughs. So exuberant was the bloom of the main valley of the state, it would still have been extravagantly rich had ninety-nine out of every hundred of its crowded flowers been taken away, — far flowerier than the beautiful prairies of Illinois and Wisconsin, or the savannas of the Southern states. In the early spring it was a smooth, evenly planted sheet of purple and gold, one mass of bloom more than four hundred miles long, with scarce a green leaf in sight.

Still more interesting is the rich and wonderfully varied flora of the mountains. Going up the Sierra through the Yosemite Park to the Summit peaks, thirteen thousand feet high, you find as much variety in the vegetation as in the scenery. Change succeeds change with bewildering rapidity, for in a few days you pass through as many climates and floras, ranged one above another, as you would in walking along the lowlands to the Arctic Ocean.

And to the variety due to climate there is added that caused by the topo-

graphical features of the different regions. Again, the vegetation is profoundly varied by the peculiar distribution of the soil and moisture. Broad and deep moraines, ancient and well weathered, are spread over the lower regions, rough and comparatively recent and unweathered moraines over the middle and upper regions, alternating with bare ridges and domes and glacier-polished pavements, the highest in the icy recesses of the peaks, raw and shifting, some of them being still in process of formation, and of course scarcely planted as yet.

Besides these main soil beds there are many others comparatively small, reformations of both glacial and weather soils, sifted, sorted out, and deposited by running water and the wind on gentle slopes and in all sorts of hollows, pot-holes, valleys, lake basins, etc., — some in dry and breezy situations, others sheltered and kept moist by lakes, streams, and waftings of waterfall spray, making comfortable homes for plants widely varied. In general, glaciers give soil to high and low places almost alike, while water currents are dispensers of special blessings, constantly tending to make the ridges poorer and the valleys richer. Glaciers mingle all kinds of material

together, mud particles and boulders fifty feet in diameter: water, whether in oozing currents or passionate torrents, discriminates both in the size and shape of the material it carries. Glacier mud is the finest meal ground for any use in the Park, and its transportation into lakes and as foundations for flowery garden meadows was the first work that the young rivers were called on to do. Bogs occur only in shallow alpine basins where the climate is cool enough for sphagnum, and where the surrounding topographical conditions are such that they are safe, even in the most copious rains and thaws, from the action of flood currents capable of carrying rough gravel and sand, but where the water supply is nevertheless constant. The mosses dying from year to year gradually give rise to those rich spongy peat beds in which so many of our best alpine plants delight to dwell. The strong winds that occasionally sweep the high Sierra play a more important part in the distribution of special soil beds than is at first sight recognized, carrying forward considerable quantities of sand and gravel, flakes of mica, etc., and depositing them in fields and beds beautifully ruffled and embroidered and adapted to the wants of some of the hardiest and handsomest of the alpine shrubs and flowers. The more resisting of the smooth, solid, glacier-polished domes and ridges can hardly be said to have any soil at all, while others beginning to give way to the weather are thinly sprinkled with coarse angular gravel. Some of them are full of crystals, which as the surface of the rock is decomposed are set free, covering the summits and rolling down the sides in minute avalanches, giving rise to zones and beds of crystalline soil. In some instances the various crystals occur only here and there, sprinkled in the gray gravel like daisies in a sod; but in others half or more is made up of crystals, and the glow of the imbedded or loosely strewn gems and their colored

gleams and glintings at different times of the day when the sun is shining might well exhilarate the flowers that grow among them, and console them for being so completely outshone.

These radiant sheets and belts and dome-encircling rings of crystals are the most beautiful of all the Sierra soil beds, while the huge taluses ranged along the walls of the great cañons are the deepest and roughest. Instead of being slowly weathered and accumulated from the cliffs overhead like common taluses, they were all formed suddenly and simultaneously by an earthquake that occurred at least three centuries ago. Though thus hurled into existence at a single effort, they are the least changeable and destructible of all the soil formations in the range. Excepting those which were launched directly into the channels of rivers, scarcely one of their wedged and interlocked boulders has been moved since the day of their creation, and though mostly made up of huge angular blocks of granite, many of them from ten to fifty feet cube, trees and shrubs make out to live and thrive on them, and even delicate herbaceous plants, — draperia, collomia, zauschneria, etc., — soothing their rugged features with gardens and groves. In general views of the Park scarce a hint is given of its floral wealth. Only by patiently, lovingly sauntering about in it will you discover that it is all more or less flowery, the forests as well as the open spaces, and the mountain tops and rugged slopes around the glaciers as well as the sunny meadows.

Even the majestic cañon cliffs, seemingly absolutely flawless for thousands of feet and necessarily doomed to eternal sterility, are cheered with happy flowers on invisible niches and ledges wherever the slightest grip for a root can be found; as if Nature, like an enthusiastic gardener, could not resist the temptation to plant flowers everywhere. On high, dry rocky summits and plateaus, most of the plants are so small they make but little show

even when in bloom. But in the opener parts of the main forests, the meadows, stream banks, and the level floors of Yosemite valleys the vegetation is exceedingly rich in flowers, some of the lilies and larkspurs being from eight to ten feet high. And on the upper meadows there are miles of blue gentians and daisies, white and blue violets; and great breadths of rosy purple heathworts covering rocky moraines with a marvelous abundance of bloom, enlivened by humming birds, butterflies and a host of other insects as beautiful as flowers. In the lower and middle regions, also, many of the most extensive beds of bloom are in great part made by shrubs, — *adenostoma*, *manzanita*, *ceanothus*, *chamæbatia*, cherry, rose, *rubus*, *spiræa*, shad, laurel, azalea, honeysuckle, *calycanthus*, *ribes*, *philadelphus*, and many others, the sunny spaces about them bright and fragrant with mints, lupines, geraniums, lilies, daisies, goldenrods, *castilleias*, *gillias*, *pentstemons*, etc.

Adenostoma fasciculatum is a handsome, hardy, heathlike shrub belonging to the rose family, flourishing on dry ground below the pine belt, and often covering areas of twenty or thirty square miles of rolling sun-beaten hills and dales with a dense, dark green, almost impenetrable chaparral, which in the distance looks like Scotch heather. It is about six to eight feet high, has slender elastic branches, red shreddy bark, needle-shaped leaves, and small white flowers in panicles about a foot long, making glorious sheets of fragrant bloom in the spring. To running fires it offers no resistance, vanishing with the few other flowery shrubs and vines and liliaceous plants that grow with it about as fast as dry grass, leaving nothing but ashes. But with wonderful vigor it rises again and again in fresh beauty from the root, and calls back to its hospitable mansions the multitude of wild animals that had to flee for their lives.

As soon as you enter the pine woods,

you meet the charming little *Chamæbatia foliolosa*, one of the handsomest of the Park shrubs, next in fineness and beauty to the heathworts of the alpine regions. Like *adenostoma* it belongs to the rose family, is from twelve to eighteen inches high, has brown bark, slender branches, white flowers like those of the strawberry, and thrice-pinnate, glandular, yellow-green leaves, finely cut and fernlike, as if unusual pains had been taken in fashioning them. Where there is plenty of sunshine at an elevation of three thousand to six thousand feet, it makes a close continuous growth, leaf touching leaf over hundreds of acres, spreading a handsome mantle beneath the yellow and sugar pines. Here and there a lily rises above it, an arching bunch of tall *bromus*, and at wide intervals a rosebush or clump of *ceanothus* or *manzanita*, but there are no rough weeds mixed with it, — no roughness of any sort.

Perhaps the most widely distributed of all the Park shrubs and of the Sierra in general, certainly the most strikingly characteristic, are the many species of *manzanita* (*Arctostaphylos*). Though one species, the *Uva-ursa*, or bearberry, — the kinikinic of the Western Indians, — extends around the world, the greater part of them are Californian. They are mostly from four to ten feet high, round-headed, with innumerable branches, brown or red bark, pale green leaves set on edge, and a rich profusion of small, pink, narrow-throated, urn-shaped flowers like those of *arbutus*. The branches are knotty, zigzaggy, and about as rigid as bones, and the bark is so thin and smooth, both trunk and branches seem to be naked, looking as if they had been peeled, polished, and painted red. The wood also is red, hard, and heavy.

These grand bushes seldom fail to engage the attention of the traveler and hold it, especially if he has to pass through closely planted fields of them such as grow on moraine slopes at an elevation of about seven thousand feet,

and in cañons choked with earthquake boulders; for they make the most uncompromisingly stubborn of all chaparral. Even bears take pains to go around the stoutest patches if possible, and when compelled to force a passage leave tufts of hair and broken branches to mark their way, while less skillful mountaineers under like circumstances sometimes lose most of their clothing and all their temper.

The manzanitas like sunny ground. On warm ridges and sandy flats at the foot of sun-beaten cañon cliffs, some of the tallest specimens have well-defined trunks six inches to a foot or more thick, and stand apart in orchard-like growths which in bloomtime are among the finest garden sights in the Park. The largest I ever saw had a round, slightly fluted trunk nearly four feet in diameter, which at a height of only eighteen inches from the ground dissolved into a wilderness of branches, rising and spreading to a height and width of about twelve feet. In spring every bush over all the mountains is covered with rosy flowers, in autumn with fruit. The red pleasantly acid berries, about the size of peas, are like little apples, and the hungry mountaineer is glad to eat them, though half their bulk is made up of hard seeds. Indians, bears, coyotes, foxes, birds, and other mountain people live on them for months.

Associated with manzanita there are six or seven species of ceanothus, flowery, fragrant, and altogether delightful shrubs, growing in glorious abundance in the forests on sunny or half-shaded ground, up to an elevation of about nine thousand feet above the sea. In the sugar-pine woods the most beautiful species is *C. integerrimus*, often called California lilac, or deer brush. It is five or six feet high, smooth, slender, willowy, with bright foliage and abundance of blue flowers in close showy panicles.

Two species, *prostratus* and *procumbens*, spread handsome blue-flowered mats and rugs on warm ridges beneath the pines, and offer delightful beds to the

tired mountaineer. The commonest species, *C. cordulatus*, is mostly restricted to the silver fir belt. It is white-flowered and thorny, and makes extensive thickets of tangled chaparral, far too dense to wade through, and too deep and loose to walk on, though it is pressed flat every winter by ten or fifteen feet of snow.

Above these thorny beds, sometimes mixed with them, a very wild, red-fruited cherry grows in magnificent tangles, fragrant and white as snow when in bloom. The fruit is small and rather bitter, not so good as the black, puckery chokecherry that grows in the cañons, but thrushes, robins, and chipmunks like it. Below the cherry tangles, chinquapin and goldeup oak spread generous mantles of chaparral, and with hazel and ribes thickets in adjacent glens help to clothe and adorn the rocky wilderness, and produce food for the many mouths Nature has to fill. *Azalea occidentalis* is the glory of cool streams and meadows. It is from two to five feet high, has bright green leaves and a rich profusion of large, fragrant white and yellow flowers, which are in prime beauty in June, July, and August, according to the elevation (from three thousand to six thousand feet). Only the purple-flowered rhododendron of the redwood forests rivals or surpasses it in superb abounding bloom.

Back a little way from the azalea-bordered streams, a small wild rose makes thickets, often several acres in extent, deliciously fragrant on dewy mornings and after showers, the fragrance mingled with the music of the birds nesting in them. And not far from these rose gardens, *Rubus Nutkanus* covers the ground with broad velvety leaves and pure white flowers as large as those of its neighbor the rose, and finer in texture; followed at the end of summer by soft red berries good for bird and beast and man also. This is the commonest and the most beautiful of the whole blessed flowery fruity genus.

The glory of the alpine region in

bloomtime are the heathworts, cassiope, bryanthus, kalmia, and vaccinium, enriched here and there by the alpine honeysuckle *Lonicera conjugialis*, and by the purple-flowered *Primula suffruticosa*, the only primrose discovered in California, and the only shrubby species in the genus. The lowly, hardy, adventurous cassiope has exceedingly slender creeping branches, scalelike leaves, and pale pink or white waxen bell flowers. Few plants, large or small, so well endure hard weather and rough ground over so great a range. In July it spreads a wavering, interrupted belt of the loveliest bloom around glacier lakes and meadows and across wild moory expanses, between roaring streams, all along the Sierra, and northward beneath cold skies by way of the mountain chains of Oregon, Washington, British Columbia, and Alaska to the Arctic regions; gradually descending, until at the north end of the continent it reaches the level of the sea; blooming as profusely and at about the same time on mossy frozen tundras as on the high Sierra moraines. Bryanthus, the companion of cassiope, accompanies it as far north as southeastern Alaska, where together they weave thick plushy beds on rounded mountain tops above the glaciers. Bryanthus grows mostly at slightly lower elevations; the upper margin of what may be called the bryanthus belt in the Sierra uniting with and overlapping the lower margin of the cassiope.

The wide bell-shaped flowers are bright purple, about three fourths of an inch in diameter, hundreds to the square yard, the young branches, mostly erect, being covered with them. No Highlander in heather enjoys more luxurious rest than the Sierra mountaineer in a bed of blooming bryanthus. And imagine the show on calm dewy mornings, when there is a radiant globe in the throat of every flower, and smaller gems on the needle-shaped leaves, the sunbeams pouring through them. In the same wild cold

region the tiny *Vaccinium myrtillus*, mixed with kalmia and dwarf willows, spreads thinner carpets, the down-pressed matted leaves profusely sprinkled with pink bells; and on higher sandy slopes you will find several alpine species of eriogonum with gorgeous bossy masses of yellow bloom, and the lovely Arctic daisy with many blessed companions; charming plants, gentle mountaineers, Nature's darlings, which seem always the finer the higher and stormier their homes.

Many interesting ferns are distributed over the Park from the foothills to a little above the timber line. The greater number are rock ferns, — pellaea, cheilanthes, polypodium, adiantum, woodsia, cryptogramme, etc., with small tufted fronds, lining glens and gorges and fringing the cliffs and moraines. The most important of the larger species are woodwardia, aspidium, asplenium, and the common pteris. *Woodwardia radicans* is a superb fern five to eight feet high, growing in vasselike clumps where the ground is level, and on slopes in a regular thatch, frond over frond, like shingles on a roof. Its range in the Park is from the western boundary up to about five thousand feet, mostly on benches of the north walls of cañons watered by small outspread streams. It is far more abundant in the Coast Mountains beneath the noble redwoods, where it attains a height of ten to twelve feet. The aspidiums are mostly restricted to the moist parts of the lower forests, *Asplenium filix-femina* to marshy streams. The hardy, broad-shouldered *Pteris aquilina*, the commonest of ferns, grows tall and graceful on sunny flats and hillsides, at elevations between three thousand and six thousand feet. Those who know it only in the Eastern states can form no fair conception of its stately beauty in the sunshine of the Sierra. On the level sandy floors of Yosemite valleys it often attains a height of six to eight feet in fields thirty or forty acres in extent, the magnificent fronds outspread in a nearly

horizontal position, forming a ceiling beneath which one may walk erect in delightful mellow shade. No other fern does so much for the color glory of autumn, with its browns and reds and yellows changing and interblending. Even after lying dead all winter beneath the snow it spreads a lively brown mantle over the desolate ground, until the young fronds with a noble display of faith and hope come rolling up into the light through the midst of the beautiful ruins. A few weeks suffice for their development, then, gracefully poised each in its place, they manage themselves in every exigency of weather as if they had passed through a long course of training. I have seen solemn old sugar pines thrown into momentary confusion by the sudden onset of a storm, tossing their arms excitedly as if scarce awake, and wondering what had happened, but I never noticed surprise or embarrassment in the behavior of this noble pteris. Of five species of *Pellaea* in the Park, the handsome *andromedæfolia* growing in brushy foothills with *Adiantum emarginatum* is the largest. *P. Breweri*, the hardiest and at the same time the most fragile of the genus, grows in dense tufts among rocks on storm-beaten mountain sides along the upper margin of the fern line. It is a charming little fern four or five inches high, has shining bronze-colored stalks which are about as brittle as glass, and pale green pinnate fronds. Its companions on the lower part of its range are *Cryptogramme acrostichoides* and *Phegopteris alpestris*, the latter soft and tender, not at all like a rock fern, though it grows on rocks where the snow lies longest.

P. Bridgesii, with blue-green, narrow, simply pinnate fronds, is about the same size as *Breweri* and ranks next to it as a mountaineer, growing in fissures and around boulders on glacier pavements. About a thousand feet lower we find the smaller and more abundant *P. densa*, on ledges and boulder-strewn fissured pave-

ments, watered until late in summer by oozing currents from snow banks or thin outspread streams from moraines, growing in close sods, its little, bright green, triangular, tripinnate fronds, about an inch in length, as innumerable as leaves of grass. *P. ornithopus* has twice or thrice pinnate fronds, is dull in color, and dwells on hot rocky hillsides among chaparral.

Three species of *Cheilanthes*, — *Californica*, *gracillima*, and *myriophylla*, with beautiful two to four pinnate fronds, an inch to five inches long, adorn the stupendous walls of the cañons however dry and sheer. The exceedingly delicate and interesting *Californica* is rare, the others abundant at from three thousand to seven thousand feet elevation, and are often accompanied by the little gold fern, *Gymnogramme triangularis*, and rarely by the curious little *Botrychium simplex*, the smallest of which are less than an inch high.

The finest of all the rock ferns is *Adiantum pedatum*, lover of waterfalls and the lightest waftings of irised spray. No other Sierra fern is so constant a companion of white spray-covered streams, or tells so well their wild thundering music. The homes it loves best are cave-like hollows beside the main falls, where it can float its plumes on their dewy breath, safely sheltered from the heavy spray-laden blasts. Many of these moss-lined chambers, so cool, so moist, and brightly colored with rainbow light, contain thousands of these happy ferns, clinging to the emerald walls by the slightest holds, reaching out the most wonderfully delicate fingered fronds on dark glossy stalks, sensitive, tremulous, all alive, in an attitude of eager attention; throbbing in unison with every motion and tone of the resounding waters, compliant to their faintest impulses, moving each division of the frond separately at times as if fingering the music, playing on invisible keys.

Considering the lilies as you go up the

mountains, the first you come to is *L. pardalinum*, with large orange-yellow, purple-spotted flowers big enough for babies' bonnets. It is seldom found higher than thirty-five hundred feet above the sea, grows in magnificent groups of fifty to a hundred or more, in romantic waterfall dells in the pine woods, shaded by overarching maple and willow, alder and dogwood, with bushes in front of the embowering trees for a border, and ferns and sedges in front of the bushes; while the bed of black humus in which the bulbs are set is carpeted with mosses and liverworts. These richly furnished lily gardens are the pride of the falls on the lower tributaries of the Tuolumne and Merced rivers, falls not like those of Yosemite valleys coming from the sky with rock-shaking thunder tones, but small, with low, kind voices cheerily singing in calm leafy bowers, self-contained, keeping their snowy skirts well about them, yet furnishing plenty of spray for the lilies.

The Washington lily (*L. Washingtonianum*) is white, deliciously fragrant, moderate in size, with three to ten flowered racemes. The largest I ever measured was eight feet high, the raceme two feet long, with fifty-two flowers, fifteen of them open; the others had faded or were still in the bud. This famous lily is distributed over the sunny portions of the sugar-pine woods, never in large garden companies like *pardalinum*, but widely scattered, standing up to the waist in dense ceanothus and manzanita chaparral, waving its lovely flowers above the blooming wilderness of brush, and giving their fragrance to the breeze. These stony, thorny jungles are about the last places in the mountains in which one would look for lilies. But though they toil not nor spin, like other people under adverse circumstances, they have to do the best they can. Because their large bulbs are good to eat they are dug up by Indians and bears; therefore, like hunted animals, they seek refuge in the cha-

parral, where among the boulders and tough tangled roots they are comparatively safe. This is the favorite Sierra lily, and it is now growing in all the best parks and gardens of the world.

The showiest gardens in the Park lie imbedded in the silver fir forests on the top of the main dividing ridges or hang like gayly colored scarfs down their sides. Their wet places are in great part taken up by veratrum, a robust broad-leaved plant, determined to be seen, and habernaria and spiranthes; the drier parts by tall columbines, larkspurs, castilleias, lupines, hosackias, erigerons, valerian, etc., standing deep in grass, with violets here and there around the borders. But the finest feature of these forest gardens is *Lilium parvum*. It varies greatly in size, the tallest being from six to nine feet high, with splendid racemes of ten to fifty small orange-colored flowers, which rock and wave with great dignity above the other flowers in the infrequent winds that fall over the protecting wall of trees. Though rather frail-looking it is strong, reaching prime vigor and beauty eight thousand feet above the sea, and in some places venturing as high as eleven thousand.

Calochortus, or Mariposa tulip, is a unique genus of many species confined to the California side of the continent; charming plants, somewhat resembling the tulips of Europe, but far finer. The richest calochortus region lies below the western boundary of the Park, still five or six species are included. *C. Nuttallii* is common on moraines in the forests of the two-leaved pine; and *C. caeruleus* and *nudus*, very slender, lowly species, may be found in moist garden spots near Yosemite. *C. albus*, with pure white flowers, growing in shady places among the foothill shrubs, is, I think, the very loveliest of all the lily family, — a spotless soul, plant saint, that every one must love and so be made better. It puts the wildest mountaineer on his good behavior. With this plant

the whole world would seem rich though none other existed. Next after *Calochortus*, *Brodiaea* is the most interesting genus. Nearly all the many species have beautiful showy heads of blue, lilac, and yellow flowers, enriching the gardens of the lower pine region. Other liliaceous plants likely to attract attention are the blue-flowered *camassia*, the bulbs of which are prized as food by Indians; *fritillaria*, *smilicina*, *chloragalum*, and the twining climbing *stropholirion*.

The common orchidaceous plants are *corallorhiza*, *goodyera*, *spiranthes*, and *habenaria*. *Cypripedium montanum*, the only moccasin flower I have seen in the Park, is a handsome, thoughtful-looking plant living beside cool brooks. The large oval lip is white, delicately veined with purple; the other petals and sepals purple, strap-shaped, and elegantly curved and twisted.

To tourists the most attractive of all the flowers of the forest is the snow plant (*Sarcodes sanguinea*). It is a bright red, fleshy, succulent pillar that pushes up through the dead needles in the pine and fir woods like a gigantic asparagus shoot. The first intimation of its coming is a loosening and up-bulging of the brown stratum of decomposed needles on the forest floor in the cracks of which you notice fiery gleams; presently a blunt dome-shaped head an inch or two in diameter appears, covered with closely imbricated scales and bracts. In a week or so it grows to a height of six to twelve inches. Then the long fringed bracts spread and curl aside, allowing the twenty or thirty five-lobed bell-shaped flowers to open and look straight out from the fleshy axis. It is said to grow up through the snow; on the contrary it always waits until the ground is warm, though with other early flowers it is occasionally buried or half buried for a day or two by spring storms. The entire plant — flowers, bracts, stem, scales, and roots — is red. But notwithstanding its glowing color and

beautiful flowers, it is singularly unsympathetic and cold. Everybody admires it as a wonderful curiosity, but nobody loves it. Without fragrance, rooted in decaying vegetable matter, it stands beneath the pines and firs lonely, silent, and about as rigid as a graveyard monument.

Down in the main cañons adjoining the azalea and rose gardens there are fine beds of herbaceous plants, — tall mints and sunflowers, iris, *œnothera*, *brodiaea*, and bright beds of *erythræa* on the ferny meadows. *Bolanderia*, *sedum*, and airy feathery purple-flowered *heuchera* adorn mossy nooks near falls, the shading trees wreathed and festooned with wild grapevines and *clematis*; while lightly shaded flats are covered with *gilia* and *eunanus* of many species, *hosackia*, *arnica*, *chænactis*, *gayophytum*, *gnaphalium*, *monardella*, etc.

Thousands of the most interesting gardens in the Park are never seen, for they are small and lie far up on ledges and terraces of the sheer cañon walls, wherever a strip of soil however narrow and shallow can rest. The birds, winds, and down-washing rains have planted them with all sorts of hardy mountain flowers, and where there is sufficient moisture they flourish in profusion. Many of them are watered by little streams that seem lost on the tremendous precipices, clinging to the face of the rock in lacelike strips, and dripping from ledge to ledge, too silent to be called falls, pathless wanderers from the upper meadows, which for centuries have been seeking a way down to the rivers they belong to, without having worn as yet any appreciable channel, mostly evaporated or given to the plants they meet before reaching the foot of the cliffs. To these unnoticed streams the finest of the cliff gardens owe their luxuriance and freshness of beauty. In the larger ones ferns and showy flowers flourish in wonderful profusion, — *woodwardia*, *columbine*, *collomia*, *castilleia*, *draperia*, *geranium*, *erythræa*, pink and

scarlet mimulus, hosaekia, saxifrage, sunflowers, and daisies, with azalea, spiræa, and calycanthus, a few specimens of each that seem to have been culled from the large gardens above and beneath them. Even lilies are occasionally found in these irrigated cliff gardens, swinging their bells over the giddy precipices, seemingly as happy as their relatives down in the waterfall dells.

Most of the cliff gardens, however, are dependent on summer showers, and though from the shallowness of the soil beds they are often dry, they still display a surprising number of bright flowers, — scarlet zauschneria, purple bushpenstemon, mints, gillias, and bosses of glowing golden bahia. Nor is there any lack of commoner plants; the homely yarrow is often found in them, and sweet clover and honeysuckle for the bees. In the upper cañons, where the walls are inclined at so low an angle that they are loaded with moraine material through which perennial streams percolate in broad diffused currents, there are long wavering garden beds, that seem to be descending through the forest like cascades, their fluent lines suggesting motion, swaying from side to side of the forested banks, surging up here and there over island-like boulder piles, or dividing and flowing around them. In some of these floral cascades the vegetation is chiefly sedges and grasses ruffled with willows; in others, showy flowers like those of the lily gardens on the main divides. Another curious and picturesque series of wall gardens are made by thin streams that ooze slowly from moraines and slip gently over smooth glaciated slopes. From particles of sand and mud they carry, a pair of lobe-shaped sheets of soil an inch or two thick are gradually formed, one of them hanging down from the brow of the slope, the other leaning up from the foot of it like stalactite and stalagnite, the soil being held together by the flowery, moisture-loving plants growing in it.

Along the rocky parts of the cañon bottoms between lake basins, where the streams flow fast over glacier-polished granite, there are rows of pothole gardens full of ferns, daisies, goldenrods, and other common plants of the neighborhood nicely arranged like bouquets, and standing out in telling relief on the bare shining rock banks. And all the way up the cañons to the Summit mountains, wherever there is soil of any sort, there is no lack of flowers, however short the summer may be. Within eight or ten feet of a snowbank, lingering beneath a shadow, you may see belated ferns unrolling their fronds in September, and sedges hurrying up their brown spikes, on ground that has been free from snow only eight or ten days, and is likely to be covered again within a few weeks; the winter in the coolest of these shadow gardens being about eleven months long, while spring, summer, and autumn are hurried and crowded into one month. Again, under favorable conditions, alpine gardens three or four thousand feet higher than the last are in their prime in June. Between the Summit peaks at the head of the cañons surprising effects are produced, where the sunshine falls direct on rocky slopes and reverberates among boulders. Toward the end of August, in one of these natural hothouses on the north shore of a glacier lake 11,500 feet above the sea, I found a luxuriant growth of hairy lupines, thistles, goldenrods, shrubby potentilla, Spraguea, and the mountain epilobium with thousands of purple flowers an inch wide, while the opposite shore, at a distance of only three hundred yards, was bound in heavy avalanche snow, — flowery summer on one side, winter on the other. And I know a bench garden on the north wall of Yosemite in which a few flowers are in bloom all winter; the massive rocks about it storing up sunshine enough in summer to melt the snow about as fast as it falls. When tired of the confine-

ment of my cabin I used to camp out in it in January, and never failed to find flowers, and butterflies also, except during snowstorms and a few days after.

From Yosemite one can easily walk in a day to the top of Mount Hoffman, a massive gray mountain that rises in the centre of the Park, with easy slopes adorned with castellated piles and crests on the south side, rugged precipices banked with perpetual snow on the north. Most of the broad summit is comparatively level and smooth, and covered with crystals of quartz, — mica, hornblende, feldspar, garnet, zircon, tourmaline, etc., weathered out and strewn loosely as if sown broadcast; their radiance so dazzling in some places as fairly to hide the multitude of small flowers that grow among them; myriads of keen lance rays infinitely fine, white or colored, making an almost continuous glow over all the ground, with here and there throbbing, spangling lilies of light growing on the larger gems. At first sight only these crystal sunflowers are noticed, but looking closely you discover minute gillias, ivesias, eunanus, phloxes, etc., in thousands, showing more petals than leaves; and larger plants in hollows and on the borders of rills, — lupines, potentillas, daisies, harebells, mountain columbine, astragalus, fringed with heathworts. You wander about from garden to garden enchanted, as if walking among stars, gathering the brightest gems, each and all apparently doing their best with eager enthusiasm, as if everything depended on faithful shining; and considering the flowers basking in the glorious light, many of them looking like swarms of small moths and butterflies that were resting after long dances in the sunbeams. Now your attention is called to colonies of woodchucks and pikas, the mounds in front of their burrows glittering like heaps of jewelry, — romantic ground to live in or die in. Now you look abroad over the vast round land-

scape bounded by the down-curving sky, nearly all the Park in it displayed like a map, — forests, meadows, lakes, rock-waves, and snowy mountains. Northward lies the basin of Yosemite Creek, paved with bright domes and lakes like larger crystals; eastward, the meadowy, billowy Tuolumne region and the Summit peaks in glorious array; southward, Yosemite; and westward, the boundless forests. On no other mountain that I know of are you more likely to linger. It is a magnificent camp ground. Clumps of dwarf pine furnish rosiny roots and branches for fuel, and the rills pure water. Around your camp fire the flowers seem to be looking eagerly at the light, and the crystals shine unweariedly, making fine company as you lie at rest in the very heart of the vast, serene, majestic night.

The finest of the glacier meadow gardens lie at an elevation of about nine thousand feet, imbedded in the upper pine forests like lakes of light. They are smooth and level, a mile or two long, and the rich, well-drained ground is completely covered with a soft, silky, plushy sod enameled with flowers, not one of which is in the least weedy or coarse. In some places the sod is so crowded with showy flowers that the grasses are scarce noticed, in others they are rather sparingly scattered; while every leaf and flower seems to have its winged representative in the swarms of happy flower-like insects that enliven the air above them.

With the winter snowstorms wings and petals are folded, and for more than half the year the meadows are snow-buried ten or fifteen feet deep. In June they begin to thaw out, small patches of the dead sloppy sod appear, gradually increasing in size until they are free and warm again, face to face with the sky; myriads of growing points push through the steaming mould, frogs sing cheerfully, soon joined by the birds, and the merry insects come back as if suddenly

raised from the dead. Soon the ground is green with mosses and liverworts and dotted with small fungi, making the first crop of the season. Then the grass leaves weave a new sod, and the exceedingly slender panicles rise above it like a purple mist, speedily followed by potentilla, ivesia, bossy orthocarpus yellow and purple, and a few pentstemons. Later come the daisies and goldenrods, asters and gentians. Of the last there are three species, small and fine with varying tones of blue, and in glorious abundance, coloring extensive patches where the sod is shallowest. Through the midst flows a stream only two or three feet wide, silently gliding as if careful not to disturb the hushed calm of the solitude, its banks embossed by the common sod bent down to the water's edge, and trimmed with mosses and violets; slender grass panicles lean over like miniature pine trees, and here and there on the driest places small mats of heathworts are neatly spread, enriching without roughening the bossy down-curling sod. In spring and summer the weather is mostly crisp, exhilarating sunshine, though magnificent mountain ranges of cumuli are often upheaved about noon, their shady hollows tinged with purple ineffably fine, their snowy sun-beaten bosses glowing against the sky, casting cooling shadows for an hour or two, then dissolving in a quick washing rain. But for days in succession there are no clouds at all, or only faint wisps and pencilings scarcely discernible.

Toward the end of August the sunshine grows hazy, announcing the coming of Indian summer, the outlines of the landscapes are softened and mellowed, and more and more plainly are the mountains clothed with light, white tinged with pale purple, richest in the morning and evening. The warm, brooding days are full of life and thoughts of life to come, ripening seeds with next summer in them or a hundred

summers. The nights are unspeakably impressive and calm, frost crystals of wondrous beauty grow on the grass, — each carefully planned and finished as if intended to endure forever. The sod becomes yellow and brown, but the late asters and gentians, carefully closing their flowers at night, do not seem to feel the frost; no nipped, wilted plants of any kind are to be seen; even the early snowstorms fail to blight them. At last the precious seeds are ripe, all the work of the season is done, and the sighing pines tell the coming of winter and rest.

Ascending the range you find that many of the higher meadows slope considerably, from the amount of loose material washed into their basins; and sedges and rushes are mixed with the grasses or take their places, though all are still more or less flowery and bordered with heathworts, sibaldea, and dwarf willows. Here and there you come to small bogs, the wettest smooth and adorned with parnassia and buttercups, others tussocky and ruffled like bits of Arctic tundra, their mosses and lichens interwoven with dwarf shrubs. On boulder piles the red iridescent oxyria abounds, and on sandy, gravelly slopes several species of shrubby, yellow-flowered erigonum, some of the plants, less than a foot high, being very old, a century or more, as is shown by the rings made by the annual whorls of leaves on the big roots. Above these flower-dotted slopes the gray, savage wilderness of crags and peaks seems lifeless and bare. Yet all the way up to the tops of the highest mountains, commonly supposed to be covered with eternal snow, there are bright garden spots crowded with flowers, their warm colors calling to mind the sparks and jets of fire on polar volcanoes rising above a world of ice. The principal mountain-top plants are phloxes, drabas, saxifrages, silene, cymopterus, hulsea, and polemonium, growing in detached stripes and mats,

—the highest streaks and splashes of the summer wave as it*breaks against these wintry heights. The most beautiful are the phloxes (*douglasii* and *cæspitosum*), and the red-flowered silene with innumerable flowers hiding the leaves. Though herbaceous plants, like the trees and shrubs, are dwarfed as they ascend, two of these mountain dwellers, *Hulsea algida* and *Polemonium confertum*, are notable exceptions. The yellow-flowered hulsea is eight to twelve inches high, stout, erect, the leaves, three to six inches long, secreting a rosiny, fragrant gum, standing up boldly on the grim lichen-stained crags, and never looking in the least tired or discouraged. Both the ray and disk flowers are yellow, the heads nearly two inches wide, and are eagerly sought for by roving bee mountaineers. The polemonium is quite as luxuriant and tropical-looking as its companion, about the same height, glandular, fragrant, its blue flowers closely packed in eight or ten heads, twenty to forty in a head. It is never far from hulsea, growing at elevations between eleven and thirteen thousand feet wherever a little hollow or crevice favorably situated with a handful of wind-driven soil can be found.

From these frosty Arctic sky gardens you may descend in one straight swoop to the abronia, mentzelia, and *cænotheca* gardens of Mono, where the sunshine is warm enough for palms.

But the greatest of all the gardens is the belt of forest trees, profusely covered in the spring with blue and purple, red and yellow blossoms, each tree with a gigantic panicle of flowers fifty to a hundred feet long. Yet strange to say they are seldom noticed. Few travel through the woods when they are in bloom, the flowers of some of the showiest species opening before the snow is off the ground. Nevertheless, one would think the news of such gigantic flowers would quickly spread, and travelers from all the world would make haste to

the show. Eager inquiries are made for the bloomtime of rhododendron-covered mountains and for the bloomtime of Yosemite streams, that they may be enjoyed in their prime; but the far grander outburst of tree bloom covering a thousand mountains — who inquires about that? That the pistillate flowers of the pines and firs should escape the eyes of careless lookers is less to be wondered at, since they mostly grow aloft on the topmost branches, and can hardly be seen from the foot of the trees. Yet even these make a magnificent show from the top of an overlooking ridge when the sunbeams are pouring through them. But the far more numerous staminate flowers of the pines in large rosy clusters, and those of the silver firs in countless thousands on the under side of the branches, cannot be hid, stand where you may. The mountain hemlock also is gloriously colored with a profusion of lovely blue and purple flowers, a spectacle to gods and men. A single pine or hemlock or silver fir in the prime of its beauty about the middle of June is well worth the pains of the longest journey; how much more broad forests of them thousands of miles long.

One of the best ways to see tree flowers is to climb one of the tallest trees and to get into close tingling touch with them, and then look abroad. Speaking of the benefits of tree climbing, Thoreau says: "I found my account in climbing a tree once. It was a tall white pine, on the top of a hill; and though I got well pitched, I was well paid for it, for I discovered new mountains in the horizon which I had never seen before. I might have walked about the foot of the tree for threescore years and ten, and yet I certainly should never have seen them. But, above all, I discovered around me, — it was near the middle of June, — on the ends*of the topmost branches, a few minute and delicate red conelike blossoms, the fertile flower of the white pine looking heavenward. I

carried straightway to the village the topmost spire, and showed it to stranger jurymen who walked the streets, — for it was court week, — and to farmers and lumbermen and woodchoppers and hunters, and not one had ever seen the like before, but they wondered as at a star dropped down."

The same marvelous blindness prevails here, although the blossoms are a thousandfold more abundant and telling. Once when I was collecting flowers of the red silver fir near a summer tourist resort on the mountains above Lake Tahoe, I carried a handful of flowery branches to the boarding house, where they quickly attracted a wondering, admiring crowd of men, women, and children. "Oh, where did you get these?" they cried. "How pretty they are — mighty handsome — just too lovely for anything — where do they grow?" "On the commonest trees about you," I replied. "You are now standing beside one of them, and it is in full bloom; look up." And I pointed to a blossom-laden *Abies magnifica*, about a hundred and twenty feet high, in front of the house, used as a hitching post. And seeing its beauty for the first time,

their wonder could hardly have been greater or more sincere had their silver fir hitching post blossomed for them at that moment as suddenly as Aaron's rod.

The mountain hemlock extends an almost continuous belt along the Sierra and northern ranges to Prince William's Sound, accompanied part of the way by the pines; our two silver firs, to Mount Shasta, thence the fir belt is continued through Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia by four other species, *Abies nobilis*, *grandis*, *amabilis*, and *lasiocarpa*; while the magnificent Sitka spruce, with large, bright purple flowers, adorns the coast region from California to Cook's Inlet and Kodiak. All these, interblending, form one flowery belt — one garden blooming in June, rocking its myriad spires in the hearty weather, bowing and swirling, enjoying clouds and the winds and filling them with balsam; covering thousands of miles of the wildest mountains, clothing the long slopes by the sea, crowning bluffs and headlands and innumerable islands and, fringing the banks of the glaciers, one wild wavering belt of the noblest flowers in the world worth a lifetime of love work to know it.

John Muir.

NIGHT HYMNS ON LAKE NEPIGON.

HERE in the midnight, where the dark mainland and island
Shadows mingle in shadow deeper, profounder,
Sing we the hymns of the churches, while the dead water
Whispers before us.

Thunder is traveling slow on the path of the lightning;
One after one the stars and the beaming planets
Look serene in the lake from the edge of the storm-cloud,
Then have they vanished.

While our canoe, that floats dumb in the bursting thunder,
Gathers her voice in the quiet and thrills and whispers,
Presses her prow in the star-gleam, and all her ripple
Lapses in blackness,

Sing we the sacred, ancient hymns of the churches,
 Chanted first in old-world nooks of the desert,
 While in the wild, pellucid Nepigon reaches
 Hunted the savage.

Now have the ages met in the Northern midnight,
 And on the lonely, loon-haunted Nepigon reaches
 Rises the hymn of triumph and courage and comfort,
 Adeste Fideles.

Tones that were fashioned when the faith brooded in darkness,
 Joined with sonorous vowels in the noble Latin,
 Now are married with the long-drawn Ojibewa,
 Uncouth and mournful;

Soft with the silver drip of the regular paddles
 Falling in rhythm, timed with the liquid, plangent
 Sounds from the blades where the whirlpools break and are carried
 Down into darkness.

Each long cadence, flying like a dove from her shelter
 Deep in the shadow, wheels for a throbbing moment,
 Poises in utterance, returning in circles of silver
 To nest in the silence.

All wild nature stirs with the infinite, tender
 Plaint of a bygone age whose soul is eternal,
 Bound in the lonely phrases that thrill and falter
 Back into quiet.

Back they falter as the deep storm overtakes them,
 Whelms them in splendid hollows of booming thunder,
 Wraps them in rain, that, sweeping, breaks and onrushes
 Ringing like cymbals.

Duncan Campbell Scott.

A SEA CHANGE.

THE day was an April one, full of light from the nearer leaves and the green mist of their assembling where woods are deep. All the atoms were in motion, and a harmony of swelling buds lay, ready to be guessed, under the rhythm of running water. A thousand little streams broke from the mountain, and played the game of follow-my-fancy down the valleys and into the arms of the big water courses which knew all about it. Birds, in an ecstasy for nesting, juggled wildly with melodic phrases, and tried the trick of keeping three notes in the air at once; sound grew into substance and dripped delight. The whole bare page of early spring lay illumined, like a delicate green window

with the sun upon it. Even Elephantis, the mountain, turned into a purple majesty cut out of air and fervent for the day.

In the little dark house under the very shadow of the mountain, on the side where firs grow close, there had been all the morning a clatter of brisk workmanship, the noise of mop and broom. Cynthia Miller was cleaning, with the passionate ardor of one who either loves her task or strides through it to some desired goal. Now she threw braided rugs out of the window upon the bank, pierced only lately by needles of new grass, and, pulling out a drawer from her bedroom bureau, carried it into the parlor to pick over. Such haste impelled her that she tried to do everything at once, and tripped herself up in the snare of her own eagerness. This was the last room to be set in order; to-morrow the house would be clean. Thinking that, she passed an unsteady hand over her forehead, smoothed out the rough hair above it, and sighed in extremity of desire. Standing there over the drawer, she abandoned herself to work again, with a speed so quickened that it seemed as if her hands darted and pounced in their assorting. Sometimes she held up an article to the light to note whether it needed darn or patch. Her frowning scrutiny looked like the hysteria of labor, neither supported by physical strength, nor clad in the armor of an enforced control. She had been pretty once, of a brown type with a flush under the skin and smooth, plump outlines. Now she looked a haggard sprite, old too soon: her eyes seeking some remedy for perplexing ills, and the intention of the piquant nose quite spoiled by two transverse wrinkles at the base. A lumbering step sounded in the kitchen, and she stood arrested, listening. The lines in her forehead multiplied; anxious care was enhanced by an added inscription of annoyance, anger even.

"Ain't you gone yet?" she muttered,

and then, as if some tormented spirit cried for its own relief and urged her on, "My soul! can't I have a minute's peace in this house?"

"Cynthia!" called her husband from the kitchen. The voice was dulled, not by intention, but the lack of it. "Cynthia, where be you?"

She stood as still as one of those little brown creatures on the trees, when they straighten themselves into twigs at the approach of other life. Her eyes narrowed. She looked not so much frightened as immovably perverse. If he wanted her, he should not have her, only because he wanted. Then he called again, and she heard his step coming her way. It sounded blundering, as it always did in the house: an inexact step not quite conscious whither it was bound, in these strange latitudes of wall and window, and better adapted to wide barns or the uncertainties of ploughed fields.

"Well," called Cynthia sharply from her trap, "what's wanted?"

At that instant he appeared in the doorway, and filled it with the effect of brawn and vigor. He was a son of the soil, made out of earth, and not many generations removed from that maternity. His thick hair and bristling brown beard gave his head a fictitious size, and his calm brown eyes showed only an honest and quite unconscious acquiescence in the lot of man. Even here, within four walls, the outdoor world claimed him for its own with crude assertiveness. Straws clung to him. Dark loam caked his furrowed boots, and the smell of animal life flew before him like a proclaiming aura. Cynthia could not look at him. She bent over the drawer and assorted swiftly, turning the clothes as if she sought a corner for hiding.

"Well," she repeated, with the same challenging sharpness, "what's wanted?"

But if her voice bore any new meaning that day, Timothy was deaf to it.

"I've greased my t'other pair o'

boots," he announced, in that throaty rumble calculated to leave the tongue an idle life. "I shall want 'em this arternoon, when I go down along, fencin'. I set 'em by the oven door. I thought I'd tell ye."

"Well."

"We might as well have dinner by 'leven. I want to make a long arternoon on't."

"I'll see to it."

Amplly satisfied, he turned about and went plodding out of doors. She drew her breath sharply, and listened. Those steps had two meanings for her nowadays. When they approached, she shuddered, and her flesh crawled. At their withdrawal, she found it possible to keep half alive. But when she heard his guiding remarks addressed to the oxen, while the old cart went creaking out of the yard, at a measured pace, she gave way to an impulse likely to afford her infinite relief for the moment, even if it had to be repented. She flashed into the kitchen with the unerring step of the housewife made to carry domestic business through triumphant crises, and swooped down upon the heavy boots standing, redolent of grease, by the oven door. Her nervous hands fell upon them murderously, as if they represented a misery borne to the last gasp, and, taking them out into the yard, she threw them as far as her strength would serve.

"There!" said she, with a flash of obstinate malice; nodding at the mountain, "I've done so much. I wish I could throw 'em over you. I wonder what you'd say to that!" Then she went back again, and with some temporary composure addressed herself to work. A victory over the boots showed some tangible advancement; it promised more.

The mountain had made an intimate part of all Cynthia's married life. When she came up here from the plains to settle, it seemed to her, without much difficult thought on the matter, as if there

were something unlike other weddings in this pilgrimage uphill to live under the shadow of Elephantis. From her old home, sold now into the hands of strangers, it uplifted a mystical outline, to be grasped only in the clearest weather. Here it seemed to be a part of her freeholding. Then the attitude of the world unconsciously swayed her mind and roused in her the pride of place. Year after year, with the quickening of summer, crowds of people sought out Elephantis and grew voluble in wonder before its purple glories. In the winter, there were sometimes paragraphs in the local paper relative to daring ones who had "gone up" the season before, and the county was never tired of talking about the party which had got lost there and, straying into Dutchman's Gulf, suffered two nights of hunger and fear. All these dramas, inspired by an adventurous world, were played on the other side of the mountain: yet Cynthia felt them to be hers alone. It was her mountain; and for many years she studied its varying aspects under sun and snow, and even, one spring when her husband was logging, cut herself a little path through the bushes, fantastically hoping to reach the top, as we plan for what can never happen. But all this had belonged to her youth. She was forty years old now, and the mountain seemed too near. Yet still it remained the unmoved witness of her actions, a hateful censor as unyielding as if it had been appointed by God himself. She was bitterly angry with it, as she was with her husband; but in her anger against the mountain was mingled the alloy of fear.

When Timothy came home to dinner at eleven, there were no outer signs of homely tragedy. The house wore a beautiful order, and his boots stood by the oven door as he had left them, their toes pointing rigorously. A whirlwind of passion had swept them forth, and expediency, not in the least tempered by repentance, had brought them in again.

Cynthia's dinner table shone with care. The white cloth was ironed so smooth and glossy, the glasses gleamed so bright, that one looked about for the story of such serving, — to find it either in love, or in that dull habit made to break the spirit and drive women early to old age. Timothy was conscious of having a good dinner, but not so keenly as if he did not have one every day. Yet even to him the house wore an odd aspect of Sabbath calm.

"Got your spring cleanin' done?" he asked Cynthia, upon a mouthful of potato and fried apple. She nodded, sitting opposite him and not looking up, even when she passed him food and drink. Her own plate was bare, and she swallowed her strong tea thirstily and with a greedy purpose.

"I finished this forenoon," she said, and, without her wish, some exultation cried out in her voice. It had not seemed possible that desire could ripen so.

Timothy glanced at her from time to time. Usually he only looked at her as he did at the clock, when he wanted to know something; but now the restlessness in her atmosphere challenged and piqued him. So he became aware of her empty plate.

"You ain't eat a mouthful," he announced, in more wonder than concern, and Cynthia's forehead contracted a little closer.

"I'm more dry than hungry," she answered evasively; and he pushed the sausage nearer her, saying, with a neutral kindness which she had once known to be his equivalent for affection, "Help yourself!"

But she only shook her head and poured more tea. Presently he rose, took down his pipe from the mantel, lighted it luxuriously, and drew on his waiting boots, — the boots which could have told a story. When he held them up for scrutiny, Cynthia had a tempting toward hysterical laughter. She wondered what he would

say if he knew they had spent most of their morning lying out in the old cabbage bed. Then he poked his way out of the house, and presently she saw him striding off to the pasture whither he had drawn his fencing stuff that morning. She did not stay to do her dishes; other things were betiding. From the best bedroom she dragged out the hair trunk which had held her wedding things when she came up to live with the mountain, and tugged it through the shed to the barn, where she managed to lift it into the back of the wagon. She propped up the lid, and ran back into the house for the bundles of clothing which had lain ready for many days. So the trunk was packed, and the key triumphantly turned. Then Cynthia, breathless, but, she was sure, possessed of strength equivalent to all demands, led out old John, the horse of many summers, and harnessed him, praying Heaven the breeching might not have been shortened for Doll. John showed no wonderment while she threw a shawl over her calico dress and tied on her bonnet and veil. When she climbed into the wagon, he pricked his ears a little, but it was only as the whip fell upon him, going down the rough mountain road, that he betrayed any personal responsibility in the affair. A winter of oats and idleness had left him well equipped for one so far within the vale of years, and a remnant of his old spirit served him. So he put his feet down creditably, and Cynthia drove, looking neither upon field nor sky, and mindful of her road. The April day was dulling under a hue of gray, not rain, nor even mist. It was only a color come with the waxing hour, and full of sadness. It fitted her mood more closely than the bold radiance of morning; all the tender shades of loam and springing leaf seemed to fall in with her expectations, and show her how soon youth may be over. We do not need to formulate these things, and chant antiphonal responses of nature to the hu-

man mind. The heart perceives them, and as we live, we know.

All winter long she had not driven these eight miles down to the village where her errand lay. Once it had seemed a festival like the breaking of icy bonds ; but now, with all her thoughts turned inward upon one numbing point, she got what she could out of the horse, and thought only of time. The village stores were not for her that afternoon. She drove straight to the little station, and called the lank and introspective station master, loitering in idleness between his two trains a day.

"Here, you !" cried Cynthia, "should you jest as soon lift out this trunk ?"

No men folks being with her, of whom to exact the toll of a helping hand, he let down the tailpiece of the wagon and dragged her treasure forth, impersonally and with no concern. Cynthia wrinkled her brows.

"He need n't ha' slat it so," she murmured to herself, and then remembering that he must help her further, she smoothed her feelings and continued, "I ain't goin' to-day. Can't you keep it som'ers till to-morrer — till I come?"

He shouldered it, still dumbly, and watching him to the door of the baggage room, she wondered whether it was well to trust an unknown man so far.

"You keep an eye on it," she besought him. "I'll be here to-morrer — not a day later."

But his heights of contemplation included nothing near, and she turned about under her first actual sense of the lions in an unfamiliar way.

Their homeward progress had to be longer, because it was over rising ground, and John could not be urged. Still, though it was late afternoon before they reached the little house, they were in time. The barn door was closed. Timothy had not appeared. When he did come, more of the toiling earth than ever after his hours of work, John was in the stall, and Cynthia stood at the sink wash-

ing dishes. The unique nature of her occupation at that hour in the day struck upon Timothy, as he came through for the milkpail. So methodical was their life that even so slight a deviation was like a heartbeat dropped, to be accounted for.

"Ain't you done your dinner dishes?" he asked, in self-evident statement.

"I'm doin' 'em now," said Cynthia briefly.

"What d'ye wait for?"

"I got hendered." He inquired no further, and when he came in again supper was ready, a delicate supper with hot biscuits and quince preserve. Cynthia was doing her duty artistically to the last.

That night she lay awake, and tried to keep her eyes from the window, where the mountain hung like a pall. Timothy was sleeping vocally, but even through that droning note she heard the beating of her heart. It seemed to shake the bed and her with it, like some terrible agent outside herself. She held her hand upon her breast, and tried to breathe serenely. But that grim quickstep gave her comfort, after all. She felt no need of forgiveness, but she told herself that when Timothy heard she had died of heart disease, he could not blame her for whatever she had done.

Next morning breakfast was early, and Cynthia, clearing it away, spoke but once, — to the mountain. She had kept her back to it as much as possible of late, but somehow it filled her vision all the more ; and now, when she went out to spread her dish towels on the brush, it grew and grew, as if it would engulf her.

"Why don't you get into the winder, if you want to?" she inquired, scorning it at last. "I would, if I's you."

Very soon the kitchen, like the whole house, was beautifully in order, and Cynthia, her hair smooth and her pathetic little hands very red, had put on her best dress — an alpaca of great age and worth — and laid her bonnet and

shawl on the table. Then she stepped to the door and called to Timothy, chopping limbs at the pile : —

"You come in here. I want to speak to you."

He dropped his axe, and came, stepping a little more hastily than usual. But he was not used to being summoned.

"You cut you?" he asked. "You fell?"

She was standing near the kitchen table, one stark hand upon it. That and the rigid arm upheld her.

"There's bread in the stone jar," said she. "I made three loaves, all I da'st, for fear 't would spile. I b'iled a leg o' bacon, an' the blue chist's full o' mince pies. The 'taters are sprouted, all but what you set by to plant."

He stared at her in a wondering concern. She looked unfamiliar to him; and then he felt a little relief, knowing why.

"You got on your best dress," said he.

Cynthia went on with the inventory of her preparations.

"The house's as clean as a ribbin. I've swop the cellar, too. I dunno what more I could ha' done."

"Why, no," agreed Timothy from his bewilderment. "I dunno what more ye could."

"An' now I'm goin' down to sister Frances'."

He looked upon her as though she were demented.

"Not 'way down to Penrith?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"To make 'em a visit." That did not seem to her a lie. He would know the rest later.

"How long you goin' to stay?"

She hesitated. "I'll let ye know," said she.

"When ye goin'?" His eyes traveled from her black gown to the shabby little bonnet on the table, and he read his answer before her voice confirmed it.

"Now!"

Timothy turned vaguely towards the door. "Well," said he, "I'll harness up. You git out my t'other weskit."

"I'm goin' now, now this instant!" cried Cynthia, stepping before him and reaching the door first. The folded shawl was on her arm. She tied her bonnet rapidly in speaking.

"How ye goin' to ge' down there to the railroad?"

"I'm goin' to walk."

"You wait a minute."

He went back into the sitting room, and Cynthia halted just outside the door, because she did not mean to leave her duty at loose ends. Obedience was owing him until she turned her back on him and on the mountain. Timothy had gone to find the broken-nosed teapot where their little store of money lay; but at the cupboard his wits deserted him, and he took one of the sprigged china cups from its place, went to the kitchen sink and filled it from the pail. When he appeared at the door again, he was drinking the water, and Cynthia opened her lips to challenge the use of that china. But she shut them firmly. It was his china. He could do what he chose with it.

"That all?" she asked.

Timothy came forward and mechanically putting out his hand, took up a dish towel from the brush. He wiped the cup with it, hard and fast. In both their minds rose a hasty simile that this stood for the housewifery he was thenceforth to do. She almost gave a little cry, for he had wiped off the delicate handle, and it fell at his feet. But Timothy was unconscious of it. Cups might easily fall when worlds were falling too.

"Well," said Cynthia, "I'm goin'." She turned about and walked away, her meagre back instinct with purpose. It was some seconds before her husband recovered his wits and voice; but he did recover them.

"Here, you!" he called. "You got any change?"

She nodded, without turning. "I got my butter money!" she cried into the distance; and Timothy heard. Then she stepped the faster, and when the road dipped into shadow, took the side of it that would hide her soonest from his eyes.

The morning was still young and very full of grace. Flocks of blackbirds were flying over, grinding out their dissonant melody, more piquing to the lover of New England springs than any nightingale beside his rose. The world had burgeoned since yesterday. There was a miraculous gloss upon the leaves, a thought larger than they had been twenty-four hours before. The roadsides were lined with beauties Cynthia had known well in the first years of her married life, when wandering was not a burden: hardy lady's slipper in great patches, soon to be pink with puffy bloom, clintonia springing in polished green, and the clustering leaf of fringed polygala. All these things she knew by sight, though not by name, as she knew their happy haunts; yet she went along in haste, seeing the world, yet not seeing it, and wondering how she could ever have found the summer time so bright. Her eyes threw her the sheen and glory of things, but her dull brain made no record. Yet not because it failed to act, for thought was racing hotly, and she planned how she should meet her sister and tell why she had come. All winter long she had brooded upon that opening speech, but now the long catalogue had resolved itself into one last irritation, and she could only go thus far:—

"I can't live with him no longer. I'm goin' to support myself." Then Frances would ask why, and she would say, "He greases his boots so much. He leaves 'em by the oven door." That seemed to be all she could remember, and quite enough. Any woman would know.

Now, as her impatient feet went beating along the road, it grew to be incred-

ible that she had not seen Frances in all these years. Yet there had been reasons. She and Timothy never went from home, and Frances had her one child, deformed or sickly, Cynthia vaguely knew. But whatever the affliction was, it made a reason why the father and mother could not "go abroad," even to so near a port. Now, within two years, the child had died and they were free. Through her hours of walking, at the moment when she inquired for her friendly little trunk and found it safe, through the terrible railway journey with adventurers and worldly folk who would as soon pick your pocket as not, Cynthia was conscious of two things: that her heart was beating its way out of her body, and that she must tell Frances at once about Timothy's boots. Not a moment must be lost. She sat with her eyes closed, flying and jolting through an alien world. And when the train stopped at Penrith, in the warm dusk of evening, she was first upon the platform. The air tasted salt in her nostrils, and she noted through her desolation the tangible signs of an unfamiliar spot; it meant distance, freedom, and relief from fear. Fresh from her mountain solitude, the platform with its scattering loungers seemed to her tumultuous; all the men were tanned, and they talked in uncouth fashion quite unlike her own, and so amazing. She fastened upon one, because his beard was gray, and asked him chokingly, —

"Can you tell me where Captain Pritchard lives?"

"Goin' over?"

"Yes."

"Better take the 'commodation. Set ye right down at the door."

"How much do you charge?"

"Ten cents."

She nodded, and stood guard over her little trunk until he was ready to take it; then she followed it to the covered wagon. They jolted away into the darkness, and again she counted her pulse and thought

about Timothy's boots until they drew up at a house on what seemed a lonely road.

"Hullo the house!" whooped the graybeard. He shouldered the trunk, and Cynthia, before him at the door, found the knocker and beat a summons.

There was a gleam of coming light, and the door opened to a tall woman with peaceful eyes and smooth white hair.

"I'm all beat out," gasped Cynthia; and as she would have fallen, Frances set the lamp down with one motion, and caught her on the other arm. The boots were not mentioned.

Next morning, when Cynthia waked, she was lying in a soft bed, and the eastern light lay warm upon the coverlet. The chamber was not very large, and the roof sloped a little on one side. She lay looking idly at the paper, thinking that it was "sweet pretty," all over roses and buds. Presently there was a stir from a neighboring room, and Frances stood in the doorway, as welcoming and tall as she had stood in the outer one the night before. Cynthia gazed at her hungrily.

"Why," she said at last, "you ain't got a line in your face!"

Frances smiled and made some. She disappeared and came back with a tray of breakfast.

"Be I goin' to eat in bed?" asked Cynthia wonderingly. "I ain't so sick as that."

Frances smiled again, and patted her hand. Then she sugared the coffee in a motherly way, and coaxed her to drink. Cynthia believed she was not hungry, but she managed to eat a little; and after a while, Frances still sitting by her, she thought she would tell why she had come. But when she would have done it, her heart began beating, and beat so fast that it turned her sick. So she only said again, like a child, "I don't mean to make you trouble. You must n't do for me."

"You're all beat out," said Mrs.

Pritchard, recurring to Cynthia's own pathetic phrasing.

There was a long silence, Cynthia studying her own face meanwhile in the little glass over the mantel, and then coming back to her sister's.

"You're ten years older 'n I be," she said at last, in that same wondering voice. "You ain't got hardly a line in your face, an' only look at mine! How'd you know me?"

Quick tears sprang into the other woman's eyes. Her voice choked upon the words, "I knew mother's cameo pin."

Then Cynthia bethought her that, although there seemed to be a stir of passing in the road, the house was quiet. "Where's *he*?" she asked. "Cap'n Pritchard?"

"Gone clammin'. They have to go when the tide serves."

"If I tell you suthin', do you feel obleeged to tell him?"

"Not if it don't anyways concern him."

"Then — no, no, I can't tell it. You jest feel how my heart beats!"

Frances put her hand over the fluttering thing, and her eyes were troubled.

"I sent over for doctor," she said. "I guess that's his tread now. Doctor, that you?"

He came through the sitting room and up the narrow stairs. A head covered with thick white hair appeared in the doorway. The face befitted a jolly clergyman of many years ago, a hunting parson. Cynthia drew the sheet to her chin, and shook. Suddenly she was afraid, not so much of him, as of returning life. It had been easy enough, a moment ago, to die here in peace, at the heels of that runaway heart; but they were going to drag her to her feet again, and she felt tired. The doctor sat down beside the bed, and took her hand. He looked at it, the little red palm, seamed and wrinkled, and the crooked fingers beckoning for some obstinate good. Then he looked at her.

"How long have you lived up there by the mountain?" he asked.

Cynthia choked. She could not remember. It seemed far away, yet the later terror of it was flaming still in sight. "Some years," she said. "Years an' years."

"Been there all winter?"

"Yes."

"Had any company? Been away anywhere?"

She shook her head.

"Busy all day?"

"'Most all."

"What at?"

"Doin' up the work. Sewin'."

The doctor nodded. Then he listened at her heart and tried her lungs, and nodded again. "There's nothing the matter with you," he said, "except you're tired out. Don't you get up out of that bed till I tell you to."

He went downstairs, Mrs. Pritchard following. Cynthia smiled bitterly to herself, and thought they would both find out some day. He was either a very poor doctor, or else he was deceiving her for a childish good. So she did get out of bed, and dropped on the floor in a miserable little heap; and there Frances found her, shaking and crying pitifully.

"I've got spinal trouble too," sobbed Cynthia, "besides my heart. I dunno what under the heavens you'll do with me. I've got to be a burden on somebody, now, as long as I live. Oh, I wisht I'd died on the way down!"

"O you dear creatur'!" cried Frances, and she lifted her into bed, and then sat there mothering her. Cynthia clung passionately to those enfolding arms; she cried harsh sobs which gave her bitter solace. Exhaustion came, and then she began to wonder a little over this human shelter where she felt so safe. Nobody had put warmly affectionate arms about her for a long time. Even her mother had not been used to wasteful caresses. They came of a stock

which lived and died quite properly. But this was all she could say, "Should you jest as soon keep hold o' me a minute more?"

"Dear creatur'!" said Frances again, and then she shook her head in a whimsical way, knowing how "shaller" she might seem in reasoning eyes. She too had a bed rock of reserve, a rock which had been smitten long ago.

"I dunno but I act kind o' silly," she said, "a woman o' my age; but I've got so used to babyin' little Cynthy — we both did, cap'n an' me — that I can't feel as if I was doin' enough unless I ketch hold o' people somehow."

"Cynthy wa'n't well, was she?" ventured the other Cynthia.

"She wa'n't quite right, dear," said Frances tenderly. "There! I'll tell ye all about it some time. Now you take these drops. Doctor left 'em for ye."

All that day Cynthia slept, and was quite content; for in her brief wakings she always saw Frances, and remembered that the doctor said she was not to move. So there was no need of mentioning the boots, and making her heart beat again; because nothing could be done about them unless she were on her feet and able to talk to lawyers. And she should never be on her feet again. That night she looked up pitifully while Frances smoothed her down for the last time, and whispered, —

"Do you think I shall pass away before mornin'?"

"O you lamb of love!" murmured Frances, in the drone of a splendid bee over honey. "You ain't goin' to pass away at all; not from anything you've got now. Doctor says so."

"He thinks I'm spleeny; but I ain't," said Cynthia, with acquiescent solemnity. "I'm goin', an' I'm willin' to go; but he ain't no kind of a doctor, or he'd be the first to see it."

"Want I should stay right here in this room?"

Cynthia shook her head. Neverthe-

less she knew, all through that strange and dreamless night, that Frances was at hand.

For a week or more Cynthia lay between sleeping and waking, expectant of the end, and only mildly curious about the manner of its coming. When her heart beat hard, she felt a temporary fright because those wings of terror shook her so. The doctor came, and seeing, after the first time, how she shrank from him, would not have her told. Sometimes he stood behind the headboard, and looked down upon her. Often he placed a gentle hand upon her wrist; and always he had long talks with Frances, on his way out, and gave her counsel.

The Pritchards lived in a yellow, gambrel-roofed house on the great highway between Penrith and Brighton Sands. Penrith used to be a whaling port, and lies now in deserted honor, hands folded upon the majestic past. At Brighton Sands, visitors fill the air with laughter two months in the year, and go driving along the county road to explore dull Penrith, so quaint, so picturesque, and yet so to be eschewed in favor of box-like cottages and bare hotels. Penrith knows but two centres of action, itself and the Banks; and who would spend a browsing day there, making the tour of crooked streets, may chance to learn more than he likes to remember of widows keeping lookout still, and fishermen's children orphaned by the snatching sea. But the wide white highway to the Sands lies in the light of a later founding, and holds a brighter prospect than that upon the harbor and the outer blue. It has but one row of houses, facing toward the east; for on the other side runs by the river to its outlet at the Sands. The river has its tide, and it is a chance whether you would find it more companionable lapping the stone sea wall and pricked by tops of sedge, or withdrawn, leaving the sedges plentiful, green in summer and, through the autumn, chestnut brown. All the houses are held

by seafaring folk devoted now to 'long-shore industry, clamming, eeling, and setting lobster pots; so when the tide serves, you see giants in sou'wester and oilskin, pushing out their boats, hoisting an ancient sail mellowed by weather, and gliding away into the east. Or they come creeping home again, and a fishy odor rises pleasantly. That same sea smell troubled Cynthia, used to the clear mountain air.

"Seems to me I smell suthin'," she remarked doubtfully, in her first moment of sane waking. "'T ain't nothin' b'il-in' over, is it?"

Mrs. Pritchard laughed till the tears came.

"It's all that gurry over by the clam-houses," she said, wiping her eyes. "I admire to smell it, but I'm so used to it 't ain't once in a dog's age I can. If ever I get a real good whiff, I feel as if I was made." Then she brought in a cup of clam broth, and Cynthia, privately thinking it "real poor stuff," sacrificed to hospitality and drank.

She lay there that afternoon high on her pillows, and surveyed the little room with some new interest.

"Frances," she said suddenly, "I don't know no more'n the dead what's outside the house; I wisht I could just glimpse out o' that winder."

"Cap'n!" called Mrs. Pritchard, at the door, "cap'n, you come up here!"

"Oh, land!" breathed Cynthia, for in all these days she had not seen him, and it remained evident to her that, when they met, she must tell him things. He must be made to realize that although she had spinal trouble and heart disease, she did not mean to stay and be a burden on him. What she could do was not yet apparent; but there must be ways. So when a step came stealing up the stair, she lay with brighter cheeks and waited for him, feverishly. The captain came in like a conciliatory cat. He was very big, and tall enough to stoop under the slanting roof. He had

a good deal of yellow-gray beard and a proud aquiline nose ; his eyes were very calm and steady, in the way of eyes used to looking on blue water. Instead of speaking to Cynthia, he gave her a queer little oblique nod, and then turned to his wife for orders.

"I want to kind o' pull this bed 'round," said Frances, "so 't she can look out a spell."

The cap'n laid hold. He spoke but once, and then Cynthia marveled at his voice, soft and lingering like an unusual kind of purr.

"A leetle mite more to the no'theast," he counseled, pulling as Frances pushed. And the bed being turned, he disappeared with the same considered silence, as if it were a velvet habit worn to meet the world.

The window framed an exquisite picture, and beguiled the eye into far-reaching glimpses more bewildering still. There was the river ; Cynthia thought it was the sea. Beyond ran a shadowy line of land, with one white tower, and over the curdling water between, little sailboats were winging, and dories went back and forth unhurried.

"My, ain't it complete!" she breathed. "Well, I don't wonder folks carry on so over the beach."

"We think it's pretty nice," said Mrs. Pritchard sedately, yet with pride. "There's Fastnet Island, an' that's the light — revolvin'. I should n't wonder if you'd kind o' like to lay an' watch it a spell arter dark. Cynthy used to ; sometimes I'd hold her by the winder till she dropped off to sleep." An old sadness tinged her voice ; or, perhaps, not so much sadness as the sense of serious things.

Cynthia turned impulsively from her lookout.

"Yes, dear, yes," said Frances. "I've meant to tell you about her for quite a spell. It's real providential for me you took it into your head to come down here, for I dunno how I could ha' wrote

it, an' mebbe cap'n an' me never 'd ha' got started for such a jaunt. Well, you see, dear, Cynthia wa'n't quite like other childern from the minute she was born. She did have suthin' the matter with her back, an' we thought that was all ; but doctor, he knew better. One day he told me. 'She ain't goin' to be like other childern, Mis' Pritchard,' says he. 'She don't take notice. I don't presume she ever will.'"

Cynthia nodded. She kept her eyes on the river now, and either that outer paradise or the sorrow of life began to invade her eyes, and urge forth willing tears.

"She was a handsome little creatur'," said Frances proudly. "Hair like corn silk, an' skin as white an' pink as ever you see. She favored cap'n's family. The Pritchards are all light. Sometimes it did n't seem as if we'd be able to bring her up, she used to get so hurt. 'T wa'n't so much that she was ailin', but she seemed too kind o' delicate to stan' this kind of a world. Noises put her out, an' a cross look 'd make her cry. Cap'n an' I'd been through a good deal 'fore we met one another, married late in life, so. He'd had a tempestuous kind of a time, an' you know I got 'most beat out with all the sickness we went through, 'fore the home was broke up. We set terribly by one another, but we had our failin's, an' sometimes I'd flare out an' he'd swear. When Cynthy come, that tried her 'most to death — I dunno why, when she did n't sense it — an' we sort o' quieted down, an' let everything go but her. I could n't begin to tell you the beautiful time we had with that child. I can't explain how it was, but she more 'n filled up our lives, an' yet we prized one another till it seemed as if 't was Beulah Land, an' all the promises come true. We had n't a thing to ask for, an' as soon as ever a shadder passed over her face, we'd seek about for suthin' to drive it away ; an' cap'n's voice would fall lower 'n lower, an' he'd smile all

by himself to get into the habit on't. We took up singin' a little. That pleased her, an' we conjured up all the old tunes we knew. We ain't given that up, either, an' we ain't a-goin' to. We've laid it aside till you get your bearin's, but as soon as ever you can stan' it, we'll take our harps down off the willer, an' glad enough to do it, too. Perhaps you'll jine in. You used to sing the air."

Cynthia nodded again. The story gripped her heart; listening to it, she forgot her own past martyrdom.

Mrs. Pritchard went on, passing a hand over her eyes when a thought touched her too keenly.

"She was terrible cunnin', too, about the things she liked. There's one pinky kind of a shade in the water out there, — the west sort o' throws it over when there's a great sunset, — an' whenever she set eyes on that, she'd clap her hands an' laugh. An' she al'ays did see it when cap'n was to home, for he'd come in an' call: 'Quick,' he'd say, 'there's Cynthia's red!' That's the reason, too, that cap'n give up goin' to the Banks. We talked it over pretty serious, him an' me, an' we concluded it wa'n't no kind of a resk for a man to take with a little creatur' like that missin' him if he's out o' the house an hour over time. 'Besides,' says cap'n, 'I should n't see nothin' but them eyes through the fog. It kind of undoes a man to be so called upon.' Well, so 't went on, an' we were proper well contented. The only thing that unsteadied us a little was suthin' doctor wanted we should do."

"Do you think he's much of a doctor?" interrupted Cynthia impulsively.

Mrs. Pritchard smiled.

"We think he is," she said quietly. "He's brought us through consid'able, fust an' last. Well, he said there were schools where them kind o' child'en could be helped, an' mebbe we'd find it our duty to send Cynthia off. It sort o' loomed up before us like a cloud in

the west, but it never had to be. Two year ago, doctor says, 'I guess you need n't worry about that no more. She ain't long for this life. An' come a year last December, she passed away. . . . I wish you could ha' seen her in her little bed. Never was anything like it on this earth. Cap'n could n't keep out o' the room. He'd set an' watch her jest like a waitin' dog."

The quick tears sprang to Cynthia's eyes, but Frances, seeing them, smiled.

"Now you may know," she said, rousing herself, "how 't is you're a kind of a godsend to us. I could n't wish sickness to nobody, especially my own sister; but I can't tell ye how it warms me up to have suthin' helpless to do for. An' cap'n! first minute I told him you'd gi'n out, he says, 'Better keep pretty quiet, had n't I?' 'Yes,' says I. I see it pleased him; seemed like old times."

Then they held a long silence, Cynthia watching the changing wonder of the water, but thinking of other things.

"I wrote to Timothy last week," said Frances suddenly.

It seemed to Cynthia as if an inky cloud descended with the name. All her old trouble returned upon her, and she wondered if this might be the time to tell why she had come.

"Oh, I wish you had n't!" she moaned. "Did you say anything about my bein' sick?"

"No; I said you seemed tol'able tired with the journey, an' so I wrote for ye."

Cynthia had lost all the pretty color, born in her face only that afternoon. She spoke in gasps: —

"Frances, if I'd got suthin' to tell you, should you think I'd ought to do it now?"

"I should n't open my head about anything till I was up an' round, an' strong enough to do a week's washin'. Now you jest observe that little Pemberton imp, rowin' over to the bar. Them Pembertons were born web-footed." So they sat and watched the adventurer

until Cynthia was at ease again under the spell of common things.

But when Frances rose to go down and get supper, she stood smoothing her apron a moment before she said:—

"I'd be happy to have Timothy make us a visit, too. We both should; cap'n an' I've often spoke on't. He's had a hard life up there, tryin' to wring a livin' out o' the rocks. Cap'n says 't is an unthankful land; not like rowin' out overnight an' comin' in with your boat full to the brim."

"It's real green up there," responded Cynthia quickly. "Our land's richer 'n some."

"Timothy was a likely young feller when you was married. I s'pose he's changed, like the rest of us."

"Yes, I guess he's some changed." Cynthia closed her eyes, not so much in weariness, as to shut her thoughts away.

The bed was never turned again, for she was too fascinated by her window to forego an instant of it. There she lay, hour by hour, and watched the drama played by moving water: the ripples under a breeze, the miracle of the tide, with flooded or waving sedge, the sentient boats, the gulls. Then at dusk there was the light, gone and resurrected in a breath. As soon as she got used to cap'n, which really was the moment when he moved the bed, she hungered for him, childishly; so every night he came up and sat on the stairs, because the room was small, and told stories or sang tunes. Frances helped him at both, and the wan little onlooker could see that they had much ado to show, in quiet ways, how much they loved each other. "I dunno's I've got a thing to wish for, now little Cynthy's well on't," said the tranquil wife, "on'y, when our time comes, to have cap'n go fast. It's a terrible thing to think of a man left all alone."

The weeks went on, and Cynthia, lying there in bed, grew plump and pretty. Her hair took on a gloss from many

brushings, and with that mantling redness of the cheek, she looked the younger sister of her old sad self. Yet still care sat upon her breast, a double weight. There was the haunting spectre of her divorce; but how could she get it now, a helpless invalid? What was to be done with a woman felled by spinal trouble? So she lay very still and tried to get well, not because life looked in the least desirable, but that she might rise up and take herself away from these kind souls.

One day in July, Frances came up the stairs laughing. Her sides shook, her face was crimson; it seemed to be from no fictitious mirth.

"I'm possessed to do it!" she cried recklessly. "You know doctor said you was to lay abed as long as ever you could? Well, cap'n's uptown, an' doctor's rode by to Brighton, an' I'm goin' to see if I can't git you downstairs to see my jell. It's all set out on the table, an' a beautiful sight, if I do say it."

Cynthia stared at her, aghast. "Why, you could n't no more git me down there! You'd break your back, an' then where'd you be?"

Frances seemed simply to put out her great arms, and Cynthia touched the floor.

"Oh my soul an' body!" she cried, "you'll kill me! you'll kill yourself! Oh my soul!"

Frances, puffing tempestuously, lifted her and bore her to the stairs. Cynthia thought she was carried all the way down, but she remembered afterwards the touch of the carpet on her feet. In some fashion or other, they accomplished the passage from sitting room to kitchen, and there Frances endowed her with stockings and a wrapper miraculously ready. Cynthia stood bewildered, and Mrs. Pritchard left her standing; as for her, she seemed to have no eyes but for the table, red with jelly tumblers.

"Ain't that a handsome color?" she asked, hurriedly. "Seems if it jelled 'most as quick as it touched the glass."

I thought that was as pretty a sight as ever I see. O Cynthia! you jest peek in here. I've got the parlor cupboard all fixed to set it in, scalloped papers an' all. Yes, I don't wonder you observe the whatnot. That's some coral cap'n's father brought home, from 'the strand,' he used to say. I guess 't would tell tales if it could only speak." Mrs. Pritchard had always talked with great sedateness; now she chattered like a showman, bound to please. Cynthia stood by, wondering. "I declare," said Frances, at last, "if it ain't five o'clock! Cap'n won't be back 'fore dusk. What if you an' me should have an early bite, right off now?"

Cynthia, pushed out of the nest, felt a little hurt resistance rising in her. Yet pride sustained her, and she sat stiffly by, while Frances talked. It was more or less pleasant to watch the machinery of life going on once more, if only one were strong enough to bear it; but, she told herself, she was not strong. When the twilight came, she had grown tired, and, still a little sore within her mind, she crept upstairs alone, wondering and afraid to wonder.

Next morning, Mrs. Pritchard's voice came cheerfully from below:—

"Cynthy, don't you be put out if I ain't round quite so early this mornin'. I've got a kind of a stitch in my side, an' breakfast 'll be later'n common."

"Oh my soul!" responded Cynthia. On the instant she was at the closet, searching for her clothes. "Don't you come up here with that heavy waiter. It's tendin' on me that's wore you out. I'd ought to be trounced." She dressed herself with eager fingers, and felt her way downstairs. Breakfast was nearly ready, and though Frances complained of her side, she seemed to bear it beautifully. In a couple of hours the stitch was all knitted up again.

But Cynthia did not go back to bed, and nobody seemed to wonder. When cap'n came, he only told her, in the soft-

est possible voice, about the good haul he had; and the doctor, stopping at the gate on his way home, called to her that he had something for her: bayberry and green beach plums. She'd better can up some of the plums, when they were ripe, to take home, and show the mountain what's what.

One August day Cynthia, in a calico gown and sunbonnet, her arms bare to the elbow, was considering the hollyhocks in the front yard. She thought they needed more foot room; so she got the spade and began an onslaught on the bordering turf. As she set her foot upon the spade, life rioted within her, and she sang, in breathless jerks:—

"There was a youth,
And a well-beloved youth"—

Hope and joy were stirring as the sap mantles upward in the spring, and for as plain a reason. She was well now, and the earth was hers again. If battles were to be fought, she could fight them. It need not be long before she left this refuge, and went out to earn her living in the world.

A man was halting at the open gate. He looked unfamiliar and yet, at sight of him, her flesh awoke under a strange responsive thrill. Her eyes fell upon his boots, furrowed with dust, and she thought of Timothy's. A little laugh broke from her at the shadow of those former fears; she felt a happy scorn of them.

"Is there anybody 'round here by the name of Pritchard?" asked the man; and Cynthia, throwing down her spade and tossing away her sunbonnet, ran out and hung upon him. Frances, at the window, saw the sight and turned away, with an aching throat. Cynthia seemed to her now not so much her sister, as a child, miraculously bestowed; yet she knew which road was best. Timothy put his arms about the clinging figure, knowing it to be his, and yet unaware of ever having owned anything so precious. She was like the angel of her

youth; he was afraid of her, she looked so pretty. She rubbed her face against his coat.

"Oh, how good it is!" she was sobbing wildly. "You smell jest like home. Oh, can't you kiss me?"

Timothy found he could, and liked the taste exceedingly.

"You've had your hair cut," laughed Cynthia, brushing her eyes with the back of a gritty hand. "An' your beard's trimmed. That's why I didn't know you."

Timothy looked self-conscious. Yet he held himself with some just pride.

"Well," he said, "I thought I'd have 'em thinned out a little, if I was goin' down among the quality."

Later that day, when the Pritchards were upstairs hunting for an old suit for Timothy to wear clammimg, Cynthia came and perched upon his knee. She had seen her sister in that position relative to the cap'n, and found, with great surprise, that Timothy seemed to adapt himself to it quite cleverly.

"Is the mountain all purple?" she asked, from the keenness of her new home hunger, "an' mists runnin' over the side? Oh, seems if I could n't wait to see it! I dunno how I've lived till now."

"We could go straight back to-mor-rer," said Timothy, regarding her with his good brown eyes. She could not understand them. They were his eyes, indeed, yet they had never been so soft and shining. She shook her head.

"No, you've got to stay them two

weeks. I've had my change; I'm goin' to see to 't you have yours. An' company! I want Frances an' the cap'n should come up an' make us a nice long visit, an' find out we've got suthin' to show off on, too."

"Well," said Timothy slowly, "I told the Taylors I might come back right off, or it might be a fortnight. They're nice help to leave as ever you see. I told her to clean up the house as you'd like to have it, in case you went up along with me. Seemed one time as if you never meant to come home. Say, Cynthia, that wa'n't so when you went away, was it?"

Cynthia trembled a little. She glanced at his betraying eyes, and they were wet. He looked like an unreasoning creature which has suffered pain, and gained a lifetime at a bound.

"I meant to stay till I was good an' strong," she said firmly; and he believed her.

Announcing garments came flying down the stairs, and steps would follow. Cynthia, rising, paused for one hasty question:—

"Timothy, what'd you do with that little cup you broke, the mornin' I went away?"

He opened his mouth wide, in the horror of the careless steward.

"Hove it under the barn," he owned guiltily. "Had I ought to ha' kep' it?"

Cynthia laughed, with the tears coming. "No! no!" she cried. "I could n't ever bear to see it again. There they are—dear!"

Alice Brown.

THE IOWANS.

I.

THERE is, when one comes to think seriously about it, a certain resemblance between the land of the Iowans and Captain Lemuel Gulliver's flying island of Laputa. For as Laputa drifted from one realm of earth to another, so the land of the Iowans has passed by legal process from Spain to France, from France to Spain, then back to France, and thence to America; and once within our borders, has flitted through Louisiana, Missouri, and Wisconsin.

But Helen, whose tastes are submarine rather than celestial, likens the Hawkeye State to a delicate sea sponge. Though the sponge, in its tender youth, frolics about among its restless, many-eyed and many-fingered deep-water playmates, it chooses, upon reaching years of discretion, some pleasant weed-grown crag for its abiding place, and thenceforward vegetates. And so, when your vagabond Iowa at last found rest, it began an evolution quite radically different from its juvenile, frivolous past. Helen is right; for what American commonwealth shows to-day a firmer stability, a more judicious serenity, a calmer conservatism?

Two breeds of migrant men have made the West, — the seven-league-booters and the little-by-littlers. Early Iowa invited the latter class, not the former. Few pioneer plainsmen came far, or came with the spirit of rovers. Trekking from Indiana or Illinois, bent upon finding cheap lands, anxious to escape competition, they sought the same chances for frontier fortune-building which had once enriched their elders. Iowa was therefore a huge overflow meeting, thronged with the second generation of middle-Westerners. Quite naturally, then, the state lacked the era of gorgeous desperado jollity which fell to the farthest West. It began most

commonplace. Sensible people merely went there and lived.

And why should they not? There lies "our Mesopotamia." The Father of Waters courses beneath the bluffs of its eastern borders. The Great Muddy bounds it upon the west. Consider the fertility of those fifty-five thousand square miles, where the glaciers, scraping the ancient soil down to bed rock, brought rich selected loams from the great Northwest, and spread them out in a continuous layer from a foot to three hundred feet deep, until there is scarcely so much as an acre of waste land in the state, — and then, to be sure, you say "Mesopotamia" in good faith, and call it, moreover, no gaudy-tinted figure. Besides, just think of the climate! Here are almost tropical conditions for farming; nor need any yeoman fear the hot wind which wreaks its havoc in Kansas and Nebraska. In Iowa, the real danger would be excess of rain, not the stint of it; and Iowa edges the arid region. To merit of soil and sun was added the charm of pure beauty. Very lovely at sunset is the open prairie, when the air is so absolutely clear, and the spacious world so happy, — meadow larks singing, prairie chickens thumping and booming, and ducks squawking over the flushed pools and little lakes; and in springtime it is loveliest of all, for then come daisies, the white and the yellow; fragile bloodroot; sweet William, white or red; cool lilies that love the ponds, and oh the deep red dappled lilies of the prairie! But perchance the chief lure was this: no fellow had legally any business whatever to go there. Iowa was Indian property. Had not the miners of Dubuque been once routed back across the Mississippi at the muzzle of honest Jeff Davis's blunderbuss? And had not Jeff Davis been sent to protect the red man from the white

man? Or where, indeed, were those precious homestead statutes, upon whose sole sanction lay based the solemn right of settlement? Iowa, like the major portion of the middle West, was peopled far in advance of the legislation which gave it respectability. The case so harried the soul of John C. Calhoun that he counseled a military occupation.

The year 1838, however, saw Iowa formally turned territory, and then you had edicts engrossed and enacted. You had also a most engaging disregard of those edicts.* For an "absent-minded beggar" is your pigeon-shooting, rabbit-hunting little-by-littler, who, in blissful oblivion of the spread-eagle sovereignty at Washington, made laws of his own. Knots of settlers established neighborhood clubs, with rules relating to homestead rights, the building of schoolhouses, the constructing of highways, the arching of bridges. Sometimes they even punished misbehavior. Here, then, was a truly Mormonite establishment, — *imperium in imperio*, — a fantastically un-American order, or disorder. What to do? "Aha," said that pleasant old gentleman with the stars in his jacket and the stripes in his trousers, "I'll have my way yet. I do therefore bid and command that whatsoever these sturdy pioneers of mine have wrought or accomplished be solemnly recognized and sanctioned!" If the people would not obey the law, the law must obey the people.

So the Eden of Iowa was laid open to all, — such an Eden, when the truth is told, as few had fancied. For the early newcomers, accustomed to timbered lands, nested themselves in the "brush." The prairie, they said, was the Great American Desert. When, later, the prairie first felt the plough, all skeptics took the same doubt upon their tongues. "How will you fence it?" they queried. Surely a ponderous question! The fences of our American farming countries have cost more than the land itself. Here posts and boards must be fetched from

far. Value would therefore outvie utility. But in good season a clever fellow contrived to twist barbs into a strand of wire. Then an eager throng poured out across the plains.

It was, upon the whole, an easy life, this Iowa pioneering. Crops flourished. Villages sprang blithely into being. Isolation was trying, of course, yet not for long. Prairie fires were more serious. The chief hardship, however, was the difficulty of transportation; indeed, it was not until 1856, when Iowa had been for ten years a sovereign state, that the first locomotive crossed the Mississippi River. With that dawned the day of great things, — the moving of vast harvests, the building of many cities, the all but incalculable growth of a cheerful, prosperous, contented population.

But it is not good for men that they should be too happy, and the Iowans, in the midst of their rainbow-mantled felicity, sinned a great sin. They did as the Yankee farmer has done wherever, in this goodly land of ours, he has set hand to plough or spade to clod. He knows not how to feed the soil while the soil feeds him. He will pillage his acres for swift returns, confident that when the evil days have befallen, and the drought and the chinch bug and the grasshopper have become a burden, he can move yet further westward to rob God's earth anew. Cheerful, the boast of "rich black loam with its inexhaustible fertility," but wheat, oats, and flax, nevertheless, sapped the strength from the land, and there went up a wail from all the people, saying, "What shall we do to be saved?"

Then Secretary Wilson, "Father" Clarkson, and "Uncle Henry" Wallace, made answer in a forcible though sadly unrheterical phrase which has since become proverbial. "Go to grass," said they. "Go to grass, raise cows to eat it, and make butter for the nations!" The Iowans obeyed. And proved the admonition. Plant your field with clover every fourth year, and the clover will

restore to the soil what your crops took from it. You plough it in two inches, you rub your hands with glee as it absorbs pure nitrogen from the atmosphere, you feed your cattle upon it, and when its roots have long enough been busy letting air and water down into the earth, you come upon it (quite as Robbie Burns came upon his "wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flower") to "whelm it o'er" with the ploughshare, and bury it deep in the mould. That puts back the exhausted humus. And I dare say that if you look sharp enough, you will see that there is nothing but four-leaved clover in the Hawkeye State.

"Going to grass" had a further advantage. It outwitted the railroads. Despite their enormous increase in population and in wealth, the Iowans to-day ship fewer carloads of freight than they did twenty years ago; and that is because they feed their produce to stock, and freight it away in the condensed form of grunting swine and stamping cattle. If the railroads suffered in consequence, the Iowans had no pity upon them. Why should they? It was not without significance that the Inter-State Commerce Law should be carried through the Senate by loyal Iowans. Think of their grievances! Cattle were brought from the remote West to Chicago for fifty dollars a carload, while the railroads demanded seventy dollars for transporting a similar herd from western Iowa to Chicago; whereas forty-five dollars paid for the long haul from Omaha or Kansas City to Chicago, seventy-two dollars would scarce meet the cost of the short haul from western Iowa; and the cars thus favored or slighted by conscienceless discrimination might be coupled end to end in the same train, and consigned to the same man. Surely there are certain oxgoads, against which it is easier to kick than not to kick, and the Iowans accordingly gave vent to their wrath. Since then, ill content with mere legal redress, they have applied still an-

other stinging thong to the railways. Chicago, they say, is by no means an indispensable luxury. Why not Galveston? If Europe is the final destination of Iowa's glossy shorthorns and Galloways, then one need only remind one's self that Des Moines lies two hundred and thirty miles nearer to Galveston than to New York, in order to see the advantage of the southern route. So the Iowans grin at their ancient foes, and chuckle with mellow satisfaction as they watch the eastern railroads shortening their curves, balancing their roadbeds, providing heavier rails, larger cars, and stouter engines, and courting by every means, known or unknown, the "wreathèd smiles" of their aforetime vassals.

Beyond the luck of the fragrant clover and the zest of the fight with the railway barons, observe what further befell when the Iowans turned to grass-growing. Population declined. Dairy and stock farmers bought out their neighbors, and those neighbors moved farther west to establish themselves anew. Towns formerly fattened by rural trade grew gaunt and lean. A rigid process of social or industrial selection set in. As a natural result, the whole state of Iowa became most dismally uniform in aspect and character.

"It is all one," says Helen, — "the way of a tourist in Iowa and the way of a sailor man at sea. You wake up" (and here I detect literary dependence upon Charles Dudley Warner) — "you wake up morning after morning to find yourself nowhere in particular."

And if this is what came of "going to grass," note patiently the next admonition of those fatherly bishops of husbandry. "Go to grain," said they.

II.

"Happy that people who have no history." From prairie grass to wheat, from wheat to clover, from clover to corn, — such are the short and simple annals of the Iowans.

Deprived of due opportunity for the exercise of a genius for historical science, the Iowans increase their mental cultivation by the practice of elementary arithmetic. Whereas an Ohioan begins the new day by intoning a list of the national heroes whom his state has produced in years gone by, faithful Iowans devote a still hour to the precise calculation of the amount of corn annually raised within the borders of their modern Mesopotamia; and well they may! What with their eight and a half millions of corn-sown acres, their corn harvest of three hundred million bushels, their towered corn palaces and hilarious corn carnivals, I think Helen had fully half the fact when she said, "The motto of Iowa should be 'Cornucopia,' — plenty of corn."

There is also wheat, and beside wheat a rich store of oats and of barley, of rye and of flax. But corn leads; and the corn feeds cows. Uncle Henry Wallace, who is, upon the whole, the most delightful Hawkeye of them all, peers at you slyly through the smoke of his Pittsburg stogy, and propounds the true philosophy of cow feed. At the age of thirty months, it seems, the Iowa cow should be gradually withdrawn from her favorite blue grass and clover, and tempted with stalks of corn; then must one serve "corn in the ear;" toward spring you may surprise her with shell corn, and of course you will add a little oil meal "to put the bloom on her;" and then — alas, and then! Eighty per cent of the corn grown in Iowa is devoted to just such preparation for pathetic dénouements. Nor is that the only tragedy. Wherever in Iowa you see cattle nibbling at large among the corn, you see also a busy drove of black swine. Those, begging pardon of good Jean François, are The Gleaners. Save for their gleaning the cows could never fare so daintily, as it is only by turning their crumbs into pork that it pays to feed cattle on corn. Which for the present hour makes glad

the heart of the porker, though to-morrow "this little pig goes to market."

Your happy Iowan, lost in a rapturous contemplation of the vast agricultural importance of that "greatest state in the Union," will cross himself before what he calls "our dairy interests." I acquiesce. Ah yes, there are certainly fully a thousand coöperative creameries in Iowa.

Helen pictures Iowa as holding a yellow blossom beneath the national chin and inquiring whether the American eagle "likes butter." The Iowans seem also so to think, for they boast that Iowa has "more farm separators than any other state." And a thoroughly miraculous contrivance is the farm separator. You pour in the milk, you set a sheep a-trampling in a treadmill, the wheels go whizzing, and presto! out spurts yellow cream at one spigot, and gushing skim milk at another, all laws of nature to the contrary notwithstanding. But enough of these dairy interests. The world is so constituted that there is nothing under heaven so hopelessly devoid of interest as an "interest."

Helen once attempted to put all Scotland into five words — Scott, Burns, heather, whiskey, and religion. In Iowa you pack the thing tighter. Three nouns are enough: corn, cow, and hog! But as in Scotland a hundred afterthoughts come clamoring for admission, and five words will never suffice, so in Iowa you make tardy concession to many an eager claimant. Great is the Iowa hen; and if it be true that the geese saved Rome, the Hawkeye hens could in any time of need save sunny Iowa. Equally great is the Iowa goat. Problem: to clear away brush. Answer: bring goats. Not only do those picturesque Angoras reduce the brush as if fire had gone through it, but they afterwards contribute their plentiful fleece to the loom at fully half the price of sheep's wool. Great, too, is the Iowa pigeon. At Osage they will show you a township of pigeon houses four acres in area. And of what use are pigeons?

Pray what, think you, is the ornithological basis of quail on toast? But greater even than hen, goat, or pigeon is that venerable by-product of middle Western agriculture, the retired farmer.

Now when I consider the retired farmer, I think of the preacher who introduced a florid passage in his prayer by saying, "Paradoxical though it may seem to Thee, O Lord." For while in New England retirement means defeat, in Iowa it means triumph; whereas in New England the rush of the young to the city leaves the old folks in chill loneliness upon the farmstead, in Iowa the old folks come to town, and leave their sturdy sons to till their acres. In New England the urban drift is a struggle for self-preservation; in Iowa, a movement toward luxury, refinement, and reposeful ease. I saw it first in Des Moines, where you may go a long and crooked mile among the cheery dwellings of wealthy retired farmers. You know them by their neat little barns (brown Dobbin has still the granger's affectionate personal care); by "shops" in the yards, where the granger tinkers his harness, or operates upon flexible tables and chairs, or penetrates the inmost mysteries of the eight-day clock; and should you seek quarters in that pleasing region, you may tread your long and crooked mile in fruitless search for a house with a bathroom. Chat with the tradesmen and learn the ways of this yeoman emeritus. "A monstrous nuisance!" say they. "Stingy enough to bite a penny open," he trots nimbly from store to store, planting elbows by turn upon a hundred bargain counters and purchasing nothing but "leaders." Or consult the city fathers. "A very Chinese wall of conservatism!" they cry. "He and his ilk would check every effort toward public advancement."

But, for ardent indignation, commend me to the manufacturer. "What we want," says he, "is capital; and the retired farmer prefers to leave his money-

bag at the banker's rather than hazard a more ambitious venture." True. And what after all has the farmer to show? A little blue book in a little tin box.

Nevertheless, when you meet Governor Shaw, he will surely say: "Have you seen the view looking south from the dome of the Capitol? Finest view in Iowa save one!"

"And what is that one?" you ask.

"The view looking north."

And I know what delights the governor's eye. It is not the rippling river, it is not the city with its myriad soaring spires, it is not the slopes of the valley nor the gently rolling prairie land beyond. No: it is the gloomy, murky, sun-enveiling cloud of soot that hangs over Des Moines. That and the countless spurts of white steam that shoot up into it foretell the industrial future of the commonwealth. Here and in every part of Iowa the roar and grate of machinery begin to mingle with the homely sounds of pasture and barnyard. No wonder: half the state is underlaid with coal. What matter, then, that the ladies of Des Moines must sew their ball dresses into bags to keep them from the soot; what matter that the beauties of Des Moines have twisted their pretty chins awry in attempts to blow cinders from off their pretty foreheads; what matter that you cough like the people of Butte in your vain effort to catch a breath of something better than bitumen? "No smoke-consumers?" I gasped. "Sir," said the Iowans, "every citizen is a smoke-consumer!"

Now the value of smoke is its charm for the factory. Not long ago a Boston preacher wrote letters to absentee pewholders, inquiring why men so complacently deprived themselves of the privileges of the sanctuary; and one of the answers was this: "Men don't like to go where they can't smoke." Factories, it seems, are not only very human, but very masculine. So, in Des Moines at least, the children of this world are wiser

than the children of light. Nor is license to smoke the sole art of their wooing. Says a certain Mr. Hubbell, speaking for a company in Des Moines: "We stand ready to erect a building for any reputable company that has the backing to carry on its business during next year. To any firm that will erect a permanent building on the railroad tracks we will give free rent for ten years, with rent after that period to be at the rate of four per cent per annum on the value of the ground. We propose to do anything possible to encourage new manufactories in Des Moines, and to induce the old ones to increase their facilities. We want to build up Des Moines, and are offering these inducements for that purpose." Small need, methinks, of such plentiful perspiration. For raw material, the Iowans have clay, they have corn, they have leather, they have wool; these, with cheap fuel, can be turned into brick and tile, starch, boots and gloves, and all sorts of woven fabrics. Hence, adding the mournful packing of reluctant little pigs, you have innumerable pillars of swirling black smoke, — many at Des Moines, many more at Dubuque and Davenport, not to mention Fort Dodge, Ottumwa, Sioux City, and a score of other places. Yes, and when raw material is made up into things to eat and to wear and to use, the Iowans easily get them to market. Scarce any other state in the Union is so totally netted over with railroads. Indeed, your rocking carriage is continually bumping across intersecting tracks, avoiding branches or "plugs," and rumbling past the heavily loaded trains of competing companies; and nowhere will you find an Iowan hamlet or pocketborough more than ten miles from some tiny station. The year 1899 witnessed the completion of three hundred leagues of entirely new steel roadway. Moreover, the buyers of finished wares are many and rich, though as yet a trifle timorous.

Beside their manufacturing enterprises the Iowans are heaping up wealth

by mining and lumbering. The ancient "mineral holes" of Dubuque still yield their store of gleaming lead ore, and the dull waste material, so long called worthless, has lately turned out to be zinc. And as for the lumber trade, the forests of Wisconsin and Minnesota send huge rafts downstream, to be cut into planks by the singing saws of the thriving Mississippi River towns.

Very kind, then, is the heaven above, and the earth beneath, and the minerals under the earth. But what of the queen of the air? Lest the people of Iowa should grow too proud, the gods have prepared them a foe.

III.

The month, we will say, is June, the day excessively warm, the hour a little past noon. Mirages — spectres of forests, lakes, and cities — float in the quivering air above the prairie. The sun's heat fairly flames out of the earth, sending streams of atmospheric torment up into the sky; long currents of hot wind rush in from the south; damp, cool currents are drawn by irresistible suction out of the north. Hour by hour rain clouds are forming. Humidity increases almost to suffocation. There is a space of shuddering suspense portending the inevitable; and having waited till now, as if reluctant to play their part, the meeting winds clash, wrangle a moment, and join in a tumultuous dance.

Yonder a black cloud bows ominously earthward. Look! It is dropping an inky cone from its under side. A mound of yellow dust leaps up beneath it. Cone and mound stretch toward each other — writhing — unite in a whirling pillar and go crashing northeastward across the state. Timid souls dive into "cyclone caves;" daredevils pop kodaks at the flying wonder. Pelting rain and hail, darkness, a demoniac roar and howl, a moment of awful demolition, and the monster is gone. The blessed light breaks in once more, and the timid crawl out of

their caverns, while away to the north-eastward the bellowing demon is ripping its path across the prairie, filling the air with upturned trees, bits of shattered buildings, and far-flung rubbish.

Nothing can possibly exceed the tornado's studied diabolism. By deftness, by cynicism, and by a hideous waggery it deepens and heightens the effect. That cloudy funnel, hanging and swinging like an elephant's trunk, will effect an all but Castilian indirection of aim. From time to time it will bound from the earth, and go tearing through the upper air; then, with an assumption of innocent carelessness, it will touch a village as with gentle finger tips, and wipe it out of existence. And for all its outward rant and extravagance, the tornado inwardly maintains a cynical imperturbability, and somehow manages to impart a certain stoical indifference.

After the storm has passed practical interest wakes up. Newspaper reporters, with their accustomed *sang-froid*, interview "eyewitnesses." Insurance agents quietly jot down in their notebooks the evidences of loss and havoc. The clerk of the weather drives by in a buggy, stopping here and there to take photographs of telltale wreckage; to-morrow he will begin the supervision of a coldly scientific investigation, which will secure data for a map showing the exact route of the tornado, a time-table to record its progress, and a minute topographical study, which, by its accurate determination of the forces at play (as illustrated by the "lay" of fallen trees and the direction taken by flying débris), will constitute a document of permanent value.

Humor adds color to tragedy. Michael Angelo Woolf understood this when he made his wretched tenement waifs so comical; Kipling understood it when he wrote Danny Deever. The tornado also understands it. That is why it picked up a locomotive and stood it on end in a garden, but left a rosebush in that garden uninjured by so much as a crum-

pled petal; that is why it twitched the water out of every well in town; that is why it gathered up half an acre of mud and plastered it all over the Methodist church; that is why it carried a baby a mile and deposited it unhurt in the crotch of a tree; that is why it plucked the feathers from a rooster and stuck them into an oak plank, while the shivering fowl stared and wondered what next! This is the art of the storm: in the midst of the tempest see "Laughter holding both his sides."

So that was the work of a day in June! Then how, one cannot choose but ask, are there any Iowans left in Iowa? The answer is easy: The state is so large and the track of the tornado so narrow that, although there are four or five "green-bordered twisters" let loose every season, there is always a capital chance of their failing to kill anybody. Furthermore, the tornado's habits are fairly well known: the course is almost invariably from southwest to northeast; and you merely curl up in the southwest corner of your "cyclone" cave and wait. And on the whole there is very little likelihood that a tornado will ever come your way. Indeed, you may insure all your farm buildings for seventy-five cents a year. Mr. J. R. Sage, clerk of the weather for Iowa, says that for thirty years he has been trying to make the acquaintance of a tornado, but that he has "never been able to get near enough to one to interview it."

IV.

I think it was wise Mr. Lecky who said the Italians owed half their genius to their earthquakes. John Addington Symonds thought that the spirit of the Renaissance sprang out of political disturbance, — wars, sieges, exile, and factional strife. If both are right, and if terrors, night fears, are good for the soul, then what shall we expect of the Iowans? *A priori*, much; empirically, precious little. Their storms are too few.

The sober truth is, the Iowans are an effect in drabs and grays. The state is too young for quaintness, too old for romance. Its people are so uniformly respectable that they will attempt nothing quixotic or piratical; so prosily conventional that if by chance they do anything unusual, they undo it next day. The rulers of Des Moines framed an ordinance to put that charming city to bed: curfew would ring at eleven, and Des Moines must bury its curls in its pillow; or if not, then any patrolman might order any citizen found upon any highway to stand and deliver. Yet I had no more than got the thing written down in my notebook when the mayor annulled it by veto. The state lacks local color, it lacks unique traits or customs, and beyond pronouncing itself "Ioway" it lacks dialect. Result? No one has ever been tempted to write a history of Iowa; no one has ever made Iowa the scene of a novel; no one has ever found attractive material in Iowa for journalistic exploitation. You have here a high level, but — as Helen puts it — a dead level.

Learning, as one soon learns, that the Iowans trace their lineage to New England at the one extreme and to Missouri at the other, one threads one's way backward along the tempting trail of heredity, hoping as in Ohio for fascinating ethnological discoveries. But the Iowans had experienced Illinois or Indiana or Ohio before entering Iowa, and their inherited characteristics had become so modified by successive strange environments as to be no longer recognizable. And once settled upon their spacious, wind-blown prairies, those migrant peoples so mingled that the resultant Iowa was not a mosaic, but an emulsion. Moreover, the uniformity of the prairie itself contributed to the uniformity of the Iowans by destining nearly all to be farmers. At the same time it forbade the building of great cities, and it is only in metropolitan centres that culture reaches its zenith, or depravity its nadir. Given

time enough and the potent influence of isolation, and your rural community develops a picturesque charm of its own and a rich and mellow individuality; but Iowa is still young, and its people love nothing so dearly as a little journey by rail. When cattle are sold, the farmer must betake him to Chicago to see the bargain closed; when wheat goes to mill, he must find his way to Minneapolis; and to-morrow he journeys westward to visit his boy in South Dakota, or eastward for a fortnight with the old folks at home. Farm life itself affords abundant communication with one's neighbors. The coöperative creameries' carts carry gossip and letters along with the daily papers; telephones are thought no extravagance; the church is everywhere a living centre of social intercourse. There also exists a very genial understanding between country and city. That is partly because the city contains so many retired farmers, and so many bankers, merchants, and professional men who have invested their money in agricultural interests. In an Iowa town good citizenship requires the ownership of a farm, just as in Sapphira, Montana, it involves the maintenance of a ranch "off somewhere" or a costly "hole in the ground." Still another basis of mutual good feeling is the eminent respectability of the Iowa farmer, who wears irreproachable clothes, rides in a stunning carriage, and sends his sons and daughters to be coeducated at Grinnell. The epithet "hayseed" — where will you hear it? Climb the broad steps of their golden-domed State House, pass beneath its pillared portico, traverse its echoing corridors (where your heels go click upon polished marble), and look in upon the rulers of the commonwealth and their deputies: almost every man of them is farm-bred.

The Iowans, then, have founded a great agricultural state, not remarkable in any particular; or if in any particular it seems remarkable, be sure that

that particular is not representative of Iowa. The red-blanketed Indians at Tama, the monastery of the Trappist fathers, the communistic settlement at Amana, the silly purists who insist upon saying "do not" instead of "don't," and the beautiful young ladies who annually serve as conductors on trolley cars and give their earnings for charity, — all these matters are distinctly aside from the main trend, which, whether regarded politically, educationally, religiously, or socially, remains gravely commonplace, distressingly normal, hopelessly sane.

Think of a state that will build a three-million-dollar state Capitol and not steal a penny; fancy an American commonwealth without a state debt; contemplate, by way of self-abnegation, a public of two million people electing a Republican governor every campaign but one, and then tying the hands of the Democrat so that for all his term he could do nothing but mope; consider that Nebraska bounds Iowa upon the west, and that Kansas lies not so very many leagues to the southwest; and then — think what the Iowans might have been, and what they are! Still, seeking to relieve their virtues' sombre monochrome, they cultivate just a little political corruption, bartering senatorial ballots for desirable committee enrollments, and lending now and then a very attentive ear to the bell and whistle of some wealthy railroad. But when, by methods fair or foul, the Iowans have made the makers of laws, they manage to frame so tiresomely sensible a body of enactments that whoever peeps into their leather-bound tomes will soon enough feel the dustman playing the mischief with his eyes and brain. In only two respects the legislative procedures of Iowa afford interesting reading. The state experimented with the abolition of the death penalty; it also experimented with prohibition; and as in the former case it returned to capital punishment, so in the

latter it came at least half the way back, devised a compromise, and called the law a "mulet." Prohibition set the whole state a-glimmering with the red and green lights of impromptu apothecaries; what was worse, it caused the coat-tail pockets of the people to bulge with ill-concealed flagons. So the Iowans rubbed their eyes and considered. And then — happy thought — came the mulet, which says in effect: "Thou shalt sell no intoxicating liquors in any form, shape, or condition whatsoever; but whenever thou dost think best to sell them, thou shalt feel for thy purse and pay dearly." Benissimo! Prohibition and high license have kissed each other.

In matters of education you find a similar effort at prairie-like avoidance of extremes. Thanks to the system of public schools modeled by Horace Mann, there is scarce another state in the Union where so few people are unable to read and write; on the other hand, there is scarce another state where so soothing a hand is laid upon ambitious scholastic pretensions. Formerly the small and pretentious "universities," so called, — and Iowa has its store of those pitiful institutions, — gowned their graduates in learned purple; but in 1886 the State Teachers' Association defined "college," and made it very plain that the world would be wiser if the number of those Dotheboys Halls were diminished. Some sought refuge in total extinction; others raised their requirements to the standard set by the association; and a concert of powers decreed that the master's degree should be conferred only in recognition of stated studies duly performed, and that the doctor's degree should not be conferred at all. Good! By and by the alphabetic trappings of wisdom will be a little more in keeping; the lecture platform, the library movement, and the eastward wending of college students are having their effect. But this I say at peril of my ease, recalling the discomfiture of a recent lecturer in an Iowa city.

"You found an appreciative audience," said the mayor, by way of congratulation, next morning. "Oh, well — ah, you see," replied the man of genius, "I did n't give you my best, you know; I tried to come right down to your level!" And I dare say that when that lecturer returns to the Hawkeye State no salvos of salute will greet him.

Religiously, — and the Iowans troop faithfully to service, — the state displays a happy exuberance of consecrated common sense. Not only have certain denominations shown a tendency to establish spheres of influence instead of clashing in unbrotherly zeal for precedence, but each has manifested a desire so to modify its peculiarities as best to adapt itself to the needs of a sober-minded people. The Adventists, for aught I can learn, very rarely assemble in robes of white to ascend into heaven; the Mormons at Lamoni decry the polygamous propensities of their Utah brethren; and that charmingly peculiar people, the Gurneyite Quakers, yield acquiescence to the popular demand for modernization by establishing a salaried clergy, by discarding their former quaintness of dress, and by building organs in their churches. Penn College, despite its Friendly belief and practice, supports a football team, and we saw it play. "Aha," quoth Helen, "I know what that will be like!" She looked for silent signals; the ball in play only when the spirit moved; a gently polite deference as a survival of non-resistance; and a frequent ejaculation of "Does thee mind if I slug thou?" But no; those stalwart youths fell upon Drake University with intent to kill. I think, too, that I have seen in Iowa a very general willingness to soften the rigor of old-time morality. Little remains of the Puritanic code, save only in the observance of the Lord's Day. The Iowans have no Sunday trains except on main lines, and they go without Monday morning papers that the newspaper folk may rest their weary brains upon the Sabbath.

Sane in their political, educational, and religious activities, the Iowans maintain a thoroughly consistent attitude toward social questions. The Missouri River, which separates them from the populistic Nebraskans, is a hundred miles wide. The only proletarian uprising ever known in Iowa was the transit of Kelley's army, which swept across the state on its way to join the meteoric Coxey. Professor George D. Herron, late of Iowa College, complains that his gospel of Christian socialism has merely hardened the hearts of the Iowans. In short, an Iowan is a man who regards this world as on the whole a desirable place of residence, and if by any chance he turns Herronite he ceases to be an Iowan. On Boston Common I met such an exile from Iowa, and to him I said, "What are you doing in Massachusetts?" Whereupon the socialist replied, "*Working my head off* to hasten the coming of — I don't know what!" Then I knew why he left Iowa, for the Iowans are bound that nothing shall be hastened. A well-fed, respectable, leisurely, comfortable people, are they not? The street cars in Des Moines are fitted with solid doors to keep you from mounting in a hurry, yet no one protests. My baggage master said, "Yes, I'll check your trunk so you won't see it for a month."

It is perhaps very fortunate that the Iowans are not inviting the existing social order to crumble about their ears; at all events, it is certainly very natural. A life so uniform and so prosperous produces few original spirits, few blather-skites or demagogues, few sowers and reapers of rebellion. At the same time, however, it breeds few amazing individuals of any sort. Were it fair to compare Iowa with Ohio, which is three times as old and twice as populous, I should say to the Iowans, "Where are your presidents, your painters, your sculptors, your novelists, your poets?" It was, I fear, a little too easy to make the state of

Iowa, and to-day the Iowans are showing the lack of that rigorous pioneer discipline which goaded the souls of the Ohioans to fine personal achievements. Or who knows but the featureless prairie has tended to broaden, rather than to heighten and deepen, the genius of the Iowans? Besides, one must remember that great men are beckoned forth by great events, and nothing at all significant ever happened in Iowa. Indeed, were I a public event and about to occur, the Hawkeye State is the last place I should select for my occurrence. Still, I have read in a famous old book that there are diversities of gifts, and that it is the pinnacle of folly to judge by one sole standard. To see the Iowans at their best, go to the national capital, where, if fortune favors, you will meet their Allisons and Hendersons, their

Hepburns, Gears, and Dollivers. Sound judgment, judicial sense, and executive ability, — these are the talents that lift them to power, talents neither rare nor little prized among the Iowans.

When all is said, it is the merit of the mass, not the merit of the individual, the humbler, and for matter of that the mere brown-colored virtues, not the blazing, sporadic flashes of genius or prowess, that establish the real greatness of a people. Unrelieved industry, morality, intelligence, and loyalty make very melancholy material for literary or artistic treatment; but when your soul is bent upon finding a happy augury for your country's future, what better can you seek? Happily this state of Iowa, so typical of the broad, fertile, populous valley of the upper Mississippi, stands representative of the bulk of our people.

Rollin Lynde Hartt.

A DIFFICULT CASE.

IN TWO PARTS. PART SECOND.

IX.

MRS. EWBERT heard old Hilbrook begin at once in a high senile key without any form of response to her husband's greeting: "There was one thing you said to-day that I've been thinkin' over, and I've come down to talk with you about it."

"Yes?" Ewbert queried submissively, though he was aware of being quite as fagged as his wife accused him of being, after he spoke.

"Yes," Hilbrook returned. "I guess I ha'n't been exactly up and down with myself. I guess I've been playing fast and loose with myself. I guess you're right about my wantin' to have enough consciousness to enjoy my unconsciousness," and the old gentleman gave a laugh

of rather weird enjoyment. "There are things," he resumed seriously, "that are deeper in us than anything we call ourselves. I supposed I had gone to the bottom, but I guess I had n't. All the while there was something down there that I had n't got at; but you reached it and touched it, and now I know it's there. I don't know but it's my Soul that's been havin' its say all the time, and me not listenin'. I guess you made your point."

Ewbert was still not so sure of that. He had thrown out that hasty suggestion without much faith in it at the time, and his faith in it had not grown since.

"I'm glad," he began, but Hilbrook pressed on as if he had not spoken.

"I guess we're built like an onion," he said, with a severity that forbade

Ewbert to feel anything undignified in the homely illustration. "You can strip away layer after layer till you seem to get to nothing at all; but when you've got to that nothing you've got to the very thing that had the life in it, and that would have grown again if you had put it in the ground."

"Exactly!" said Ewbert.

"You made a point that I can't get round," Hilbrook continued, and it was here that Ewbert enjoyed a little instant of triumph. "But that ain't the point with me. I see that I can't prove we shan't live again any more than you can prove that we shall. What I want you to do *now* is to convince me, or to give me the least reason to believe, that we shan't live again on exactly the same terms that we live now. I don't want to argue immortality any more; we'll take that for granted. But how is it going to be any different from mortality with the hope of death taken away?"

Hilbrook's apathy was gone, and his gentleness; he had suddenly an air and tone of fierce challenge. As he spoke he brought a clenched fist down on the arm of his chair; he pushed his face forward and fixed Ewbert with the vitreous glitter of his old eyes. Ewbert found him terrible, and he had a confused sense of responsibility for him, as if he had spiritually constituted him, in the charnel of unbelief, out of the spoil of death, like some new and fearfulest figment of Frankenstein's. But if he had fortuitously reached him, through the one insincerity of his being, and bidden him live again forever, he must not forsake him or deny him.

"I don't know how far you accept or reject the teachings of Scripture on this matter," he began rather vaguely, but Hilbrook stopped him.

"You did n't go to the Book for the point you made *against* me. But if you go to it now for the point I want you to make *for* me, what are you going to find? Are you going to find the pro-

mise of a life any different from the life we have here? I accept it all, — all that the Old Testament says, and all that the New Testament says; and what does it amount to on this point?"

"Nothing but the assurance that if we live rightly here we shall be happy in the keeping of the divine Love there. That assurance is everything to me."

"It is n't to me!" cried the old man. "We are in the keeping of the divine Love here, too, and are we happy? Are those who live rightly happy? It's because we're not conditioned for happiness here; and how are we going to be conditioned differently there? We are going to suffer to all eternity through our passions, our potentialities of experience, there just as we do here."

"There may be other passions, other potentialities of experience," Ewbert suggested, casting about in the void.

"Like what?" Hilbrook demanded. "I've been trying to figure it, and I can't. I should like you to try it. You can't imagine a new passion in the soul any more than you can imagine a new feature in the face. There they are: eyes, ears, nose, mouth, chin; love, hate, greed, hope, fear! You can't add to them or take away from them." The old man dropped from his defiance in an entreaty that was even more terrible to Ewbert. "I wish you could! I should like to have you try. Maybe I have n't been over the whole ground. Maybe there's some principle that I've missed." He hitched his chair closer to Ewbert's, and laid some tremulous fingers on the minister's sleeve. "If I've got to live forever, what have I got to live for?"

"Well," said Ewbert, meeting him fully in his humility, "let us try to make it out together. Let us try to think. Apparently, our way has brought us to a dead wall; but I believe there's light beyond it, if we can only break through. Is it really necessary that we should dis-

cover some new principle? Do we know all that love can do from our experience of it here?"

"Have you seen a mother with her child?" Hilbrook retorted.

"Yes, I know. But even that has some alloy of selfishness. Can't we imagine love in which there is no greed, — for greed, and not hate, is the true antithesis of love which is all giving, while greed is all getting, — a love that is absolutely pure?"

"I can't," said the old man. "All the love I ever felt had greed in it; I wanted to keep the thing I loved for myself."

"Yes, because you were afraid in the midst of your love. It was fear that alloyed it, not greed. And in easily imaginable conditions in which there is no fear of want, or harm, or death, love would be pure; for it is these things that greed itself wants to save us from. You can imagine conditions in which there shall be no fear, in which love casteth out fear?"

"Well," said Hilbrook provisionally.

Ewbert had not thought of these points himself before, and he was pleased with his discovery, though afterwards he was aware that it was something like an intellectual juggle. "You see," he temporized, "we have got rid of two of the passions already, fear and greed, which are the potentialities of our unhappiest experience in this life. In fact, we have got rid of three, for without fear and greed men cannot hate."

"But how can we exist without them?" Hilbrook urged. "Shall we be made up of two passions, — of love and hope alone?"

"Why not?" Ewbert returned, with what he felt a specious brightness.

"Because we should not be complete beings with these two elements alone."

"Ah, as we know ourselves here, I grant you," said the minister. "But why should we not be far more simply constituted somewhere else? Have you

ever read Isaac Taylor's *Physical Theory of Another Life*? He argues that the immortal body would be a far less complex mechanism than the mortal body. Why should not the immortal soul be simple, too? In fact, it would necessarily be so, being one with the body. I think I can put my hand on that book, and if I can I must make you take it with you."

He rose briskly from his chair, and went to the shelves, running his fingers along the books with that subtlety of touch by which the student knows a given book in the dark. He had heard Mrs. Ewbert stirring about in the rooms beyond with an activity in which he divined a menacing impatience; and he would have been glad to get rid of old Hilbrook before her impatience burst in an irruption upon them. Perhaps because of this distraction he could not find the book, but he remained on foot, talking with an implication in his tone that they were both preparing to part, and were now merely finishing off some odds and ends of discourse before they said good-night.

Old Hilbrook did not stir. He was far too sincere a nature, Ewbert saw, to conceive of such inhospitality as a hint for his departure, or he was too deeply interested to be aware of it. The minister was obliged to sit down again, and it was eleven o'clock before Hilbrook rose to go.

X.

Ewbert went out to the gate with the old man, and when he came back to his study, he found his wife there looking strangely tall and monumental in her reproach. "I supposed you were in bed long ago, my dear," he attempted lightly.

"You *don't* mean that you've been out in the night air without your hat on!" she returned. "Well, this is too *much*!"

Her long-pent-up impatience broke in tears, and he strove in vain to comfort her with caresses. "Oh, what a fatal day it was when you stirred that wretched old creature up! *Why* could n't you leave him alone!"

"To his apathy? To his despair? Emily!" Ewbert dropped his arms from the embrace in which he had folded her woodenly unresponsive frame, and regarded her sadly.

"Oh yes, of course," she answered, rubbing her handkerchief into her eyes. "But you don't know that it was despair; and he was quite happy in his apathy; and as it is, you've got him on your hands; and if he's going to come here every night and stay till morning, it will kill you. You know you're not strong; and you get so excited when you sit up talking. Look how flushed your cheeks are, now, and your eyes — as big! You won't sleep a wink to-night, — I know you won't."

"Oh yes, I shall," he answered bravely. "I believe I've done some good work with poor old Hilbrook; and you must n't think he's tired me. I feel fresher than I did when he came."

"It's because you're excited," she persisted. "I know you won't sleep."

"Yes, I shall. I shall just stay here, and read my nerves down a little. Then I'll come."

"Oh yes!" Mrs. Ewbert exulted disconsolately, and she left him to his book. She returned to say: "If you *must* take anything to make you sleepy, I've left some warm milk on the back of the stove. Promise me you won't take any sulphonal! You know how you feel the next day!"

"No, no, I won't," said Ewbert; and he kept his word, with the effect of remaining awake all night. Toward morning he did not know but he had drowsed; he was not aware of losing consciousness, and he started from his drowse with the word "consciousness" in his mind, as he had heard Hilbrook speaking it.

XI.

Throughout the day, under his wife's watchful eye, he failed of the naps he tried for, and he had to own himself as haggard, when night came again, as the fondest anxiety of a wife could pronounce a husband. He could not think of his talk with old Hilbrook without an anguish of brain exhaustion; and yet he could not help thinking of it. He realized what the misery of mere weakness must be, and the horror of not having the power to rest. He wished to go to bed before the hour when Hilbrook commonly appeared, but this was so early that Ewbert knew he should merely toss about and grow more and more wakeful from his premature effort to sleep. He trembled at every step outside, and at the sound of feet approaching the door on the short brick walk from the gate, he and his wife arrested themselves with their teacups poised in the air. Ewbert was aware of feebly hoping the feet might go away again; but the bell rang, and then he could not meet his wife's eye.

"If it is that old Mr. Hilbrook," she said to the maid in transit through the room, "tell him that Mr. Ewbert is not well, but *I* shall be glad to see him," and now Ewbert did not dare to protest. His forebodings were verified when he heard Hilbrook asking for him, but though he knew the voice, he detected a difference in the tone that puzzled him.

His wife did not give Hilbrook time to get away, if he had wished, without seeing her; she rose at once and went out to him. Ewbert heard her asking him into the library, and then he heard them in parley there; and presently they came out into the hall again, and went to the front door together. Ewbert's heart misgave him of something summary on her part, and he did not know what to make of the cheerful parting between them. "Well, I bid you good-evening, ma'am," he heard old Hil-

brook say briskly, and his wife return sweetly, "Good - night, Mr. Hilbrook. You must come soon again."

"You may put your mind at rest, Clarence," she said, as she reëntered the dining room and met his face of surprise. "He did n't come to make a call; he just wanted to borrow a book, — *Physical Theory of Another Life*."

"How did you find it?" asked Ewbart, with relief.

"It was where it always was," she returned indifferently. "Mr. Hilbrook seemed to be very much interested in something you said to him about it. I do believe you *have* done him good, Clarence; and now, if you can only get a full night's rest, I shall forgive him. But I hope he won't come *very* soon again, and will never stay so late when he does come. Promise me you won't go near him till he's brought the book back!"

XII.

Hilbrook came the night after he had borrowed the book, full of talk about it, to ask if he might keep it a little longer. Ewbart had slept well the intervening night, and had been suffered to see Hilbrook upon promising his wife that he would not encourage the old man to stay; but Hilbrook stayed without encouragement. An interest had come into his apathetic life which renewed it, and gave vitality to a whole dead world of things. He wished to talk, and he wished even more to listen, that he might confirm himself from Ewbart's faith and reason in the conjectures with which his mind was filled. His eagerness as to the conditions of a future life, now that he had begun to imagine them, was insatiable, and Ewbart, who met it with glad sympathy, felt drained of his own spiritual forces by the strength which he supplied to the old man. But the case was so strange, so absorbing, so important, that he could not refuse himself to it. He

could not deny Hilbrook's claim to all that he could give him in this sort; he was as helpless to withhold the succor he supplied as he was to hide from Mrs. Ewbart's censoriously anxious eye the nervous exhaustion to which it left him after each visit that Hilbrook paid him. But there was a drain from another source of which he would not speak to her till he could make sure that the effect was not some trick of his own imagination.

He had been aware in twice urging some reason upon Hilbrook of a certain perfunctory quality in his performance. It was as if the truth, so vital at first, had perished in its formulation, and in the repetition he was sensible, or he was fearful, of an insincerity, a hollowness in the arguments he had originally employed so earnestly against the old man's doubt. He recognized with dismay a quality of question in his own mind, and he fancied that as Hilbrook waxed in belief he himself waned. The conviction of a life hereafter was not something which he was *sharing* with Hilbrook; he was *giving* it absolutely, and with such entire unreserve that he was impoverishing his own soul of its most precious possession.

So it seemed to him in those flaccid moods to which Hilbrook's visits left him, when mind and body were both spent in the effort he had been making. In the intervals in which his strength renewed itself, he put this fear from him as a hypochondriacal fancy, and he summoned a cheerfulness which he felt less and less to meet the hopeful face of the old man. Hilbrook had renewed himself, apparently, in the measure that the minister had aged and waned. He looked, to Ewbart, younger and stronger. To the conventional question how he did, he one night answered that he never felt better in his life. "But you," he said, casting an eye over the face and figure of the minister, who lay back in his easy-chair, with his hands stretched nerveless on the

arms, "*you* look rather peaked. I don't know as I noticed it before, but come to think, I seemed to feel the same way about it when I saw you in the pulpit yesterday."

"It was a very close day," said Ewburt. "I don't know why I should n't be about as well as usual."

"Well, that's right," said Hilbrook, in willing dismissal of the trifle which had delayed him from the great matter in his mind.

Some new thoughts had occurred to him in corroboration of the notions they had agreed upon in their last meeting. But in response Ewburt found himself beset by a strange temptation, — by the wish to take up these notions and expose their fallacy. They were indeed mere toys of their common fancy which they had constructed together in mutual supposition, but Ewburt felt a sacredness in them, while he longed so strangely to break them one by one and cast them in the old man's face. Like all imaginative people, he was at times the prey of morbid self-suggestions, whose nature can scarcely be stated without excess. The more monstrous the thing appeared to his mind and conscience, the more fascinating it became. Once the mere horror of such a conception as catching a comely parishioner about the waist and kissing her, when she had come to him with a case of conscience, had so confused him in her presence as to make him answer her wildly, not because he was really tempted to the wickedness, but because he realized so vividly the hideousness of the impossible temptation. In some such sort he now trembled before old Hilbrook, thinking how dreadful it would be if he were suddenly to begin undoing the work of faith in him, and putting back in its place the doubts which he had uprooted before. In a swift series of dramatic representations he figured the old man's helpless amaze at the demoniacal gayety with which he should mock his own seriousness in the past, the

cynical ease with which he should show the vanity of the hopes he had been so fervent in awakening. He had throughout recognized the claim that all the counter-doubts had upon the reason, and he saw how effective he could make these if he were now to become their advocate. He pictured the despair in which he could send his proselyte tottering home to his lonely house through the dark.

He rent himself from the spell, but the last picture remained so real with him that he went to the window and looked out, saying, "Is there a moon?"

"It ain't up yet, I guess," said old Hilbrook, and from something in his manner, rather than from anything he recollected of their talk, Ewburt fancied him to have asked a question, and to be now waiting for some answer. He had not the least notion what the question could have been, and he began to walk up and down, trying to think of something to say, but feeling his legs weak under him and the sweat cold on his forehead. All the time he was aware of Hilbrook following him with an air of cheerful interest, and patiently waiting till he should take up the thread of their discourse again.

He controlled himself at last, and sank into his chair. "Where were we?" he asked. "I had gone off on a train of associations, and I don't just recall our last point."

Hilbrook stated it, and Ewburt said, "Oh yes," as if he recognized it, and went on from it upon the line of thought which it suggested. He was aware of talking rationally and forcibly; but in the subjective undercurrent paralleling his objective thought he was holding discourse with himself to an effect wholly different from that produced in Hilbrook.

"Well, sir," said the old man when he rose to go at last, "I guess you've settled it for me. You've made me see that there can be an immortal life that's worth living; and I was afraid there

wa'n't! I should n't care, now, if I woke up any morning in the other world. I guess it would be all right; and that there would be new conditions every way, so that a man could go on and be himself, without feelin' that he was in any danger of bein' wasted. You've made me want to meet my boy again; and I used to dread it; I did n't think I was fit for it. I don't know whether you expect me to thank you; I presume you don't; but I" — he faltered, and his voice shook in sympathy with the old hand that he put trembling into Ewbert's — "I *bless* you!"

XIII.

The time had come when the minister must seek refuge and counsel with his wife. He went to her as a troubled child goes to its mother, and she heard the confession of his strange experience with the motherly sympathy which performs the comforting office of perfect intelligence. If she did not grasp its whole significance, she seized what was perhaps the main point, and she put herself in antagonism to the cause of his morbid condition, while administering an inevitable chastisement for the neglect of her own prevision.

"That terrible old man," she said, "has simply been draining the life out of you, Clarence. I saw it from the beginning, and I warned you against it; but you would n't listen to me. *Now* I suppose you *will* listen, after the doctor tells you that you're in danger of nervous prostration, and that you've got to give up everything and rest. I think you've been in danger of losing your reason, you've overworked it so; and I shan't be easy till I've got you safely away at the seaside, and out of the reach of that — that *vampire*."

"Emily!" the minister protested. "I can't allow you to use such language. At the worst, and supposing that he has

really been that drain upon me which you say (though I don't admit it), what is my life for but to give to others?"

"But *my* life is n't for you to give to others, and *your* life is mine, and I think I have some right to say what shall be done with it, and I don't choose to have it used up on old Hilbrook." It passed through Ewbert's languid thought, which it stirred to a vague amusement, that the son of an older church than the Rixonite might have found in this thoroughly terrestrial attitude of his wife a potent argument for sacerdotal celibacy; but he did not attempt to formulate it, and he listened submissively while she went on: "*One* thing: I am certainly not going to let you see him again till you've seen the doctor, and I hope he won't come about. If he does, *I* shall see him."

The menace in this declaration moved Ewbert to another protest, which he worded conciliatingly: "I shall have to let you. But I know you won't say anything to convey a sense of responsibility to him. I could n't forgive myself if he were allowed to feel that he had been preying upon me. The fact is, I've been overdoing in every way, and nobody is to blame for my morbid fancies but myself. *I should* blame myself very severely if you based any sort of superstition on them, and acted from that superstition."

"Oh, you need n't be afraid!" said Mrs. Ewbert. "I shall take care of his feelings, but I shall have my own opinions, all the same, Clarence."

Whether a woman with opinions so strong as Mrs. Ewbert's, and so indistinguishable from her prejudices, could be trusted to keep them to herself, in dealing with the matter in hand, was a question which her husband felt must largely be left to her goodness of heart for its right solution.

When Hilbrook came that night, as usual, she had already had it out with him in several strenuous reveries before

they met, and she was able to welcome him gently to the interview which she made very brief. His face fell in visible disappointment when she said that Mr. Ewbert would not be able to see him, and perhaps there was nothing to uplift him in the reasons she gave, though she obscurely resented his continued dejection as a kind of ingratitude. She explained that poor Mr. Ewbert was quite broken down, and that the doctor had advised his going to the seaside for the whole of August, where he promised everything from the air and the bathing. Mr. Ewbert merely needed toning up, she said; but to correct the impression she might be giving that his breakdown was a trifling matter, she added that she felt very anxious about it, and wanted to get him away as soon as possible. She said with a confidential effect, as of something in which Hilbrook could sympathize with her: "You know it is n't merely his church work proper; it's his giving himself spiritually to all sorts of people so indiscriminately. He can't deny himself to any one; and sometimes he's perfectly exhausted by it. You must come and see him as soon as he gets back, Mr. Hilbrook. He will count upon it, I know; he's so much interested in the discussions he has been having with you."

She gave the old man her hand for good-by, after she had artfully stood him up, in a double hope, — a hope that he would understand that there was some limit to her husband's nervous strength, and a hope that her closing invitation would keep him from feeling anything personal in her hints.

Hilbrook took his leave in the dreamy fashion age has with so many things, as if there were a veil between him and experience which kept him from the full realization of what had happened; and as she watched his bent shoulders down the garden walk, carrying his forward-drooping head at a slant that scarcely left the crown of his hat visible, a fear came upon her which made it impossi-

ble for her to recount all the facts of her interview to her husband. It became her duty, rather, to conceal what was painful to herself in it, and she merely told him that Mr. Hilbrook had taken it all in the right way, and she had made him promise to come and see them as soon as they got back.

XIV.

Events approved the wisdom of Mrs. Ewbert's course in so many respects that she confidently trusted them for the rest. Ewbert picked up wonderfully at the seaside, and she said to him again and again that it was not merely those interviews with old Hilbrook which had drained his vitality, but it was the whole social and religious keeping of the place. Everybody, she said, had thrown themselves upon his sympathies, and he was carrying a load that nobody could bear up under. She addressed these declarations to her lingering consciousness of Ransom Hilbrook, and confirmed herself, by their repetition, in the belief that he had not taken her generalizations personally. She now extended these so as to inculcate the faculty of the university, who ought to have felt it their duty not to let a man of Ewbert's intellectual quality stagger on alone among them, with no sign of appreciation or recognition in the work he was doing, not so much for the Rixonite church as for the whole community. She took several ladies at the hotel into her confidence on this point, and upon some study of the situation they said it was a shame. After that she began to feel more bitter about it, and to attribute her husband's collapse to a concealed sense of the indifference of the university people, so galling to a sensitive nature like his.

She suggested this theory to Ewbert, and he denied it with blithe derision, but she said that he need not tell *her*, and in confirming herself in it she be-

gan to relax her belief that old Ransom Hilbrook had preyed upon him. She even went so far as to say that the only intellectual companionship he had ever had in the place was that which he found in the old man's society. When she discovered, after the fact, that Ewbert had written to him since they came away, she was not so severe with him as she might have expected herself to be in view of an act which, if not quite clandestine, was certainly without her privity. She would have considered him fitly punished by Hilbrook's failure to reply, if she had not shared his uneasiness at the old man's silence. But she did not allow this to affect her good spirits, which were essential to her husband's comfort as well as her own. She redoubled her care of him in every sort, and among all the ladies who admired her devotion to him there was none who enjoyed it as much as herself. There was none who believed more implicitly that it was owing to her foresight and oversight that his health mended so rapidly, and that at the end of the bathing season she was, as she said, taking him home quite another man. In her perfect satisfaction she suffered him his small joke about not feeling it quite right to go with her if that were so; and though a woman of little humor, she even professed to find pleasure in his joke after she fully understood it.

"All that I ask," she said, as if it followed, "is that you won't spoil everything by letting old Hilbrook come every night and drain the life out of you again."

"I won't," he retorted, "if you'll promise to make the university people come regularly to my sermons."

He treated the notion of Hilbrook's visits lightly; but with his return to the familiar environment he felt a shrinking from them in an experience which was like something physical. Yet when he sat down the first night in his study, with his lamp in its wonted place, it was with an expectation of old Hilbrook in

his usual seat so vivid that its defeat was more a shock than its fulfillment upon supernatural terms would have been. In fact, the absence of the old man was spectral; and though Ewbert employed himself fully the first night in answering an accumulation of letters that required immediate reply, it was with nervous starts from time to time, which he could trace to no other cause. His wife came in and out, with what he knew to be an accusing eye, as she brought up those arrears of housekeeping which always await the housewife on the return from any vacation; and he knew that he did not conceal his guilt from her.

They both ignored the stress which had fallen back upon him, and which accumulated, as the days of the week went by, until the first Sunday came.

Ewbert dreaded to look in the direction of Hilbrook's pew, lest he should find it empty; but the old man was there, and he sat blinking at the minister, as his custom was, through the sermon, and thoughtfully passing the tip of his tongue over the inner edge of his lower lip.

Many came up to shake hands with the minister after church, and to tell him how well he was looking, but Hilbrook was not among them. Some of the university people who had made a point of being there that morning, out of a personal regard for Ewbert, were grouped about his wife, in the church vestibule, where she stood answering their questions about his health. He glimpsed between the heads and shoulders of this gratifying group the figure of Hilbrook dropping from grade to grade on the steps outside, till it ceased to be visible, and he fancied, with a pang, that the old man had lingered to speak with him, and had then given up and started home.

The cordial interest of the university people was hardly a compensation for the disappointment he shared with Hilbrook; but his wife was so happy in it that he could not say anything to damp

her joy. "Now," she declared, on their way home, "I am perfectly satisfied that they will keep coming. You never preached so well, Clarence, and if they have any appreciation at all, they simply won't be able to keep away. I wish you could have heard all the nice things they said about you. I guess they've waked up to you, at last, and I do believe that the idea of losing you has had a great deal to do with it. And *that* is something we owe to old Ransom Hilbrook more than to anything else. I saw the poor old fellow hanging about, and I could n't help feeling for him. I knew he wanted to speak with you, and I'm not afraid that he will be a burden again. It will be such an inspiration, the prospect of having the university people come every Sunday, now, that you can richly afford to give a little of it to him, and I want you to go and see him soon; he evidently is n't coming till you do."

XV.

Ewbert had learned not to inquire too critically for a logical process in his wife's changes of attitude toward any fact. In her present mood he recognized an effect of the exuberant good will awakened by the handsome behavior of the university people, and he agreed with her that he must go to see old Hilbrook at once. In this good intention his painful feeling concerning him was soothed, and Ewbert did not get up to the Hilbrook place till well into the week. It was Thursday afternoon when he climbed through the orchard, under the yellowing leaves which dappled the green masses of the trees like intenser spots of the September sunshine. He came round by the well to the side door of the house, which stood open, and he did not hesitate to enter when he saw how freely the hens were coming and going through it. They scuttled out around him and between his legs, with guilty screeches, and left him

standing alone in the middle of the wide, low kitchen. A certain discomfort of nerves which their flight gave him was heightened by some details quite insignificant in themselves. There was no fire in the stove, and the wooden clock on the mantel behind it was stopped; the wind had carried in some red leaves from the maple near the door, and these were swept against the farther wall, where they lay palpitating in the draft.

The neglect in all was evidently too recent to suggest any supposition but that of the master's temporary absence, and Ewbert went to the threshold to look for his coming from the sheds or the barn. But these were all fast shut, and there was no sign of Hilbrook anywhere. Ewbert turned back into the room again, and saw the door of the old man's little bedroom standing slightly ajar. With a chill of apprehension he pushed it open, and he could not have experienced a more disagreeable effect if the dark fear in his mind had been realized than he did to see Hilbrook lying in his bed alive and awake. His face showed like a fine mask above the sheet, and his long, narrow hands rested on the covering across his breast. His eyes met those of Ewbert not only without surprise, but without any apparent emotion.

"Why, Mr. Hilbrook," said the minister, "are you sick?"

"No, I am first-rate," the old man answered.

It was on the point of the minister's tongue to ask him, "Then what in the world are you doing in bed?" but he substituted the less authoritative suggestion, "I am afraid I disturbed you, — that I woke you out of a nap. But I found the door open and the hens inside, and I ventured to come in" —

Hilbrook replied calmly, "I heard you; I wa'n't asleep."

"Oh," said Ewbert apologetically, and he did not know quite what to do; he had an aimless wish for his wife, as if she would have known what to do.

In her absence, he decided to shut the door against the hens, who were returning adventurously to the threshold, and then he asked, "Is there something I can do for you? Make a fire for you to get up by" —

"I ha'n't got any call to get up," said Hilbrook; and after giving Ewbert time to make the best of this declaration, he asked abruptly, "What was that you said about my wantin' to be alive enough to know I was dead?"

"The consciousness of unconsciousness?"

"Ah!" the old man assented, as with satisfaction in having got the notion right; and then he added with a certain defiance: "There ain't anything *in* that. I got to thinkin' it over, when you was gone, and the whole thing went to pieces. That idea don't prove anything at all, and all that we worked out of it had to go with it."

"Well," the minister returned, with an assumption of cosiness in his tone which he did not feel, and feigning to make himself easy in the hard kitchen chair which he pulled up to the door of Hilbrook's room, "let's see if we can't put that notion together again."

"You can, if you want to," said the old man dryly. "I got no interest in it any more; 't wa'n't nothing but a casuistical toy, anyway." He turned his head apathetically on the pillow, and no longer faced his visitor, who found it impossible in the conditions of tacit dismissal to philosophize further.

"I was sorry," Ewbert began, "not to be able to speak with you after church, the other day. There were so many people" —

"That's all right," said Hilbrook unresentfully; "I had n't anything to say, in particular."

"But *I* had," the minister persisted. "I thought a great deal about you when I was away, and I went over our talks in my own mind a great many times. The more I thought about them, the more I

believed that we had felt our way to some important truth in the matter. I don't say final truth, for I don't suppose that we shall ever reach that in this life."

"Very likely," Hilbrook returned, with his face to the wall. "I don't see as it makes any difference; or if it does, I don't care for it."

Something occurred to Ewbert which seemed to him of more immediate usefulness than the psychological question. "Could n't I get you something to eat, Mr. Hilbrook? If you have n't had any breakfast to-day, you must be hungry."

"Yes, I'm hungry," the old man assented, "but I don't want to eat anything."

Ewbert had risen hopefully in making his suggestion, but now his heart sank. Here, it seemed to him, a physician rather than a philosopher was needed, and at the sound of wheels on the wagon track to the door his imagination leaped to the miracle of the doctor's providential advent. He hurried to the threshold and met the fish man, who was about to announce himself with the handle of his whip on the clapboarding. He grasped the situation from the minister's brief statement, and confessed that he had expected to find the old gentleman *dead* in his bed some day, and he volunteered to send some of the women folks from the farm up the road. When these came, concentrated in the person of the farmer's bustling wife, who had a fire kindled in the stove and the kettle on before Ewbert could get away, he went for the doctor, and returned with him to find her in possession of everything in the house except the owner's interest. Her usefulness had been arrested by an invisible but impassable barrier, though she had passed and re-passed the threshold of Hilbrook's chamber with tea and milk toast. He said simply that he saw no object in eating; and he had not been sufficiently interested to turn his head and look at her in speaking to her.

With the doctor's science he was as indifferent as with the farmwife's service. He submitted to have his pulse felt, and he could not help being prescribed for, but he would have no agency in taking his medicine. He said, as he had said to Mrs. Stephson about eating, that he saw no object in it. The doctor retorted, with the temper of a man not used to having his will crossed, that he had better take it, if he had any object in living, and Hilbrook answered that he had none. In his absolute apathy he did not even ask to be let alone.

"You see," the baffled doctor fumed in the conference that he had with Ewbert apart, "he does n't really need any medicine. There's nothing the matter with him, and I only wanted to give him something to put an edge to his appetite. He's got cranky living here alone; but there *is* such a thing as starving to death, and that's the only thing Hilbrook's in danger of. If you're going to stay with him — he ought n't to be left alone" —

"I can come up, yes, certainly, after supper," said Ewbert, and he fortified himself inwardly for the question this would raise with his wife.

"Then you must try to interest him in something. Get him to talking, and then let Mrs. Stephson come in with a good bowl of broth, and I guess we may trust Nature to do the rest."

XVI.

When we speak of Nature, we figure her as one thing, with a fixed purpose and office in the universal economy; but she is an immense number of things, and her functions are inexpressibly varied. She includes decay as well as growth; she compasses death as well as birth. We call certain phenomena unnatural; but in a natural world how can anything be unnatural, except the supernatural? These facts gave Ewbert

pause in view of the obstinate behavior of Ransom Hilbrook in dying for no obvious reason, and kept him from pronouncing it unnatural. The old man, he reflected, had really less reason to live than to die, if it came to reasons; for everything that had made the world home to him had gone out of it, and left him in exile here. The motives had ceased; the interests had perished; the strong personality that had persisted was solitary amid the familiar environment grown alien.

The wonder was that he should ever have been roused from his apathetic unfaith to inquiry concerning the world beyond this, and to a certain degree of belief in possibilities long abandoned by his imagination. Ewbert had assisted at the miracle of this resuscitation upon terms which, until he was himself much older, he could not question as to their beneficence, and in fact it never came to his being quite frank with himself concerning them. He kept his thoughts on this point in that state of solution which holds so many conjectures from precipitation in actual conviction.

But his wife had no misgivings. Her dread was that in his devotion to that miserable old man (as she called him, not always in compassion) he should again contribute to Hilbrook's vitality at the expense, if not the danger, of his own. She of course expressed her joy that Ewbert had at last prevailed upon him to eat something, when the entreaty of his nurse and the authority of his doctor availed nothing; and of course she felt the pathos of his doing it out of affection for Ewbert, and merely to please him, as Hilbrook declared. It did not surprise her that any one should do anything for the love of Ewbert, but it is doubtful if she fully recognized the beauty of this last efflorescence of the aged life; and she perceived it her duty not to sympathize entirely with Ewbert's morbid regret that it came too late. She was much more resigned than he to

the will of Providence, and she urged a like submissiveness upon him.

"Don't talk so!" he burst out. "It's horrible!" It was in the first hours after Ewbert's return from Hilbrook's deathbed, and his spent nerves gave way in a gush of tears.

"I see what you mean," she said after a pause in which he controlled his sobs. "And I suppose," she added, with a touch of bitterness, "that you blame *me* for taking you away from him here when he was coming every night and sapping your very life. You were very glad to have me do it at the time! And what use would there have been in your killing yourself, anyway? It was n't as if he were a young man with a career of usefulness before him, that might have been marred by his not believing this or that. He had been a complete failure every way, and the end of the world had come for him. What did it matter whether such a man believed that there was another world, or not?"

"Emily! Emily!" the minister cried out. "What are you saying?"

Mrs. Ewbert broke down in her turn. "I don't know *what* I'm saying!" she retorted from behind her handkerchief. "I'm trying to show you that it's your duty to yourself — and to me — and to people who can know how to profit by your teaching and your example, not to give way as you're doing, simply because a wornout old agnostic could n't keep his hold on the truth. I don't know what your Rixonitism is for if it won't let you wait upon the divine will in such a thing, *too!* You're more conscientious than the worst kind of Congregationalist. And now for you to blame me" —

"Emily, I don't blame *you*," said her husband. "I blame myself."

"And you see that that's the same thing! You ought to thank me for sav-

ing your life; for it was just as if you were pouring your heart's blood into him, and I could see you getting more anæmic every day. Even now you're not half as well as when you got home! And yet I do believe that if you could bring old Hilbrook back into a world that he was sick and tired of, you'd give your own life to do it."

There was reason and there was justice in what she said, though they were so chaotic in form, and Ewbert could not refuse to acquiesce. After all, he had done what he could, and he would not abandon himself to a useless remorse. He rather set himself to study the lesson of old Hilbrook's life, and in the funeral sermon that he preached he urged upon his hearers the necessity of keeping themselves alive through some relation to the undying frame of things, which they could do only by cherishing earthly ties; and when these were snapped in the removal of their objects, by attaching the broken threads through an effort of the will to yet other objects: the world could furnish these inexhaustibly. He touched delicately upon the peculiarities, the eccentricities, of the deceased, and he did cordial justice to his gentleness, his blameless, harmless life, his heroism on the battlefields of his country. He declared that he would not be the one to deny an inner piety, and certainly not a steadfast courage, in Hilbrook's acceptance of whatever his sincere doubts implied.

The sermon apparently made a strong impression on all who heard it. Mrs. Ewbert was afraid that it was rather abstruse in certain passages, but she felt sure that all the university people would appreciate these. The university people, to testify their respect for their founder, had come in a body to the obsequies of his kinsman; and Mrs. Ewbert augured the best things for her husband's future usefulness from their presence.

W. D. Howells.

GRAMARYE.

WHERE to-night the woodside towers,
Visited by unseen powers,
While from hollows of the sky
All the winds come rustling by,
Gramarye weaves within her loom
Emerald and moonlight bloom.

Fallen from every topmost height
There black shadows cut the light
Sharp as swords cut, and in crowds
Slighter shadows, thin as clouds,
Only touched with jewel-dust,
In among the great glooms thrust.
Green and silver, light as snow,
Sprays and stems their shadows throw;
Little shadows of the leaf,
Where the ray falls bright and brief,
Wavering, shimmering, swarm and slip,
In the startled splendor dip,
Where, from wells and floods unbound
Glory pours along the ground.

Through the glimmer, please you, look —
Half you guess a flickering brook,
Now a surf of twinkling spray
Breaks across a hidden way,
Petals of some wondrous flower
Drift a sudden slanting shower,
Now a bough all washed with light
Stirs its leaves in one long flight,
And lingeringly unveils the view
Down some alluring avenue,
Whose fountains toss a furtive mist
Athwart a deeper place of tryst,
With labyrinth of leafy walls,
With hint of air-drawn palace-halls,
And mystery of opening lines
Where the glamouring moonlight shines.

What weird land of deathless dreams
Lies beyond these moonlit gleams,
What domain of strange delight
On the borders of the night!
Could we enter, might we find,
As the subtle ways we wind,

Love once lost, and heart's desire,
Hopes whose feet were shod with fire,
Haunting presences, and things
That waft us on enchanted wings?
Hasten — Fate was made to try!
Cross the moonglade, you and I!
Lift the branch, give me your hand —
No, no! It is Forbidden Land!

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

THE PRICE OF ORDER.

THE price of order in all government is the adjustment of the means of administration to the needs of rule. For a century, Great Britain has acquired and governed the largest and most populous colonial empire history has known. Through the same century, the United States has acquired, assimilated, and advanced to a share in all the privileges of the republic, the largest empty and continuous territory over which history has ever witnessed the triumphant march of common laws, common institutions, and a common administration. The work of federal government has never been more successfully discharged than by this country. The British Empire may fairly claim a like preëminence in colonial rule.

The price of order for us has hitherto been in admitting every community at the earliest possible moment to every state and federal right. If we erred, we preferred to err in too much haste rather than in too much delay. The price of order in the British Empire has been in excluding every community but one, the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, from the full privileges of imperial rule. Ours is an indissoluble union of indestructible states, equal in powers, in privileges, and in their share in federal rule. In the British Empire, the rights of every land under its flag depend absolutely upon any enactment of

the Parliament of Westminster. Each rule has maintained order on an unexampled scale under its own several system and each has paid a different price, devised by the same race of English-speaking men.

After a century of this contrasted experience, by singular and unexpected though similar causes, — for both these great realms respond to a like world movement, — the British Empire draws near some plan for federating its leading colonies, and admitting them to a share in the rule exclusively exercised hitherto by the United Kingdom alone. In some way, the empire has to use our experience and learn to pay our price for order. The United States, it is scarcely necessary to remind an American, for the first time in its history, finds itself with possessions — whether rightly or wrongly won is of no consequence for this phase of the problem — which it cannot assimilate, and which it cannot admit to that full share of mutual and associate rule which is the essence of the federal system. In some way, the American republic in its new possessions has to use the experience of the British Empire, and learn to pay its price for order.

The essence of the American experiment, which we have never ceased to urge on our English cousins as a complete remedy for their Irish problem, is

that tranquillity is obtained in a federal system by giving each community home rule for itself, and a complete but proportionate share in the working of the central executive, legislature and judiciary, one national constitution extending over all. The essence of the English experiment has been one system of national constitutional limitations for the United Kingdom, and another system for dependencies. For the central government, there has been complete, exclusive, and universal rule. For the dependencies, there has been no share in the exercise of this rule, a local administration and autonomy, and a contact with the central government jealously limited to the action of the central executive. When, in the Reconstruction period, we withdrew federal legislative rights from certain states, harm came. When the imperial legislature in British history has meddled with the details of dependencies, evils have followed. Where the imperial executive has worked alone and with a free hand, prosperity and order have succeeded. Executives rule colonies and keep them. Legislatures ruin colonies and lose them.

The English executive is all that English colonies officially know, save as Parliament lays down general principles. These once enacted and in operation, a fifth of the world's area, 11,250,412 square miles, and a fifth of its population, 344,059,122 people, are ruled with an administrative economy which is an administrative marvel.¹ The colonies, 9,450,154 square miles and 56,845,691 people, are comparatively empty of population, great stretches of staked claims waiting for development. "India," with 1,800,258 square miles and 287,223,431 inhabitants, is an area thronged with people, in which population is perpetually pressing on subsistence, under a civilization older than our own, with princes

whose pedigree makes an European line seem a thing of yesterday, and such a medley of races as has owned no common peace since the Roman tax. The London Colonial Office administers forty colonies on a salary list of \$244,525. The New York mayor's office costs more. The India Office administers an empire from London on \$945,000 spent in salaries, or less than is yearly spent on Central Park. In all, about \$1,200,000 spent in London is the price of administrative order over a colonial rule whose total budgets from India to Mauritius reach in the aggregate \$1,724,354,895 in outgo, once and a half times the outgo of the United States for federal, state, county, city, and village expenditure for every possible purpose for which taxes are levied.

The American Congress has spent an entire winter wrestling with the tariff, the taxation, the administration, and the personal rights of two islands with the area and the population of one of the least of English colonies. Of the acts passed by Parliament at Westminster in the past decade, 47 per cent applied alone to England, 15 per cent to Ireland, and 7.6 to Scotland. Of the share left, 20 per cent, all but 1 per cent applied to the United Kingdom as a whole. An infinitesimal fraction applies to the British Empire. So long as Congress dealt with areas about to fill and to share the representation of states in Congress, close congressional supervision was necessary. Dealing with areas and a population approaching no such step, Congress must minimize its contact and increase — as has been proposed for the Philippines in Senator Spooner's single short bill — the contact and control of the executive. The English executive is an imperial executive. The English legislature is an English legislature. Two cabinet ministers, one for the colonies and one for India, stand for the executive in its contact with each. Given executive rule, instead of legislative interference, and it is possible

¹ Colonial Systems of the World. U. S. Summary of Commerce and Finance. December, 1898.

to secure the widest measure of home rule. Parliament touches no colonial tariff. Each is made at home for each colony, measured to fit. The primary economic object of this system of executive administration at home and home rule abroad is not the trade of a colony, but a share in its development. Of English foreign trade, only a fourth is with its colonies. Of its income from investments, three fourths is from colonies.¹

If the price of order is a minimum of rule in London and a maximum of rule in India and the colonies, the profit of order comes not because trade follows the flag, but because investments follow British justice, administered by Englishmen under every sky, and revised and kept in harmony by an appeal to the Judicial Committee of Privy Council sitting in London.

So far as citizenship is concerned, the British Empire is one. Every person born anywhere in British territory is a British citizen, and has in theory all the rights any citizen can enjoy. In the United Kingdom, and all self-governing colonies, with Parliaments of their own, he enjoys a constitutional parliamentary system. In all these he is living under constitutional privileges for himself and constitutional restrictions on the executive, and an administration of justice as rigorous and definite as any and all in our own written Constitution. In the rest of the British Empire he is under a rule essentially monarchical, and not restricted by these constitutional limitations. The parliamentary portion of the British Empire reaps all the fruits of the long struggle from the Long Parliament to the last reform bill. The rest of the British Empire may be, and often is, governed by a power as arbitrary as the Stuarts asserted, and it is exercised under the forms they sought to use, and for whose use one Stuart lost

his head. In the early history of the British constitution, there existed two fountains of executive, legislative, and judicial power. The king acted in a Privy Council made up of the officers he chose, or the king acted through a Parliament of which one chamber, the Commons, was summoned from county and borough to levy taxes and provide revenue. In the United Kingdom, the "crown" is but another name for the committee called a cabinet, through which Parliament rules. In all that part of the British Empire not enjoying a Parliament, as does the United Kingdom and eleven colonies, the crown — to-day the cabinet, in fact — enjoys those powers a king, all but despotic, once enjoyed for executive, legislative, and judicial purposes in Privy Council. By this legal use of royal power abolished within the United Kingdom, but still in force in all British possessions not provided with a Parliament, there is maintained at the same time a system of constitutional checks and balances for the central government at home, and the absolute authority needed for an imperial power in ruling dependencies.

The entire dispute as to whether our Constitution extends to new acquisitions or not springs from the unconscious effort to devise for our use, having the same problem, a system in which the limitations of the Constitution shall apply only to the United States, — our United Kingdom, — and the legislative, executive, and judicial powers of the government be free for use without these limitations in dealing with dependencies. Only by some such division and distinction can the central power be kept safely under constitutional check, and yet be left free to meet the needs and emergencies of dependencies in a lower stage of development.

The king's Privy Council is the fruit — the interest paid by colonies to home investors at £34,709,000.

¹ In 1887, income tax returns for profits from colonial and foreign investments were £44,500,000. The *Economist* (1887, p. 347) estimates

ful source out of which has grown this system by which India and the colonies are kept in administrative and legal relations with England, without the loss of English liberty, — a system under which the same executive has extra-constitutional power without, and only constitutional powers within, the United Kingdom. Privy Council originally was, and still is now, a body made up of about two hundred persons, who are the great officers and ex-officers of the realm. In the early history of the English kingship, it was the instrument of personal monarchical rule. Later, under the Tudors and Stuarts, Privy Council, by its courts and decrees, was the constitutional means used by the crown in the attempt to secure direct personal rule in executive, legislative, and judicial acts. This power was abolished for the United Kingdom by the Long Parliament, the Bill of Rights, and various judicial findings, but it has remained in the British Empire outside the United Kingdom for the use of the crown, now but another name for the cabinet. Privy Council is in all things the reservoir from which is drawn the unexpected and unforeseen needs of the English executive. Out of its fruitful loins has come the equity jurisdiction of the Chancellor. The English cabinet is in theory a committee of the Privy Council. As the development of the internal and social economy of the United Kingdom required a board of trade, a board of health, and a department of education, these were developed out of committees of Privy Council. The Board of Control which governs India is such a committee in origin, though it is not to-day in composition. The cabinet officer, secretary of state for India, at its head, was there originally as privy counselor, the chairman of a committee of privy counselors for India. The Colonial Office, which rules all colonies and dependencies but India, developed at the end of the last century from the Committee of Privy Council

on Trade and Plantations. Lastly, it is a judicial committee of Privy Council, whose composition was determined by statute 3 & 4 W. IV. c. 41, which exercises appellate, civil, and criminal jurisdiction over all parts of the British Empire outside the United Kingdom, a jurisdiction which is the judicial regulator and governor of this vast realm.

Privy Council no longer meets as a council, and its monthly sessions only assemble to give registry and form to the acts of the cabinet. Its membership has come to be honorary, the highest form of civic honor, but still honorary. The powers it once held as the centre and source of executive deliberation and action are held and exercised by the cabinet, the constitutional product of the past century. The English cabinet, in theory a committee of Privy Council, and in fact a joint executive committee of both chambers of Parliament, is for all the executive of the empire. This executive finds in Privy Council, in its orders and proclamations, the arsenal of authority for those acts of organic, constitutional, and legislative character which are demanded in an expanding and conquering nation. It is by orders in council that blockades are declared, the theatre of military operations indicated, the rights of neutrals and belligerents defined, and the regulation and determination effected of the various status of those related to the operations of war as neutrals, traders, or the occupants of conquered or occupied territory. When, by conquest or absorption, new territory is acquired or its administration assumed, it is an order in council, like that recently issued on the acquisition, government, and administration of the Soudan, which announces the transfer of sovereignty and determines the character of future administration. If the local law of the conquered country, which remains unchanged by conquest, is to be altered, this may be done by an order in council, though not solely, as the law of a con-

quered country may be altered by the king by proclamation or letters patent under the Great Seal.

Behind and over these stands the constant power of Parliament. While, therefore, Parliament may at any moment interfere by statute, the English executive can through the power of Privy Council at the time of acquisition and later, except as restrained by statute, change the law of any territorial acquisition by proclamation, letters patent, or order in council. This general power is now regulated by the British Settlements Act, 50 Vic. c. 54. In twenty-one colonies, still in pupilage or military posts, this right to legislate by order in council is retained in perpetuity. These, all either tropical islands and possessions or isolated places of arms, are British Guiana, Ceylon, Falkland, Fiji, Gambia, Gibraltar, Gold Coast, Grenada, Guiana, Hong Kong, Labuan, Lagos, Malta, Mauritius, Santa Lucia, St. Vincent, Seychelles, Sierra Leone, Trinidad, Tobago, and Turks Islands. The colonies in which this absolute power of legislation by act of the British executive does not exist are the eleven colonies enjoying elected legislatures of their own, — Canada, Newfoundland, seven in Australasia, Natal, and Cape Town; the six islands from Bermuda to Jamaica, whose legislatures are partially elected; and two regions, Basutoland and British Honduras, in which, for special reasons, this right to pass laws by orders in council has not been reserved.

Lawmaking in the British Empire, therefore, looking at the empire as made up of the United Kingdom, the colonies, and India, has two separate channels of expression. Within the United Kingdom and eleven colonies ("parliamentary") laws must be made by a Parliament. In the other colonies, local legislatures act. In them the cabinet can legislate on occasion, by using the old Privy Council machinery. Parliament may also, of course, legislate for them,

but in practice does not. In India, this old machinery for law by executive order has been put in commission, so to speak, by creating an executive lawmaking body, made up of the viceroy and his council.

By slow steps, we are feeling a way along these lines. Congress must legislate in the United States. Led by force of habit, it has set out to do the like in detail for Porto Rico, and mired itself and its party majority in a needless bog over which British practice points the way. Taught by experience, it has begun to see that the supervision and supplement of the legislation of a dependency still needing leading strings, is a subject not for legislative but executive authority. It is to the President that authority is left to abolish the tariff between Porto Rico and the United States before 1902. It is to the President that the final decision as to public franchises is to be left in the island. In Cuba, now a dependency on the way to independence, the President has to-day substantially all the powers of lawmaking which an English cabinet enjoys in a like situation; and if Congress is wise, with this power it will not intermeddle, and, save on franchises, has thus far shown no desire to do so. Lastly, if Congress and the country are willing to be wise by the experience of another country, in the Philippines, the national legislature will supplement and supervise the law-making power of the legislature of the archipelago by reserving to the President the right to modify and to enact local laws by executive order, with a report to, and provision for objection by, Congress within a certain time.

The administration of English dependencies displays the same desire to separate supervision from the national legislature and graft it on the national executive. In France, powerful and practically permanent legislative committees, of which little is heard but whose power is great, are perpetually interfering in

colonial detail, to the demoralization of the colonial service and of the colony. So, indeed, our Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs has come to be the real State Department, for whom, in treaty making, the secretary of state is little more than a clerk. The English system, which for many reasons is in its details unfit for our need, secures responsibility to the national legislature, but avoids supervision by this legislature or its committees; for in dealing with "fluttered folk and wild," it is not the men who talk who are wanted, but the man who acts. It would be agreeable to believe that every land would be best governed by both, just as it is agreeable to cultivate that other hallucination, as misleading, that the black, brown, or yellow man is simply a white man whose skin is colored; but beyond and below a certain stage of civil development, the man who acts must be left to act alone, untrammelled by the man who talks, until the labors of the one have found the way for the upward progress of the other.

The price of order, during which this way can be cut, dug, laid, and paved, is a recognition of this principle, which leads to another. A legislature inevitably seeks to legislate for the profit — real or apparent — of its constituents. When the subject of lawmaking and the constituents are one, this is safe. Blunders may be made. Experience rectifies them. This principle is not safe where the subject of legislative power and the constituency are not one, as when a national legislature, elected by the nation, legislates for a dependency. Such legislation inevitably leads to the property and profit treatment of colonial administration. This is the Spanish theory. It was once the English theory. Under it, colonies up to 1660 were managed in the hope of direct returns, upon the theory that they were the king's demesne or the property of the crown. From 1660 to 1784 this theory of direct state ownership was practiced and car-

ried on under immediate parliamentary legislation. Having lost, in 1784, through this theory, the best colony any country ever had, England altered its colonial principle and practice, and began the government of dependencies for their development, bringing in the end thereby the greater profit of the mother country. For the difference between English colonial rule and that of other countries is not that English rule has not blundered, but that it learns from its blunders; and having lost us, never again lost a colony save by its own consent.

An executive can be better trusted to consider the needs of a dependency than a legislature. Under Burke's Act,¹ executive succeeded legislative supervision; and in 1854 this system was completed by the creation of a colonial minister, whose duties were earlier the task of the secretary of state for war. The essential feature of this system, which in principle is the same both for India and for the forty scattered colonies, is the general supervision of a minister of the crown, always a member of the cabinet, responsible to Parliament, who has for his work simply the ordinary training of public life. He may take his post as ignorant of where Labuan is, the lay of the Seychelles, or whether the Grenadines are on one side of the ocean or the other, as any one reading these pages. But he has administrative ability and experience, parliamentary reputation, and knowledge of the general principles of authority, which are, after all, alike for the captain of a football team or the viceroy of India. This parliamentary minister for the colonies or for India is able to do his work, not by his own special knowledge, but because in the Colonial Office, as in the India Office, he finds a small group of highly trained permanent officials selected by competitive examination, and representing the extreme of scholarship and official training.

This highly trained force numbers

¹ George III. c. 82, 1784.

some sixty in the Colonial Office, and costs, as I have said, \$244,525 a year, — perhaps the cheapest paid force for its ability on the planet, always excepting the German general staff. Take, to illustrate the character of this force, Sir George Herbert, who was from 1873 to 1892 the under-secretary of the Colonial Office, the permanent head of its official staff. Sir George was the grandson of Lord Carnarvon. He became a marked man while still a schoolboy. He was a Newcastle scholar at Eton, a Baliol scholar before he was twenty. In quick succession he won the Hertford and Ireland scholarships. He was the Latin verse man of his year, took the Eldon Law Scholarship, and was elected a fellow of All Souls. Academic success like this in England abridges by ten or fifteen years a man's period of probation in entering public life. Sir George Herbert served for a year as Mr. Gladstone's private secretary. He went to Australia in an official capacity. In Queensland he entered public life. For five years, before he was thirty-five, he was premier of the colony. He returned to England, served for a year or two as under-secretary of the Board of Trade, and then became the head of the permanent staff of the Colonial Office. While he was under-secretary, for twenty-one years, there were eleven different colonial secretaries, one every two years, but under all Sir George Herbert was the real ruler of the colonial system. When a new colony comes into being, the minister of colonies has a man like this and the trained men under him to draft the laws of the new dependency, to select its officers, and to begin its free development with the experience and precedents of a century to guide him. In dealing with the various organized colonies, the cabinet minister of colonies does no more than settle questions of policy. The execution rests with the trained staff. It is this perpetual combination of a new man at the head, fresh from general po-

litical life, an expert trained staff to execute, and the utmost self-government possible in the colonies themselves, which renders possible the amazing economy of administration which has already been indicated. Except that he is aided, but not controlled, by a council of men who have served in high India posts, the secretary of state for India is in the same position. He is himself the product of a successful career in and out of Parliament. He has no special training. He finds it in the permanent staff of the India Office.

This light but absolute administrative control from London, by a small body of trained clerks in the Colonial Office and India Office, all told not 200 in number, regulating 11,150,000 square miles and 344,000,000 of population, is only possible because of the autonomous organization of the colonies and of India itself. Looking forward to its sovereignty as a state, and to federal incorporation, absorption, and assimilation, our theory is to leave the territory to learn its way as to administration, maintaining meanwhile legislative control by Congress. Each territory is therefore brought into the closest economic relations with the Union, whose property it is; but it is provided with limited internal powers, and it is left to find its way through the turmoil and the lynchings, the vigilance committees and the corruption, which have attended the passage through this period of almost every territory. In Alaska, this system has ended in appalling disorder. Yet, so close is congressional legislative supervision, that the national legislature turned aside last winter to permit a town in Arizona to bond itself for new waterworks. This is the price of development into states about to pass into integral self-governing units of the Union. But the price of order in dependencies is to treat each colony as an administrative and economic unit, let its government, whether elected or appointed, draw its own tariff, pass its

own laws, organize its own police and municipal system, and incur its own debts, subject to an executive in touch with the imperial executive.

The normal theory of internal colonial administration is, that each colony has in its colonial governor a chief executive appointed by the crown, which is, so far as this act is concerned, the minister of colonies. Even in the case of the self-governing colonies, this ultimate head and arbiter is selected without consultation with the colonies, though a self-governing colony may successfully object. This governor, selected for a term of five years, represents the crown. In eleven colonies, known as parliamentary, he finds the government in the hands of a Parliament, and he reigns, but does not govern. These are Canada, Newfoundland, seven in Australasia, the Cape, and Natal. The rest are crown colonies. In nine, he finds a local legislative council, partly elected and partly chosen by him from the inhabitants, English residents, and crown officers, and here he partly reigns and partly governs. In twenty, he appoints the council which legislates, and here he reigns and governs. His utmost stretch of authority comes in Ascension Island, which is by law and in law a ship of war, and its governor has the power of a naval captain. Further authority cannot go. This precedent has been followed by our own law in dealing with Navassa and other small Guano Islands. Precisely as the secretary of state for colonies in London is the official link between colonial affairs and Parliament on one side and his highly trained secretariat on the other, so the royal governor in the colony is the link which unites the secretary for colonies, with the legislature, council, or whatever lawmaking power there may be representing the colony, and a small trained force whose members go to this colony or that to act as secretaries to the governor, to serve as judges, or to administer special districts.

As the minister at home stands for Parliament and has a trained force to help him, so the governor stands for the colonial organization and has his official trained force to help him, he himself representing some one of the many forms of success or prominence in English life, political, legal, military, naval, or born of rank and position. In the self-governing colonies, the royal governor is like the English sovereign, part figure-head and fiction, part a vital force and initiative in selecting new ministers. He is legally, in personal practice, a constitutional sovereign, and the colonial Parliament is not, it must be remembered, like our state legislature, the legislature of an original sovereignty which has surrendered part of its power. Neither is it like our territorial legislature, a convenient instrument exercising delegated powers in municipal legislation. Once created by act of Parliament, Sir Robert P. Collier defined its powers¹ as "a legislature restricted in the area of its powers, but within that area unrestricted and not acting as an agent or delegate." Within these powers it has the omnipotence of Parliament, or, as was said in a brief but comprehensive declaration of its powers by Privy Council,² "the king has no power to deprive the subject of any of his rights; but the king, acting as one of the branches of the legislature, has the power of depriving any of his subjects in any of his dominions of any of his rights." "Parliamentary" colonies and "crown" colonies — of which last, part are partially self-governing and part governed — represent a distinction political in nature; but, like all political distinctions, it rests on a deeper cause. Parliamentary colonies are all lands in the north or south temperate zone settled by Europeans, English, with French in Canada and with Dutch in Cape Town and Natal. The crown colonies, par-

¹ *Powell v. Apollo Candle Co.*, New South Wales, 1885, 10 Law Report App. Cas. 282.

² *Cuvillier v. Aylwin*, 2 Knapp, 78.

tially self-governing, are islands in sub-tropical regions in which a white is mixed with a brown, black, or red population in proportion nicely reflected in the grant of self-rule. The crown colonies enjoying no self-government are either military stations like Gibraltar, or tropical islands and lands with a population black, brown, or yellow and a European population numerically insignificant.

India remains, an empire of 287,000,000 of population and a territory, all told, equal to half the area of the United States between the oceans. In population, India is second only to China. In extent, the only other areas comparable under one administrative control are within the boundaries of the Russian Empire or of the United States. This empire is too large to be trusted with the simple organization of a crown colony. Geographically it is too homogeneous to be divided. Its development and multifarious races do not admit either of self-government or of representative institutions. The Indian government as it stands to-day, the fruit of three centuries of trade, and two centuries of occupation, absorption, and conquest, is a legal despotism created by act of Parliament — a “statutory monarchy” is the less objectionable phrase of legal treatises. By a series of statutes, the executive vests in the governor general as sovereign; its legislation is the work of the “governor general in council,” or acting as head of the council of twenty-one, all appointed; and its system of courts has developed from the close imitation of a London mayor’s court established in 1755 by George II. Here again, while Parliament yearly passes on the Indian budget in a debate heard only by empty benches, and certain principles of legislation and administration are decided at Westminster, the great Empire of India, whose interests would tempt and whose issues would divide most national legislatures, is provided with a statutory, that is an artificial sovereign, complete in all

its functions, executive, legislative, and judicial. This sovereign legally is not a man, that is the viceroy, but a law-making and ruling corporation, made up of the viceroy and his council. The connecting link between the government and the imperial government is not through imperial legislation, which only at intervals addresses itself to Indian topics, but through the secretary of state for India, who, like the colonial secretary, finds his trained staff, his permanent under-secretary, and counselors of Anglo-Indian experience in the India Office.

The executive powers of the sovereignty created by English statute for India are executed by the governor general and his council of five. He and the lieutenant governors of the presidencies are Englishmen, without Indian experience, who have won or enjoyed the greater prizes of English political life or rank. These rulers, who come to their work without technical training, find in India a body of about 1000 Englishmen, who hold all posts in the executive save the very highest. This small body is recruited from competitive examination, succeeded by personal and political selection, all in England, so that this superior or “covenanted” service, while legally open, is practically closed to natives of India. These 1000 men fill the councils of India and the presidencies, and as commissioners rule districts of an average population of 2,000,000, and furnish candidates for all important judicial and executive posts. They are the government of India, and their small number is only rendered possible by opening all subordinate posts to natives and English alike, with examinations in India. The English civil force is numerically a minute portion of the whole, not over one or two per cent of those conducting and serving the Anglo-Indian government. Local government by elected and selected bodies has also been introduced on a great scale. The three great cities, Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras, are governed by

local councils, two thirds of whose members are elected. In all, there are in India 733 municipalities, with a population of 13,500,000, governed by municipal committees with an aggregate of 9981 members, of whom over one half, 5214, are elected. "District and local boards" govern small districts, numbering 1000, with 16,336 members, of whom 6135, over one third, are elected and rule 195,000,000 of population. By the side of this triumph of elective local government won in territory over which for five thousand years of history Oriental despotism has brooded, how trivial are a hundred well-fought fields from Assaye and Plassey to Delhi and Kabul, from Clive to Roberts, compared with the spectacle of a continent and a race slowly being lifted to liberty and self-rule through the law and administration of our race.

But the final price of order is neither local autonomy nor executive, as distinguished from legislative, supervision, but a uniform administration of law. In the last resort, under every rule, the safety of life, the security of property, and the protection of rights rest on the courts. If their adjudication is just, uniform, and certain over any area, within that area, however wide, men will prosper under like conditions, and in the end reach a common peace, prosperity, and development. While in all else, in its tariff and its administrative machinery, its legislature and its legislation, its executive and its several civil liberties, the different portions of the British Empire differ in detail and in principle, in theory and in practice, all its courts end in a common appeal to the Judicial Committee of Privy Council. Privy Council once furnished to despotism those special courts like Star Chamber, intended to curb the freedom and thwart the obstinacy of the courts of common law. When under Charles I. Parliament abolished the judicial authority of Privy Council within the kingdom, it still remained the right of any British subject

outside of England to take his appeal from the decision of any court to the "king's most excellent majesty in council." This appeal may be taken under this ancient right, in which case permission for the appeal must first be sought and obtained of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council, or the appeal may be taken under the various statutes which regulate appeals from the highest court of every quarter of the empire to this committee. In giving Australia a federal constitution, this appeal has been limited and regulated but not abolished. This committee is now composed of fifteen persons selected from the great judicial offices of the state and two judges from India or the colonies.

This final tribunal is not an English court, but its membership is made up from the men who sit in the great English courts; and their decisions are part of the great stream of English law, though the statute they construe may in India be an institute of Menu or a Mohammedan tradition, in Guiana Dutch law at the time of the annexation, in Cyprus Turkish law, and in Australia English common law at the foundation of the colony. In the last resort, these multifarious systems and these multitudinous statutes are brought to a common construction, application, operation, and administration by the possibility of an appeal to London. This august jurisdiction, once confined to the Isle of Jersey, where it was first exercised in 1572, and extended by parity and precedent to our own colonial courts, now hears appeals from over eighty judicatories. No tribunal compares with its wide jurisdiction and complex appeals but our own Supreme Court. Like that tribunal, its published reports now extend over an unbroken century of judicial findings, curbing, regulating, assimilating the law of the British Empire.

This appellate jurisdiction maintains the even balance of civil procedure and criminal justice over a fifth of the hu-

man race, and for a fifth of the territory allotted to man on this planet. When in this survey of the relations of the British Empire we draw near the ultimate cause of its puissance, it does not rest in its navy, in its army, in the skill of its executive, or in the wisdom of its Parliament; neither its "far-flung battle-line" nor its

"thunders on the deep" preserve the secret of its power. In the end, it rests in this quiet room where four or five men learned in the law sit behind a table, maintaining that great stream of precedent which safely and surely yields justice for all men under the twin flags of our common race.

Talcott Williams.

THE PATHWAY ROUND.

It ran parallel with the old rail fence between the low cultivated uplands, — ran straight west, then turned deliberately northwest until it reached the mountain woods. Here it loitered, idly as a girl, through a pine thicket, — a wide path, defined by clean white sand, gleaming sweet under green arbors. Then it came out of the legended shadows, and, bewildered with memory, wandered away into a white fairyland of blossoming dogwood, which gradually vanished as tall chestnut trees, snared together with grapevine, began to arch above it. A queen or a squirrel could have feasted there in the autumn. On either hand the banks rose, brown and mossy. It was a sunken wood road now, but at the gap in the crumbling gray rails it turned to the east and the sun, and became wide and level and green for a half mile through the mountain pastures. Short soft turf and sunshine were here, lovely young growths of locust and walnut and redwood, wastes of blackberry vines, little creek meadows of strawberries, low slopes of blue violets. The brown kine nibbled content; but the violets were always unnumbered, and the berries always overflowed the hands that gathered them.

At the end of the wonderful half mile, the pathway crossed a mountain creek, — a creek of white foam swirling down a deep black bed to the level land, where it became stiller, clearer, with a

green world brokenly reflected as she crossed the log and set foot to follow the pathway running narrow and steep up a little hill to the right. This was where she always stopped and looked back at Thunder Hill. That lifted line against the heaven had set the limits to her life. The world lay beyond, the clamor of cities, the breaking of seas, and — beyond the seas, across the times — the gleam of white marble and the dream of antiquity. The farther blue ridges melted into dim distances. They seemed low mists that she might walk through. But Thunder Hill was as near as it was inevitable.

On clear days she could see every leaf, every stone, every ridge and valley from end to end. When she looked back from the path in the spring, the delicate green foliage seemed like gigantic garlands flung by a Titan upon the vast black background of the cedars. They were incomparably, fantastically, fleetingly beautiful, gala wreaths about the stone brows of an Egyptian king, roses rioting over convent walls. The mountain, her feet could not cross it; but sometimes her thought could leave it behind, and sometimes her soul could lose it from sight, as if her soul were a lark that soared. And sometimes, ah! sometimes she turned, glad to escape through the portals of the pines where the path dipped into a clear spaced dell,

a stately chamber, ringed by trees of columnar strength and arrowy straightness, with dense boughs lifted like a roof.

The floor of pine needles was burnt brown. The vague sunshine arabesqued over it was golden brown. A few tangled, spicy, white-flowered vines cast shadows like delicate black lace. The place was as full of dreams as a young poet's heart. It was as haunted as the heart of that poet grown old. It was very, very still and withdrawn. As one lingers in memory she lingered in it before idling her way out, over the irregular hilltop, to the edges of the ploughed lands. The path reëntered the fence row at this place, and kept closely to it along the bottom of a wornout hill field, where the dewberry vines climbed up the clay gullies, and the broom sage was a harvest of gold. Out of this it broadened into a road, curving around a peach orchard set against the blue sky. And, at the foot of the slope, beyond a group of weeping willows, were the gray chimneys of her home. Home, — a place to sleep in. If she had been a man it would not have been even that. Her real home was the pathway round, and the heart of it that chamber hidden among the pines.

There were few days when she did not take that walk, and make that pause, — few days of the changing, changeless year. It was miraculous in the springtime. It was heartbreaking in the fullness of summer. She vibrated to the approaching finality of the fall. But in the winter she was content. All things seemed ended, and to cross the mountain line of as little use as not to cross it. It was only worth while to let her soul loose to fly up, up, until it could behold the littleness of earth, the impotence of its endeavor, and the endlessness of its graveyards. How could she do that in April? It was in April that they had walked the pathway together, — in April that he had stopped her as they lost themselves in the fairyland of blossoming dogwood, to say —

Only a woman could have borne to stand alone in the after Aprils, remembering the thing he had said. They had run the scale of the year with double touches. She used to sit at the door of her pines in the half-southern winter days, with certain words in her heart, — words telling of the May and the June spent together, of the August, of the eyes that implored, the eyes that were abashed, the slender, strong hands subdued to her own. Then came September — October; the doubt — the dread. Then winter — and certainty — and the end.

When it seemed the end of all things, it was possible to bear it — to be contented; it was possible to watch it dwindling with the earth, to send her soul aloft in its skylark mood. Sometimes she lay happily back beneath the roof of pine boughs. (Her roses had died with him. Her face looked white, with the brown head thrown back on the lifted arms, and the chill winter sunlight gilding the waves of her hair.) At these moments she was glad. When she went back to the house it seemed easy to bear the life within. Sometimes it was not easy, and it was well she was a woman, because if she had been a man that man would have crawled on his knees across the mountain line, if only to starve halfway down its western slope. And yet it was but a common life. Scarcely one woman out of a thousand that does not live it. Most of them never know that they live it. Many of them like it. A few are different. Give a rare violin into the hands of the average fiddler and see if it does not get out of tune, and break its heart of music with its strings. That is the way the average life plays on the nerves of the exceptional woman.

She had a constant courage. She had long since given up the obvious selfishness called her pleasure for the subtler selfishness called her duty. It was as well that love had come to her when she

was so young. If he had come later she would probably have kissed him good-by, under the dogwoods. Now when she came up the pathway, she had not that regret. What had happened was not her fault. Sometimes she would stop, and put her lips to the dogwood stems, kissing the place where his shoulder had leaned or his hand had grasped. If the day had been hard it was divine comfort, yet scarcely diviner than her beautiful walk could give. She lived her imaginative life during that walk each day. There were times when love itself seemed left behind in the dogwood alley, as if one had dropped a flower there.

She knew the path in all its seasons, in all its aspects. In its May dawn, dew and freshness, in its rainy February twilights, in its black storm of an August noon; knew it when the snow whirled and settled softly in the mountain meadows, and under the pines; knew it in the remoteness and silence of October mists; knew it when the autumn fires had swept Thunder Hill, and the wood road lay barred by burning trees, and outlined by smouldering fences; knew it, ah, how well! in its December desolation and contentment, when she looked up into the vast black mountain woodlands where the green garlands had withered grayer than the rocks beneath them, — the birth, the blooming, the decadence, the dying done with, and the peace of that which cannot be helped in the heart.

Sometimes she sauntered slowly, sometimes she walked until her breath came fast, and the ghost of her roses stole into her face. She knew it. She knew nothing else so well. Yet, superficially speaking, she did not know it at all. If you had asked her if there were dogwoods in the path, she would have hesitated before replying. She lived the pathway round as one lives life; for the most part unconsciously, yet, when called upon to define, able to do so with intuitional accuracy.

When she lay burned up with that fatal fever her mind wandered the old round; her feet fell blessedly in the cool spaces; her palms caressed fresh flowers; she laid her hot cheek against the dogwood stems; she babbled of these sacred, hidden things to the people who nursed her. The eighth day, having been left asleep in the April dusk, she awoke to find herself alone. It seemed natural to her to slip her bare feet into the brown half shoes, to wrap herself up in the great brown cape; yet she knew that it was wrong when she crept so silently down and out along green garden alleys to the beginning of her beautiful path.

The risen strength of the fever filled her veins with a deadly, splendid life. Once in a dream she had walked so — a gliding, effortless, conscious delight of movement. The dogwood flowers dimly wavered like butterfly ghosts in the dusk. She stopped to draw a wide branch down to her face. It glimmered more whitely than the flowers — you could not tell them from her hands. It was dark, lighted by a crescent moon, when she came into the sunken road beneath the chestnuts. The meadows were mystical in the moonlight when she passed the gap in the crumbling fence. Her cloak fell open at the throat and the night breezes streamed softly against her breast. Her eyes shone gloriously. When next she became aware of her surroundings, she was standing at the portal of her pines. The crescent of the moon hung balanced above the mountain. Its dull golden gleam played faintly over the immense wreaths of April foliage. The mountain barred the sky with its black line. For the first time in her life she felt strong enough to cross that lifted wall — to enter the cities — to vanquish the seas — to fulfill the dream. Perfume, the elixir of eternity, floated up to her from the violet meadows. The wings of Hermes seemed fastened to her little brown shoes.

She took one step forward. Then the fever strength ebbed more suddenly than it had flowed. She fell to the ground. The night wind fanned her faintly. The pine balms floated down slowly. The false dawn was in the sky before she became conscious.

The memory of her night walk struggled to her through mists of ineffable weakness. She looked out to the mountain line once more; but the wings of Hermes had flown away from the little brown shoes. She let her look fall lower to where the wood road ran — lower yet until it wandered over the mountain pastures, then back to where the dogwoods floated white in the glimmering dawn. The remembered touches of that flowering bough she had bent down fell upon her face as if her dead caressed. She was shivering as she dragged herself on her knees between the great pine stems, and into the hallowed chamber. The boughs met like

black wings above her head. She lay as she had first fallen. She could not move a finger more.

Many beautiful things had come to her on the pathway round. The April daybreaks — the nightfalls of November — the wild sweet rush of the mountain creek — flower breath — bird song. Her thought had crept from its chrysalis here and wandered to the ends of the world on its wonderful wings. Love had kissed her beauty to its supreme flower in the dogwood alley, and at the doorway of her pines she had entertained divinest sorrow. But within the solemn chamber, where she had been comforted so often, she saw between her face and the black wings afloat on the winds of the morning the most beautiful thing that had ever come to her on the pathway round. Men have named it Death, but no man knows its name. She lay as little restless as if it had been Content.

Fanny Kemble Johnson.

CONTENT IN A GARDEN.

III.

“AND the Lord walked in the garden in the cool of the day.” This repeats itself to me in the early morning, when the mysterious change which we call dawn resolves itself into long, soft rays which slant in a luminous shower upon the waiting garden. The buds shake themselves and open softly into flowers, and butterflies and tiny white moths dry their wings and lift their painted linings to the sun. Sleek dark moles and white and brown deer mice, and all the soft velvety things which live in the ground and come out to explore and wander in the darkness, rustle back under cover of the ground. At that hour the air is clear and clean of daytime thought

and pulsating with the gladness and exaltation of the new day, and over and over the words come to me, “The Lord walked in the garden in the cool of the day.”

If one could stay at just that eminence of perfection in influences and surroundings, it would be better than Eden; it would be perpetual heaven. Perhaps the story of Eden is the story of the morning of the world. In later hours comes the tempter; but in early ones, when lilies are standing like angels in white and shining raiment along the garden walks, evil has no existence. It is then that the heart of Nature speaks to the heart of man, and he hears it. Her glory is before his eyes, and he sees it. Goodness and happiness creep through

his veins, and Content broods largely over him.

In the early morning I sit beside the very tops of the fir-tree spires, where they grow across the height of the upper piazza. They grow visibly, lengthening hour by hour the blue green fingers which are always reaching, reaching toward the sky. Underneath lies the garden, palpitating with color and fragrance. If my neighbor, George Showers, passes outside the garden wall, and I call a good-morning to him, he answers back that "it's fine growing weather," and the fir spires nod affirmatively. The great white clouds, sailing in the heavenly blue, seem to drop lower, that they may share the day and the garden with me, and my senses grow finer and keener in the beauty bath of the hour until I feel the minutes drifting by, — each one a rounded drop of pure enjoyment. Such hours and days come to us when we stand face to face with perfect beauty.

Of all the flowers that live and blossom, none are so in keeping with the elemental sweetness of the hour as the ascension lilies. Their glad perfection gives one almost the sense of an accident, a pure happening of nature. It seems impossible for anything deliberately to rise and grow to such a standard. My garden is populous with these perfected beings, for which I am humbly and proudly grateful. As the season of their blossoming comes, I find my very blood tingling with an enthusiasm of expectation. They have been growing long enough where they stand to have widened into groups which represent families; and consequently they send their stalks in air in company, ten or twelve of them together. I am richer by this in quantity of beauty, and have more for the giving; but nothing can increase the wonder I feel at one single stalk, rising in stately superiority from its green wreathed place through all the days in which it steadily aspires,

and finally, pausing in air, makes ready to spread its splendor. When the buds have gathered their tribute of whiteness from the sun rays, and drawn to themselves the odorous strength which is the mystery of their lives, the miracle of predestined beauty is accomplished and one after another they open to the world. As I watch them, I find myself wondering what commerce of feeling exists between the bulb hidden in the soil and the head in air. What commands and requirements from above drop in fine pulsations down the stem and beneath the wreath of satiny leaves upon the ground? What is there that the air and the sun and the dew cannot furnish, for which the great mother bulb sends out exploring rootlets into the storehouse of the mould, — and having found, sends back by viewless messengers laden and overlaid with the elements of beauty? It makes one almost long to be a clod, to be able to enter into this mysterious world of growth and being. I find myself wondering what such a perfect thing can be growing *toward*! If progress is the law of creation, what will be the immortality of a lily? When it goes from substance into essence, — and from essence again into substance, — what will it become?

Does all vegetable life thrill finally upward into humanity? One can hardly help fancying that that is the final goal of the more demonstrative life of animals; and when friendly horses come straying from the pasture and leaning from their shoulders over the garden bounds talk to me without words, I feel like saying to them, "I wonder when you will be a man?" And when the chipmunk which lives in the wall sits up and chatters at me, I say to him, "What an inquisitive little man you will be!"

I speculate as to the human character of the heavy woodchuck which lives under the studio and ventures out in the early morning, and promenades slowly around the garden while I watch him from the upper piazza. He nips my

phloxes here and there, with so proprietary an air that I call him *The Bank President*.

But it is curious that when I speculate upon the far-off future embodiments of my flowers, I think of them as girl children, and merry or stately maids, or sweet and loving matrons, — never as men mortals; and I unconsciously find an explanation of the mysterious temperamental differences between men and women in their animal and vegetable preëmbodiments. The cool silence of the earth from which the plant grows and the tree lifts itself is in woman's more quiet nature, and the fierce ravage of animal instinct in man's; and Nature's way of blending their characteristics is in their attraction for each other. Finally, the human being finds in his or her self something of the patience of vegetable growth, as well as the impatience of animal demand. I speculate upon the long progress of life in each, beginning from the least and most undeveloped to the last and most perfect; thinking that the mouse, with its little wants and small predatory instincts, might gather to itself through a long upward progress all the bulk and dignity of a horse; and a radish gather from gradual transformation and aspiring tendency all that culminates in the breadfruit palm.

Thinking of these things, I seem to see the whole of God's creation creeping, creeping up through infinite periods, through all the kingdoms of Nature; through man, and his later and finer development, whatever it may be; until it wins its final throne and sits beside the source of life and power. As I sit under the fir trees in my garden, I wonder how much of the lily-heart and the nasturtiums' spicy smart has been already absorbed into the topmost spires of the balsams, and whether indeed it is not nearer heaven in quality as well as in altitude than it will be when it is merged into humanity. But when I remember the inspired souls among men, who have sung

great songs which ring forever in the hearts of all mankind; and done great deeds which have lifted the whole race to a higher plane, — I see that the fir tree would still be climbing if it went through manhood on its course to God.

There is a possible Eden in every garden, and yet how few of the children of men enter into and possess it! How few, even of the great of earth, know that it is quite within their power to recreate that lost paradise and live in its beauty every summer day of their lives. And it is not alone the beauty of it which ministers so potently to the soul of man! There is companionship to be found within it which never offends. Here we may select according to our finest preferences those with whom we shall dwell in our separate Edens, and they will remain with us, and bless us with their loyalty as well as their loveliness.

We are comparatively unlearned in the comfort and content of the garden if we suppose that it begins and ends with the delight of the eye. It is true that that is the thing which first attracts us, — the thing we are first aware of, — but when we live in the garden we find ourselves constantly growing into a most subtle knowledge of the different ways of beauty. Behind the glamour of it there is a sense of acquaintance and companionship, a differentiation of character as complete and — shall I say it? — far more satisfactory than in the world. It seems as if the cherubim with the flaming sword had been set at the gate of the garden to forever bar its entrance to the serpent, and forever protect its heavenly inhabitants from the world and worldliness.

The characteristics of the children of the garden are as potent as among the children of men; and yet they are happily exempt from sorrow and temptation. Each individual and family and tribe has its own standard and code and rule of behavior, and when we grow to re-

cognize it in each, we have made at least an acquaintance, if not a friend.

The depth of satisfaction to a dweller in the garden of content is this intimate knowledge of what lives behind the beauty. Emerson has said, "Everything must have its flower, or effort at the beautiful, coarser or finer *according to its nature*;" and this "according to its nature" is what we recognize in what we call the characteristics of the plant. Speculations upon these characteristics would, I fear, be of small use to the professional gardener, but I find them of great service to me. Pursuing the speculations, I come upon bits of actual knowledge, morsels of fact which help me greatly in my main pursuit of gathering much and varied beauty, as well as all kinds of holy influences, into the one small space I call my garden. In pursuing facts, I am apt to drop again into speculations based upon them, so that the interweaving of fact and fancy does not seem to be altogether idle or unprofitable.

In the way of fact, I have found, or think I have found, that wild flowers are more ready to drop characteristic habits and take on new ones than are cultivated ones. Undoubtedly if one is wise and observant and sympathetic, he can do almost what he will in the way of adoption and training of wild flowers, — yet in this delicate performance it is much wiser to follow than to lead. It seems a wicked thing to tempt a flower into unnatural vagaries, — to make a double daffodil of a single one, or a Canterbury bell of a campanula! A development of body is certainly not as desirable as the growth of fascinating characteristics, and to encourage a flower only in the direction of size is like establishing stature as the model and standard of excellence in the man. It is the something which means *expression* which should be encouraged.

There is as much delicate shading, as many subtle differences, in the world of

the garden as in the world outside, and it is here that close acquaintance and real intimacy brings its reward of interest and content. It may be positive and demonstrative character, or the reverse, but as long as it is tenacious and peculiar it has the power which we find in the individuality of a friend. There is a place in my garden, between the projecting south window of the studio and the two great lilac clumps which shade it, where I have planted as many specimens of the rare lavender-pink fringed orchid as I have been able to find in my drives or walks about Onteora. It would be difficult to tell exactly how and why this flower manages to convey such a sense of its own superior value; of delicate and priceless worth, yet the fact remains that no flower in the garden inspires so proud a sense of possession. When I found the first ones in a far-off wet meadow, and brought them home and planted them here, there was a sense of surreptitiousness about the whole proceeding, like the hiding of jewels; and I am conscious of a certain furtive watchfulness in my tendance which the plants themselves do not seem to expect or require. In fact, it may be that a kind of lofty indifference added to quite perfect and peculiar beauty affects our estimation of its rank. They show an apparent carelessness as to what is done to or with them that has an effect of the extreme of good breeding, and certainly adds to, instead of taking from, an idea of their importance.

In a prolonged acquaintance with orchids, I have found that they are able to preserve this air of imperturbability in trying circumstances. Once, in the course of a day's journey through the mountains, I discovered a stalk in full flower on the high roadside bank. My first impulse to secure the flower melted into a desire to obtain the root; to which end I unadvisedly accepted the offer of my driver to dig it; with the result that halfway down, the slender root was cut

clean across. I accepted it as it was, with as much grace as was possible under the circumstances, and as it lay across my lap, its perfect head on one side and maimed feet on the other, I carried it the rest of the way with inward mourning. When I planted it behind the lilacs in the dusk of the evening, I am sure that I helped water it with tears; yet, when I went early the next morning in a mood of sorrowful acquiescence, lo! there it stood, absolutely smiling at the world and me. And it stands there still in the company of a dozen or more of its kind, — coming up every spring in a closed bunch of leaves, much as a lily makes its first appearance in the world, and showing an entire lack of seasonable ambition of growth. It remains in semi-closed ease until July, when it begins to grow its tall flower stalks, and soon the delicately fringed and pinkish-lavender flowers go feathering up and down the stem, lapping so closely one over the other that it becomes a solid spike of bloom, pervaded with an odor like that of violets. At this stage of its existence it is certainly justified in any amount of self-value, for nothing could be finer than its perfect and abundant elegance. The characteristic which it most strongly expresses is one of dignity and reticence. It will grow in its own place with cheerful healthiness, but never a foot does it offer to its neighbor's door; indeed, it is a question whether its attitude of reserve toward the rest of the garden world is not in fact the most positive form of disapproval. I have often recognized this trait in humanity, and even here in *Onteora* I could lay a sacrilegious hand upon a perfect human orchid, — while her human opposite, the cheerfully inquisitive campanula, lays a daily hand of friendly friendliness upon me.

I find that the reserve of which I am conscious in the character of this flower influences my manner of showing it to my friends. I only show it to quiet

people, or perhaps sad-hearted ones; only to those who will not exclaim when I take them behind the screen of lilac bushes, but, saying no word of praise or enthusiasm, let these ladies of the wilderness praise themselves.

When I take a friend into a cloister or a church, or even a private house of dignity and importance, I like to be sure that he or she will show only a respectful appreciation, and I have the same feeling for the orchid corner of my garden. In fact, I myself appreciate them so humanly that I do not wish to subject them to indiscriminate introduction.

There is a pure white twin sister of this orchid standing quite alone in a wild garden at *Onteora*, which I greatly covet. In all my siftings of wild growths I have never seen another, but I remember years ago, on Long Island, a group of salmon-colored ones which grew on an unfrequented edge of the one-mile millpond, and this tint, as every flower hunter knows, is the rarest in nature. It is one of my unsatisfied longings to possess a hundred or more of these orchids at once, but the seed is so infinitesimal that it seems impossible for it to hold the germ of life, — a mere dust of vitality; and if one depends upon root propagations, so far as my experience goes, he will gain another stalk only at the rate of about one in three years. I am inclined to think that reluctance to multiply has something to do with the sense of value it inspires, and yet it appears to have a deeper or less apparent cause. In short, it is one of the mysteries of many-sided nature that a positive negative should impress us far more strongly than positive activity. We all know people who say nothing, and yet whose silence influences us more than the speech of others; and this I think is the secret of my delicate, beautiful, undemonstrative orchid. It does not *do*, but it *is*, and its being is one of my sources of content.

Possibly it is these idle speculations

which give me such interest in the *characteristics* of plants; — not so much of plant races as individuals. The things which independent specimens do with themselves fill me with delight. I am always wondering, not only how such individual manifestations will stand beside those that are purely human, but why one plant should get up and *do*, while the rest of its race plods along a track which runs back to the beginning of the world.

There is a patch of blue campanula outside my garden wall, on a strip of debatable land between it and the woods. It began when I brought just a stalk and a thread of vegetable life from George Showers' farm dooryard, and planted it one summer day among the grass blades; now it has run wild, and in its flowering season makes the wood edge as blue as heaven. I have a great friendship for all varieties of this flower, from the one which clings to the rocks of mountain heights the world over, its delicate bells shaken by the winds of Alps and Andes and Colorado peaks, through the various half-domestic roadside species, which vary with their spikes of lavender-blue and bluish purple the almost universal white of midsummer wild flowers; — I like them every one; until I come to a halt in front of something which I am sure man has evolved, the swollen, beer-keg-looking Canterbury bell, with its sticky, insect-destroying leaves, and a stalk which is altogether uncertain of its natural direction. It seems to me that in this last development it has experimented beyond the limits of good taste, and I am sorry.

The original roadside campanula is an inquisitive creature, often venturing where it is not bidden; and yet it is vastly like some unexacting friend, who is always ready to fill an unexpected vacancy. I have a theory, that — wisely guided — this amiable embodiment might give us a prolonged summer of blossom instead of its habitual wink of

summer blue. This theory is supported by the conduct of an individual, one of my acquaintance, which has placed itself — so far as habit is concerned — in an entirely new category; and has accomplished this seeming miracle quite without human or scientific assistance.

One September day, two seasons ago, I discovered, in a close corner between the stone foundation of the studio and the garden wall, a wild campanula, stretching up a lengthy, wavy spike of blossom. It was long after its usual season of flowering, and, in fact, the campanula at the edge of the forest had their seed cups already filled with well-browned grains, quite ready for scattering. I looked after this enterprising specimen with the attention we are apt to give to things which outrank their kind; since, in truth, a first-class plant will make itself noticeable in the garden, as a first-class man or woman will be noticeable in the world.

The following spring I remembered and looked for it, and found a perfect mat of leaves where it had stood, with half a dozen children grouping themselves around the parent one. When the regular flowering time came, I looked in vain for a rising blossom stalk, and was fain to believe that my exceptional plant would expend its vitality in leaf, rather than in flower. In spite of the fact that its kindred outside had already blossomed and seeded and faded, still it made no sign; but when late August came it bestirred itself; a newer crown of bright and tender green formed in the centre of its leaves and began to lift itself with a show of blossom buds, while the numerous baby crowns made haste to follow. It was mid-September before the stalk had reached the height at which it thought proper to hang out its pinky-blue flower bells, and then it was a giant of its kind, surrounded by a crowd of less aspiring kindred. Through September and into October branching stems sprang from the main stalk and shook their superior five-pointed bells in

air, and when the first black frost was imminent I gathered them and set their feet in a water jar, where they went on growing and unfolding in the high English window until October was nearly ended. Now, that variation from its kind has established itself as a September blossom; I have set its younglings all along the studio wall, and it keeps step with the rose-colored wave of phlox blossoms which covers the garden when the flower season nears its end. It seems that I have acquired a new variety by what thoughtless minds might call accident; but a liberal or thoughtful one could see that it was by deliberate action of the flower. It was a true development, an aspiration of an individual plant which felt within itself a strength for unusual growth, and selected its own time and means.

Florists have a habit of taking advantage of any such manifestation of power or ambition in an individual, leading it on by cunning means of food or temperature, or perhaps even of superior companionship, until it has reached its utmost limit of development, and then by constant care, season after season, encouraging it to continued exertion, until, in scientific language, *the type is fixed*, and a permanent instead of a transitory wonder enriches the world.

We can see that this result is not altogether one of science or skill. The horticulturist must have his happy accident to begin with; in other words, the plant must have first decided to differ from its kind,—to exceed by one supreme effort what its family has done,—to claim, and use, and make advantages for itself. The self-made man repeats this variety of effort in the kingdom of man, and it requires no more of him in kind than it does of the plant; but he, poor inadequate human being, has not been able to fix his type and make his race permanent. What a thing it would be

if the type of what we call genius could be *fixed*!—if the seed could be gathered and sown and the crop of it reaped, if every kind of man produced after his own kind as infallibly as grasses or daisies or clover will do!

Perhaps we are still rudimentary, and that when the world is older man will have perpetuated certain superior qualities which are now alighting here and there upon individuals; so that they will become true characteristics, into which men will grow, as infallibly as roses and lilies and violets do. In the long future of humanity, a man may be known by his type; and his type may represent qualities. He may be known as a *Bravery*, or a *Generosity*, or some other great and good thing, and we shall name races or strains as we now name individuals,—as poets, or inventors, or explorers, or astronomers, or any other effort above the one of mere existence.

It is curious that while universities have produced an occasional wonderful specimen of manhood, they have not been so successful in developing the man strain and leading it far in advance of common lines of humanity, as the experimental stations of agriculture, or of horse and cattle breeding have been, in dealing with their particular material. If a strain of man could be developed by university culture, and fixed in possession of all those qualities which are the test of human superiority, we should have breeds as distinguished in the man race as the "*Lilium Auratum*" among lilies, or the "*Golden Splendor*" among chrysanthemums, and such races would be royal lines called by kingly names.

Finally, the world might breed a race of men whose souls burned within them for love, and with power to help humanity, so that no other seed would be sown, and it would become, indeed, God's garden, in which He might walk with gladness.

Candace Wheeler.

THE DUNGARVAN WHOOPER.

ACROSS the face of nature strode McTaggart, a gallant figure in the foreground. Through a vent in the top of his hat a tuft of sandy hair arose like a sprig of sorrel, while over his breast one red suspender was latticed in relief as vivid as a ribbon of the Bath upon the breast of nobility. But what cared McTaggart for splendor of raiment? His trousers, overwrought by adventures with the windfalls, flapped their pennants about his legs, and a jail delivery of his toes seemed impending through the holes in his moose-hide moc-casins. His manner, however, with all the woe of his garments, was gayety itself, and in one hand he flourished a fish spear, — three iron prongs upon an ashen staff. Cautiously, with catlike steps, he walked out upon the sluiceway and, peering into the pool below, scanned the depths as one glances down a bill of fare in search of a dinner; for thus McTaggart prepared to dine.

"Ay," he cried with glee, "a fat fish and a big un!"

Lewis — frayed and weather-beaten like his companion — looked up from his work in the canoe, and threw back a sarcastic comment.

"Stab him, then, ye thief; or if he sees ye he'll scoot, and we'll be to bed hungrylike!"

Now, even out into the wilderness the laws of her Majesty's province reach a jealous hand. Without payment for the privilege, you shall not take her fish, nor shall you kill her game. Also, under no circumstance, shall you stab salmon with a spear. It is a misdemeanor, — brother to a felony, almost, — but what cared McTaggart for that? It was from Wiggin, lessee of the salmon water, that he was poaching; and between them no love was lost. Here, by a sharp and graceless trick, the new-

comer had bought the river rights, thus ousting Burling, who long had held the lease. Friendship runs deep in the woods, and Burling was the friend of McTaggart, — his patron and employer, — so McTaggart consoled his respect for the law with the idea that to steal Wiggin's fish was fine poetic justice. Moreover, he and Lewis were in need of food, in itself a sufficient reason. He raised his arm, his eye upon the salmon scouring the gravel below, and at this instant Lewis called out in alarm: —

"Sawny, quick! Here's Wiggin!"

But the spear had driven downward, McTaggart, with a grunt, striving against the frantic writhing of the transfixed fish. Then, with a dexterous flirt of the elbow, he started the salmon upward, and landed it gasping and quivering upon the sluiceway.

"Leave it!" cried Lewis, "leave it!"

McTaggart was not of that kind. But he had worked for his dinner, and would have it even in the face of Wiggin and of all the statutes of the Dominion. He clutched the fish by the gills, leaped for the canoe, and a moment later the bark dipped over the brink of the pitch and ran its frightened course among the rapids.

A cry told that they were pursued. They saw the lessee and his warden, Gower, launch their canoe in the eddy and ply after them with eager effort. Bending to the paddles, they urged their craft along until, rounding a turn in the stream, they plunged into the mouth of a bog, and were hidden from view. But still, with galloping strokes, they pushed onward, resting only when a long stretch of dead water lay between them and the river.

"Ugh!" grunted McTaggart, "did ye hear 'em holler? 'Twas like the Whooper — ay?"

"The Dungarvan Whooper ye're meanin', Sawny? Like enough it was. I hear tell, man, too, that the Whooper's come back to the upper Miramichi. It's sore for the man that meets him, or Wiggin, ayther."

McTaggart leaned back to laugh, hooting in derision at Lewis's misgiving tone. "Pish, Reddy! Ye're that much of a born fool ye'd be hearkenin' to the last ole woman's tale to be settin' ye dramin' the weeks to come. The Whooper — fiddlesticks!"

"No sich at all," — this in protesting key. "Ye'll be sayin' next there's no sich as the boggy. Ye'll hole yer tongue, Sawny McTaggart, in the face of others better infarmed and ov longer experience. Wit' these eyes I have nex' to seen the Whooper, and was it not me, — ay, I ask it, — was it not me that found Tighe the teamster dead in the snow wit' a horrid light in his eyes that'll be lookin' heavenward till the last angel trumps?"

McTaggart scoffed him idly, for the tale was not new. At every hovel along the river, in every camp in the forest, along the logging roads and on the spring drive, it had been told with all its variations. At every fireside, woodsmen whispered the deeds of the something that went galloping through the forest aisles, grim and grotesquely crying, whooping into the distance. There were stories — detailed and sinister — of men left out overnight; of the brush crackling with a heavy tread, of an unseen horror that shrieked when disturbed. Half-breed, Indian, white, all had their tales to tell, some braggartly scornful, others tremulous with fright. Tighe they always told of, — Tighe, the teamster, found dead in a winter logging road, a red mark across his throat, and, far down in a black cedar swamp, the sound of awful derision. McTaggart shuddered mockingly while Lewis rounded up the story.

"Horrid, Reddy, and may the Whoop-

er get Wiggin for his sins! But 'twixt the two, lad, ye'll be losin' yer wits to a cat owl. Ay, man, but I think — Ho! what's that?"

A crackling in the brush broke the silence as some heavy body lunged through the brake. McTaggart, with an exclamation, seized the fish spear, while Lewis, pale-faced, crouched in the canoe. They listened intently, the brush crashing anew.

"Ah-r! Look at there!"

McTaggart pointed the spear toward the forest edge. A black bulk stepped out striding down the bog growth, — a moose, a big bull! But here, high up in the New Brunswick wilds, a moose is a familiar of the solitude. It was the size of this bull, the width and breadth of his growing antlers, that transfixed them with amazement. It was a bull moose, such as the two had rarely seen; and silent in admiration their glittering eyes took in its unmatched bigness. At the shoulder it stood higher than a work-horse, — black, blurred with the mud of a noonday wallow, in its uncouth greatness it seemed a stray from the primeval ages. Its square gray muffle, tentatively trying the air, swung from side to side; then, as if assured of safety, it crashed down the bank, plunging to its flanks in the muddy run.

"Reddy, Reddy, will ye look!" McTaggart cried under his breath. "D'ye see the scar on the shoulder, forrard, eh? D'ye mind the Wabsky — the one down there Burling shot at? Ay, 'tis him, the beauty!"

A long, narrow blaze, half hidden by the hair, showed upon the shoulder, — the mark of an old bullet wound. Dipping to his crest in the muddy run, grunting and guzzling in his hunger, the moose began his evening meal; and while his head was lowered beneath the surface McTaggart pushed the canoe along, the water whispering under the prow. He was bound to have a nearer view, though Lewis, in the bow, felt his fears grow

painful as they glided down upon the feeding lord of the swamps. Stroke by stroke they drew nearer, McTaggart murmuring in admiration. The moose looked up, a slow suspicion manifest as he turned his head along his flank looking backward toward the canoe. For a moment he stood motionless in stupid fright; then an angry terror transformed him. They saw the hair of his hump rise bristling, he snorted and plunged around.

"Look out!" exclaimed Lewis, launching himself backward on his elbows; "look out! He'll run us down!"

A swift stroke of the paddle drove the canoe aside, and at this, the bull's boldness deserting him, he wore around heavily and scrambled up the bank. Breasting frantically through the brush, his antlers guarded on his shoulders, he shuffled along toward the forest, and, with a final crash of deadwood, swung away into the safe haven of the woods. For some time the two men sat there silent and wondering, while far beyond in the further fastnesses of the bush the panic-stricken lord of the solitudes fled with swinging strides.

"I'll mind him when the season opens!" cried Lewis, slatting the gunwale with a heavy hand. "Them horns then 'll be worth the price of a quarter's wages o' work. That's my moose yon!"

McTaggart glared at this with uncompromising severity.

"Ye'll forgit them words, Reddy Lewis, and it's no sich thing. Him yon is Burling's moose, and if ye offer wunst to draw sight on him in these here patch o' woods, ye're no longer friend o' mine. D'ye hear?"

Lewis heard, and his jaw fell. "Five feet and a half them horns spread, and I'd like they was mine. But as you say, — as you say, — him's Burling's moose, though 't will be lookin' for one cloud after a rainstorm to find him when the runnin' season's on. Wait, though, wait till I find if this be where he works."

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He clattered ashore, all excitement, and followed swiftly in the trail of the vanishing moose. McTaggart watched him out of sight, drew forth a pipe, and prepared to smoke. A mink came skipping along a log to keep him company, a muskrat squeaked in the bank, and overhead a flight of ducks flipped to and fro in search of lodging for the night. Once the big salmon at his feet stirred with a last shudder; then silence and the twilight settled down upon the wild, and McTaggart stretched himself in an ecstasy of comfort.

"Got ye there, Sawny McTaggart," a harsh voice croaked. "Got ye, hey!"

There almost at his elbow were Wiggin and the fish warden. They had spied him from the bend below, trying the bogan when the main river drew blank, and quietly had crawled up behind his back. Wiggin was grinning in delight, and at the sight of the fish lying at McTaggart's feet his elation broke into a cry.

"There's the salmon, — taken red-handed, Sawny McTaggart, you poaching thief!"

"No names, there," he growled. "No names, or" —

The remainder was indistinguishable, but McTaggart's manner sufficed. He waved the spear, menacing their approach, and the canoe backed off in energetic haste.

"Don't bother him, Gower! Come away!" Wiggin gave these orders with less assurance than his first charge. "Let him be, Gower; it's felonious assault, and we'll swear out a warrant for that, too."

Shaking his fist at McTaggart, Wiggin helped paddle the canoe about, when they bore swiftly away. Then Sawny threw his spear clattering into the bottom of the canoe, and drew a deep breath. He was in for it. He knew Wiggin's methods and manner and was convinced that the law would be pushed to an extremity, and what would happen then?

"Sawny! Sawny!" a hoarse whisper called to him. "Air they gone?" Lewis had returned, in time to hear an echo of the colloquy between the two canoes. He listened gloomily while McTaggart told the story, and for once was dumb. McTaggart, as Wiggin had said, was taken red-handed. He must stand the double penalty of poaching and of spearing fish, all meaning a heavy fine and perhaps imprisonment. There was no escape; even McTaggart's ready imagination failed in the face of the situation. Silently the two paddled along the breast of the rising land, looking for a "night chance" to camp, and when the fire was lighted and the kettle boiling, McTaggart at last made up his mind.

"There's no other way from out of it," he explained dolefully. "I'll jus' be takin' to the bush for want o' better; and what's to happen to Janie and the bairns, I'm thinkin', when their man's out lyin' in the woods?"

There was an answer, dark enough, to this in Lewis's face. But he shook his head without other response, and glowered into the fire. McTaggart, indeed, must take to the bush, for no other alternative. But jail was offered. A day's work threw up a shack for the outlaw at the head of the big pond, where Lewis left him to paddle down river with the news. And a sad day it was for Janie McTaggart when it came, Lewis fiddling about on one foot, and making the best of it by blurting out the situation. Janie listened with troubled face, but did not weep, for she was of stronger stuff than that.

"I'd like to know what's best done," she protested. "But what is ut, I'm askin'? I'd sell the coo" (she meant cow), "but what'd the bairns be doin' for their milk? And what price 'ud it be bringin'? There's no way out, Reddy Lewis, but you to go back to the bush, and bring him in. It's sore times that the man be up in jail, but I'd rather him in it than to be gallivantin' nowheres out

there wit' that empty noddle o' his'n. I'll lave him to think it out a week, and then ye'll be goin' after him, Reddy Lewis, and no thanks to ye for lettin' him and us into days' troubles like this."

Lewis, with the shock-haired McTaggart children scrambling about his feet, could make no reply. He shambled out with hanging head, Janie's tongue lashing him down the road and out of hearing, and at the bridge he met Wiggin and Gower. They were bustling along, Gower with a paper in his hand that Lewis had no doubt was a warrant. Wiggin confronted the sullen-eyed Lewis, who brushed him aside. "Where's McTaggart?" demanded the lessee. "I want him."

"The devil ye do!" remarked Lewis coolly, with a scowl, passing on. He took satisfaction in the belief that when Janie McTaggart had heard their mission she would wind a blast about their ears that would add some comfort to the oppressed when he heard of it. But, after all, it was little help for the outlaw. With his uncheerful thoughts for company, McTaggart was tramping the solitude far up at the head of the river, and dark times were in store for his clan. A week later, Lewis struck into the woods. Things were in a fair way to set the McTaggarts emigrating across the line, and this dark thought was in his mind when he overhauled Gower lurking along the river in quest of other poachers. He pushed his canoe into an eddy and lay there watching, too, when Gower swung about and saw him.

"Mornin', Gower," Lewis called doubtfully.

But Gower did not resent his appearance. His brow was drawn and troubled, and care clung about him with oppressive weight.

"Oh, is it Reddy Lewis only?" he mumbled.

"Ay — only Reddy; and did ye think the lost angel was claimin' ye for yer sins, Terry Gower?"

Gower drew up his setting pole and pushed his canoe abreast of Lewis, where he clung staring into the ripping current.

"What's the news?" Then without waiting, he branched off into a new drift, rambling about from one thing to another, from the last run of fish to a bank beaver working in the upper dead water. Lewis eyed him stoutly, and then took matters into his own hands. "What's up wit' ye now, Terry Gower; and if ye're thinkin' o' Sawny McTaggart, it's an evil day's work ye done there what wit' his wife and childern."

Gower sniffed, while he looked uneasily about him. "Not that, Reddy, it's not that!" he cried sharply. "The Whooper's come back. I seen him!"

Lewis was prone to laugh, but, notwithstanding, his belief in the Whooper improved. "What's that, — the Whooper and ye've seen him?" Gower nodded dully. Somewhere in the past a strain of Indian had been infused into the Gower line, and now it showed in the man's low superstition. He was even trembling, and with little pressure told his tale. He had gone up to the big pond just before nightfall to get a mess of trout, and while at the work a figure had emerged from the woods.

"It had a red gash acrost it. I was sittin' on the big log — ye'll mind ut at the spring hole — when of a sudden I feel all creepylike. Lor'! I looks up, there's the Whooper beyant! Wit' that it screamed — ah-r — awful! Saints that be, I fell backwuds, and ut screamed agin. God forbid I live to see the like of it afterwards!" He pressed his hands over his ears as if to shut out the dread horror of the Whooper's cry, the echo of its shuddering scream, while Lewis sat back gaping at his fear.

"Terry Gower," he delivered impressively, "ye're the fust to see the Whooper wit' mortal eye. Ye're doomed man — doomed — and may the saints have mercy on ye that have sinned sore. D'ye remember Tighe, the teamster?"

He pushed on up the river with a lurking grin, leaving Gower crouched in the canoe; and at nightfall found McTaggart camped out on the pond. "Ye're to come home," he announced. "Janie swears she'll not be bidin' alone by the house wit' you to be cuttin' didos elsewhere. Ye're to come in, and I'm minded the jail's fine to what ye'll feel when yer wife's clapped eye and tongue to ye, Sawny."

"What's else for the news, Reddy?" asked McTaggart gloomily.

"Gower's seen the Whooper," was the prompt answer. "What I was sayin' to ye'll remember, Sawny McTaggart, and the Whooper's in the woods."

McTaggart questioned, and then burst into a fit of laughter. Lewis believed the other's wits gone, until McTaggart drew out of his merriment with a jocose gleam in his eye. "'T was I, ye dummy!" he tittered. "I seen him fishin' by the spring hole, and but tried him wit' a screech, bein' in mem'ry o' his lunny failin's. And the Whooper was wearin' a bloody gash, eh? Ay, 't was this," and here he stuck a thumb under the lonesome red suspender, and snapped it against his chest. But much against his will, he followed Lewis into the settlements, there to take his punishment. In matters of this order, Wiggan was hardly laggard. He pursued McTaggart into court with a jeer, and swore down upon his head every heinous detail of the offense, omitting only the assault, which he reserved for future reference. But justice, though swift, was lenient, McTaggart's previous good character serving him considerably. Yet the fine imposed was a facer, and when this judgment was set forth he was appalled at the figure.

"A fine, — ay! Then ye'd best be lockin' me up the day. D'ye think I can pay that offhand like as if I made money in me cellar?"

He was resolved, moreover, to stand imprisonment rather than to pay, but at this juncture Janie McTaggart stepped

in with a firm and decisive tread. "Ye think ye 'll be loafin' in the lockup, eh?" she demanded caustically. "D'ye think ye 'll lave the babes and me to nibble our fingers for a dinner? Ye've not the money, I'll grant, but it's a slippery mind ye have under that furze thatch o' yourn, and I'll thank ye, Sawny McTaggart, to think us out o' this, bein' that ye brung us to it unwillin' as a lamb to slaughter. Sorrow on the day that took ye and that other light o' folly, Reddy Lewis beyant, moon-chasin' into the woods together. Speak up, I say!"

"Ay, — I'll speak. D'you know where's the money to be got? Am I a banker from the States, that I can be writin' it all over the face o' a sheet o' paper? The best I'll be doin' is to give Day, the storekeeper, my hand o' wrote to a mortgage that I'm as like to pay as the whole national debt o' the univarse. What's now?"

Janie threw her apron over her head and groaned. His suggestion that he must give the farm as security read like all the awful fiction in the farm newspapers that runs hand in hand with Hubbard squash, sheep rot, ensilage, and valentine verses. She loved her home, and to pawn it for whatever purpose seemed to her to be like sitting on the doorstep and bidding disaster step in. McTaggart considered the proposition gloomily, for there was little work in the woods till the fall shooting began, and how could he pay off the debt? Yet there was no other way. McTaggart shrewdly kept clear of giving a mortgage, pointing out that the farm was there, and he'd not be making way with it overnight, and Day, who knew the man's rugged honesty in business affairs, was willing enough to advance the money on a note. But when McTaggart saw the interest to be paid, he was horrified and showed it after his manner. "Ye're good at figures, Mister Day. Eh, — what's that? Oh, I'm but notin' the intrust to be paid."

With the proceeds from this venture, McTaggart paid his fine, and for an hour breathed freer. Yet it was with heavy heart that he slouched home, and besought his wife to give him peace. "There'll be work yet, Janie, if ye're not drivin' me first to a bedlam. Have done, and give me a bite to eat." Convinced that there was no remedy in sitting with idle hands, she bestirred herself; though with the odor of cooking there was wafted in from the cookroom a monotone of subtle compliments upon McTaggart's self-conscious character. But there is an end to all things, and Janie's garrulous complaint ceased abruptly at a thundering knock upon the door, that flung open before the answer admitting Lewis.

"Ye'll git, — git out quick!" he cried. "Wiggin's that mad ye've got off wit' a fine he's took out a warrant for assault. Ye'll mind wavin' the spear at him out beyant the day av it all? Git — there's no time to be lost!"

McTaggart stared stupidly, hardly able to comprehend. But Lewis drove him to haste. Wiggin was determined to hunt McTaggart to the end, and there was no time, indeed, to lose. Without the pause for a sober, second thought, they flung his things together, and once more McTaggart took to the bush, leaving Janie, sick at heart, alone in the cabin by the river. Out there in the wilderness, her husband faced the blank solitude, sick and sore at heart, and thus the summer passed with deeper woe confronting. Burling, said Lewis, would be along soon, and then there would be an end to the difficulty. But the weeks sped by, and Burling did not come. Week after week slipped by; the shooting had begun, but there was no work for McTaggart. An outlaw, driven to the woods to keep his liberty, was not exactly the sort of guide to inspire confidence in strangers. None of the shooting parties would engage him, though Lewis tried many. So McTaggart set-

tled down doggedly to wait until Burling should appear, and, in the meantime, hunted about in search of the big bull they had seen that eventful day. And just after the calling began he found the trail. The bull was keeping the long ridge far across at the Gulquock, still unmated and ranging widely, day and night, in search of a responsive cow. McTaggart knew the track at a glance, for one point of the hoof had been broken, and its bigness was unmistakable. He followed, marking the bull's direction, and on the edge of a small black pond tried him with the horn. At the first low call, the moose answered eagerly, and came rioting down to the water's edge, where he thrashed the bushes with his heavy horns, and, at a responsive grunt from McTaggart, rushed out into the open.

"Lors!" murmured McTaggart, viewing the breadth and bulk of the spreading antlers, "it's my sowl I'd be givin' to have Burling see him wunst."

He left the bull unmolested, convinced that he would not wander far from the clustering chain of ponds, and his next adventure was to find Wiggin and Gower in the woods. McTaggart, prowling along the ridge keeping watch and ward over his big bull, spied the two stealing through the timber. He hid behind a windfall, watching, and, to his consternation, saw them strike upon the trail where the moose had passed a short time before. Gower, with an exclamation, pointed to the slot, and stooping over the marks in the soft earth, the two men ranged back and forth, all excitement. Then Gower waved the way the bull had gone, and with rapid strides they went circling off to leeward in full pursuit. McTaggart followed, clinging to the cover, the chase dipping down toward the pond. But here they lost the trail, running afoul, instead, of McTaggart's lean-to.

"Oh, and what's this?" he heard Wiggin demand of Gower, as he crawled

near. Gower, busily pulling over McTaggart's things, determined soon enough. With that Wiggin's face was convulsed with anger.

"I'll have no such vermin in the woods with me!" he cried, sticking a foot through the side of the bark hut. McTaggart, with a malediction, threw up his gun to his shoulder, and leveled the sights at his enemy. But a swift thought of Janie and his helpless children stayed the shot, and Wiggin never knew how near he had been to sudden death. Tiring of kicking at the sides of the lean-to, he whipped a match out of his pocket, and touched it to a bit of curling bark. He held the splinter downward until it blazed and crackled, and Gower, nonplussed at his employer's vindictiveness, asked what he was intending. "If ye're goin' to burn him out," he remarked, "ye'll leave the man no place to lay his head. He'll soon be homeless elsewhere, Mister Wiggin, for I mind hearin', now, that there's next to a mortgage on the farm below he's never like to pay."

"He has what?" demanded Wiggin. "And you have not told me this before. Out with it!"

His manner was crafty and eager. He ground out the blazing bark with his heel, and extracted fact after fact from his man. Then gripping his gun, he strode off through the woods, bidding Gower follow. "But the moose—the big un," the man protested.

"Devil take it!" growled Wiggin, striding on through the forest. They reached their camp, threw their things hastily into a canoe, and pushed off. At nightfall, the day after, the two reached the settlements, when Wiggin's eager inquiries found that there were hard times, indeed, at the McTaggarts'. Janie had told her sorrow and care to the neighbors, for the simple-hearted creature was in sore need of sympathy. She had drawn her children about her, weeping, when a ready-tongued gossip

came with consolations and a real desire for details. In a month the note would fall due, and she saw no escape. Wiggin heard all this on his way to the settlement store, where eager and malevolently grinning he demanded to see Day.

Mrs. Day admitted the visitor, embarrassed at the condescension of a call. "Come right in, Mr. Wiggin, come right in. Have a cheer and sit by. Yes, sir, my man's right out to the barn. 'Pears the air's gittin' sharp — hey? Yes, sir, I was" —

Wiggin inwardly cursed her volubility, cut her short and sent for Day. The man came in, and the two adjourned to the front room, leaving Gower in the kitchen with his legs sprawling and his mouth open in wonder at his employer's vindictive pursuit. Wiggin began the business without formalities. He wished to know what Day would take for the note; and when Day stared in astonishment rapped out the question again, sharply, insistently. The storekeeper demurred, Wiggin insisted, threatening to withdraw his trade, and the upshot of the matter was that he got the note, paying a stiff bonus for the privilege. It was irregular, unjustifiable, and all that, but Wiggin went out of the place, vengeance stirring in his breast, and an evil day awaiting the McTaggarts when their oppressor's opportunity should fall due.

More days passed in gloom. Wiggin and Gower had returned to the woods, and the inevitable was drawing nigh. The last week in September, Lewis, going into the post office, found a letter. "How long's this been waitin'?" he asked, recognizing Burling's handwriting. He tore it open, read it rapidly, read it again, and then crumpling it in his hand walked slowly out. Burling was not coming into the woods; he had written to say it was impossible. On the way up the road he met Janie, but had not the heart to tell her then. "No

news," he murmured, shaking his head and walking on. He launched a canoe dejectedly, put his things aboard in a disordered heap, and started out for the woods. He must tell McTaggart, and what should happen now was only too painfully obvious. He poled along, thoughtful and gloomy, utterly downcast over the prospects for the McTaggarts, who in his affections were as his kith and kin. At the head of the river, he plunged into the forest in search of McTaggart's camp, and in a hollow at the foot of a hill saw some one slinking through the bush. Just as he looked he saw the figure dodge behind a tree, and at this semblance of suspicion Lewis himself was aroused. "Who's there?" he cried sharply. It was Gower, who finding himself discovered stepped out into the open. "Oh, it's you, is it?" exclaimed Lewis disgustedly; "and what's up now, I'm askin'?" Gower hastened toward him, holding out a hand that Lewis ignored. "You seem right ready to hide yeself, Terry Gower, and what's in the wind?"

Gower shuffled about from one foot to the other, uneasily looking over his shoulder. "Well," he hesitated, "I seen a moose — an' a mighty big un — horns so big!" He stretched his arms to indicate the breadth of the antlers. "Mister Wiggin seen him, too, but sorter got the staggers. Lor', he could n't shoot at all!" Lewis looked at him keenly, for the man's eyes were shifting uneasily toward the thicket at the foot of the hill. Lewis's mind was made up that the man had something to conceal, and in a few minutes determined that it lay within the clump of bushes. "Ye've had luck!" he ventured suddenly, and leaned forward to touch Gower's knife. "Why," he exclaimed, "it's covered all wit' blood!"

Gower's face was a study of stupidity and craft. He shook his head, denying the assertion vehemently; but when Lewis walked swiftly toward the thicket,

turning a deaf ear to Gower's protests and appeals, a jet of blood along the brown autumn leaves confirmed his opinion that something was amiss, and a search showed he was right. There in the thicket lay the half-stripped carcass of a fat cow moose, and to kill a cow is a grievous offense against the statutes. "So it's this, Terry Gower!" cried Lewis sharply, "ye was tryin' to hide! And d' ye know it's a big fine and mebbe jail for the man that kills the cow moose?" Gower appealingly asserted that it was not his work. Lewis laughed, telling him to try that on the marines. "Not yer work, eh? And what's this axe o' yourn doin' standin' here by a tree, and is that yer gun yon or no, Terry Gower? Mebbe not, or have the gun and the axe been out for but a stroll in the woods, and stopped by for a rest? Ah-r! Don't be lyin' like that!"

"I tell ye 'twas not me!" Gower reiterated. "Ye 'll not be peachin' will ye, Reddy, for the guv'ment 'd be sore after me, its own warden. What's the woman and her childer to do then?"

"Did ye think av that, Terry Gower, when ye laid throuble thick to the door o' Sawny McTaggart?—answer that now!"

"Ah-r, 't was not me, though! 'T was Mr. Wiggin, Reddy, that did that; he's yon in the camp now, and 'll tell ye!"

A sudden thought transformed Lewis's face with cunning. "Wiggin, yon, shot the cow, too!" he cried with a strong conviction. "I've guessed it,"—this shrilly,— "and ye 'll not be lyin' agin, Terry Gower."

Gower nodded; Wiggin had killed the cow. They had called down the big bull the night before, but a cow had come with him. Gower coaxed and pleaded on the horn for hours, knowing from the marks they had seen on the range that the bull was big. But though eager to flirt with another cow, the bull was old and suspicious, and went circling about in the darkness trying to get their

scent on the dead night air. Just as they thought they had him coming out into the open, the companion cow tired of the struggle with her lord, and rushed in to investigate. She almost charged the two in their canoe, and discovering the peril fled, crashing through the bush, thoroughly scaring the big bull. In vengeful anger at this interruption, Wiggin fired on her just as she charged the bank, and planted a bullet in her ribs. She fell, struggled to her feet and went on, and at dawn Gower had tracked her to the place where she last lay down and died.

"Yer camp's right handy across, eh?" asked Lewis. "Then I'll be payin' a visit to Mr. Wiggin." He announced this with emphasis, deaf to Gower's objections, and knowing the way, led on through the forest. Wiggin was cleaning his rifle when they arrived, and seemed perturbed at the sight of Lewis. He nodded coldly, and went on with his work, while Lewis, sitting on a fire log, pulled out his pipe and gravely filled it. "What luck?" he demanded when he had finished. He leaned forward to pull an ember from the fire, his eyes wandering from Wiggin, while he puffed deliberately at the tobacco.

"Luck?" snapped the other, "none at all."

"Dunno—that's a big cow ye got down yonner."

Wiggin shot a sharp and angry glance at Gower, who dropped his eyes in guilty consciousness. "Blast it, man, what d' you mean?" demanded Wiggin.

"Nothin', Mr. Wiggin. Cow killin' is agin the laws, though. They took up two fellers on the Wabsky las' week, I hear, for doin' the same."

"Well, my friend, I suppose you are now going in to lodge an information—hey?"

"Dunno," answered Lewis slowly. "Got any reasons why I had n't ought-er?"

Wiggin put down his gun and looked him over. He cleared his throat huskily, and apparently thought hard. "Now suppose," said he, "that it was made worth your while to let this drop?" Lewis asked how, and Wiggin told him.

"Want to buy me — hunh?" he snorted. "Think ye can buy me, hey?"

"Every man has his price," was the answer. Wiggin's philosophy included this assumption in a developed degree, and now he was disposed to give it exercise. "Every man has his price," he repeated. "Mine's high," answered Lewis. Wiggin named a figure that to him seemed reasonably high. Lewis named one higher. He was mentally calculating the amount of McTaggart's note with interest to date, and the price he named was even more. So they sat there, haggling, while Gower, out of hearing, looked on gloomily. In the end, Lewis got his price, and Wiggin prepared to write a check.

"Is it a check?" inquired Lewis. "Ye'll save the bother, Mr. Wiggin, for I'll not take it. I want money — hard cash it is, or nothin'!"

Wiggin laughed lightly, remarking that Lewis seemed to be an old hand in such affairs to have fear that a check might be used against him. "You've done this before, maybe?" he sneered.

"No, Mr. Wiggin, wit' all ye know av these things, ye're wrong. It's the first."

He got the amount in money, slung his gun over his shoulder, and walked off whistling a cocky air. "Good-by, Gower, and look out the Whooper don't get ye! Better luck next time, Mr. Wiggin," he called back, turning to wave an airy adieu, but Wiggin merely cursed.

McTaggart's camp was deserted, but a square of birch bark set in a cleft stick told where he had gone. He was away tracking the bush, he said, looking to find where the moose were working, and would be away a couple of days.

Lewis's elation subsided suddenly. He was primed to push the roll of bills into McTaggart's hand, and to end his melancholy at once. But where could he find him? He hopped up and ran to where McTaggart kept his canoe. It was gone, and Lewis knew from this that the other would stick to the water courses; so shouldering his pack, he pushed along in pursuit, but, by chance, going precisely in the wrong direction. He spent two days in this pursuit, and then convinced how futile was a search in the interminable system of interlacing dead waters, bogans, and ponds, returned to the still vacant camp. Here he spent another two days, fretting and fuming over McTaggart's absence, and then went cruising the bush again. But McTaggart had gone far, and the week had passed before he returned to the camp on the big pond. Lewis was away at the time, but McTaggart rejoiced in a letter that told he would return the following day. Weary and discouraged, he prepared his evening meal, and then turned in to sleep heavily.

The moon arose, big and bright, while the dead forest lay silent under the clear, gray light. On the pond, it silvered the wake of the plying muskrat, and set the water gleaming where the trout lunged along the sandy shallows. But before the moon had cleared the rim of the distant hills, the silence was broken by a pealing murmur. It came soft and dreamily first, and then with the repeat droned higher over the sleeping solitude. McTaggart rolled over in his blankets, and awoke with a sudden shudder. He cocked his ear and listened. A cat owl boomed far away, and a muskrat flopped in the pond with a splash that set his heart thumping against his ribs. Once more the low note sounded. It was a cow moose calling — no, a sudden inflection set his mind at rest. It was some one using a horn, trying to call out from his retreat the lord of the woodland ranges. Softly launching a canoe,

McTaggart stole down the pond, clinging to the black shadow alongshore and awake to the chance that they might fire on him in the dark by mistake. Softly he pushed along till he heard a bark horn rattle against the cedar splints of a canoe bottom and a rustle as some one rose. Again the call droned across the stillness, echoing upon the hilltops and beating back from ridge to ridge. On the quiet air it drifted afar, stillness again following in its wake. E-ee-ee-uu-oooo-O-onh! McTaggart listened, and then — Unh! Unh! — a bull grunted the answer.

“There!” a shrill whisper proclaimed. “I hear him!”

McTaggart was near enough to distinguish the tone; it was Wiggin. Again the bull grunted, and slowly drifting to the bank McTaggart crept ashore. As he dragged the canoe after him its bilges scraped upon the bushes, and a sharp exclamation — a whisper of warning — told that the others had heard. He held his breath and waited.

“Ain’t nawthin’ but a mushquash, likely,” he heard Gower explaining after a pause. “I’ll tell ye if the moose comes in. Don’t shoot les’ it’s the big un.”

He called again, and once more the bull answered. He was coming fast. McTaggart heard the moose swing over the ridge and plunge down toward the pond. His horns clanged against the tree trunks as he pressed onward; a dry stub cracked as he surged against it, and at every other stride he grunted — unh! unh! — unh! Then, halfway down the slope he paused, quiet as a mouse, and only the distant booming of a cat owl broke the stillness drifting down upon the night.

“E-unh! E-unh!” Gower was trying him again. The muffled note whined dolorously, simulating with a keen inflection the gurgling of a complacent cow. Even McTaggart admitted the man’s woodcraft, and “Unh! Oonh!”

the bull answered, beating his antlers upon the saplings. But old and suspicious, the moose waited to make sure before plying his courtship further. McTaggart heard their canoe creak as Gower cautiously moved; then slosh! slosh! slosh! close at hand. He started. But it was not the bull; it was Gower imitating with his paddle the tramp of a cow upon the shallows. The moose grunted fiercely; there was a crash in the brush, and peering through the undergrowth McTaggart saw a black form stride out upon the bog. With a rending of dry wood and a resounding splash, the bull stepped down into the dead water, his head held aloft and swinging from side to side. His nose, stretched out, ranged upward trying the air with a deep breath, while the broad antlers lay back upon his bristling shoulders. McTaggart stared, a sudden thought suggesting that this might be the big bull returned again to his old ranging ground, the big bull he had been watching for Burling’s sake. He saw the others’ canoe drift out from the shadow, Gower, with noiseless strokes, driving it down upon the quarry. Along the bank strode the bull, grunting once as he searched on all sides for the wooing cow he had heard from his haunt high up among the hard wood. As he turned, the moonlight shone upon his horns. McTaggart started, an exclamation breaking from him. It *was* the big bull. In the dim light he watched the canoe drift slowly forward, while his heart beat wildly as he awaited the crack of the rifle. Then, clenching his teeth, he leaped upright, and screamed with all the strength of his lungs.

A startled cry answered. The bull, splashing across the shallows, halted snorting. McTaggart screamed again. A flurry overwhelmed the canoe; he saw Gower struggle to his feet. “The Whooper!” screamed the man, and tumbled backward into the stream. Crash followed crash — the bull, leaping

to the shore, burst his way through the thickets. Trembling but satisfied, McTaggart lay upon the ground clutching the pulpy moss, while the moose bounded up the slope, his horns clanging on every tree trunk, the thickets crashing beneath his tread.

Dawn came. Wiggin and Gower sat in camp — Gower, his clothes drenched, leaning over the fire vainly seeking warmth and dryness; Wiggin enraged and scornful.

"The Whooper, eh?" He glared at Gower, his lip curling. "You fool!" The man sullenly wagged his head and crouched lower over the blaze. His hair, dull and matted, hung over his low brow, its blackness contrasting the pallor of his face. With his eyes shifting about, he answered heavily, "No, sir — no — no, don't say that. I see Tighe when the Whooper got him. Oh, sir — oh — oh" — His voice broke into whimpering. "I seen him and it was orful. I seen him lying limp in the snow wit' the red mark acrost his throat, and, way off in a black swamp, the Whooper was howlin' and hollerin' like a lunny. Ugh-r — it was orful, sir!"

He shuddered anew, bending still closer to the cheerful, crackling blaze. Even the daylight failed to clear his terror. Wiggin, as contemptuous as ever, demanded whether he had ever seen the Whooper, and Gower cried please God that he never should again. Wiggin laughed mockingly. "You get into that canoe, Gower; we'll see what tracks your Whooper leaves."

"Oh, sir — please!"

Wiggin cut him short. Baffled and trembling, Gower launched a canoe, and steadied it until Wiggin walked aboard. Then, under direction, he paddled down the pond and into the head of the dead water toward the scene of the night's frantic doings. Wiggin eyed the situation keenly; he marked the slots in the mud where the bull had walked out into the open; then further

on his attention was directed to a broad track in the bank.

"There!" he exclaimed. "What's that?"

Gower looked. To his accustomed eye the trail told its own story. "A canoe — some un's hauled ashore there!" He was all excitement, and with a strong stroke drove in to the bank. There in the soft ground he made out moccasin tracks, and with an oath leaned forward to pick up a pipe.

"By God!" he cried. "That's Sawny McTaggart's pipe or I'm a liar!"

"No — not McTaggart's, Gower. It's the Whooper's, and what sort of tobacco does the thing smoke?"

Gower's face was livid with passion, and all the craft and cunning hatred of his remote Indian ancestor burned upon his brow. He ground his teeth and, with a gesture of rage, hurled the pipe far from him. "Hush! Listen!" exclaimed Wiggin, raising a warning finger. "What's that?"

He kneeled behind a bush on the bog, his eyes glittering. Then Gower, watching this pantomime of expression, saw his face twitch. He pointed a finger across the pond, and Gower looked. There was McTaggart paddling along-shore, and watching sharply ahead. He saw their canoe drawn up on the bank and halted. He had returned, no doubt, to look for his pipe, and the sight was too much for Gower. He sprung to his feet, snatched the rifle from Wiggin's hands, and sent a bullet ringing across the water. The forest roared with the echoes of the explosion, the empty shell leaped upward from the breech and Gower fired again. But his rage destroyed his aim and, ere murder could be done, Wiggin knocked up the muzzle and snatched the rifle from his hands.

"You fool!" he screamed into Gower's ear. "He was as good as caught. Damn you — stand away from me!"

McTaggart, with a derisive wave of

his hand, whirled his canoe about and made off down the pond. But he was hardly out of range when a shout brought fresh alarm. A figure came out of the woods and waved to him, and for an instant he thought either Gower or Wiggin was pursuing and crouched lower to escape the expected shot. But the shout was repeated, and looking again he saw it was Lewis. With galloping strokes he drove his craft ashore.

"They tried murder!" he cried. "They were shootin' at me!"

"Heavens, then, be praised!" exclaimed Lewis, "I thought they were shootin' the big bull. Is that all, Sawny?"

But McTaggart was in earnest, and in a few words he made Lewis understand what had happened. "Murder, ye say!" roared Lewis, "and by him yon? The divvil — I'll fix him!" He put McTaggart into the bottom of the canoe, bidding him lie hidden, and drove back to the head of the dead water. "If they try shootin' on me," he promised, "I'll satisfy them!" Boldly he paddled up to the bank, where Wiggin and Gower still stood, the employer venting his spleen upon the other's head. "Drat ye, be still, ye loafer!" cried Lewis, after listening a moment to Wiggin's words. "Yes, it's ye, I mean — I'll have a word wit' ye, me man! Ye've been tryin' murder, is it?"

"A good thing, too," was the answer. "That sneaking poacher would be better off with a bullet in his ribs. I'll see him into jail, now, and make sure of him!"

"And ye'll follow into it after him, *Mister Wiggin*," responded Lewis sharply. "Ye know that ye cannot shoot at a man as ye please even out here in the woods. I grant it, ye'll be sure o' mind what a jury down river'll say to ye, *Mister Wiggin* wunst they get ye afore 'em. Ye mind that, eh? Ye and yer man, there, is not much liked — eh, my friend, — and what'll happen when murder's the charge?"

The warning was strong with meaning. Wiggin glanced at him, wondering what was the next to come, and on that score, Lewis soon set him at rest. "I'll trouble ye, Wiggin," — he had dropped the deferential prefix and was slanging the other without regard, — "I'll trouble ye to hand over the warrant ye have agin Sawny McTaggart, or I'll be down, the day, to the justice, and have ye properly took up."

Assuming a cool and independent attitude, Lewis pulled out his pipe once more, watching Wiggin sharply over his fingers as he touched a match to the tobacco. "How about it — eh?" he demanded, whiffing out the light. In Wiggin's face anger and self-possession struggled for mastery. Lewis fixed him with an unflinching eye, and Wiggin, cursing under his breath, drew out the warrant, tore it across, and tossed the fragments into the stream. "I've not done with the dog yet, though," he warned, his face wrinkling craftily, and at this McTaggart sat bolt upright in the canoe. Wiggin greeted him with a curse.

"Ah-r, there you are — eh! You've escaped jail, my man, but you wait — you wait!" Here he shook his fist vindictively at McTaggart's head, grinning with malevolence. "Mark me — at the end of the month when you're turned out of house and home — thrown out, mind you — just remember me!"

"Ye'll rest content I'll never forgit ye!" retorted McTaggart. "I misdoubt ye mean the note now — hey?"

Wiggin chuckled jubilantly. "Right you are, Sawny McTaggart. I've got you there, for I've bought the note from Day, and I'll drive you from the place when I'm done." He drew out the note and waved it tauntingly, but Lewis cut in with a hoot of disdain. "Pass up that note there!" he cried, noting that Wiggin was waving it in McTaggart's face. "Pass it along here!" he roared. Before the other knew, he had reached across and snatched the paper

from Wiggin's hand. "There, now, and this is the money for it, ye pawn-brokin' thief." He tossed the roll of bills into the canoe, and driving his own craft about paddled down the pond, McTaggart wild with curiosity. "It's nothing," Lewis casually remarked; "I but caught him in evil and made him pay for it." He told the story, and McTaggart protested. "But, Reddy, it's a jail offense — it's blackmail — and he'll have the law on ye." But Lewis was as derisive as ever. "He'll have no laws on me, and what odds if he do? I've no wife or childer, and a trip to the lockup will be but food and fun for the price o' nawthin'."

"Worry be the day," moaned McTaggart, "ye've shifted my sins to yer own head."

"Sure, Sawny, and now we'll be goin' arter the big moose — hey, man?"

In the dusk of a gray afternoon, a week later, a moose with horns spreading like the limbs of a wasted pine was pawing potholes in the runway at the foot of a wooded hill. His flying strokes flipped the leaves and soggy soil high over his haunches, and at times he paused to beat a sapling with his antlers. A twig cracked sharply on the hill and, at this, transformed into a statue, he stood, with bristling mane, staring along his flank. One ear hung forward over the beam of the broad antlers; the other quivered backward. His gray nose wrinkled while the neck stretched forth. Then a rifle cracked, the woods clattering with the detonation. Down upon his knees crashed the colossus, swaying heavily, and Sawny McTaggart, leaping the windfalls and breasting through the bush, raced down the hillside screaming like the Dungarvan Whooper.

Maximilian Foster.

ESCAPE.

MASTERS twain of Wont and Use
It is time to set me loose
Who have worn your galling chain
Till my wrists are girt with pain,
Served you well — O words which curse;
Would that I had served you worse! —
Not to you alone my duty.
Am I not the thrall of Beauty?

I have said her "Nay" too long —
May she pardon me the wrong.
She has called to me and waited.
I will be emancipated.

First to feel that I am free
I must hie me to the sea;
Glad as any bird that sings
Will my spirit find its wings.
Floating there 'twixt deep and deep
I shall waken as from sleep,

On my brow to know the chrism
Of the spray in new baptism,
Like a child to laugh and wonder
At the crashing ocean thunder.

Then away where twilight spills
In the hollows of the hills
Pools of palest purple wine,
And the purple columbine
Fastens fairy bells to nod,
Broidering with bloom the sod
That goes groping up to God.

Jealous masters Wont and Use,
Let your wretched servants loose.
Very heavy is the chain
That has girt their flesh with pain.
They have labored for their bread
Which they eat and are not fed;
They have listened to "Thou must,"
And go downward to the dust.
Toil their hands to what avail
If their hearts grow faint and fail?

Grant us freedom from our care
That we be not unaware
Of the flush of dawn so tender
And the sunset's awful splendor,
The perfection that uncloses
With the crimson summer roses,
Looks that startle from the features
Of earth's humblest human creatures;
All the loveliness supernal,
All the echoes of Eternal
Music that the soul surprise
And forever tantalize.
Long, too long, has Beauty waited.
Let us be emancipated.

Alice Lena Cole.

THE CIRCLE OF DEATH.

THE red, solemn sun was rising clear of the prairie when he stumbled out from the wagon. He had settled her comfortably upon the bed, — the dead need but little! — and had tied down the canvas sides and back of the wagon. Now he fumbled his way through the sagebrush to where the brown horse was fastened by its trail rope to a cottonwood. He brought the horse to the

wagon, saddled and bridled it, then mounted and rode determinedly away. When he had climbed to the top of the first hill that rose above the hollow in which lay his camp, the wind struck him full in the face, blowing strongly but unsteadily from the north. He bent in his saddle and started against it at a good gallop, always looking this way and that in search of some sign of life.

After he had been traveling for upwards of an hour, his ear was suddenly struck by the sound of galloping behind him. He drew rein and faced about. Thump—thump! thump—thump! the steps came pounding toward him. His horse threw up his head and whinnied. The man sat straight in his saddle, his hungry eyes turned in the direction of the sound. The wind roared behind him, blowing his horse's mane out on both sides. Out of the desert help was coming, help and salvation! Thump—thump! thump—thump! nearer, nearer; then a horse rounded the base of the hill and came lumbering toward him. It was riderless! As it drew nearer he saw that it was the other of his two horses, the white one, which he had left hobbled near the wagon. Helplessly he looked from it out across the windy prairie and up into the blue, bright sky. Then, without a word, he turned his horse about and started off again in the teeth of the wind.

As the sun rose higher the wind increased. Now he caught it from this side, now from that; now in front, now behind. In winding among the little hillocks he was obliged continually to change his direction. Also the wind veered frequently. He had forgotten to either eat or drink before he left the wagon, and, as he had slept but little through the night, he began to feel very heavy with exhaustion. His knees refused to hold to the saddle. Finally he crossed his arms on the saddlebow and rode heavily, sometimes peering to the left and right, sometimes sitting with

his chin buried in his breast, forgetting where he was and what his errand. Now and again the gray horse startled him from his stupor by galloping heavily alongside its mate. And once or twice the fury of the gale nearly bore him from his seat. Far away over the prairie one could hear the storm roaring.

By the time the sun had climbed to the height of the heavens, his thirst had grown very bitter. He shaded his eyes with his hand and looked on every side for some sign of water. At last he thought he could distinguish in the distance a white glimmer. The horses seemed to see it, too. They pricked up their ears and began to whinny. He urged them forward in the direction of the little white strip of water. Unswervingly they made toward it, now quite losing it among the hills, now being forced by the twisting course to turn their backs upon it, but always finding it again on one side or another, beckoning them with its little white hand of hope. Just at this side of the pond lay a low hill. The horses clambered up its pebbly side and scampered down into the hollow, their noses pushed forward eagerly, but before they reached it they slackened their gait and began to sniff the air uneasily. The man looked, and turned sick in his saddle. The pond was nothing but a bed of dry alkali. On several sides lay the shriveled carcasses of beasts, horses, and cattle, which had come to drink, but instead had turned away to die. The horses clambered back over the hill, then stood together, their heads low.

"Death! death! death! only death!" said the man helplessly.

But little by little the wildness of the wind and of the prairie had been creeping into him and filling him with their madness. He clenched his fists and stretched out his arms in the wind. As long as there was breath in his body he would fight to his utmost! He got off his horse and took the hobble off the

gray. It had not occurred to him to do so before. He stretched himself deliberately, settled his hat, looked to his girths, climbed heavily into the saddle, gathered up his reins, and then, with a great oath, he struck both spurs deep into his horse's sides. With a leap the creature sprang away through the wind, the gray horse tearing after.

Where he went, from that hour to the time when the sun began to sink near the edge of the prairie, neither he nor the failing horse knew; hither, thither; up, down; among the sagebrush, over gopher holes, tearing through grease-wood bushes, stumbling among the cacti; burning with fever, bent over for want of food, alone, alone, seeking life in the wilderness and finding — death! Suddenly a great cold fear seized him by the shoulders and pulled him straight in the saddle. The horses stopped with a jerk. In a flash it had come to him that he did not know his way back to the place where he had left her! In his mad longing for help he had forgotten to mark his path even in his memory. How to find his way back across the wastes of this trackless sea? He saw her lying alone in the old white wagon, her sweet young face looking up through the light and through the dark; unburied, waiting, forever waiting.

Mad with agony he began to strike his breast with both hands and to groan and to cry out, until at last the sound of his own voice struck terror to him; so dreadful a thing is it to stand alone on the broad face of the earth and cry out against God! After a while, worn out by fear and agony, he buried his face in his hands and began to weep piteously. He had fought his fight in the dark, and in the dark he had lost. The horse, meantime, feeling the reins loose on his neck, turned his back to the wind and started, walking with long strides, across the prairie. The gray followed close behind. The man sat a long time with his face in his hands, sobbing. After a

while he looked up. At first his eyes wandered wearily over the vast, bright expanse of earth; then suddenly a great light began to shine in his face. Far out ahead of him, on the gray-green stretch of the prairie, lighted up by the slanting last rays of the sun, he saw a prairie wagon! White as an angel it looked to his eyes, and like an angel it stood and beckoned to him.

"Help! help, at last."

He called to his horses and urged them into a gallop, this time without the spurs. Heavily, together, they stretched away over the prairie. The fever was in his eyes, and tears, ah, so many! Sometimes he could hardly see the vision, yet there on the bright, broad stretch of the earth it stood, ever before him.

In the wagon they must have seen him, for they seemed to be waving to him. He tried to call out to them, but most of the breath was shaken out of him by the rough gallop. Steadily faster the tired horses labored on, until, not twenty paces from the wagon, they stopped short beside a little brook that had dragged itself thus far over the long wastes, and, burying their muzzles, they gulped down the half-warm water in long, famished gasps. With difficulty the man got from the saddle. He crossed the brook without stopping so much as to taste, though his tongue clave to his dry mouth. He stumbled blindly through the sagebrush to the wagon. The canvas sides flapped noisily, the door curtain was thrown wide open. He mounted the steps at the back and looked inside. From the low bed, in the glow of the sunset, the sweet, pale face of his wife lay upturned to him!

Outside, the wind shrieked and danced about the wagon. The torn canvas flapped and twisted tumultuously. The man sank down upon the bed beside his wife and slept until dawn. He was awakened by the howling of a coyote among the near hillocks. The wind had fallen, and through the still air the coy-

ote's voice came in short dry yelps like sobs. Heavily and with pain he got up from the bed on the floor. At his feet lay his alien dead. He leant against the side of the wagon looking at her. He would have cried, but there were no more tears left in him. Wearily he turned about at last, and opened a box from which he took some food. Then he went out to the creek and drank long and deeply. He was so stiff and sore that every movement gave him pain, and the fever had left his head empty and dizzy. How his body ached! far into his bones, a dull, weary weight of pain. He opened a box that was fastened under the wagon and took out a spade. He stood with it in his hands, looking this way and that, to choose the spot. At last the top of a little hill close at hand seemed to him to be the best place. He shouldered the spade and began to toil up the slight ascent. Before he reached the top it occurred to him that after he had dug the grave he should have to carry her up the hill. He stopped, hesitated, then turned about and came down the hill. Without further thought he began to kick away the cactus leaves and to pull up the sagebrush not five steps from the back of the wagon. He struck his spade into the dry earth.

The air was sweet and sunshiny, and all the prairie lay radiant in the early morning light. The gale of yesterday had passed without leaving a trace. While he was digging he repassed helplessly in his mind the long, mad, fruitless ride of yesterday, the following of the white horse, the finding of the alkali pond, and the great misery at the end. Sometimes he stopped and sat down because the weakness and pain grew too heavy to bear. Then he got up and toiled on. Once he turned his head and looked into the wagon where his wife rested peacefully. Something like envy welled up in him at the sight. After a while he finished the grave. He went to the brook to wash his hands and

drink. He came back to the wagon, took a blanket from it and laid it in the bottom of the grave. Then he lifted his wife. She lay very strange and stiff in his arms. He carried her awkwardly down the two little steps at the back of the wagon. How his body ached! At last he laid her safely in the grave. It was shallow enough God knew! He put another blanket over her and tucked it in scrupulously. Just as he lifted the spade to throw over her the first shovelful of earth, he remembered that he had forgotten to kiss her. He pulled away the blanket from her face and bent over her a long time. The coyote was still howling among the hills.

After he had covered all the earth over her he went out to find the horses. He saw them a good way off, and after walking a long time he overtook and caught the brown one. It was still saddled and bridled. He brought both horses back to the camp, watered them, then harnessed them to the wagon. He picked up the few things that lay scattered about and threw them into the wagon. As the afternoon wore on, the fever came back to him, so that he felt very unsteady. When he was quite ready to start he went over to the stream to drink again. Then he came back, passing around the dry mound of earth, and climbed up on to the seat of the wagon. He gathered up the reins, then he lifted his head and looked out over the smiling prairie.

"Where am I going?" he said suddenly. "In God's name where am I going?" He could think of no answer. He repeated the question half a dozen times out loud. All the time his eyes wandered over the prairie. Suddenly his face went very white and his eyes stretched wide open. He sat and stared straight ahead of him over the prairie, the reins slipping from his hands. He lifted his face in the sunlight. "I will stay here," he said hoarsely; "God knows I was mad to think of going!"

Then he climbed down from the seat of the wagon and began unfastening the straps he had but just buckled. He pulled the harness off the horses and turned the beasts loose. They shook themselves, thrust out their noses, and began sniffing the light, dry air as though it were new to them. Then the gray kicked out his heels and galloped away, the brown, rather stiff, followed after.

The man stepped across the scattered harness to the grave. He sat down beside it and buried his face in his hands.

At sunset the coyote began howling again. Soon another joined him. The man looked up. Bright and smiling lay the prairie, serene and blue stretched the sky. Slowly his eyes traveled over the wide scene; after a while he began fumbling in his pocket for his pistol.

G. D. Wetherbee.

SUBMARINE SIGNALING AND MARITIME SAFETY.

A SHIP approaches port. Thick weather prevails. A dense fog, or it may be fiercely driving snow, obscures the vision. Everything that might serve to guide is hidden by the baffling mantle that cloaks the ocean's face. Soundings give but uncertain indication; the clanging of bell buoys, the hoarse booming of fog horns, are voices that convey little assurance amid the anxieties of such perilous gropings. Perhaps on the shore a powerful steam siren makes robust hailing, to be heard many miles away. Yet the atmosphere may be furrowed or pitted with treacherous troughs and cavities; areas in density, temperature, or movement so different from its main body that the tremendous blasts may remain unheard even close at hand.

Indifferent, however, to warnings of that sort, the ship keeps steadily on. The pilot, with chart spread before him, listens intently, his ear held against a simple rod of wood. Sounds indeed guide him, sounds sent from shore; but a more trusty messenger than the erratic air is that which brings the signals; the faithful water bears them unerringly and with invariable persistence. Noting the difference in the intervals, the pilot finds immediately the position of the ship upon the chart, and the location is true within the vessel's length. So the good craft

keeps confidently on through the murk, and finds her path surely and accurately into port, her course as true as were the sun shining and every landmark plain in sight.

Little knowledge of maritime conditions is needed to perceive the value of anything that makes possible so fortunate a landfall, which means the prevention of disasters otherwise innumerable. With safe approach to shore made certain, seafaring loses the greater part of its terror. It is all so new, and yet so clear and so beautifully simple, that the brief story of how it becomes possible cannot fail to be of wide interest.

"Acoustic triangulation" is the name appropriately given to the principle that makes this thing a reality, and Mr. Arthur J. Mundy, a Boston gentleman, devised and elaborated the system. Mr. Mundy had been studying the problem of submarine signaling in association with the eminent physical scientist, Professor Elisha Gray, and together they had invented a remarkably successful apparatus for the purpose, — ringing a bell under water by electrical connections. The question was how to make this invention effective in the simplest possible way, so that it could become at once of service to the navigators of any craft, whether large or small, without the necessity either of

using elaborate special instruments or of following instructions and rules more or less complicated. It occurred to Mr. Mundy that, since surveyors are enabled to fix very definitely the location of any point where they may chance to be, by determining its relation to the position of three other points in sight, whose location is known with exactness, a like result might be achieved in determining the situation of a vessel by means of sound signals transmitted from three dif-

ferent stations located at certain known points. Accordingly the problem was worked out upon the basis of the following theorem: "*The fixed mathematical relation of time intervals subsisting between simultaneously sounded signals received at any unknown point from three triangularly disposed signaling stations established at known distances from one another, determines the angles between these stations and the point of observation.*"

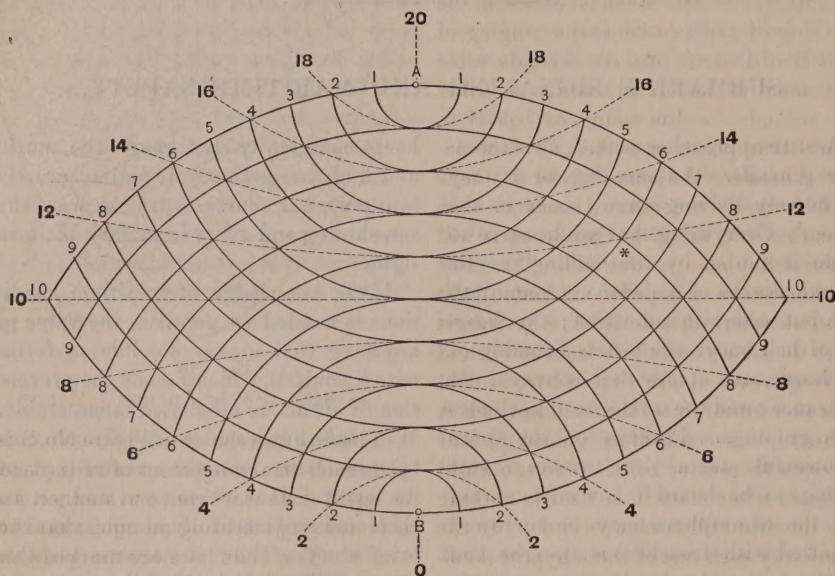


Fig. No. 1.

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This being the case, it is clear that, with sound signals transmitted from stations located off the entrance of a harbor, the navigator of a vessel approaching the harbor can determine his position at any unknown point at which such signals can be heard. While sound travels in the air at the rate of 1100 feet in a second, its velocity is increased to 4712 feet in a second when it is transmitted by water. The simple working of this principle is illustrated in the accompanying diagrams.

In Figure No. 1. two bells are located, at A and B respectively, separated by

the distance that sound will travel in ten seconds, which, under water, is ten times 4712 feet. Sound radiates from its source in an expanding circle, like the ripple made by casting a pebble into the water. The circular lines in the diagram represent these expanding circles of sound at the end of each second, as they spread out from the two bells. If these bells are rung simultaneously, they would be heard simultaneously at any point on the straight dotted line in the centre, numbered 10; as may be seen by counting the circles. It is likewise evident that any point on dotted line 12 is

two seconds nearer to bell A than to bell B. For reasons that will appear, however, the diagram is drawn on a basis of an interval of ten seconds between the sounding of the two bells. The interval between the sounding of the bells on dotted line 12 is therefore twelve seconds, as may be seen. At the point on this dotted line that intersects with a line drawn directly between bells A and B, the sound of bell A will be heard four seconds after it strikes. There being an interval of ten seconds between the striking of the two bells, the ringing of bell B will occur just six seconds after the sound of bell A is heard. It takes six seconds for the sound of bell B to reach that point, and therefore the interval between the sound of the two bells will be twelve seconds. It may be seen that this interval of twelve seconds will occur at any point on dotted line 12. For instance, take the point marked by the asterisk where this dotted line intersects with the six-second circle from bell A and the eight-second circle from bell B. At this point, therefore, the sound of bell A is heard six seconds after it is rung; four seconds thereafter bell B is rung; eight seconds after that it is heard, making the interval still twelve seconds. In the same way each one of these hyperbolically curved dotted lines represents a line of equal sound-intervals between the two bells, and the length of the interval expressed in seconds is represented by the numbers at the ends of the lines.

Therefore the observer who knows the distance between the two bells and the intervals at which they are sounded can determine upon which of these dotted lines he is located. He cannot tell, however, his exact position from this, for he may be at any point on the line denoted by the interval. A third bell is necessary to reveal his position on the line. These three bells should sound at intervals of just ten seconds between each, making a cycle of thirty seconds.

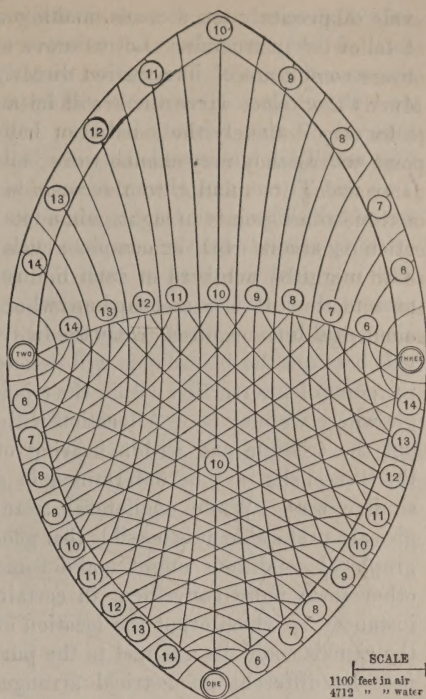


Fig. No. 2.

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The diagram shown in Figure No. 2 depicts such an arrangement of bells placed at equal distances from one another, and therefore representing an equilateral triangle. The bells here are marked One, Two, and Three. The lines of equal sound-intervals are, of course, the essential things, and are given here as continuous lines, without the circular lines that denote the sound-distances from the respective bells. The distances between the bells have been reduced one half, — five seconds instead of ten, — and the sound-interval curves represent half-second intervals. The diagram is formed by combining three diagrams with lines of equal sound-intervals as in Figure No. 1, partly overlapping and forming the shield-shaped triangle with intersecting lines.

If we stand at exactly the centre of the triangle, at the circle marked 10, we shall hear the bells sounded at inter-

vals of precisely ten seconds, making a total of thirty seconds. Let us move to the second point of intersection directly over the circle. Here there will be an interval of nine seconds between bells One and Two, ten seconds between bells Two and Three, and eleven seconds between bells Three and One; again a total of thirty seconds for the complete cycle. The marginal numbers at each line represent the intervals as heard anywhere along said line. Consequently the intervals between the bell-sounds will denote the point of intersection within the triangle where we may be. A location without the triangle and within hearing of the three bells may be determined in a similar way. While equilateral triangles are preferable, it is possible that geographical conditions might make some other form more convenient in certain instances, in which event the location of the signals could be adapted to the purpose by different geometrical arrangements.

In practical operation the submerged sound-signals would be installed in the manner represented in Figure No. 2, making a distance of something like four miles apart. A series of careful experiments shows that sound can thus be transmitted unerringly, controlled by electric connections, and heard on shipboard at a distance of two miles, simply by pressing one end of a wooden rod against the skin of the vessel anywhere below the water line, and holding the other end firmly against the ear. With a special telephone-receiver, however, invented for the purpose by Professor Gray, the signals can be heard more than five miles away. This instrument may be attached to the outside skin of the ship under water, near the keel and on either side of the bow, like a pair of ears, with wire connections made to the pilot house therefrom, or it may be dropped over the side like a sounding-line when there is any occasion to use it. Such a simple device naturally makes the system universally ap-

plicable, from the biggest ocean liner down to the smallest craft that floats.

Signal No. One would be located at the entrance of a harbor, with Nos. Two and Three off shore, to the right and left. With a special cable laid to each, the signals would be automatically sounded once in thirty seconds, at intervals of ten seconds between each. To identify each signal, No. One would declare itself by one stroke, No. Two by two strokes, and No. Three by three strokes, sounded in quick succession, as in the clicking of a telegraph instrument. These signal stations would be accurately located on the coast chart. The curves of equal sound-intervals could either be printed on the chart, or better still, to the avoidance of confusion with other markings on the chart, they could be printed or engraved on some translucent substance like glass or celluloid, and laid upon the chart.

A ship approaches shore in thick weather, either by day or night. The navigator listens. Coming within range of the signals and hearing No. One, he presses a button on a little recorder invented for the system by Mr. Mundy. He repeats the operation on hearing No. Two, and again at the sound of No. Three. The record gives a certain series of intervals — say the following: —

- Between One and Two, 9 seconds;
- Between Two and Three, 8 seconds;
- Between Three and One, 13 seconds;
- Total 30 seconds.

Finding the marginal numbers with these figures and following the corresponding lines, their point of intersection will accurately represent the position of the ship. The sum of the three intervals always amounts to thirty seconds. In this way the correctness of the observation is proved. Should the footing show a different result, there would be some error in observation, to correct which an additional one would be taken. As a safeguard against error, the recorder is so arranged that two or

three cycles of observations can be made and their average obtained.

It might be that the best course to port would be along the straight line from No. One, passing midway between Two and Three. Should the vessel find itself anywhere upon this line, signals Two and Three would be heard at an interval of exactly ten seconds. This observation could be made at a distance of at least eight miles from the harbor mouth. The course would then be followed by keeping the interval at ten seconds. Immediately on hearing No. One, the position on this line could be exactly located. On passing close to any submerged signal its vibrations would be actually felt on board, as well as heard.

Not the least merit of the system is the fact that it is not necessary for the

navigator to understand the underlying scientific principles. All that has to be done is to listen for the signals and record the intervals by means of the simple instrument, whereupon the position of the vessel can be immediately located on the chart.

With this system in operation a vessel can find its way in thick weather all along the coast as well as into port. Another invaluable use is that of a warning at points of danger. With such a triangle of sound-signals located near Sable Island, Cape Cod, Nantucket Shoals, the Goodwin Sands, the Scilly Islands, the Needles, and other dreaded places that have terrible records as ocean graveyards, unspeakable losses of life and of property would hereafter be averted.

Sylvester Baxter.

THE TREE-TOAD.

I.

SECLUDED, solitary on some underbough,
 Or cradled in a leaf, 'mid glimmering light,
 Like Puck thou crouchest: haply watching how
 The slow toadstool comes bulging, moony white,
 Through loosening loam; or how, against the night,
 The glowworm gathers silver to endow
 The darkness with; or how the dew conspires
 To hang at dusk with lamps of chilly fires
 Each blade that shrivels now.

II.

O vague confederate of the whippoorwill,
 Of owl and cricket and the katydid!
 Thou gatherest up the silence in one shrill
 Vibrating note and send'st it where, half hid
 In cedars, twilight sleeps — each azure lid
 Drooping a line of golden eyeball still.
 Afar, yet near, I hear thy dewy voice
 Within the Garden of the Hours a-poise
 On dusk's deep daffodil.

III.

Minstrel of moisture! silent when high noon
 Shows her tanned face among the thirsting clover
 And parching orchards, thy tenebrious tune
 Wakes with the dew or when the rain is over.
 Thou troubadour of wetness and damp lover
 Of all cool things! admitted comrade boon
 Of twilight's hush, and little intimate
 Of eve's first fluttering star and delicate
 Round rim of rainy moon!

IV.

Art trumpeter of Dwarfland? Does thy horn
 Inform the gnomes and goblins of the hour
 When they may gambol under haw and thorn,
 Straddling each winking web and twinkling flower?
 Or bell-ringer of Elfland? whose tall tower
 The liriiodendron is? from whence is borne
 The elfin music of thy bell's deep bass
 To summon fairies to their starlit maze,
 To summon them or warn.

Madison Cawein.

ANGELS AND MEN.

"The services of Angels and Men in a wonderful order."

THERE is an evil City. Long ago men drove from its streets the fair angel, Peace. There are but two angels that they summon still, Life and Death, and them they summon rudely, nay, clutch and drag and use outrageously, the angels being patient. The air is hot and troubled in that place: so madly throb the hearts and brains of men, so madly runs the tide between the two, the air can but burn and throb in unison. The very babe draws in sorrow with the breath of life, and is burdened in his cradle with an anguish not his own.

There are places in the City where the evil is less apparent, where the strongest men have pushed and crowded, thrust

out broad shoulders, planted sturdy feet, until their weaker brethren have given way and left them in possession of the lion's share. There, within barriers, have they set up palaces; there they walk "in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day;" there they have made the air heavy with perfumes until the drowsy senses are unconscious of its quivering; there, last of all, have they set up in their midst the fair white statue of a woman carved in stone. And when a child asks, "Who is that fair woman so white and still?" they answer, "Behold, my child, it is the angel Peace, who loves us and has come to dwell among us."

But yonder, the men who have been driven out herd between the barriers and the City wall, sore straitened for space

in which to stretch their limbs, or air to breathe into their lungs that they may fill them and cry out that they too are men. There are hovels and filthy rags and hunger; there the air beats most madly by reason of the crowding, and for perfume there is stench. In that quarter men have no tools, no skill, no rare white stone to carve out images, no space to set them in. Sometimes, those upon the barriers' edge look over and catch a glimpse of the great marble Peace, and go and tell the others that they have seen an angel. And the others mock them and answer bitterly, "Ay, an angel! A marble angel! And does gazing on a marble angel fill your empty stomachs?"

But in the heart of the City, breaking down the barriers for a space, there stands a House. Men call it by many names, but as for me, I will call it the House of God. And the foundations of the House lie after the manner of a Cross. Its long beam fills the barriers' breach, its arms stretch equally on either side. And under the wide-arching dome hovers, on even pinions, the angel Peace; warm, living Peace, how different from the white stone woman in the square! Beneath her wings the air within the House is still.

The House is strongly built. "Come," say men, "let us go out and dig about the House of God and undermine the walls, and when it topples over we can make the barriers whole again." And others cry, "God have a House and we go roofless! Tear it down!" So, all day long, they ply their picks and spades and fill their little barrows, and go home well content. "You shall see," they say, "the foundation is riddled through and through. The very weight of the great superstructure and the next puff of wind will end the matter." So men swarm ever about the House of God, and when storms come they curse Him, and, rushing in, take shelter in His House. And the House stands firm.

The mystic Tree put forth three buds after this manner:—

On a day, Life the angel, he who of all the angels suffers most and knows not his Master's secrets, drew near the City's gates. And the heart of Life was heavy by reason of a burden that he bore warmly in his bosom. Then one overtook him who was of his own kin, and they held converse together.

"Thou goest slowly, O my brother Death. Thou art in no haste to do thy day's errand in the City."

"Nay," answered Death, "I but keep to the appointed times. When the hour strikes, I go to meet one by the Altar of the House. But till the hour strikes, I am free."

"Who goes to-day? Is it the old high priest?"

"Ay, the old high priest. He will go gladly."

"Alas, alas," moaned Life, "my poor fair babes, I have brought you to an evil City, in an evil hour. And will there be none righteous left?"

"He is not wont," said Death, "to leave Himself without a witness, even in this place."

Then Life thrust his hand into his bosom and showed what he bore there: three tiny babes, who lay like rose petals on his broad white palm, two maids and a man child.

"Take them, O my brother," he besought, "let them sleep more soundly on thy bosom than they have slept on mine. Where shall I find a nurse of babes tender as Death? Surely thy strong arms will not be overweighted by one poor old man and three little babes. Bethink thee of the evil City! To leave them there were to throw lilies in a trough of swine!"

But Death shook his head. "No word was sent," he said. "Whatever men may do, angels must needs obey. Go your way, my brother."

It was high noon when Life, passing

along a narrow street on the hither side of the barrier, lifted a door latch and entered in. The room was plain and bare. A fire burned on the hearth, and was yet too feeble to make the whole room warm. Food was on a table, but it was a meagre loaf, too small to satisfy the mouths that longed for it. A man sat there, and little children leaned against his knees. His tools and working blouse lay beside him on the floor. He was pale and worn. Almost from his cradle he had toiled early and late, and never yet had known the meaning of the word *enough*. Within an inner room a woman lay on a hard, narrow couch and waited patiently, for a message had come that she should have a visitor that day. Then, as she opened wide her eyes, she saw in the fullness of his beauty the great angel Life, who laid his gift in her bosom and was gone. The woman took the gift, and by reason of it and the mystery of mother love, poverty was riches, sorrow was joy, despair was hope. And she called out to her husband, and when he came she showed him what she had. The man's eyes filled with tears. He turned away his head, but not before she saw them.

"Yes," she said, "my husband, who knows better than I how heavy the burden is already?"

"No," he made protest, "my tears are for you and them. What right has a slave to take a wife and children with him into slavery?"

"Not so," she answered. "Who can tell what blessing this new year and this new babe bring with them?"

And she lifted the child and bade him say, "Welcome, my little son." And he repeated after her, "Welcome, my little son," and added to himself, "May He who sent you send the wherewithal to keep you." And it was so. Through the years that came there was hunger in that house, but not famine—cold, but not death. And He who made the babe considered him, lying in his cradle, and

He gave him two gifts: sympathy, that he might feel the sorrows of his brethren; and song, that he might comfort them.

Before the sun was set, Life's second burden lay on silken cushions in a bed of ivory. The chamber was great and lofty, and the carven creatures of the roof looked down on rich adornments. The little bed stood on a dais beside a greater one, both shadowed by the same canopy. The hangings were of velvet, with lilies and a passion-flower vine done in a needlework of gold and gemlike colors. The same device of flowers showed not only in embroideries, but was carved in ebony and ivory, was wrought out in all the smithwork, whether of silver or of gold, and was blazoned on the rainbow panes of painted windows.

There was something very still beneath the purple of the great bed's coverlet; a woman's body it was, no more; for a hand that meant all kindness had held a potent sleeping draught to the pale lips, and so set wandering, for a while, the weary soul, against the coming of the master of the house. She matched well with her token flower, for of all creatures she was most like a lily, but broken at the root; a sweet white length along the ground. But the little maid shone like a rosebud among that white and sad-colored purple, and no world-wonder jewel of the place was half so fair. And the great angel stood beside her loath to part. Then a servant carried word to the master, and he made haste to go up into his wife's chamber, where they brought him the babe upon its cushions.

"What," he cried, "a girl! A girl to me! I'll warrant there have been a score of sons this day born to beggars,—and a girl to me!"

Then they besought him: "Let not my lord be angry. Life may pass this way again, bearing your heart's desire. It were best not to anger him. Besides, the child is fair and likely to thrive."

"She would be a fool else," he sneered. "Who would not thrive, born heiress to the greatest wealth, the greatest name, in all the City! Well, keep her safely till her brother comes."

But Life, still lingering in the room, liked not the words and drew his great wings about the baby's head. He did not choose that she should hear, and standing there, he spoke and said, "'The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof.'"

The man turned and went out peevishly. He was not used to angels and their sayings. And Life went no more to that house. But his brother went there, and when he left, two left with him, one gladly and one bitterly. And the little maid was in sole possession of the lands, the gold, and the great name.

It was black midnight when the angel came to the laying down of his last burden. He had drawn forward his soft wings and folded them to shield his bosom from the bitter cold, and as he passed along the ragged pavement he left red marks behind him. In the midst of the City there was a plague spot called the Kennel, and they who dwelt there were for the most part like beasts, knowing not good from evil, knowing not that there is good and evil, conscious only that there is a something, pain, which means one's daily life, and that there is another something, pleasure, costly and hard to come by, paid for with heart's blood. Even Life, the angel, grew sick and faint in the Kennel, and how might a babe endure what daunted an angel? Yet so the order ran. Crouched beneath a wall he saw a ragged heap, and knew this was the place. He drew forth the babe and bent his head and kissed it on the mouth. And the warmth of Life's tears and the warmth of Life's kisses met on the little face together — and his day's work was over.

Now in the heap of rags there was a

heart, and in the heart there was that which was greater and stronger than the heart was, so that the heart must needs give way and break. Even as she felt the child against her breast, the head that had never known soft lying lay at rest, and the body that had known cold knew cold no more, and the little babe rolled helpless on a thing as senseless as the stones beneath.

There came a time when the man child knew himself to be a man, and, weary with the sorrows of his people, he went up into the House of God. It was an hour when the angel Peace had left her place beneath the dome and walked the many aisles. Some knew her and followed, but for the most part men and women turned their poor, pain-burning eyes upon the angel and saw her not. But when the boy met her, her majesty and beauty smote his brain and he desired her madly. And Peace, looking into the young, eager eyes, loved him and withdrew herself from him. After that, there was no day but that he went up into that place to woo Peace, and it was a stormy wooing. Many a time he caught not so much as her shadow on the wall, and he would cry: "O Peace, are you, too, pitiless? Is your heart no softer than the marble statue men have made? O Peace, I desire you not for myself, but for them, my people. Do you never hear them crying, here in the House of God? If you would walk with me but one hour, between the barriers and the City wall, and see them in their helpless agony, you would never after shut yourself here in this safe, still House. What right have you, O Peace, to such a broad, warm bosom, who will not pillow there one aching head, or to those strong, tender arms, who will not lift a suffering child? What right have you to eyes so steadfast that they might calm a madman's fury to reason, but will not?" So he railed at Peace, and would have

plucked her by the very wings and dragged her out into the streets that so the sight of her might heal his brethren.

But Peace was patient, and one day she said, "Come hither, look into my eyes." And for a whole day's space he looked into her eyes. Then she said: "Do you love this people better than He who made them or even better than I who am His angel? Does your heart yearn for them as mine does, that has yearned for ages? Is it my fault or theirs, that they have made their streets broad enough for thousands and too narrow only for the feet of Peace? There is but one place now where I may meet them, and do I not keep tryst here forever? Go, bring them here to me and see to what aching head, to what suffering child, to what maddened brain, I shall refuse to minister. There is a voice here that has long been silent, there is a body here that waits a soul. Breathe your soul into it, take unto yourself its many tongues. Make yourself persuasion, so you shall become my servant and interpreter, and in the years to come, it may be, now and then, one may stop and listen."

So they made him chief Musician in the House, and when the doors of the four sides were open, the voice of the great organ poured out toward the four corners of the City.

On a day, the Musician walked in the Kennel. There he saw a sight, a vision, beauty's self. A girl stood by a half-choked fountain. Her bare white feet were like twin lilies on the stones, but no lilies are so fair as were her bare white arms. As for her mouth and eyes — what must be mouth and eyes whereon Life's kiss had met his tears? The loveliness smote into him like light and pierced his soul; and the soul, so happily aroused, perceived and knew as eyes may not. And the words of the song came to the Musician, so that he

spoke aloud, "'As a lily among thorns so is my love among the daughters;'" for he already loved her.

He made his way to her, he touched her hand. His hand, his eyes, his lips, his heart said, "Come."

And she laughed at him for answer.

Again he said, "Come."

Again she laughed at him, and laughing, she was gone.

And the horrors of the place made his heart sick to leave her there, "a lily among thorns."

But he could not stay. It was the hour when it was his duty to make the House sweet with music. Turning, he went his way thither, and sorrow wrapped him more closely than his garments. He mounted to the loft. He opened wide the windows that looked toward the Kennel's reek and dissonance. It was toward evening; the streets below were full of dusky shadows. The lamps of the great House but served to change darkness to dimness. Yet into the windows of the high loft a white light came. He raised his face up toward the light, he stretched his arms over the keyboard's checkered black and white, and there was mingling of flesh and blood and wood and ivory. The tall, mysterious pipes felt the dominance of a soul, and the instrument yielded to the master's touch, to his every thought. The House thrilled with harmony. Men's hearts beat all together. A flock of golden singing birds poured out of the organ and fluttered from roof to pavement. And as the flock increased, until even that great space became too narrow for them all, some began to take their flight out of the high windows, Kennelwards. The darkness spread; the white light was gone; the House was still. The Musician's head fell in very weariness upon the keyboard. Had she heard? Had his winged messengers flown so far, or had they dropped, spent, before they reached her? Had she heard, — or hearing, had she heeded?

After that, every day, the Musician searched in the Kennel, but in vain. Every day, he sent his golden singing flock out of the windows, but he knew not of their flight. He would have been glad to have gone the world over, after her, but that he could not do. He had made vows to Peace, to be her faithful servant to the end, and Peace would not release him from his vows. He was bound to the organ. He could only send his birds. He sat disconsolate and considered his sturdy feet, which might not bear him according to his own will. And a thought came to him, and he prayed, "Let the strength of youth and of desire, which I lay down, be given to the organ, for her sake, that its birds may fare forth, whither I may not, and lure her up out of the Kennel." And the Musician caused himself to be bound to the organ with a fetter which none might loose, that, should his will give way, the steel might hold. But a bird flew out of the organ loft into the morning light, and when the Musician, in the pauses of his music, turned and looked down toward the people, he saw — her. Every day he saw her. What mattered fetters now to the master of the golden birds?

The Musician was sitting on his bench. His gaze was outward through the window. He was at rest. A foot stumbled on the stair. One in a servant's livery, holding a purse of gold, stood by him and said: "My mistress is ill at ease. She prays you to come and comfort her with music."

"That I cannot do," pushing the gold aside. "Bid her come here to me, and when I play to-night I will have thought of her in my heart." But the message angered the servant's mistress. And because she was a willful lady, she would send and send; and because she was a proud lady, she would never go to listen when he played for all and not for her alone; and because she was a lady who

had never known a desire ungranted, the desire grew and grew and filled a heart that had been empty and asleep. So that, at last, in spite of pride and willfulness, she went herself to the Musician. She was a proud lady and a fair, indeed. Her gleaming hair, her garments rich with gold and costly dyes, were very bright against the dusky background of the loft.

The Musician and the Lady looked long at each other. He, born on the barrier's hither side, was ignorant of the customs of her world; and, as for her, she followed her own will. Then she questioned him. Why had he refused to go to her?

"I may not leave this place," he said. And he thrust forth his feet so that she saw the fetter.

"Why are you bound ignobly? Are you prisoner or slave?"

"A prisoner, lady."

"And your captor?"

The Musician smiled and answered, "Love."

The Lady's heart went hot within her. She turned and went down the stair in anger. For she, who had all the world to choose from, had chosen the Musician for herself. Therefore she was angry for the fetter and for the Musician's answer, and angrier still for that Love deals hardly with his servants.

That was a strange time. Each day the Musician poured his love, his soul, his strength into the great organ, which poured them out again and so called the Girl out of the Kennel to the House. Sometimes, she even turned her face up toward him above the pointed arch of the high Altar's baldachin. How beautiful it was! And each day the Lady climbed the stair, and sat and talked to him, and tried to fill him with her own discontent. For now she too must needs serve Love, and his hardness filled her with rebellion. So the Musician loved the Girl who loved him not, and

the Lady loved the Musician who loved her not.

One day he missed the Girl ; she came neither morning nor evening, nor the next morning nor evening, nor the next, nor many a bitter morning nor evening. And the Musician's heart went near to breaking. The organ's voice sounded but faintly ; there seemed something gone out of the City's life. Evil things peered at him through the windows and beckoned, — beckoned, till his heart was sick. Had not Peace come and barred the opening with her wide wings, his life would have ended on the stones below. But she strengthened him. "Call," she said, "persuade. How can you tell how far your message may be borne. Your only hope of ever reaching her lies in the doing of your daily task, which is to call all men to the House of God." And the Lady came. It had not taken her a glance's time to learn that he was in sorrow. She did not rest until she had drawn from him all the story of the other, of his love for her, and of his high purpose which had so failed. The poor proud Lady ! It was hard for her not to cry out. There was another, Kennel-reared, who was more beautiful than she, and might be loved where she was not. She went back to her house, and there she wandered restlessly in its wide chambers. And, at last, Love subdued in her all else but the old rebellion for him she loved.

Why that hard, wageless service ! Was he never to have the common pleasures of other men, — never even the poor satisfaction of that other's face ? He whom she *loved* never to have his own will ? Nay, then, he should have it ! She whom he slighted would be kinder to him than that hard master who repaid his faithfulness with sorrows. She would go herself, search for that other until she found her ; and that other, willing or unwilling, should be his. Though it were her own death, she would bestow his heart's desire upon her love.

Why else did the blood of kings run in her veins, but that she should give gifts royally ?

The Lady went to say "good-by" to the Musician, and it saddened him. He felt so much alone now in the loft, and he had come to love this strange, fair Lady as his friend.

He said, "Whither go you ?"

She pointed out of the window.

"Then, when I look out of my window, I will think of you and wish you home again. Maybe, some day, one of my birds may find you."

"May it be so." And when his head was turned she bent quickly down and laid her lips upon the organ's keys, where his hand must fall, and left him.

The Lady covered her bright beauty as well as might be with sad-colored garments. And except that she took certain jewels with her, she left all her wealth behind. First, she crossed the barrier and made her way into the Kennel, which had strange sights and sounds for one, kinswoman to the king. And when she made inquiry there, they mocked her.

"Had this one seen the Girl ?"

"Yes, but an hour ago."

"Had that one seen her ?"

"Why, such an one had died during the last plague time."

Her brain had been turned, but that at morning and at evening the golden birds of melody had come from the organ loft, speeding toward the City wall. The Kennel would have missed the golden birds, Kennel though it was.

One day, she chanced upon a narrow lane, and following it, it brought her to a small postern in the wall, where sat an old man counting money in a bag. Him she questioned.

"Where does this door open out ?"

"Into the Pleasure Garden."

"What Pleasure Garden ? How can there be a Pleasure Garden here ?"

"It was made for such as you," he

said. "It would go ill with us without our Pleasure Garden."

"Who go there?"

"They who can pay the price. Can you?"

"Have any passed in of late?"

"They pass in — they who can pay the price — day and night."

"Saw you such an one, a woman, very beautiful, with bare white arms and feet, and lips and eyes the fairest ever opened in the City?"

"The fairest ever go this way. How may old, dull eyes like mine tell one fair woman from another? You are fair, yourself."

"Quicken your sight with this," drawing a jewel from her bosom.

The old man laughed. "My eyes could find beauty in a hag for such a bribe. I do remember such a woman passed, so many days ago."

"Then I will pass."

"But can you pay the price?"

"Have I not paid it? Is not such a jewel enough?"

"Not for such as have more jewels. Have you more?"

And not until the old man had gotten from her all her jewels would he let her pass through the postern of the wall.

That was a wild place. The pleasures there were very strange. The paths were labyrinths which led into other labyrinths. There was no night there and no day, yet light and darkness. The earth brought forth no natural, wholesome herbage, and nourished no fair, kindly beasts. And yet there were both flowers and fruit and birds and beasts and fishes in the garden, but none might tell the one distinctly from the other. There were palaces there, and bowers and fountains, and gold and gems, and beauty of mankind and womankind. Some feasted, and some laughed, and some told others that they loved them; and beside all these were others learned in strange, deep knowledge. There was in the garden some

semblance of all things that are in the world — save three — and a thousand curious things that are not. And the three things that the garden lacked were these: music and little children and happiness. None there would answer any question that she put. There was no mocking of the Kennel like the silent mocking of the Pleasure Garden. The Kennel with its filth and noise was rest compared with the Pleasure Garden. So she questioned and searched and toiled, and all she did came to nothing, until, at last, she fell, too weary to seek to rise, and waited for the end.

The Musician, with his hands resting upon the organ keys, made a prayer, "For her sake let life go out of me into the organ, that it may sound even where she is." In the night the Musician's sight went from his eyes. And a bird flew out into the morning light, flew on and on, out of the City, even to the Pleasure Garden, and passed over the head of one who lay there, to whom its master never thought of sending it. But when she heard the faint, sweet sound and saw the golden gleam, she knew it meant deliverance. She sprang to her feet, she followed it, she ran, she stumbled, she endured pain unspeakable, but she kept the bird in sight, and when it vanished she was free. The solid earth was under foot, the sky was overhead. It was a Desert place, but she had won clear of the hateful Pleasure Garden.

She journeyed in the Desert. And they who pass the Pleasure Garden and cross the Desert are very weary. There was an angel who had his dwelling thereabouts, and he sheltered her, albeit he is a stern angel. When her weariness had passed somewhat, he led her forth and brought her by ways unknown to a low hill, at whose foot lay a black pit. The angel said to her, "What do you see?"

"I see the black mouth of a pit, fearful and very wide."

"What more?"

"I see a narrow plank that spans it."

"What more?"

"Nothing."

And at times he asked, "Do you see anything besides the pit and the bridge?"

Then once, as she looked out, she saw a figure at the foot of the hill, moving toward the bridge, as if to cross.

"I see a woman!" she cried out.

"Yes," said the angel, "it is the woman you have sought so long."

With that she trembled and made haste and fell, and hastened on again, and so came herself to where the bridge began. The angel was close behind her, and the other woman had begun the crossing. Just as she reached the narrow plank the angel bade her look once more. As she looked she saw the frail thing bend beneath the other's weight and knew, should she set foot upon it, both would fall into the unknown depth. And it was for this she had left all behind, had battled through the Kennel, the Pleasure Garden, the Desert. The other was within reach and she might never reach her. It was all in vain, her labor, her love, her sacrifice.

The stern angel said, "Sit down and watch her."

"Shall I never find her, then?"

"Truly, I do not know."

"Why did I never come upon her in the Pleasure Garden?"

"Because she was not there."

"But I had word of it from the old man at the postern."

"He lied; it is his business. Would you have given him your jewels otherwise?"

"How came she then in the Desert?"

"Many paths lead from the City to the Desert. There is one so hard none tries it of his own free will. One loved her and drove her thereto. Now do not speak. Sit down and watch."

The other woman toiled on. Her steps were so slow that it seemed each one would be her last. When midway, she stopped and swayed and struck out with her arms. The end had come. She on the brink felt death at her own heart.

Then, suddenly, there came a faint, sweet sound, a gleam overhead that passed swiftly as an arrow and settled down just before the swaying creature on the bridge. Her outstretched hands touched the bright thing, which used its strong, wide wings with steady strokes, and, led by it so, she won her way over, and, safe, passed out of sight upon the other side.

That same day, the Musician, playing upon his instrument, had made this further prayer, "If need be, let my very life flow into the organ, for her sake." And, suddenly, one stood behind him. And the Musician felt his head grow very heavy, and it sank upon broad shoulders. And he felt his arms grow powerless until two strong hands supported them, and then—the great organ was hushed, but with its last note a strong, bright bird flew swiftly out of the loft's window, out over the City, over the Pleasure Garden, across the Desert, until it found her whom it sought upon the bridge, while Death bore from his long-time prison the blind Musician.

At a day's close, two women made their way wearily up to the House. Meeting within the doors, they looked into each other's eyes. One was of princely blood and one beggar-born, but each recognized the other as of the high kinship of the Desert, and so they loved, and went into the House hand in hand, and sat themselves down together. It was very silent in the House,—but in the women's hearts there was that music which is memory.

Thus it was with those three buds in their flowering.

Caroline Franklin Brown.

OUR RIGHTS IN CHINA.

THE rights of an American citizen in China are very different from those which he enjoys in most foreign countries. They are derived from our treaties with China, and indirectly from treaties between other countries and China by virtue of the most favored nation clause in our own treaties, from imperial edicts, from international law, and, finally, from laws enacted by Congress in pursuance of our treaties with China. The most important of these rights are the right to lease land and reside at certain places which have come to be called "treaty" or "open" ports, although many of them are inland; the right of extraterritoriality; the right to travel, under passport, throughout the country for business or pleasure; the right to navigate the inland waters; the right to import goods upon the payment of a duty prescribed by treaty; the right to trade with the Chinese people and employ them in any service; the right to build and operate manufactories at the treaty ports, including the right to import machinery; and the right to propagate Christianity. While the merchant is not permitted to lease land and reside inland, the right of missionaries to do so is now well established. This remarkable anomaly is due to the fact that a French missionary, who was employed as an interpreter, surreptitiously introduced into the Chinese text of the supplementary treaty of 1860 between France and China the following clause, "It is, in addition, permitted to French missionaries to rent and purchase land in all the provinces and to erect buildings thereon at pleasure." This clause was not discovered by the Chinese government until it was too late to disavow it without losing face. The French missionaries promptly acted upon the right thus secured, and the English and

American missionaries did not hesitate to claim the same right under the most favored nation clause. Subsequently the Chinese government, under pressure from the powers, formally acknowledged the right of missionaries of all nationalities to reside inland for the purpose of propagating Christianity.

The right of extraterritoriality exempts the foreigner from the jurisdiction of the Chinese courts. One of our citizens in China can be prosecuted only in the United States consular court of the district. On the other hand, if he wishes to prosecute an Englishman, either civilly or criminally, he must institute proceedings in the English court. Chinamen within the foreign settlements are prosecuted by foreigners in a mixed court presided over by a mandarin, who has a foreign associate as an adviser.

At most of the important treaty ports, the foreigners reside in what is termed a foreign settlement. At Shanghai, for example, a tract of a few square miles just outside the walls of the native city is set apart for the residence and control of the foreigners of all nationalities. Within this tract the foreigner may lease land from the native owners; build his residences, offices, warehouses, factories, and wharves; establish roads, parks, and recreation grounds; do business with the native merchants, and live free of any control by the Chinese government. Contrary to the original design, the natives have come into the settlement, until now there are over two hundred thousand of them who have voluntarily submitted themselves to the jurisdiction of the municipal government. The foreign city of Shanghai is divided into the French, English, and American settlements, or concessions. The French maintain a separate municipal organization, which is not very successful. Most French-

men at Shanghai live and do business in the English settlement. The English and American settlements are under one municipal organization. The American settlement, or concession, is so called simply because the first settlers in that part of the foreign city happened to be Americans. It has no separate legal existence, and our government has never claimed any special jurisdiction over it. The American consulate is in the English settlement, which, in a legal sense, is no more English than American. The government of the settlement is vested in the consular representatives of the foreign powers, in a municipal council elected by the land renters, and in the land renters assembled in town meeting. The ultimate executive and judicial authority is in the foreign consuls. The municipal council is an administrative board, and has charge of the police, roads, parks, and waterworks. It collects the municipal taxes, and is the trustee of the municipal property. The legislature of the little republic is the annual town meeting of the land renters. It votes the annual tax levy and passes ordinances. In the scope of its authority and the character of its procedure, it is remarkably like the town meeting of our New England states. The municipality has a constitution, or charter, prosaically called Land Regulations. This charter derives its authority from the joint sanction of the Chinese government and the foreign powers. It is obvious that Shanghai is not an ordinary colony. It is not governed from Washington, London, or Berlin. It falls little short of being an independent constitutional republic, and constitutes a capital illustration of the inherited capacity of our race for local self-government. Although the government owes its character to the early English and American settlers, it is thoroughly cosmopolitan. Every foreign land renter has a vote in the town meeting and is eligible to municipal office.

At most of the important treaty ports there is a municipal government resembling that at Shanghai. These cosmopolitan, self-governing communities constitute a serious obstacle to any thoroughgoing partition of China. They have an international status which cannot well be changed without the joint consent of the powers. Germany may claim Shantung as her sphere of influence, but she would hesitate long before attempting to exercise jurisdiction over the American and English residents of Chefoo. England claims the Yangtze valley as her sphere of influence, but any attempt on her part to exercise jurisdiction over the large Russian population at Hankow would mean war. The existence of these little commonwealths where the great bulk of the foreign trade is carried on, and where immense sums of money have been permanently invested, is the best guarantee we have that there will be no actual partition of the empire. The great centres of foreign trade in China are fixed, and they are fixed at places over which all the Western powers exercise a joint jurisdiction, and in which trade is conducted on terms of perfect equality. This immutable fact is a better insurance against discriminating duties than any possible paper guarantee. Spheres of influence may be claimed and ports leased, but the great centres of foreign trade will remain at Shanghai, Canton, Hankow, and Tientsin.

The commercial and property rights of our citizens at the treaty ports have not been very seriously threatened by the recently acquired spheres of influence and leaseholds, but they are so important in themselves and in their vital relation to the larger problem of the future political integrity of China that Secretary Hay was wise in seeking to safeguard them by specific assurances.

The following is the general declaration of policy to which our government, in what has come to be known as the

Open Door Correspondence, sought the assent of all the powers interested in China :—

“First, that it will in no wise interfere with any treaty port or any vested interest within any so-called ‘sphere of interest’ or leased territory it may have in China.

“Second, that the Chinese treaty tariff of the time being shall apply to all merchandise landed or shipped to all such ports as are within such sphere of interest (unless they be free ports), no matter to what nationality it may belong, and that duties so leviable shall be collected by the Chinese government.

“Third, that it will levy no higher harbor dues on vessels of another nationality frequenting any port in such sphere than shall be levied on vessels of its own nationality, and no higher railroad charges over lines built, controlled, or operated within its sphere on merchandise belonging to citizens or subjects of other nationalities transported through such sphere, than shall be levied on similar merchandise belonging to its own nation transported over equal distances.”

Great Britain, Italy, and Japan gave their unqualified assent to this declaration. The replies of France, Germany, and Russia are given below in full. It will appear that while the replies of France and Germany are satisfactory, that of Russia is vague and evasive. All the assurances were made conditional upon the assent of the other powers. However unsatisfactory the Russian reply may be, it was regarded by our government as a substantial assent, and sufficient to make the assurances of the other powers operative.

REPLY OF FRANCE.

[Translation.]

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

MY DEAR AMBASSADOR, — I find your note awaiting me on my return. The declarations which I made in the Chamber.

ber on the 24th of November last, and which I have had occasion to recall to you since then, show clearly the sentiments of the government of the Republic. It desires throughout the whole of China, and, with the quite natural reservation that all the powers interested give an assurance of their willingness to act likewise, is ready to apply in the territories which are leased to it, equal treatment to the citizens and subjects of all nations, especially in the matter of customs duties and navigation dues, as well as transportation tariffs on railways.

I beg you, my dear ambassador, to accept, etc.

DELCASSÉ.

REPLY OF GERMANY.

[Translation.]

FOREIGN OFFICE.

BERLIN, February 19, 1900.

MR. AMBASSADOR, — Your Excellency informed me, in a memorandum presented on the 24th of last month, that the government of the United States of America had received satisfactory written replies from all the powers to which an inquiry had been addressed similar to that contained in your Excellency's note of September 26 last, in regard to the policy of the open door in China. While referring to this, your Excellency thereupon expressed the wish that the imperial government would now also give its answer in writing.

Gladly complying with this wish, I have the honor to inform your Excellency, repeating the statements already made verbally, as follows : As recognized by the government of the United States of America, according to your Excellency's note referred to above, the imperial government has from the beginning not only asserted, but also practically carried out to the fullest extent in its Chinese possessions absolute equality of treatment of all nations with regard to trade, navigation, and commerce. The imperial

government entertains no thought of departing in the future from this principle, which at once excludes any prejudicial or disadvantageous commercial treatment of the citizens of the United States of America, so long as it is not forced to do so, on account of considerations of reciprocity, by a divergence from it by other governments. If, therefore, the other powers interested in the industrial development of the Chinese Empire are willing to recognize the same principles, this can only be desired by the imperial government, which in this case upon being requested will gladly be ready to participate with the United States of America and the other powers in an agreement made upon these lines, by which the same rights are reciprocally secured.

I avail myself, etc. BÜLOW.

REPLY OF RUSSIA.

[Translation.]

MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.
December 18-30, 1899.

MR. AMBASSADOR, — I had the honor to receive your Excellency's note dated the 8th-20th of September last, relating to the principles which the government of the United States would like to see adopted in commercial matters by the powers which have interests in China.

In so far as the territory leased by China to Russia is concerned, the imperial government has already demonstrated its firm intention to follow the policy of the "open door" by creating Dalny (Ta-lien-wan) a free port; and if at some future time that port, although remaining free itself, should be separated by a customs limit from other portions of the territory in question, the customs duties would be levied, in the zone subject to the tariff, upon all foreign merchandise without distinction as to nationality.

As to the ports now opened or hereafter to be opened to foreign commerce by the Chinese government, and which

lie beyond the territory leased to Russia, the settlement of the question of customs duties belongs to China herself, and the imperial government has no intention whatever of claiming any privileges for its own subjects to the exclusion of other foreigners. It is to be understood, however, that this assurance of the imperial government is given upon condition that a similar declaration shall be made by other powers having interests in China.

With the conviction that this reply is such as to satisfy the inquiry made in the aforementioned note, the imperial government is happy to have complied with the wishes of the American government, especially as it attaches the highest value to anything that may strengthen and consolidate the traditional relations of friendship existing between the two countries.

I beg you to accept, etc.

COUNT MOURAVIEFF.

The primary object of our government in the recent correspondence was to conserve our existing treaty right of importation and trade. At the present time we have by treaty the right to import goods and trade upon terms of entire equality with every other nation. While the right of importation and trade is limited to the treaty ports, our goods pass, through Chinese agencies, to every part of the country. No nation has any peculiar trade privileges or immunities. The tariff on imports is fixed, not by legislative enactment or royal edict as in Western lands, but by treaty, and the treaties which China has entered into with the several powers establish uniform rates. On practically all the dutiable goods the rate is five per cent *ad valorem*. Inasmuch as this is fixed by treaties, the Chinese government cannot alter it at will, nor can it grant any special privileges, owing to the existence of the most favored nation clause in all the treaties. It is apparent, therefore, that our trad-

ing privileges in China do not resemble those which we enjoy in other countries. They are in the nature of vested rights, which cannot be abrogated or impaired at the will of China so long as she exercises sovereignty over her present territory. China is not a full sovereign state. The treaties which were forced upon her by war materially limit her sovereignty and make her, in a very real sense, the ward of the Western powers. The rights of the powers in China are by treaty joint and equal, and hence any assertion of exclusive rights may be opposed by the other powers as a matter of strict right. Conceding that China might defeat these treaty rights directly by voluntarily ceding portions of her territory, can she do so indirectly by leases for long terms of years, while retaining the ultimate sovereignty? Are our treaties with China operative within the territories recently leased to England, Germany, France, and Russia? These were the grave questions which our government was anxious to have definitely settled, and so far as our commercial rights are concerned, the outcome of the recent correspondence is all that could be desired. It is to be observed, however, that the political and property rights of our citizens residing in the leased territories remain unsettled.

It was feared by our government that Russia, Germany, and France might, in the future, impose discriminating duties on our goods at the ports recently leased to them by China. It was to guard against this contingency that Secretary Hay asked for more specific declarations of policy than the vague diplomatic assurances which had already been given voluntarily. It is no detracting from the merit of Secretary Hay's achievement to point out that the powers had already disavowed an illiberal policy within their leaseholds, and that our commercial rights have not been greatly enlarged. The readiness with which the assurances were given is evidence that the powers

have yielded nothing they wished to retain or thought they had a right to retain. The strongest considerations of expediency impelled the powers acquiring leaseholds to adopt a liberal policy therein. It would be commercially suicidal to adopt an illiberal policy at Talien-wan and Kiao-chou so long as the neighboring ports of Newchwang and Chefoo are open to all on equal terms. Their recent assurances are in the nature of solemn promises to continue a preëxisting policy, and a recognition of our treaty rights. We may now rest assured that our treaty rights will not be destroyed or impaired by alienations of Chinese sovereignty under the guise of leases or spheres of influence. We have acted out of abundance of caution and wisely forestalled possible future complications. This, we may be sure, was the main object of Secretary Hay.

It was a brilliant stroke of diplomacy to seek an international guarantee of equal rights at a time when, owing to recent avowals of liberal intention, the powers could not well refuse without blazoning their insincerity. A possibly temporary policy of equal rights has been made permanent and placed under the highest sanction. The content of the agreement is far less important than the fact of its existence. For the first time the great powers have come together, and partly defined their relations to one another in China. This was a signal triumph for American diplomacy, and a happy augury for that future concert of action which is indispensable if the integrity of China is to be maintained and a war over its partition averted. Secretary Hay has not solved the Chinese problem, but he has rendered its solution far easier by securing from the powers a full acknowledgment that China ought not to be exploited to the exclusive advantage of any single power or combination of powers. In the negotiation of the Hay-Paunceforte treaty, our Secretary of State showed himself a broad-minded

statesman. In the present correspondence he shows himself a clever diplomat as well.

There is danger that the scope and effect of the correspondence will be misunderstood, and wrongly regarded as a final solution of the Chinese problem. The real danger to American interests does not lie in the establishment of spheres of influence nor in the leasing of ports; it lies in the actual partition of China and the assumption of full sovereign rights by the partitioning powers. The recent action of our government was mainly precautionary and conservatory. Excepting the assurances of equal railroad rates, and the establishment of Chinese custom houses in the leased territories, we have acquired nothing we might not have demanded as a matter of strict right under our treaties. We have received no assurances against the actual partition of China. We did not ask Russia for equality of trading privileges in the event of her acquiring the full sovereignty over Manchuria. Our government wisely refrained from taking the dangerous position that our treaty rights forbid the absolute alienation of Chinese sovereignty, or stand in the way of a thoroughgoing partition of the empire. No responsible statesman would urge us to take any such stand alone. We have not undertaken to guarantee the integrity of the Chinese Empire. That is a matter for international agreement.

The present anti-foreign outbreak is certain to mark a new era in our relations with China. We have necessarily joined the other powers in protecting foreign life. It was a call of humanity compelling us to ignore every consideration of political expediency. We could not limit our action to the direct defense of our own citizens. The peril was common to all foreigners, and could be effectively met only by joint action. When order is restored a conference of the powers will undoubtedly be called to determine the future international status of

China. Inasmuch as the United States, Great Britain, and Japan will have a controlling voice in the conference we may be sure that a partition of the empire will not be seriously considered. China must be strengthened and reformed under foreign direction and control so that she may discharge her international obligations and no longer be a menace to the peace of the world by reason of her weakness. We must be insured against a recurrence of present conditions, and a mere money indemnity would be inadequate. An exasperating experience of more than half a century has proved conclusively that any promise of administrative reform made by the government at Peking will be nullified by the obstruction of the local officials from whom there is no practical appeal for the foreigner. The requisite security for foreign life and enterprise in China can be attained only by means of drastic administrative reforms initiated from without. The government at Peking does not desire reforms, and its tenure is so insecure that it could not introduce them if it desired. The mandarins cannot be expected to destroy a system upon which they thrive; and the people at large are ignorant, indifferent, unpatriotic, and without any inherited capacity for concerted political action. The extreme decentralization of the political system has destroyed all national feeling.

The attitude of our government in any conference that may be called is foreshadowed by the Open Door Correspondence. The general policy of the administration was admirably expressed in the note of Ambassador Choate to Lord Salisbury:—

“It is the sincere desire of my government that the interests of its citizens may not be prejudiced through exclusive treatment by any of the controlling powers within their respective spheres of interest in China, and it hopes to retain there an open market for all the world’s commerce, remove dangerous sources of in-

ternational irritation, and thereby hasten united action of the powers at Peking to promote administrative reforms, so greatly needed for strengthening the imperial government and maintaining the integrity of China, in which it believes the whole Western world is alike concerned."

Here is the key to the whole situation. The fundamental need of China is administrative reform; and this can be accomplished only under foreign compulsion and supervision. Without it the political integrity of China cannot be maintained, nor can foreign trade largely increase. The difficulty lies in determining the extent and mode of such foreign control. For many years the customs service has been managed by foreigners with the cordial approval of the Chinese government. Recently the postal service was voluntarily placed under the same management. Here is a precedent which might well be followed by the powers in compelling China to place her military and internal revenue systems under the general management of foreigners. The army must be reorganized so that it may be an effective police force for the protection of foreign life and property. The internal revenue system must be reorganized in order to free foreign trade from unlawful exactions. The powers will be inclined to demand these reforms unconditionally. To the mind of the present writer, it would be far wiser to se-

cure the consent of the Chinese government by offering adequate compensation in the form of an international guarantee, for a term of years, of the neutrality of Chinese territory. This would save the face of the Chinese government, and secure its consent and coöperation. It would do far more. It would preserve the balance of power in the Far East, avert war, and open up China to the vivifying influences of Western civilization without violating the integrity of her territory or destroying the ancient fabric of her civilization.

The United States is admirably qualified to take the lead in such a movement. We are on friendly terms with all the powers concerned, and the disinterestedness of our motives would be universally conceded. The present administration has won the approval of the American people, the gratitude of the Chinese government, and the respect of the European powers, by its bold championship of equal commercial rights in China. We have assumed a leadership in the solution of the Chinese problem which it is fitting we should not willingly resign without a final success. The note of Ambassador Choate quoted above shows that our government is already committed to the policy of joint action. It would be exceedingly gratifying if such action should be agreed upon in a congress of the powers sitting at Washington.

Mark B. Dunnell.

SOME RADICALS AS STATESMEN: CHASE, SUMNER, ADAMS, AND STEVENS.

ROBERT WALPOLE'S oft-quoted remark, "Anything but history, for history must be false," would not have been regarded as either cynical or jocose if he had added that historians largely rely upon biographers, who are rarely impartial. The old style of biography was to

be indiscriminating, — to praise as if the subject had been a faultless hero throughout his life, making no reference to his shortcomings, or to criticise him as an unusually successful villain. This sort of writing can influence only immature minds; it rarely appeals to thoughtful

readers, because it fails to make real the incidents and the characters it describes. The pioneers of the new school of biography began to appear many years ago, but the earlier methods and ideas are often met with. "If you see so much to criticize in your subject," a writer of the new school was asked, "why have you spent so much time in studying and writing about him?" His answer was, "I studied his career because it interested me, and I wished to speak with some authority if I discovered anything new."

Biography of the highest order has two general characteristics: it conveys correct impressions, and attains the rank of literature. Schopenhauer was writing less like himself than like Emerson when he said, that the way to appreciate men of genius is to attend to the qualities in which they excel; that genius should be estimated by the height to which it is able to soar when the circumstances are most favorable. And one of Seward's many wise observations was, that the faults of great men drop out in history. If either opinion meant that only what was best or most attractive should be mentioned, it was not sound; but both were right if the idea was that real greatness is not to be understood or qualified by incidental failings. The biographer, at least, must not keep back from the reader anything that would help to make the picture lifelike; yet if he should tell everything he would certainly shock some persons, bore others, and mislead all. To put as much stress upon the private lives of Franklin, Webster, and Clay as upon their public services would probably cause every third person to strike these names from his list of national heroes. So the accurate biographer must imagine the thoughts of his reader almost as much as he must study the acts of his subject. And in many respects, it is as difficult to write good biography as it is to write good history.

The style, method, and purpose of political biography in the United States have

been greatly improved by the American Statesmen Series. It must be confessed that a few of these volumes are commonplace; a few others show neither research nor knowledge of men and public life; but fully three fourths of the twenty-nine studies are excellent in scholarship and composition; and several of them, such as Mr. Morse's Lincoln and John Quincy Adams, and Mr. Schurz's Clay, prove that biography can be brought up to the level of pure literature, and can be made as interesting as any literature. But the purpose of these few pages is not to describe the series, but only to comment on the four volumes that bring it to an end.

The task of writing a satisfactory narrative of Chase's varied and important public life would have been difficult under the most favorable circumstances. To make it complete, scholarly, and attractive, and yet short enough to fit into the procrustean measure of this series, was a problem that only a very few persons could have solved. Warden and Schuckers lack almost everything except historical material and ink and paper. The way they left the field reminds one of the backwoods of New England; here and there a half-cultivated patch, studded with great boulders and stumps, and the remainder part swamp and part hillside covered with scraps of forest. The prospect must have been rather discouraging even to an enthusiast for work.

There were four distinct periods in Chase's political life. The first comprised the years from 1828 to 1848, when his interest in public affairs was shown by his activity in writing anti-slavery addresses and resolutions, encouraging anti-slavery efforts of nearly all kinds. He was heroic in his generous championship of fugitive slaves, and came to be known as their "attorney general." His ringing appeals for independence from the narrow and selfish aims of existing parties influenced thousands of Democrats to revolt from the leadership of such

men as the time-serving Cass and the scheming, energetic Douglas. By rare good fortune he became the intellectual leader of the Free-Soil party, and was chosen United States Senator. Professor Hart's account of Chase's influence in hastening the development of the anti-slavery movement in Ohio, and what was then regarded as the West, is fresh and interesting; Chase was the best exponent of a great uprising which as a rule used political methods wisely.

The second period covers the years from 1849 to March, 1861. During most of this time Chase was United States Senator or governor of Ohio. As Senator he was peculiarly excellent. He was more than a man of principles and courage and independence, for his principles were thoroughly statesmanlike, his courage was well directed, and his independence was not due to selfish motives. Doubtless on account of lack of space, Professor Hart has not given an adequate account of Chase's great services in undermining the Democratic party after the introduction of the Kansas-Nebraska bill. But the author's characterization of Douglas displays insight and a critical faculty of a high order. With the formation and growth of the Republican party, the belief steadily grew in Chase's mind that he must reach the White House.

Chase's theories and acts in the field of national finance are now for the first time explained in so clear and popular a manner as to make them thoroughly intelligible. And although some serious mistakes are frankly admitted, his right to be regarded as a financier of the first order is satisfactorily demonstrated. It is therefore time to give him a place in history determined by his positive services, rather than by his inordinate but not fundamental weaknesses. His ambition thwarted itself, and he has had rather more than his share of critics.

Chase as Chief Justice is not admirable. The main influences that led Lin-

coln to appoint Chase were undoubtedly a desire to treat him magnanimously while removing him from politics, and to put in Taney's seat a man that was the antithesis of Taney, whom Republicans hated so bitterly that the hatred is transmitted from generation to generation. It was one of Lincoln's few great mistakes to overlook such lawyers as Trumbull, Evarts, and Fessenden, not to mention a score of others. Chase lacked the mind, the temperament, and the training for the position; and not even Professor Hart can convince us of the contrary. To suggest that the appointments of Marshall and Taney from political life warranted the selection of Chase is sophistical. One might as well attempt to defend the appointment of politicians to high military commands because a few of the political generals of the civil war became excellent soldiers. However, the careful exposition the author has made of Chase's leading decisions is sure to increase his reputation as a justice. The candor with which the author tells us how Chase continued to dream of reaching the White House is commendable, but it creates a feeling of pity for the unwise Chief Justice. Yet we ought not to be surprised, as Senator Chase had the amazing egotism to say, "I should like to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and overrule all the pro-slavery decisions; I should like to be President of the United States and reverse the policy of the administration as Jefferson reversed it."

For a man of wide political experience Chase was strangely lacking in *savoir-faire*. His petty weaknesses and consuming ambition, which did not affect the perfect rectitude of his life, seriously injured him in the opinion of both contemporaries and scholars. Professor Hart has told us practically everything of importance about Chase; and — what is the biographer's most difficult task — he has stated the facts and arranged his proportions so as to give due weight to the really important acts. We cannot quite

reverence Chase nor regard him as a great political leader, but he had real nobility of character, and his life is intensely interesting because he was so very human.

No public man whose career is reviewed in this series has been less written about than Charles Francis Adams. His acts attracted very little attention except between 1860 and 1868. He was conspicuous for only a few months at other times. Many persons must have been surprised when it was announced that he was to have a place among the American Statesmen, and that his career was to be described by his son and namesake, in complete disregard of the axiom that there should be no kinship between the subject and the biographer. But fears were all in vain. The present biographer writes with a freedom and good-natured independence such as hardly any one else would have been likely to feel. Already a reviewer of the book has charged him with not doing his father full justice. The charge is not quite groundless, for Mr. Adams seems to regard it as useless, or worse, to fill his space with praise. He knows how to marshal the facts with dramatic force, and leave nearly all else to the judgment of the reader. Especially after 1860 the narrative is much like a series of historical essays, with only a thread of biography. And on all questions between the United States and Great Britain during the civil war, it is by far the best short study that has yet been made. The book has a special charm, because the author is able to see and to appreciate all that his father understood, and to view the whole field as no one could do when the events were taking place. His style is unstudied; it is more like the talk of a thoughtful scholar, with a keen sense of humor. It both fascinates us and inspires entire confidence.

In the winter of 1860-61 Adams believed with Weed and Seward that the recent Republican victory meant the permanent overthrow of the influence of

slavery in national politics; that as the Republicans had not then the power to resist secession by force, it would be better to offer such concessions as would indicate that they had no unconstitutional purposes, and that therefore secession was unwarranted. When the Southern leaders rejected all concessions as inadequate, they put themselves in the wrong, weakened their influence over Southern conservatives, and made it clear to Northerners that the revolutionary movement must be resisted. To help bring about this conclusion was Adams's important service in the House of Representatives. As Minister, he went to England with the conviction that a war with Great Britain would soon lead to the recognition of the independence of the Confederacy by nearly all foreign powers. Adams's method was to gather careful information as to the assistance, direct or indirect, the Confederacy was receiving from Englishmen. He used his facts so effectively that he put the British government on the defensive. Neither Palmerston nor Russell was a match for him in a diplomatic argument. He was always straightforward, sincere, and well prepared. He used none of the artifices of the sly diplomatist, and had no fear of them. As has been aptly said, Adams was a strange combination of ice and fire. When Russell was cold, Adams could be a little colder; and when Palmerston was hot, or for political effect pretended to be, Adams could show indignation of decidedly higher temperature. At another time, when the signs indicated that the Confederate ironclad rams were to be allowed to go forth from England, and that peaceful relations must cease, Adams sent Russell that impressive warning, "It would be superfluous in me to point out to your lordship that this is war;" but he was too discreet to throw down the cards, or in any way make matters worse. His courage and perfect self-control enabled him to get past this difficulty as he did others.

And one of his greatest successes was in eliminating from the regular Alabama claims those that were called the "indirect claims." No man of the time was Adams's superior in personal dignity, self-possession, sound judgment, and ability to make the most out of circumstances without running any great risks. He had no marked weaknesses; he made few mistakes; he grew with the dangers; he was a thorough success.

Charles Sumner was an idealist and a politico-moral revolutionist. He acted with enthusiasm and intense feeling, and was the representative of the anti-slavery extremists. In regard to all the phases of the question of slavery, he was as unyielding as cast iron. He entered the United States Senate as an exponent of the protest against Webster's ideas of compromise in 1850, and representing the hatred Northern reformers felt against slavery in all its manifestations. He was determined to give expression and emphasis to their conviction that it was not only wrong, but was so demoralizing also that slaveholders had no right to claim high respectability; he meant to put them under a ban. He thought of other subjects, and gave some of them his serious attention; but he considered it to be his mission in life to undermine slavery. After the civil war began, of course his purpose changed; then the problem was how to destroy slavery in the shortest possible time, and to free the negro from all danger of subjection to the white man.

Few persons conscious of their political power have been less selfishly ambitious than Sumner. Although egotistical, vain, and overbearing, he never sought control and glory chiefly for his own advancement. To him public life was not a personal affair. If there ever was a brutal, cowardly act, it was Brooks's assault. It made Sumner an invalid for years, and permanently injured his health; yet the victim bore the bully no grudge. In the days of Reconstruction many Republicans, notably Stevens, in-

sisted that the Confederate leaders must pay a bloody penalty. If not practicable to deprive them of their heads, they must at least be impoverished and disfranchised. But whatever extremes Sumner advocated were not for purposes of revenge or punishment, but strictly for what he supposed to be the welfare of the negro. Perhaps he was exhibiting his idealism quite as much as his statesmanship when he advocated so soon after the war the removal from battle flags of the names of victories won over fellow citizens. Whatever we may think of his judgment, there can be but one opinion as to the magnanimity of his character. He never saw a wrong that he dared not attack, and never deceived himself with that most demoralizing question, "What is the use?" He was preëminently a man of principles and strong personality.

Sumner also possessed some of the best attributes of statesmanship; he was a great student, and always commanded a vast fund of information. By far his best work was done as chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. His influence and his argument regarding the Trent incident were excellent. But he was in many respects very much of an agitator and a zealot; his imagination often conjured up horrible images; he was impatient to lead an attack. Mr. Storey's biography is too subdued to give the reader the impression which Sumner made upon persons who knew him. It chills enthusiasm to represent Sumner as a wise, sober-minded statesman. Even Mr. Pierce, on whose great work this volume is based, only incidentally shows the ardor and intensity of Sumner's nature, which often blinded his judgment, and made him wholly unconscious of the significance of the words he was uttering.

Thaddeus Stevens was in character and temperament unlike Adams, Chase, or Sumner. They were primarily philanthropists and reformers, and, in differ-

ent degrees, men of sentiment. While Stevens did many generous and philanthropic acts, his course was the result of careful, logical thought, often radical and daring, yet still a product of the mind rather than of the heart. In fact, the reason he could see so clearly was that no sentiment came in to obstruct the view. Chase and Adams were cultured, polite, and considerate; but Stevens was often harsh, intolerant, cynical, and even brutal in his severity. The twist of his club foot seemed to be a true expression of his nature. He was a gnarled oak. It would not be easy to find three men with less humor or wit than Adams, Chase, and Sumner. None of their contemporaries possessed quite so much wit or used it with such effect as Stevens; at times he employed it roughly, almost fiercely. To a person still living he said, shortly after the attempt to assassinate Seward, "Why, it won't kill him; you might cut out his heart and he would still survive; but if you deprived him of offices, that would be fatal!" It was only in jest, but it was typical of his lack of fine feeling and sympathy. Although born and educated in New England, and never a resident of the West, he belonged in the class with Ben. Wade, Oliver P. Morton, and Zach. Chandler. They were all virile, daring, and aggressive rather than refined or brilliant.

These facts have very little to do with a proper estimation of the value of Stevens's services to his country; they were hardly more than the clothes he wore. His public life commenced over thirty years before the civil war, but he was near the line of threescore and ten years when he began to play a leading rôle. An opponent of Jackson, a political anti-mason, a Whig, and then a Republican, he had always been anti-slavery, and usually a member of the opposition; yet his manner and his ideas suggest the politician much more than the reformer: he was extreme and fearless, but he never lost sight of what was practical, — a rad-

ical, yet also a partisan. When the Republicans came into power, March 4, 1861, there was never more need of men with clear vision and a capacity to shape and push through policies that would grow in scope as fast as the dangers they were designed to overcome. In this respect, at least, Stevens met the first demand of the time. From July, 1861, until his death in 1868, he was the leader of the Republicans in the House of Representatives. He fully realized the seriousness of the conflict with the Confederacy; and constantly insisted that nothing less than promptness, energy, and a determination to succeed would make success possible. The slaveholders were trying to destroy the Union to save slavery; so Stevens, almost from the first, was in favor of destroying slavery to save the Union. The Southern states had broken the Constitution in the attempt to gain their independence; so Stevens would play their own game and wage war against them regardless of the Constitution until they were conquered. He always stood ready to give the Federal government all the resources it could use; he was dictatorial in his management of affairs in the House, and had only scorn and contempt for those who wished to debate or to protest against measures he advocated. We may not like men of this type, but they are necessary in a really serious civil war.

Stevens's influence in reconstruction was much less beneficial if, perchance, it was beneficial at all. When the war ended he was in his seventy-fourth year; his health was shattered; he knew that but little time remained for him. Yet he was never more eager to lead nor more confident of the importance of his opinions. He was in favor of keeping the seceding states as conquered provinces until the leading secessionists should be punished by confiscating much of their property, and until there should be a change in social and political relations. And he was enough of a partisan to feel

that it was his duty to provide for the supremacy of the Republican party for a long time to come. So when the cotton states passed their "black codes," and Johnson undertook to restore the states to their old places and otherwise to disregard the wishes of Congress, Stevens favored giving suffrage to the negroes and impeaching the President. Stevens's satire and bad manners greatly embittered the conflict between Johnson and Congress, and without his resentful and angry leadership matters would not have gone to such extremes. His remark, that since Seward had entered into Johnson he had been running down steep places into the sea, was characteristic of his rasping wit.

Mr. McCall's style is clear, and he grows in power and self-confidence as he proceeds. He has collected many of Stevens's witticisms, which have historical importance, besides being very amusing. On the whole, however, he has taken Stevens too seriously. The man that ridiculed others so freely should have been treated less solemnly.

If any one had prophesied, early in the fifties, that within ten years Chase would be at the head of the nation's finances, and then a little later be Chief

Justice; that Charles Francis Adams, the Free-Soil candidate for the vice presidency, would have the most important office abroad; that Thaddeus Stevens, the favorite of Free-Soilers for the speakership in 1849, would rule the House of Representatives; and that Charles Sumner, the fiery and passionate orator, would be the most powerful Senator, — he would have been regarded as insane. But in time they came into power, and even the preservation of the Union was very largely dependent upon their ability to devise and carry out well-considered and far-reaching plans. Stevens died before the election of 1868; but before that of 1872 Chase, Sumner, and Adams had broken away from the Republican party, and had again become independent. Their careers illustrate how circumstances may change the radical into a statesman, and how the statesman may again seem to be resolved into the radical. These interesting volumes bring this important series to a conclusion. It would be still more interesting and important if it contained biographies of Stephen A. Douglas and of Jefferson Davis. Where Cass and Calhoun are admitted, it is not well to bar Douglas and Davis.

Frederic Bancroft.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

WE all know the ancient saying, and most of us hold it to be true, that "old wines, old books, and old friends are best." But to this fair list would it not be well to add "old enemies" too? For, consider the importance, nay, the very necessity, of our enemies in the just economy of life! What would we do without our old enemies, whom we have been fighting all our lives? It is hard to conceive what life would be without them.

Our Enemies.

There are, for instance, my old enemies, the ascetics. If it were not for their unceasing opposition to all the joys of life, for me at least half the zest of my delight in the good things that are the direct gift of God or the fruit of man's ingenuity would be taken away. I love to pursue with my maledictions these cursers of gladness, from the Buddhists of Asia and the monks of mediæval Europe to the latter-day saints of America. Shall there be no more cakes

and ale, because these crazy zealots have interdicted pleasure in the name of the Lord? Sometimes they war against meat diet, sometimes against marriage. They have now a mystic reason for warning us against wine and all the beverages that uplift the heart, and now against dance and song. Here they plant their batteries against all forms of dramatic art, and there against luxury in dress. They scout tobacco, and they rage against monuments. Would you have them cease these madnesses altogether? Would you have no revilers of the arts, no sticklers for Sunday laws? What would there be left us then to laugh at? The sane would hardly be conscious of their sanity if all these forms of lunacy were removed from the world.

Then, there are my old enemies, the literalists. These are the men who comprehend no figure of speech. To them metaphor is fact and hyperbole is the quintessence of doctrine. See what they make of Holy Scripture, turning into incontrovertible dogmas every Oriental trope they come across! It is needless to specify. Every sect can see clearly enough where the other sects commit this logical fallacy.

To the literalists humor is as the schedule A in the array of specifications. Statistics can give no stronger warrant. *They* see into the heart of humor? No, indeed; they have an admirable knowledge of its rough rind, and can give you a scientific demonstration of its texture, color, protuberances; but of its inner richness they know as little as the unborn babe. Cervantes "laughed Spain's chivalry away," forsooth! Horace played the coward at Philippi, it seems, the witness being that playful reference of his to the *parmula non bene relicta*! What good to tell these dull fellows that no knight errant that ever lived excelled Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra in daring courage, self-sacrificing devotion to his comrades, heroic fortitude? What good to tell them that of all the Romans of

his time none could compare with Horatius Flaccus in loving admiration for the heroes of the olden days, none sang so divinely of men like Regulus, none so lamented the ruin of the republic?

Then, there are the enemies of literary art, the men who hold any form of knowledge, however dry and choky, to be superior to fiction. Unaware that a work of creative genius is the rarest of gems, they rank the droningest old compiler of facts above a Fielding or a Thackeray, and rebuke the sensible boy who is poring over *Ivanhoe* or *The Maid of Sker* instead of some third-rate pretense of a history. To these slaves of the treadmill, these devotees of the divinity that presides over public school ideals of education, a textbook is really a book, and all that Charles Lamb has written seems no doubt the mere syllabub of literature. James Payn once had a good laugh somewhere in print over these folk who love to "stodge themselves with information;" but his glee had no effect on the tribe of grovelers after fact and grubbers for statistics, since I find them growling savagely to-day at the numbers who are taking delight in Richard Carvel, *The Battle of the Strong*, and *To Have and To Hold*.

Close akin to these enemies of mine are those sciolists who would have art put on the garb of science, and utterly ignore the great truth that art is in its very nature selective.

I cannot relish these people, and must make war on them with pellets of the brain and gusts of Homeric laughter to the very verge of the grave.

Yet, as I have said, life would be but a dreary round of unappetizing pleasures without the stimulus afforded by the pricks and stabs of these enemies of mine. The ascetics, the literalists, the denouncers of fiction, the adorers of photographic minuteness in art, — all these have done, it is true, a vast deal of harm at critical periods of human development; but, on the whole, what a pre-

cious hoard of mirth has been gathered into literature at their expense! what a fund of exquisite amusement they afford at all times! how diverting their antics! Sidney and Shakespeare, Molière and Fielding, Sydney Smith and Erasmus (the clergy should go in pairs), Mark Twain and Oliver Wendell Holmes, to name a few among the cohorts of those whom I count on my side, have helped me to make sport of these Philistines; and if the sons of folly were rooted out altogether, where would be the game for such keen and blithesome hunters any more forever?

No, no, for Momus' sake, let us keep our old enemies.

GOING, one morning in early June, while the horse-chestnut and acacia blossoms were still making an outdoor fête in Paris, to the Louvre, to pass a consecrated hour or two with the pre-Raphaelite masterpieces on the walls, it was my unexpected fate to be started off in a train of thought entirely foreign to the occasion. The company of the pre-Raphaelites is usually the most soothing in the world. One loves these early Italian masters, not because they make one think, but because they make one feel. It was therefore not only surprising, but disappointing, on this brilliant spring morning, to have all my previous experience of their influence flatly reversed by a faded, partly defaced, and generally overlooked fresco by Botticelli, or by the pupils of Botticelli.

This fresco is not in the Salle des Primitifs, where the works of Sandro and of his school naturally belong. It hangs instead at the head of the great staircase known as the Escalier Daru, and it came, together with its companion piece on the opposite side of the landing, from the Villa Lemmi, near Florence. The subject is allegorical, being the presentation of the youth Lorenzo Albizzi to the Liberal Arts, who are personified, after the fashion of the period, by seven female figures.

Never was allegory conceived under a more delightfully natural and human aspect. Gazing at the group of lifelike and life-size figures, one is tempted to believe that they must have been revealed to the painter in a prophetic vision of the nineteenth century. The sedate, graceful, charming person placed on a raised dais to the right, as you face the picture, might be sitting for an idealized portrait of the dean of a modern female college. Her figure, as she bends earnestly but gently forward, is hidden under a scholar's gown, probably a doctor's, hooded and heavily trimmed with fur. On her head is a cap, an eminently scholarly cap, yet at the same time such an individual, appropriate, preëminently feminine one that it is in no wise marred by any suggestion of its having been borrowed from a wearer of another sex. It is of purest white, with a curtain falling lacewise about the throat and veiling it. And over the cap, around the crown of the head, is wound a heavy tress of plaited hair, which passes under and gracefully catches up and loops the long, veiling curtain. Nothing could ornament a woman's head more effectively than this lovely band of plaited hair. Its owner's right hand is raised in a gesture of exhortation, as of a lecturer who would enforce a point. Between the fingers of her left hand, which rests in her lap, is held what seems to be a slender branch of palm. At her knees and feet are grouped, three on either side, her feminine dons. They also are gowned in scholarly fashion, but they appear without caps, *en cheveux*, as the French say, with the exception of one, who by the Eastern burnous twisted around head and shoulders, as well as by the crab and wand in her hands, would seem to be the professor of astronomy. The youthful professor of music wears a delightfully dreamy inspired air, while the holder of the chair of mathematics is plainly not oblivious of the decorative value of elaborately

A Reactionary Suggestion.

woven locks. To this presence enters from the left of the picture the young Lorenzo, led by a grave-eyed but light-footed girl graduate.

It was the surprisingly modern note in this graceful composition of the Cinque Cento which irresistibly connected it with one of those disturbing contemporaneous questions that ought to lie comfortably dormant in the mind, in the serene presence of an old master. "Has the movement for the higher education and equal rights of women after all really improved the sex from an all-round point of view?" I futilely asked, and still sometimes ask myself, when I happen to look at my framed photograph of the fresco from the Villa Lemmi.

Sociologically — yes, no doubt. But with an appreciably increased number of reasonable beings and of competent workers, are there in the world to-day as many adorable wives and mothers and sweet-hearts? In lieu of the charm of the emotional, instinctive, intensely individual woman, it is not easy to accept mere reasonableness and usefulness. While women think as clearly as men, and act as promptly as men, side by side with men, who is left to appeal to the imagination, the chivalry of mankind? It is undeniably much to help, but it is assuredly still more to inspire. And therefore I now and again irrelevantly wonder if the female graduate is likely to furnish an ideal for the poetry and romance of the future, and if an artist will some day be inspired by a female college president to place on canvas a figure as charming as the pretty Dean of the Liberal Arts in the Louvre.

A PROMINENT Shakespearean lecturer has playfully described Shakespeare, recalled to earth, making a tour of our best theatres. He pictures the great dramatist as charmed with all the perfect stage appliances, delighted with our wonderful improvements, and viewing us with steadily increasing respect and admiration, —

and then the curtain rises, and he listens to one of our modern pieces, first with curiosity, then in astonishment, and lastly with disgust, until he shudderingly withdraws, marveling that folks apparently so clever really possess no brains at all.

Berlioz asserts that dramatic art in the time of Shakespeare was more appreciated by the masses than it is in our day by those nations which lay most claim to possessing a feeling for it. Whether this be true or not, it is a fact that our complex modern civilization has failed to produce any great dramatic masterpieces. Its very complexity doubtless accounts for this. Passions, vices, virtues, tastes, and wants are more plainly expressed among primitive races: thence the strength and classic simplicity of the ancient drama. We of to-day, who cultivate our tastes, disguise our thoughts, and carefully conceal our wants, are more intent upon analyzing our emotions than expressing them. If, however, we cannot supply the conditions necessary to produce a great drama, we can at least proclaim our dissatisfaction with a mediocre one. We can refuse to lower our ideals, and our persistent demand for something great must sooner or later be rewarded by something better than that which we now possess.

The rude, irreverent Mysteries and Miracle Plays delighted our ancestors, whose training had not made them oversensitive to the incongruous, nor yet endowed them with delicate discrimination such as we boast of; though they were perhaps possessed of mightier imaginations by way of compensation. These crude performances were, as we know, gradually succeeded by more elaborate stage mechanism and display; and yet, witness the contrast between a stage performance in Shakespeare's time and our splendid representations of external nature! We have developed an extraordinary technical skill, but the decline of the drama may in a great measure be

attributed to this movement. The attention of the audience is now directed to the efforts of the painter rather than to the work of the dramatist, whose small creations are often almost lost amid the marvelous effects of light and shade on our gigantic stages.

It would be senseless to ignore the value of proper stage setting, of lighting and costume, and a genuine artistic background. Shakespeare, we may surmise, never lost sight of the importance of costume and stage effect. His methods called for an accurate mounting and costuming of every piece. He delighted in an artistic picture for the eyes to dwell upon, but he never lost sight of its relative importance. It was first to the ears of his audience that his drama was intended to appeal, and its elocutionary rendering was a weighty consideration. Indeed, the Elizabethans laid great stress upon the art of elocution. The audience of that age was trained to comprehend that which was "written with the voice," for they "read with the ear," instead of with the opera-glass. Actors to-day speak with their hands and feet, rather than with their voices, while the spectators listen with their eyes. There is so much to see, that what they hear is of small consequence.

Are we not doing our best to eliminate the intellectual activity of a supposedly intelligent audience, when we produce varied pictorial effects combined with manifold mechanical devices and term the heterogeneous result a drama?

Surely we must often question to-day whether the drama belongs to the stage mechanism or the stage mechanism to the drama. Let us take warning, lest our carefully executed detail fail of its mission. Better no detail at all than that it should obscure the vital subject by its prominence, and rival instead of help to reveal.

We are not only judged by the things we do, but also by the things we can do without; the latter are perhaps even

more characteristic of us. Can we do without a great drama, and content ourselves with stage appliances? What does our stage detail of to-day teach us of ourselves, and what will it tell to future generations? Will it tell of a people quite devoid of imagination, more troubled about minutiae than motive, — a people blinded by a multiplicity of lights, a band of realists who first shut out the sun, and then try patiently to reproduce it?

Truly it has been well said, "It is not so much the day of judgment that we need fear as the day of no judgment."

My friend, a prominent educator, conspicuously identified with institutions for the education of negroes, both at the North and the South, has made himself unpopular of late by his advocacy of white teachers for negroes under all circumstances, if possible, holding that certain marked characteristics of the race, — mental defects, mainly, which impede progress, are sure to be perpetuated by the negro teacher, no matter what his acquirements, — defects that might be lessened, and possibly eradicated by the white disciplinarian. Of far more interest to me than his theories, and his exhaustive support of the same, are his notebooks, particularly that one containing a collection of answers given by negro students when wrestling with examinations. Now I am sure that the Club will pardon my omitting classification, etc., if I but give them a few of those answers, adding only, that the owner of this notebook declares that they could only have been given by negroes, and that each one reveals to him the locality where the student was raised, and the school where the examination was held. "What was the religion of the Ancient Britons? A strange and terrible one: that of the Dudes. Where is the earth's climate the hottest? Next the Creator. What can you tell of Ben Jonson? He survived Shakespeare in some respects.

All of Which
Goes to
Prove —

What causes perspiration? The culinary glands. What is the spinal column? Bones running all over the body and very dangerous. What is the function of the gastric juice? To digest the stomach. For what is John Milton famous? Keeping bad angels out of heaven. Name some of the early Christian Fathers. Jerome, Oxigen, and Ambrosia. What is the form of water drops? Generally spherical, for reasons known only to the gracious Providence who makes them."

To his notebook of genuine negro dialect he could add the following, taken by shorthand, from the babblement of our black cook, when she came in from church one evening; we having given it to test his skill in locating negroes by their speech, particularly if they had had some educational advantages, as our Jinny was careful to have known of herself. "That precha's no 'count. Heze a pisturpol from the osturpol. He cawn't preach to me no moah. His prayin' was cheerin' 'nuff, but he preached pow'ful low. The tex'? Oh yes; 't was 'bout the bower and the weeper. The bower shall be destroyed with fiah — dem's the words — and the weeper shall come forth, and there shall be wah! wah! wah! ovah all the earth." We were charged to note that some words were correctly pronounced; those gave him his clue. Of course, the sermon she had heard was about the sower and the reaper, and her report was largely imaginary, or, what was more likely, her interpretation was a misconception of the meaning of words. Where did Jinny hail from? "From

the Southwest," was the prompt answer, "and she has been taught in a mission school by negroes." He was right, — puzzling as it was to understand how he knew. In compliance with his request that we send him additional specimens of Jinny's dialect, we were able to make but few contributions, owing to her setting forth again not long after on her wanderings to see the world. When reproved for idleness one day, she had retorted that she was no idolater. Flannels never flinched when she washed them, and she had been shocked upon learning that a woman of her acquaintance had become an interloper (had run away to get married). From Boston came the last we may ever hear from Jinny, — and very hard it was to decipher her queer hieroglyphics, — she was "gladdest of all that she could reed and rite and figer in her hed."

THE following is an exact copy, saving names, of a bill found **For Dentistry, please.** among the papers of a venerable friend.

"John Smith Esq.,

To Charles Robinson, *Dr.*

"May 26, 1826. To one piece of dental statuary, with six flukes and seven points, fitted nicely to the anterior, inferior processes of the Maxilla superior, and warranted three years (provided the dental Radices are capable of retaining the pivots) for twenty-one dollars."

Disputing that bill must have been out of the question. It recalls the story of somebody's silencing a termagant fish-wife by calling her an isosceles triangle.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXXXVI. — SEPTEMBER, 1900. — No. DXV.

THE AMERICAN BOSS.

THE American boss is a creature much talked about, and generally from the moral standpoint. Americans spend much ink in affirming with great earnestness that he ought not to be; we exhort one another to get rid of him, and exhibit our several panaceas for his extermination. All this, doubtless, is well, but once in a while it may also be well to limit ourselves to a consideration of his nature and of the causes of his existence. In investigating and describing the bacillus of cholera, the scientific man spends little time in denouncing the bacillus as the enemy of man, or in proving that man's moral duty is to destroy it. Sometimes, at least, he confines himself almost altogether to a description of the bacillus, and to an investigation of the causes of its appearance. Abominable as a boss must be to right-thinking men, just for once we may be content to treat him as the bacteriologist treats his bugs. Cultivate him we need not, indeed, but in order to isolate the object of our research we may examine the cultures made for us by others.

In studying the politics of one country, a comparison of them with the politics of another country is always instructive, and so, in investigating the American boss, a comparison of English political conditions with American will explain some things otherwise hard to understand. Before discussing the causes of bossism, however, let us try to define our terms. The word "boss" is used so

loosely in common speech that it has no very definite meaning.

The boss is a man who concerns himself with politics and with partisan politics; so much is clear. That there are many partisan politicians who are not bosses is equally clear. Again, a boss is not the same thing as a bad or unprincipled politician. Though it were admitted that Mr. Bryan, for example, is as bad and unprincipled a politician as his worst enemies habitually represent him, yet he would not be constituted a boss.

A boss is not only a partisan politician, that is, one concerned with partisan politics, but he is a political machinist, that is, one concerned with the machinery of political parties. Many politicians are not political machinists. In England, indeed, while nearly every public man is a partisan politician, few of the leading public men are political machinists. Mr. Chamberlain is, or is supposed to be, a rare exception to the general rule. In this country, Messrs. Reed, Edmunds, Blaine, Bayard, and Thurman, all partisan politicians, and none of them wholly ignorant of partisan political machinery, were not political machinists, as was Mr. Tilden, for instance. None of them could have properly managed his own campaign in an important popular election as Tilden could and did manage his. No one of the men first mentioned was a boss, or could have been; their lack of training as political machinists forbade it; but

Tilden, though a most accomplished machinist, was no boss. It follows, therefore, that the term boss is not synonymous with political machinist. The relation of the boss to partisan political machinery is so close, however, that if we are to investigate the boss, our political machinery also must be examined at some length rather than taken for granted.

Let us suppose two great national parties contending for a majority at a popular election. Each party represents, or is supposed to represent, certain political principles; that is to say, each party in its corporate capacity seeks to obtain, or to prevent, certain action by the nation or general body politic. In this attempt it is opposed by the other party. Even if no political principle be seriously involved in the election supposed, there are candidates for political office whom the parties severally seek to elect. To secure the triumph of its partisan political principles by the election of its partisan candidates, or to secure the election of those candidates without much regard to principles, each party needs elaborate organization and expensive political machinery. Any party or other body of men, whatever its character or principles, which should seek political success without organization and machinery would meet the same fate that would befall, let us say, a religious denomination which depended entirely upon spasmodic individual effort. The individual members of the denomination supposed might combine character and ability in rare perfection. Its doctrine might be the purest truth, but in the attempt to convert the public to its doctrines the unorganized denomination would be surpassed by a well-organized religious body whose members were inferior persons and whose doctrine contained some error. The like is true of political parties, probably in a greater degree. Effective unorganized political movements do occur, generally in small communities, but they

are the exceptions which prove the rule, and their effect is usually both temporary and uncertain. To have extended and lasting effect, political movements ordinarily require political machinery.

The requirements of partisan machinery have been partially stated in an interesting and convincing manner by the late Mr. John M. Forbes, whose relation to the Republican national political machine was unique. Perhaps no man in this country who did not make politics a profession ever had so intimate a knowledge of political machinery, or operated it on so large a scale.

"The legitimate expenses of the national campaign can only be indicated in a very general way, extending from barbecues at the South to clambakes and public meetings at the North. Some, however, can be specified. The New York headquarters bill, with its Fifth Avenue or other rooms for four months, its staff of correspondents and traveling agents for canvasses, is always a heavy item. Public speakers sent over the country by the national committee are often paid for their speeches, but their expenses are usually paid out of the fund and are apt to be large,—traveling, as they do, in palace cars and living in first-class hotels; and they cannot well be scrutinized carefully, through vouchers or by auditors. Flag-raising, torchlight processions, and bands of music swallow the fund fast. The nominating conventions are costly, but paid in part by the cities where the convention sits. Other states have usually called largely upon the commercial ones, and especially upon the cities, for their expenses. . . . Newspaper advertisements are sometimes very costly indeed; extra copies of papers foot up a heavy bill, as does the distribution of campaign matter from headquarters; the newspaper supplement, or broadside, often going in the same wrapper without additional postage, is a very

valuable method, and in proportion to its value is not a costly one; but there is abundant room to spend money legitimately in this way. The most costly part of the last Republican campaign [1880] was the picketing of the Indiana border for the legitimate purpose of preventing Kentucky from colonizing its spare voters into Indiana, where the requirement as to prior residence was short and loose. Men were brought from Kentucky also to attend the Indiana polling places and identify, or scare away, Kentucky residents who illegally offered to vote. This was right while fairly conducted, but, of course, very liable to abuse and to the charge of illegality and fraud; similar scrutiny at the polls is necessary in large cities, and very expensive.

"In all these methods of using money, high pay for workers and great waste of money are almost inevitable. There is, of course, much room for abuse, and the only real check upon it is to avoid trusting money with the Dorsey class, but they are for such purposes the smart ones, and there is great temptation for both parties to employ them. . . . Printing and distributing votes and bringing voters to the polls on election day are all right and will easily absorb very large sums. In Massachusetts it is generally done by local contribution, but money is almost always asked of us for this sort of work in other states where (especially in the country) ready money is really scarce."

The absolute necessity of elaborate and expensive partisan machinery is felt in England quite as much as in the United States. During the long interval, sometimes of six years, between one general election and another, the machinery of each party in each constituency must be kept ready for instant use, and it is thus maintained at the expense of much money and much unpaid devotion. There are considerable differences, however, between the workings of English and American political machinery. In

England the machinist has a subordinate influence in determining the policy of his party. An English party leader is chosen by natural selection after the severest competition in one of the houses of Parliament. To lead his party he must perforce be able to lead it in the national legislature. In the United States, the national legislature is of vastly less relative importance. Here the leader of a party may be a governor or mayor, or he may, without holding any office, be potent in procuring the election of others. Doubtless English party leaders both seek and regard the opinion of election agents, but still, generally speaking, it is Salisbury, and not Middleton, who determines the policy of the Conservative party. Some great American party leaders, also, do not concern themselves much with election machinery, though upon the whole the machinist has here a more important place than in England. The difference is caused partly, as has been said, by the English parliamentary system, but it is caused also by the fact that the English candidate for office is usually a rich man, who pays directly and as a matter of course most or the whole of his own large election expenses. By paying directly and personally the men who operate the machinery used to secure his election, he becomes accustomed to treat the machinists as his paid employees. In the United States the machinist is not so well paid directly; often, perhaps generally, he receives no direct payment, but he expects that his influence and pay indirectly received will be greater than in England.

A most important cause of the difference between English and American political machinery is found in the federal form of our government. This form has consequences not obvious at the first glance. The function of Republican political machinery, for example, and the duty of those who operate it are to procure the realization of Republican

principles, chiefly by the success of Republican candidates. So far as federal elections are concerned, whether presidential or congressional, these functions and duties are quite evident. The relation of this machinery and its machinists to the state or local election is another matter. Let us suppose a state election in which the principles of the national Republican party are not directly at issue. This happens frequently. The questions which divide national parties often, perhaps usually, are not actually at issue in a state election. The regulation of the liquor traffic, the proper use of the Erie Canal, the centralization of responsibility in municipal government, public parks, and the best means of obtaining good water and gas have no natural connection with the tariff, the currency, or with foreign policy. How shall the political machinists conduct themselves and their machinery in a state election where national political issues are not directly involved? Theoretically, they may refrain from taking any part in the state election supposed, but practically there are great obstacles in the way of this quiescence. In the first place, the election may be, and very commonly is, both national and local. President, congressman, governor, legislature, mayor, and city council are often voted for on the same ballot. Let us suppose that A and B prefer X for president, and that C and D prefer Y. A and D prefer U for governor, B and C prefer Z. It is difficult, at the least, for A, after spending his morning with B in planning how to defeat Y, D's candidate for the presidency, to spend the afternoon with D in planning the defeat of Z, B's candidate for governor. The difficulty is greatly increased, indeed it becomes insuperable, if A and D agree in considering the presidential election so much more important than the gubernatorial that each of them would, in case of necessity, sacrifice his gubernatorial to realize his presidential preferences.

Even if the national, state, and municipal elections occur at different times, the trouble just suggested exists, though in a less degree. Political machinery is not created at a week's notice, or in a month's. In truth, the difficulty is fundamental in human nature. Men do not vote for Republican candidates altogether because of a reasoned preference for these candidates as individuals, or for the principles which Republican candidates are supposed to represent. Most voters are largely influenced by habit, tradition, and sentiment. That a man is a consistent Democrat often means little more than that he is attached to the Democratic name, and always votes for Democratic candidates because they are labeled with it. Such a Democrat naturally prefers a Democratic governor to a Republican governor, a Democratic alderman to a Republican alderman, although the principles of the Democratic national party have little or nothing to do with the action of governors and aldermen. This disposition of the voters makes it almost impossible to separate local from state politics, or to keep the machinery primarily devised for national purposes from use in local elections. Municipal elections outside the large cities, indeed, when they occur apart from state and national elections, are not infrequently conducted with little regard for national politics; so sometimes is the election in a single legislative district. But these important and interesting exceptions cannot hide the rule or the conditions of human nature upon which the rule is based. To expect those who manage the local machinery of a national party to keep that machinery idle in a state election, or in the municipal election of a large city, is to expect the impossible under existing conditions. The introduction of national politics into local elections is caused not so much by the intrigues of political machinists as by the workings of ordinary human nature.

If, then, the parties and their machinery are to be the same in national and state elections, and commonly the same in national and municipal elections, how will the operative machinist, who is thoroughly and unselfishly devoted to the national triumph of his party's principles and candidates, regard the local election in which he and his machine are to take part? After examining the standpoint of an ideal machinist, we can lower our view to that of the machinist of less exalted character. Plainly, a state or municipal election is not unlikely to disturb the working of political machinery which has been created to affect national elections. If there is a real issue in local politics, even if the personality of a candidate for local office is marked, some voters who are Republicans on national issues will vote the Democratic local ticket. Though this loss will be made good more or less by the votes of some who are Democrats on national issues, yet the change will disarrange the Republican machine and may endanger the success of its party's national principles. A machinist seeks to bring out the full Republican or Democratic vote, and to increase that vote within certain limits, by improved machinery. He dreads great changes, even though they are in his own favor, for he knows that they bring their reaction. If the state branch of the national party adopts an important state issue, he knows that some of his men will stray, and, worse than all, that carefully formed habits of partisan discipline will be weakened; hence, so far as state politics are concerned, he tends to caution. The voters of his party may believe in prohibition, high license, low license, or unrestricted sale of liquor, so long as the working of his machinery is not disturbed. The Republican machine in Massachusetts, for instance, once procured the submission to the people of a prohibitory amendment to the state constitution, but declined to take sides upon the amendment's adoption. The ma-

chine wished to get the question out of its way without losing support by taking sides. The faithful national machinist will also dread the disturbance caused by an exciting municipal election, and here the man whose chief interest is in state politics will agree with him. If the machinist is honest and well-intentioned, he will desire honest and efficient administration by his party in city and state, as well as in the nation, knowing that this will commend his machinery and the principles it exists to promote; but he will hesitate to disarrange the machinery by violent interference with a particular piece of maladministration, especially if it concerns the state or municipality rather than the nation.

Having observed the attitude toward local elections of a patriotic, single-minded, and unselfish machinist, we are ready to consider the attitude of a machinist whose qualities are less ideal. The importance given in the United States to political machinists, and the opportunity afforded by a federal system for carrying local elections without much regard for local considerations, are the conditions which produce the boss. A boss is a political machinist who uses the local machinery of the national party to which he belongs, for his own personal advantage in the local elections of the state or city of which he is boss. The word boss connotes a territory, as much as the word king. A boss must be boss of some place, and an unattached boss is as inconceivable as an unattached king.

Now that we have determined what a boss is, we have next to consider what is his relation to his party in the nation, the state, and the municipality. Theoretically, a boss is faithful to his party and to his party's principles so far as national elections are concerned. The party's triumph in national elections is, in theory, the end for which exist both the political machinery and the machinist who operates it. As the boss is a political machinist, the party's national

triumph is the avowed end of his political existence. In fact he may, and often does, prefer his local personal unprincipled triumph to the national partisan principled triumph which he is pledged to secure, and so he often, though not always, betrays his party more or less completely. As his attention is given to political machinery rather than to political principles, and as he is laboring secondarily or primarily for his own personal triumph, he is apt to underrate the importance of political principles, and to overrate the importance of political machinery. Unlike the English political machinist, he expects to have an important voice in the establishment of his party's national policy. Unlike the English politician generally, he expects to control the national patronage in the locality of which he is boss. This patronage he is supposed to use for the advancement of his party's interests. The local machinery of the national party is avowedly worked, in large part, by national employees, whose salary, paid by the national government, is deemed to recompense their political as well as their official labor. In England, a very few officials, like the whips, are openly paid for their partisan political services out of the public treasury, but there the number of these partisan employees is insignificant.

The federal patronage is used by the boss to establish his personal control over the local politics of his city or state. It is hard to draw a sharp line between the labor of a national employee given to operate the political machinery of his party for the party's national success, and his labor given to help the boss in controlling that machinery for the boss's personal ends in local matters. Both these sorts of labor are commonly deemed to be recompensed by the employee's official salary. The relations between bosses and their subordinates differ greatly. In cities the political machine sometimes becomes social in its operations, and even its humblest operatives, men

who can do little more than shout at a caucus and vote for the candidate at the polls, are fed in sickness, amused in health, and protected by the boss from an impartial administration of the law. Probably Tammany has developed its machinery in this direction more perfectly than any other political organization. In the country, and with a more intelligent population, the boss's methods are less minute and paternal. In all cases he is a political machinist operating the national political machinery for his own personal triumph in the politics of the state and the city. To the national party the machinist may give honest and faithful support. If so, the faithful machinist deems himself under obligation to manipulate local politics with a single eye to the national interests of his party, while the boss deems himself at liberty to deal with local politics as he pleases.

A boss is often an unsavory person whose connection with the national political party and with its representatives in the national administration is damaging to the latter, and causes the loss of elections, congressional and even presidential. A national party and its leaders are often blamed for not getting rid of bosses like Quay and Gorman. To say that a national party should rid itself of a boss is much easier than the act of riddance. Suppose the national Republican party desires to get rid of Quay, how is the result to be accomplished? A solemn reading out of the party is difficult, if not impossible, for this reason, if for no other, that no man and no body of men, except perhaps the national convention, has authority to read any man out of the party. The national convention meets but once in four years. Moreover, by the theory of national conventions, they are composed of delegates freely elected by the supporters of the party in each state. If Pennsylvania Republicans freely elect delegates favorable to Quay, the Repub-

lican convention can hardly refuse to admit them. It may be said that the convention can at least determine if Quay's delegates are really the choice of the majority of Republican voters in Pennsylvania; but a national convention has very poor machinery for determining contested elections. It cannot well go far behind the face of the returns, at any rate in the absence of a strong contesting delegation.

The only practical method by which the national leaders of a party can rid that party of a boss like Quay or Gorman is to deprive the boss of the national patronage in his locality. If the president is of the other political party, there is practically no national patronage of which the boss can be deprived, and so this means of getting rid of him does not always exist. Even if the president belongs to the party of the boss in question, the difficulty of using the national patronage to get rid of him is still very great. If the situation of the boss be precarious, patronage given to his rival may turn the scale; but the rival may be no better than the boss. Ordinarily, this course, even when successful, does but change one boss for another. The attempt to get rid of a boss by using the national patronage against him not infrequently is resented by the people at large, and strengthens the boss. When the administration of President Garfield sought to read Senator Conkling out of the Republican party in New York, the result of the attempt was not precisely satisfactory. There is no boss so bad but that he has the support of some good man. There are good men who believe even in Tammany.

Again, if the Republican leaders were by any means to rid the Republican party of Quay, it would be their first duty thereafter to see that the Republican party in Pennsylvania did not want for political machinery in place of that which Quay has hitherto operated. Machinery to subserve the national pur-

poses of the Republican party is an absolute necessity, and, in the overthrow of Quay, the machine which he has hitherto operated would not improbably be so broken up as to be practically worthless for the future. Now the difficulty in establishing new political machinery is great. Free trade or protection may be hazarded by the exchange, and as the local Republicans have under our present system the final selection of the local machinery of the national party, it follows that if Quay could maintain his discarded machinery in face of the new machinery which the Republican party leaders should set up in its place, they would have had their labor for nothing. No wonder that these leaders shrink from the attempt of deposing the boss of a state, however much they wish he had never been. Their difficulties may not be insurmountable, but we must admit that they are great.

We come next to the relation of the boss to his party in the locality of which he is boss, the state or the municipality. It has been shown how the ideal honest and unselfish political machinist regards a state or city election; how timid he tends to become; how he dreads an important state or municipal issue, or even a strong-willed candidate for state or municipal office. The selfish political machinist uses his machine in local affairs for his own personal ends. Even if faithful to the national principles and candidates of his party, he finds in local elections and in local politics opportunity for doing as he will, regardless of any principle save that of personal advancement. One boss may be less bad than another, but the rule of a boss can never be desirable. The proper function of a political machinist is not the wise administration of his particular locality, any more than the proper function of a spinner is the creation of beautiful designs for the cloth to be woven elsewhere. The operator of national political machinery should do his best ser-

vice to local government by letting it alone, and yet so dependent are national and local politics upon each other that the national machinist is often compelled to take a hand in local administration. Sometimes his interference is harmful, but not very infrequently he is called on to clear up the confusion into which a state legislature has fallen for want of other leadership.

Having considered the relation of the boss to national politics on the one hand, and to state and municipal elections on the other, we have next to consider his relation to the people, to the ordinary voter. If the people have bosses, this is because the people want bosses, it is often said. To determine if this is true, we must examine the steps which the people of Pennsylvania, for example, must take if they wish to depose Quay from his boss-ship. Quay does not offer himself for election by the people. Nor does Croker or Platt. When it comes to defeating Quay's nominee, the matter is not so simple. Quay is a Republican, and his nominees are called by that name. It is mainly by Republican votes that these nominees are chosen; the Democrats who vote for them are commonly of the worst sort, and while they may sometimes turn the scale, they are not expected to accomplish anything by themselves. Now a Republican who wishes to get rid of Quay must, in order to do so, procure the defeat of Quay's nominees either at the caucus or at the polls. To beat them in caucus or convention is almost impossible, since the machinery of caucus and convention is commonly in Quay's hands. To defeat them at the polls means the election of Democrats. If these Democrats are congressmen, it may mean free trade or the free coinage of silver. If the Democrats are state officers, their election may not do much harm, although Republican traditions, as has been said, make a Republican dread a man who has the Democratic label, even in state or municipal office. The

mere election of Democratic local officers is not, however, the evil most dreaded. To elect them, there must be a campaign, an organization. This campaign and organization may hazard the choice of a Republican president, and so of protection, the gold standard, a vigorous foreign policy, or something else which is deemed by the voter of supreme importance. Tradition and prejudice come to the support of reasoning; the nominee of the boss may personally be a pretty good man; he may be better, or at all events no worse, than his opponent; he is elected, and Quay remains boss.

An interesting example of this condition, unusual in some of its details, occurred in New York in 1898. The Republicans nominated for governor Theodore Roosevelt, the Democrats, Judge Van Wyck. That the former was the better qualified personally for the office few thoughtful persons doubted; moreover, Van Wyck was the chosen candidate of Tammany, his brother being the Tammany mayor of New York, while Roosevelt, though accepted by Platt, the Republican boss, had evidently been accepted as the only escape from Democratic success. Roosevelt was a strong supporter of an expansive foreign policy, and expressed his convictions with his usual vigor in his gubernatorial campaign. Under these circumstances, Carl Schurz announced that he would not support Roosevelt, but Bacon, the nominee of a small group of Independents. As Bacon had no chance of election whatsoever, this action showed Mr. Schurz's willingness, if not his wish, that Roosevelt should be defeated by Van Wyck. Mr. Schurz gave his reasons in a published letter. After expressing his dislike of Platt, and his fear that Roosevelt would yield too much to Platt's influence, he set out the weightier cause of his opposition to Roosevelt, namely, the views and speeches of Roosevelt concerning imperialism and national expansion. Mr. Schurz continued: "It may

be said that as governor of New York he would not have the power to carry such ideas into effect. This is true enough, but we have to consider that, since these things have been by him injected into this campaign in so prominent, I might say so ostentatious a way, we cannot elect him without seemingly countenancing this sort of imperialism; at any rate, we cannot elect him without approving and encouraging the annexation policy as far as it may go at present,—for that is what he has emphatically told us his election is to mean. We cannot elect him without making him in a large sense the spokesman of the state of New York as to these things, and we may count upon it that he would not be silent.

“I may be asked whether the defeat of Colonel Roosevelt might not benefit the silver movement and Tammany. . . . But as a veteran in the fight against unsound money and against Tammany, whose sincerity and zeal nobody has a right to question, I do not hesitate to express the solemn conviction that there are worse things even than free silver and Tammany, and that one of them is the imperialism which in its effects upon the character of the Republic I consider as pernicious as slavery itself was, and which we are now asked to countenance and encourage.”

For the purposes of this article it is not important to determine if Mr. Schurz's estimate of the influence of Mr. Roosevelt's election upon our foreign policy was exaggerated. I think it was; but his letter is quoted to show that a trained public man, unusually free from the trammels of party, may deem national issues so important that he prefers the election of a Tammany governor of no special personal fitness to that of a governor of admittedly greater personal fitness. If this be Mr. Schurz's deliberate choice, who can wonder that the ordinary party voter, untrained, prejudiced, often ignorant, votes for the boss's can-

didate rather than risk his party's overthrow? If Van Wyck had been elected governor, as Mr. Schurz probably preferred, it would be unjust to say that he was the sort of governor that Mr. Schurz liked; Mr. Schurz merely preferred his election as the less of two admitted evils. If Quay's candidate be elected governor of Pennsylvania by the mass of Republican voters, it is unjust to say that these voters desire Quay for their boss. Like Mr. Schurz, they merely consider national issues of supreme importance. Like Mr. Schurz, they consider national issues involved in a particular state election. In a given case, they may be right or wrong. Cases may be imagined in which national politics ought to determine the vote cast for a local office, cases in which, on national grounds, the candidate of less personal fitness should be voted for, but these occasions are much rarer than the ordinary partisan voter supposes. Upon the belief that these occasions are common, that practically every local election is such an occasion, rests the power of the boss.

The difficulties of dealing with a boss have lately been exemplified by the relations of Governor Roosevelt and Senator Platt. Many good men have complained that these appear to be friendly. Let us see what might have been done. That the governor ought not to do wrong because Mr. Platt asks him to is obvious, and it would seem equally obvious that he ought not to abstain from doing right because Mr. Platt advises its doing. He ought not, it is urged, to recognize Mr. Platt, that is to say, he ought not to ask or receive Mr. Platt's advice; he ought to seek to destroy Mr. Platt's influence with the Republican party. As that influence is exercised through Mr. Platt's control of the Republican machinery in New York, this means that the governor ought to seek to get the control of the machinery away from Mr. Platt, or to destroy that machinery and establish other in its place. Now, the captured or the

substituted machinery would need machinists; the governor has never been a machinist himself, and may not care to learn the trade. If he will not learn it, he must find some one to take Platt's place who is better than Platt, and this, it must be assumed, in the face of Platt's strongest opposition. In doing this, he must give up all hope of every governmental reform except the overthrow of Platt, for it is tolerably clear that Platt, if thoroughly opposed to the governor, could, by alliance with the Democrats or otherwise, defeat all reforms. Moreover, the disarrangement of the Republican machine under the circumstances supposed would almost certainly produce a Democratic victory in New York, and this would be especially probable if Platt's assailant were not a trained machinist. A Republican defeat in New York might mean a severe blow to sound money and to imperialism, and if Mr. Schurz conscientiously prefers anti-imperialism with Tammany to imperialism without Tammany, it would not be surprising if the governor should conscientiously prefer imperialism and sound money with Platt to anti-imperialism and free silver without him. Under the circumstances, a man both honest and sensible, like the governor, will keep the peace with Platt as long as he can honestly do so, that is to say, until Platt definitely opposes some action which the governor deems to be both right and important.

We find, then, that the principal causes of the existence of the American boss are the universal need of elaborate and expensive political machinery, the undue importance given by the American system to those who operate it, and the confusion caused by conducting local elections upon national party lines. The causes of bossism often assigned are quite different, to wit: the timidity, indifference, ignorance, prejudice, stupidity, laziness, total or partial worthlessness of the citizen; these also are weighty causes,

but they are causes of another sort. If every human being were courageous, wise, impartial, intelligent, industrious, generally and particularly good in all respects, there would probably be little practical difference between one form of government and another; but this proposition does not justify us in telling a people who wish to substitute a republic for a monarchy, or *vice versa*, that the true remedy for their political condition is virtue. It would be as much to the purpose to tell a man with a broken leg that he ought to look after his general health. Specific as well as general treatment is needed. No honest attempt to improve the moral character of our citizenship ought to be spoken of lightly, but, inasmuch as a citizenship of ideal morality is not likely soon to be created, we should accompany these attempts with remedies for the specific evils of our political system.

Two kinds of reform, indeed, are always necessary. One is concerned with the improvement of the moral and intellectual character of the citizen, the other with the improvement of the frame of government. Which kind of reform is the more important need not here be determined. Each reacts upon the other. A more intelligent electorate will naturally procure to itself a better form of government, and on the other hand improved governmental methods will educate the electorate. For reforms of the first sort we look especially to the clergyman, the moralist, and the schoolmaster; for reforms of the second sort, to the statesman, the politician (in the better sense of that much abused word), and to the student of institutions.

The object of this article, already long enough, is to investigate the causes of the boss rather than to suggest means for his extirpation, and so only the briefest mention can be made of reforms even of the second class. The most effective political remedy for bossism is what we call civil service reform, the appoint-

ment of all minor employees of the government without regard to politics. If this is done, the boss can no longer pay his great body of political agents out of the public purse. Elaborate, expensive political machinery, however, must still be provided and maintained. An imaginable improvement in the intelligence of the electorate doubtless would lessen the necessary elaboration of political machinery, but to accomplish this result, the improvement must be that of generations, and perhaps of centuries. In England, for example, where the civil service is now pretty well out of politics, there is little reason to believe that the cost of political machinery has been diminished, and if that cost is not defrayed by the government, it must be provided for by the assessment of candidates or by voluntary contributions. It must be remembered also that England has in peerages, baronetcies, knighthoods, orders, and the like, an elaborate system of rewarding voluntary contributions to the party's chest and other kinds of partisan service which we lack. Our lack of these gewgaws, as sensible men are sometimes tempted to call them, is a matter of considerable political importance.

After civil service reform, the most effective method of weakening the boss is to separate as far as possible local elections from national. This will encourage independent voting in its best

sense, that is, local voting independent of really irrelevant national issues. The partisanship truly reprehensible does not consist in voting for the party's candidate in elections where partisan principles are involved, but in voting for a candidate labeled with the party name in an election wholly unconcerned with partisan principles. Again, we should not only separate local from national elections, but should simplify elections of all kinds. The choice of a multitude of officers by direct popular vote may be practically democratic in a small community, where all the candidates are individually known to every one; but in a large constituency the long ballot confuses the ordinary voter and so unduly strengthens the partisan machinery and helps the boss. At the last state election in Massachusetts each voter had from nine to twelve officers to choose, and at the last municipal election in Boston about twenty. The simplification of our elections is a reform whose importance has been much underestimated, for the boss thrives on an election so complicated that the voter must of necessity be guided in his choice by the machine.

Other changes might be suggested tending to the elimination of the boss, but to discuss them would be a discussion of the whole American political system, and not specifically of that part of it which the boss plays.

Francis C. Lowell.

THE PRODIGAL.

"Let him commute his eternal fear with a temporal suffering, preventing God's judgment by choosing one of his own." — JEREMY TAYLOR.

I.

AN August fog was drifting inland from the bay. In thin places the blue Contra Costa hills showed through, and

the general grayness was tinged with pearl. San Francisco dripped and steamed along her bristling water front; derricks loomed black, and yards and topmasts reddened, as a fringe of winter woodland colors up at the turn of the year.

Morton Day, a young New Englander

who filled the place of "outside man" for Bradshaw and Company, was working over some cargo lists in the general office on Sansome Street. The firm of Bradshaw was a shipping and commission house in the South Sea and Oriental trade, the time being nearly twenty years ago, before the decay of the great clipper lines, when the "moral sense" of the laboring man of California had not yet rebelled against the importation of coolies.

Young Day looked up. A tall figure had come between him and the light, bringing the smell of the docks, and advertising its owner's condition in scare heads of shabbiness.

"What can I do for you?" asked Day. Neither his time nor sympathies were on draught that morning.

The answer came coolly, with the accent of an English gentleman.

It is not always safe to place an American by his speech: there are so many variations of us, geographical and racial, and we are so hospitable to slang and the dialects; but an Englishman's class accent is bred in the bone. He cannot pawn it like his watch, or stake and lose it like his money. Such, at least, had been Day's experience on the water front of the City of Strangers.

When that rich chest register was heard, emanating from the disguise of a common seaman the night before he ships, Day said to himself, "Here's another of them; another gentleman-wool-gatherer, come back shorn."

He had asked — with his hands in the pockets of his greasy overalls — to speak with "one of the heads of the firm."

An ironical pause followed. Day had the advantage of his vis-à-vis, for in himself one could see but an every-day type of the well-equipped young business man, while the other was the sort of quarry a romancer or a reporter would hunt down. White he appeared to be, by his features and his bold, blue, roving eye; Apache, by his murky skin, over which a recent

shave had spread a bloom like a light hoarfrost. His utter destitution, verging on nakedness, in a feeble frame would have been pitiful, but in such a stalwart suppliant, so splendidly set up, it gave him rather an outrageous and truculent air.

"Very sorry," said the shipping clerk dryly. "Mr. Bradshaw is not down yet."

"Mr. Felix Bradshaw?"

"Neither of them. Better try again later."

The other did not move. "I've an appetite for breakfast," he remarked, "that is cutting me in two. Could you manage to push my little interview with your chiefs? Sorry I haven't a card about me." He laughed, with a flash of big white teeth lighting his extraordinary mask of tan; and, to point the jest, he stripped open his one upper garment and showed a forty-four-inch chest as bare as the breast of Hermes and the color of manzanita wood in sunshine.

"Jove! what a swell he'd be in an outrigger," thought Day. "He must have peeled a dozen times before he got that lacquer on him!" Aloud, he said, "Trees were scarce where you came from, I take it?"

The stranger did not dally with conversation. He clapped both hands upon his empty epigastrium and doubled himself over them expressively. "I shall turn turtle here in the shop unless somebody fills me up with something!"

"We will see about that!" said Day, and was wiping his pen when Mr. Bradshaw, senior, came in. Now the firm had had a long-suffering acquaintance with interesting dead beats, foreign and domestic. Fathers of wild boys, who knew not else what to do with them, sent them out to their San Francisco agents with firm instructions to put them through the mill; and blamed the miller when their rotten grain made worthless flour, and was thrown upon the heap. Every young remittance man who had

overdrawn his home allowance came to them for a temporary loan on the strength of his connections, which the connections seldom made good.

The chief's welcome, therefore, to this sturdy child of calamity was not effusive.

"That young man will attend to your business," he said, indicating Day, and he walked toward his private office.

The stranger stood in his path. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Bradshaw; my business is with you. I am starving, — Andrew Robert's son, here in your countingroom, where you have made your thousands out of him!"

The chief smiled grimly. "I have no remembrance of making any thousands out of 'Andrew Robert's son.' Where do you come from?"

"I shipped from Sydney, last February, in the bark Woolahrá, that foundered off Cape St. Lucas. Don't you answer letters up here? I think I have written you by every steamer."

Mr. Bradshaw looked the youngster over from head to foot, — from the grimy yachting cap on the back of his head to the sickly brogans bulging on his sockless feet, — and he spoke slowly, as to one possibly deficient of understanding.

"Mr. Robert of Auckland is one of our oldest correspondents," he said, giving the name of the New Zealand banker and capitalist its fullest value. "Some months ago he advised us to look out for his son, Clunie" —

"Clunie is my name," the boy broke in. "I'm the only, original" —

"To look out for his son, by the Woolahrá, consigned to us from Sydney," Mr. Bradshaw pursued. "There were some special instructions which may or may not concern your case. The Woolahrá was wrecked, as you say, and the survivors, as they found their way up the coast, reported to us. Clunie Robert was not among them."

"Naturally, — when he was writing you all the while from the Cape!"

"One moment, please! I was going

to say that a person, signing himself Clunie Robert, has been claiming our assistance from the Cape. Granting you may be that person, you must be aware that no business house can honor an unknown signature. Mr. Robert has an account with us, but we cannot permit a stranger, however unfortunate, to draw on it, in the name of his son, unless he were able to give us some proof of his identity."

"Great God above! Did you ever try to prove your own identity, stark naked, sir, on a strip of sand, six thousand miles from home? I was in the boat that was smashed on Los Tres Hermanos, — the only man of us who ever breathed again. That was my introduction to your blessed continent. And I have n't acquired much" — he surveyed the rags he stood in — "by way of identity since."

Mr. Bradshaw felt of his legal side whisker and appeared to consider.

"May I ask," inquired the castaway, "why my signature was not submitted to my father? Does he know by chance that I'm alive?"

"The Cape letters have *all* been forwarded," said Mr. Bradshaw distinctly, "including a requisition for certain articles in the nature of a lady's wardrobe, to be procured by us, charged to account of Mr. Robert. The order footed up to some hundreds of dollars, and professed to have reference to an approaching wedding at the Cape."

"Mine," said the scapegrace. "The bride was the light keeper's daughter. I'd been living on the old man, wearing his clothes and smoking his cigars and drinking his mescál, — had to square accounts somehow. The proposition pleased him as long as he thought I had credit up here. But when you gave me the black eye, things were not so pleasant. Did you forward that list to the pater?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Bradshaw.

A long, low whistle was the comment

of its author. "Well! it was a blazing bluff," he sighed. "I was trying for a stay of proceedings. Had to keep the band playing. The curtain would n't rise. 'They were howlin' for their money at the door'!"

Day felt inclined to laugh at these mixed metaphors; but in a moment the situation changed. "D' you mean to say you have n't *heard* from my father, — not since he got that list!"

"Sit down," said Mr. Bradshaw not unkindly. "There is no possible way of verifying your claim at present, — and if it were established, we have no authority to assist you to the extent you probably expect. Quite otherwise, in fact. Mr. Robert, the gentleman you refer to as your father, will not be heard from in a long time, I fear. He has gone on a journey, of indefinite duration — with no fixed" —

"What are you getting at! Is my father dead?" The youngster struck his hands together passionately. Mr. Bradshaw blinked. He disliked all violence, gesturing, and sudden noises, being in his habits not unlike an elderly and well-bred house cat.

"Did I say he was dead?" he retorted irritably. "He is traveling, — for his health, I presume. You would better get something to eat, sir. It might help you to compose yourself. Go with him, Day," he turned to the outside man. "See that he has what he needs. Get him some clothes," he added in an undertone. "He's — really!"

Clunie had promptly risen at the first allusion to a breakfast. He faced Mr. Bradshaw with an ugly laugh. "If this is my official reception — well and good. But I am Clunie Robert, and I'll swear to it, on the hide of a black man and the blood of an Englishman;" the last-named witness burned in his mahogany-colored face as he spoke. "And you know I am not lying, even if I don't carry a house flag and can't show my papers. Papers, by thunder!" (Thun-

der was not the word he used.) He shrugged his shoulders and went out.

In the street, with a man of his own age, he recovered his nonchalance quickly. "Would he own me in private d' you suppose? A pocket-handkerchief with my name on it, — a birthmark — would be handy. But my kit is at the bottom of the sea, and personally I'm made like any other man's son. There's no patent on me! No; thanks!" he pleasantly demurred when Day invited him to step into a clothing store in passing. "Breakfast first! I'll eat it off the curbstone, but I can't wait."

They walked down Sansome Street to Market, — every man and woman they met staring after them, — the blue-eyed Apache with his head in the air, his collarless throat exposed, sniffing the bakeshop odors and the scent of violets which street hawkers humorously thrust upon him.

"Buy a bunch for your lady? Put 'em in your buttonhole!" they grinned.

At Winteringham's, Day had the pleasure of watching him storm his way through a four-course breakfast, casting expressive looks across the cloth at his host. On the last course he began to pick and play a little; almost he seemed ready to talk. They brought him a finger bowl, and he lay back and gazed at it, and then at his hands. Day had been looking at those hands and marveling greatly.

"What a pair of flippers, eh! Pretty things to dabble in a finger glass! Gad, what would n't I have given for *that* — not so long ago as the fruit was on the tree!" He fished out the slice of lemon awkwardly, for his hands were cramped inward like claws, and held it up between a horny thumb and finger. "Here's to the thirst I had in the whale boats off St. Lucas!" and he popped it into his mouth, — to the scandal of the waiter, and the open amusement of the neighboring tables.

"You were in that, were you?" Day

interposed, trying to tone him down to a conversational level. "Rattling good sport, they say it is, — offshore whaling?"

"Oh, ripping — for the boat-steerer. But the man at the oars" — He gazed at his hands commiseratingly. "That is work they give their peons. Feel of those things!" They felt like the foot of an ostrich, and they looked as if he had dug wells with them, or come up from the Cape on all fours.

"Where did you get them — *how* did you get them?" Day inquired.

The stranger lighted a cigar and crossed his long legs, regardless that he showed a yard of naked tibia, as dark and coarse as a plantation negro's.

"I got them — in the tide rip off St. Lucas," he said, between glorious puffs. "Seven days a week, and thirteen hours a day, at the business end of an eighteen-foot sweep. It would have put calluses on a shark's fin!"

"By George!" said Day, "they used you pretty hard. I thought they would treat a man white, down there."

"As long as he is 'white.' But when he begins to turn a little shady — figuratively speaking, you know. See, what was the last you had from me, up here?" By the narrator's manner, one might have supposed the entire business of the firm had been hanging on his dispatches from the Cape.

"I think you were ordering the — a — trousseau for your bride," Day reminded him.

"Quite so," he assented affably. "Well, the shadows were falling then. Happen to know anything about those good Samaritans down there? They would split their last *frijol* for you or give it you whole, but when you've worn out your welcome you had better go, — if you can go. For a month or so, at first, it was 'Don Pépe' and 'Don Clunio,' and 'I kiss your hands, señor,' and 'The same to your feet, señorita!' You know how they go on! And not a pair of

Christian trousers in the whole shebang. Bags, cotton bags, that flap around your shins, — mine were halfway up my calves, — or goatskin chaps with the hair outside, — make you look like a blooming satyr. Then your governors sweetly ignored me, and that took the wind out of my sails, as I was saying.

"The Pacific Mail captains swore they delivered my letters; 't was no go. It was *stay*, all the time! My name to a piece of paper was worth no more than a bird track in the sand; and for all my father's connections I had talked of — maybe I talked a bit too much, at first — I was obviously without a friend on earth. Then my stock went very low indeed. They thought if there was a Father of Lies, I was his true and only son. It was then I wrote for the trousseau. They had to pause and consider that. I flourished it before the old man's horns; he was a covetous old brute. He did n't half believe it would come; still, it might. So he pawed up the ground, and waited over another steamer.

"Poor little Concha, with her bare feet, running like a plover on the beach, and her chemise slipping off her shoulder! It was a sin. But she had a month of pure felicity expecting that lace parasol, and the slippers with French heels.

"How should I know your governors had no bowels! They might have come down for something to save a poor devil's credit on a foreign shore.

"Think where I was, Great Scott! In a place where a man will do anything, leave him there long enough. It's the very doormat and scraper of the continent, where the sea is forever wiping its feet. And not a sign that any soul on earth cared a tuppenny post stamp whether I lived or died!"

By this time the young men were largely occupying the attention of the room. Busy clerks were prolonging their luncheons to stare at the Prince of Tramps, with his case-hardened features

and drawing-room accent and engaging manner of the family black sheep. Day expected that a reporter would be down upon them shortly. It was a fit interruption when the head waiter—he had been restless for some time—proposed that he move their seats to a side window, intimating that they were obstructing trade at the busiest hour.

The young men took the hint, and went out. Robert, as Day did not scruple to call him, fell into step, with a long, joyful stride, declaring there was no music to compare with the beat of civilized shoe leather on the pavements of the cities of the world. Sick to death he was of treading beach sand, of the pad, pad of bare feet, and the sluff, sluff of sandals. White men for a white man forever! As for the ladies! He pretended to require Day's instant support, overcome by the sight of a pretty girl tacking across street in one of the triced-back overskirts which were the fashion then. He had kissed his hand to her, Day surmised, by the way she looked. In front of Scheiffers', he stopped and admired his full-length reflection in their plate-glass windows, humming an appropriate verse from "Poor old Robinson Crusoe!"

Day dragged him inside, where he condescendingly pulled over their ready-made stock. The needful articles were selected, and the pair boarded a cable car and sailed up the windy sandhills to Day's lodgings. Here the castaway dressed himself, grumbling like a lord at the fit of his clothes, which made him look, he said, like a discharged convict in a suit presented him by the state.

Whether this was pure animal spirits—the intoxication of a good meal—or a sort of heartsick bravado, or was put on merely to bother Day (who had a certain New England starchiness), cannot be said. He roamed about Day's room, oppressively big for the place, till his host persuaded him to sit down and finish his story. He then pulled off his coat, which

cut him in the armholes, he said, so that he could n't talk, and sitting in his shirt sleeves by the open window he lighted a pipe and resumed:—

"Well, the Don, you see, had got tired of feeding me. And it was like sand under his eyelids to lose the rich son-in-law he had promised himself. I was ready to do my part. I'd have married anything for three meals a day—for two! But he did n't want me as another cipher in the greatest common divisor, if it was on him to furnish the dividend. It was your Dutch uncles up here who stopped the proceedings. If they had sent the cash, or the clothes, or recognized me in any way, there would have been a wedding at the Cape, and I should have had to furnish the bridegroom. Just as well for me; but it's a rum thing when you think of it,—my father's son, all the heir he has got, refused by an old beggar of a Mexican light keeper. Refused with scorn and contumely, and worse! He took back the precious wardrobe he had loaned me, to the very last stitch. He turned me out in a breechclout, so help me! Talk of Indian politeness! For a hat he gave me a rag to tie round my head, and the sun hits hard down there. He sold my time to the whalers: convict labor, or the galleys,—call it what you will,—it's their little way of foreclosing on an insolvent debtor. If you can't put up the *dinero* you pays in the sweat of your brow. I paid in the sweat of my whole person, and the aches of my entire bones. I was baked alive and basted; my lips were like a piece of pork crackling; my eyelids were puffed out even with my forehead; my back was a running sore. I paid that debt, by ——! if I never pay another."

"And how about the lady?" Day inquired. "How did you stand on her books?"

If young Theseus had ever had a conscience about his Ariadne of the Cape, he had compounded with it, like the

child of nature he was, for the price of his physical suffering. His moral sense went no deeper than his skin; hence his pride in a few blisters.

"Bless you, a woman *is* a woman, down there! It is He that made them, not they themselves. (This was the use he made of his prayer book.) I might have opened a fresh account with Don Pépe through Conchita's pity for me. But I'm not vindictive," said he, reaching for a match, "and" — pausing to relight — "what would I have done with the girl, footing it up to Ensenada! It's a good bit of a walk, y' know."

"So, you did not get your discharge?" asked Day.

"Not in due form. But they were easy on me toward the last. They kept a slack watch. I believe the beggars were honest. They took no more out of me than they thought was their due. It was a good few miles between meal stations, but I fetched it through. And I shipped on the brig Noyo for my grub and passage. Those slops I had on belong to a big Finlander, one of my late shipmates. I mustn't forget to return them."

He folded up those foul and gritty lendings as if they had been his evening clothes, and expressed them tenderly, at Day's expense, to one of the worst water-side dens in the city.

"And now," said he, "we will arise and go to — our Elder Brother. This is the Prodigal who came home when the Old Man was away." But for all his high jocosity Day could see that he was nervous, that he dreaded the interview on which his status in the city would depend.

"What is *this* for?" he inquired, when Mr. Bradshaw gravely presented him with a fifty-cent piece. It was explained that he might apply each day and receive the same amount, until he should have found work, which the firm would help him to procure if he could give them some idea of his general qualification.

He listened with amusement and contempt. "I've been at work for the past eight months," said he. "Not a man you know has worked harder. I feel qualified now for a bit of recreation."

"Recreate, then!" laughed Mr. Felix, "if you know how to do it on fifty cents a day."

"We are acting," Mr. Bradshaw interposed, "in obedience to Mr. Robert's latest instructions concerning his son, — whom we understand you claim to be. We will humor your claim, under the conditions prescribed, until we hear what Mr. Robert himself has to say further in the matter."

"You will humor it to the extent of fifty cents a day!"

It was pointed out to him how easily he might be an impostor, how difficult it would be to prove he was not, and, incidentally, that his record at the Cape had not helped him much. That he passed over as beside the mark.

"So this is not my father's money?" He weighed the silver lightly in his hand. "This is your personal half dollar, which you risk on grounds of humanity? Well; thanks, gentlemen — thanks awfully! I need it very much," — he laid the money down, — "and I shall need it more to-morrow, but I think I'll make shift to get on without it." And, perfectly good-humored, he walked to the door.

"He could n't resist getting even with us on a technical scruple," laughed Mr. Felix; but he was nettled. Mr. Bradshaw looked grave. "Go after him," he said, laying some gold on Morton's desk. "Pilot him to a decent lodging, and keep him off a lee shore if you can."

New England overtook New Zealand (both were of unmitigated British descent) on the corner by Lotta's Fountain, which the queen of opéra bouffe presented to an appreciative city. A row of flower peddlers' handcars banked the slippery sidewalk. A heavy fog with twilight was darkening in.

"Go away, child!" Day heard him exclaim to a girl who was pestering him with her unsold stock. "I've no one to take flowers to!"

"Get some one, then," she laughed and threw a piece of myrtle at him, and a hard-voiced woman called her back to her place.

Day proposed that they go somewhere and dine together.

"Not to-night," said Clunie. "You've had enough of me for one sitting." But he found no difficulty in accepting a small loan from Day, not knowing its source, or not caring. He was given some advice as to lodgings and eating places, but he made straight for the wharves, and the sea fog took him home.

At the last, he had said, half defensively, as to a friend:—

"I should n't mind going to work on any decent invitation; but hanged if I'll be scourged to it, like the 'galley slave at night.' I've been galley slave too long!"

Day did not press on him his own opinion that he was one still, — and so the young men parted.

On Day's return, Mr. Felix laid a letter before him. "This is in your bailiwick," said he. "I see you've taken a liking to the young scamp. I have myself, rather; but it won't do to show it. Not at present."

"Then you think he *is* young Robert?"

"Oh, by Jove! every inch of him! The old man right over again. He was a high-roller himself, in early colony days. *He's* no cause to complain. But they are the very worst, when they get it back in their sons. And the mother, you know," Mr. Felix added, with his free, tolerant smile, "she cut her cables years ago. Roaming the high seas now, a 'derelict,' as somebody says, of the divorce courts. It broke the old man up terribly. You'd take that for the handwriting of an octogenarian. He's in fact not sixty-five!"

Day was glancing over the letter of paternal instructions to which Mr. Felix had alluded.

"Was n't the Woolahrá rather cheap transportation for a millionaire's only son?" he asked.

"Part of the scheme of redemption," Mr. Felix replied. "He had shut down on the boy all at once, — after giving him his head since he was a kid. Moreover, the old gentleman is canny. Observe how he figures on the penitential allowance. He does n't propose to butter the bread of idleness. If Clunie wants to eat it, he'll eat it dry."

"It's disgusting to make him come for it, in person," said Day, still reading. "It seems he's not to have the cash for two days' rations in hand at once!"

"Oh, it takes an old boy who has *been* there to reckon with the deceitfulness of youth."

"That was why, I suppose, he did not write direct to his father?"

"Exactly. But you see, by that letter, we are forbidden to give him any assistance at long range. The old gentleman is sound on that head. You can't lead a wild colt with a long halter. So you will just keep track of the festive Clunie as well as you can, but don't meddle with him. It's his own fight, now. It would be a pity to interfere when Mother Nature takes him across her knee. She gave him a foretaste down at the Cape, but it's nothing to what she has in soak for him, if I know this city." Day listened, and fed his youthful cynicism with thinking on what Mr. Felix was, and had been, and how well he did know the city! In his case Mother Nature had shown thus far the partiality of the weakest human parent. He had had the luck of a prize scholar, and, except for a tendency to obesity — which he shared with many of the godly, — he appeared to have a constitution to match his theory of life.

A few days later the outside man came across young Robert's course over

in Brooklyn Basin, where a race was on between the ships' boats of some British vessels anchored there. He promptly borrowed every cent that Day had about him, and staked it on the Rathdown's boat. The Rathdowns were plunging tremendously, taking any odds that offered; they seemed to regard the race as already theirs. Clunie explained that the Rathdown had been rough-handled in a hurricane in the south latitudes, had lost one of her port boats, and put into Auckland to replace it. The boat they were entering was the Maorilander. She was a shrewd little crack-a-jack. Clunie's eyes sparkled as he studied her.

"She's of kauri pine," said he. "She's out of an Auckland yard, and they are betting against her on their thundering old British plank! Man, it's a walk-over!"

It was a great little race: Day left their mutual winnings with Clunie, and dined with him and the British shipmasters that evening at the Poodle Dog. Business called him away before the songs and toasts began, but when he left them they were talking of Auckland, — Clunie's mother Auckland, — and raking all the latitudes for mutual acquaintances.

Thereafter, for a time, he seemed to have friends and money enough. He came to the office, inquiring for letters, in a suit of Dean and Cramseys', which showed his beautiful, clean build. His hands were gloved. His bleached hair had recovered its life and lustre. The hollows were gone from around his eyes, and the high, hard burnish from his cheek bones. He looked his age, or his youth, once more. Mr. Felix frankly delighted in him: like King Hal, he loved a man. But Morton the wise warned Clunie that neither of them could sit up nights with Mr. Felix. He was one generation nearer than they to that tough old stock whose Plimsoll's mark was the third bottle; who bequeathed their nerves and appetites without their sledge-hammer wills and ironclad stomachs.

Clunie laughed, and said, "Sour grapes!" And, indeed, he had quite cut out Morton with his former patron. The grim old chief, meanwhile, was faithfully urging his friends to give the boy a trial; but business men who saw the company he kept smiled and had no use for him.

Mr. Felix then went to London, and the face of the city changed for Clunie. His sky-rocket life of pleasure, founded on the fancy of an idle man, had gone up like a spark, and he was left with the stick in his hand. There was nothing then in San Francisco that could have been called society: Mr. Felix lived with the notorious set, and laughed at them in certain inner circles, professional and family cliques, to which he presumably belonged. And a few persons in quiet homes were building up the sort of lives that can save any city. But of these Clunie could have known nothing and probably deserved to know nothing.

The firm noticed a growing anxiety and constraint in his manner when he made his periodical inquiries for letters, or news of his father. After awhile he ceased to inquire by name; he would drop in casually, and hearing nothing to his advantage, would feign a rather careworn interest in general topics and depart, carrying the House's sympathy with him. For there was no longer any reasonable, comforting explanation of his father's silence. There was no relenting, to the effect of, "This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

Then, out of the pitiless region of the Unexpected, came a staggering blow. An uncle of Clunie's in England, his father's brother whom he had never seen, wrote to the firm, stating that Mr. Robert had arrived among his relatives in a most deplorable condition, mental and physical. He had since improved in health, but his mind had failed to such a degree that medical experts pronounced him unfit for the management of his own affairs; and

the undersigned, together with another brother, had been appointed his guardians and the administrators of his estate. As to the presumptive heir in America, it seemed better not to act in haste. Steps were being taken toward his identification. Large property interests were at stake; and it would require time to sift his claim. Meanwhile, as his conduct appeared to have been not in all ways satisfactory, it might be well, in any case, to continue the policy which Mr. Robert had marked out for his son. In other words, to throw him as far as possible on his own resources, that he might learn the value of money through the need of earning it, and of friends by endeavoring to deserve them.

The chief made this communication as gently as he could, forbearing altogether to rub it in; but his attitude of sympathy was not well received; possibly it had come too late.

From this time forth Clunie made no further scruple about accepting the despised allowance. He took it carelessly, asking no questions as to its source. He came for it every day, like a dog to the kitchen door for his bone, with far less shame than Morton had in doling it out to him, — the great, strapping fellow with his homesick eyes! He was the true Islander, of all provincials the most self-centred and haughty. Their world was not his world; he loved them too little to mind accepting their help, or care what might be their opinion of him.

San Francisco is a city where good food is amazingly cheap; but fifty cents a day, including a night's lodging, does not leave much margin for incidentals. A man living at that figure, and gambling on his income, as Clunie probably did, cannot keep himself at the level of the polite occupations; the mark of the slums is on him. To the slums he must go for employment. But Morton, seeing that the chiefs had done what they could for the prodigal and failed in their sphere of influence, thought that he might

try an elder-brotherly experiment of his own.

In a cold-blooded way he informed him that the firm, through their outside man, was paying from sixty to seventy-five dollars per month in boat hire, and proposed that Clunie should rent a boat, till he could afford to buy one, and set up as a harbor boatman.

Day would prefer him to the patronage of the House.

"Have n't the capital, y' know, to start me in business," was the answer. "I could n't rent the dingiest dory in the slips, on tick."

That obstacle being removed, he fell in with the plan listlessly, with the air of anything-to-oblige-a-friend. But hard and regular exercise and the spell of life on the water soon began to tone him up. His eye brightened, his skin cleared. He picked up his self-respect, the more that his place, humble as it was, by no means wanted him as he needed it. His rivals of the water front put him through a stiff competitive examination. They saw no room for an interloper with what appeared to be a "pull."

He fought them between whiles, and raced them, man to man, and captured the reluctant admiration of even those swells in port, the men-o'-wars' men.

"You pulls a narsty scull, sir!" said one of the gig's crew of H. M. S. The Royal Arthur, lying out in the bay, on her way to join the Northwest Squadron.

"Now, why does he give you 'sir'?" asked Day. "How does he know you are not a professional?"

"It's easy to know things," Clunie answered sulkily. "He could n't hide the cut of *his* jib if he was carrying home the wash. It is n't knowing things, it's knowing when to keep 'em to yourself — eh, Missus? Better let sleeping dogs lie?"

The "Missus" was one of many brevet titles bestowed at random by Clunie on a nameless pup of the undesirable sex which he had lately acquired. She was the butt of his practical jokes, the suf-

fering medium of his high spirits, the text of his errant philosophy. She was a buffer when the two young men in their now almost daily intercourse drifted too close to each other's moorings. Above all, she was a proof that he was putting out roots on foreign soil. When an Englishman takes a dog to bring up, it is equivalent to a Frenchman's planting a salad bed.

By the following spring, Clunie, in partnership with Day (who represented the capital invested), was the respected and generally respectable owner of a Whitehall boat, which he christened the *Salvation Lassie*, in mock deference to the regenerative influence of hard work.

" 'This is the Way I long have sought,
And wept because I found it not,' "

he would shout, at the top of his brazen head tones, in imitation of a Salvationers' chorus, and drum with his oars in the oarlocks.

But there were deviations from the Way. When Morton found the boat dirty and neglected, and Clunie in a similar condition, the worse for his chief weakness, broaching acquaintance with every species of water-side vagabond, he would ignore his partner and go out with another man. And Clunie would have to submit to the jeers of his rivals in consequence.

But this was business.

Mary Hallock Foote.

RUSSIA'S INTEREST IN CHINA.

ALTHOUGH Americans at last seem to realize that the economic centre of the world is moving westward, and has already, probably, entered the United States, they incline to dismiss the subject as an abstraction; yet nothing can be more certain than that no such migration of empire has ever yet taken place without prolonged convulsions. Already this generation has had a foretaste of what such a movement may portend. The old social equilibrium reached at Waterloo passed away in 1870 when Germany consolidated after Sedan; that consolidation led to a reform of the coinage, which in its turn caused an universal derangement of values culminating in the panic of 1893. One of the effects of that panic was a decline in the price of sugar, which ruined the Cuban planters, disorganized labor, and thus brought on the insurrection which ended in the Spanish war.

But the Spanish war is relatively insignificant compared with the fruits of the catastrophe of 1893 which are now becoming visible. That catastrophe

took, in the main, the form of a forced liquidation of America's foreign indebtedness, a liquidation which could not be conducted on the basis of the exportation of farm products at the prices then ruling. This necessity of providing something to meet the claims of creditors ended by stimulating cheap manufacturing, mining, and transportation, until we commanded the European market. Thus we succeeded in creating an enormous balance of trade in our favor, but in so doing we shook the civilization of the eastern continent to its centre. As a result of our economies Europe is steadily sinking into economic inferiority, an inferiority especially marked in minerals, which are the core of modern industry. For the first time in human experience a single nation this year leads in the production of the precious metals, copper, iron, and coal; and this year also, for the first time, the world has done its banking to the west and not to the east of the Atlantic.

Necessarily, as America gains in mo-

mentum Europe relatively loses. The precious metals failed her long ago, copper followed, and now iron and coal have reached a price which threatens to hamper competition. Under such circumstances the people of Europe stand at bay, since ruin, more or less complete and immediate, impends over them if they fail to provide themselves with new resources as cheap and abundant as those of America.

Such resources do actually exist in eastern and central China, and it is the attraction of this mass of undeveloped wealth which has incited Western nations to wring successive concessions from the Chinese until the pressure culminated in the present revolt against foreigners, which is only one inevitable step in the reconstruction of the dying empire. Cost what it may, sooner or later the mineral deposits of Shansi and Honan will be seized by Europeans, and he who can successfully develop these immense beds of iron and coal, by means of Chinese labor, may well hope to defy all rivals. Nevertheless, so rich a prize is not to be lightly won; too many great interests are involved; and on the decision of the fate of China may, perhaps, hinge the economic supremacy of the next century.

Not only from her geographical position, but from the magnitude of the stake she has at issue, Russia must play a leading part in the future of Asia, and during the past year her movement has been accelerated by the weakening of England. From Waterloo down to 1899 Great Britain acted as a sort of balance wheel to human society; she operated as the containing force of civilization. With the Boer war this period appears to have terminated, for the United Kingdom is held by many to be unequal to assume heavier burdens than those she now bears. Having failed to display either the military or the financial energy anticipated of her, either by herself or her enemies, England has stood aside, and as she has effaced herself Russia has dilated. The

Russians have overflowed Persia, laid hands on Corea, and all signs pointed to their design to occupy Peking, thus commanding Shansi and Honan, provinces to the west and south of the capital, distant only some two or three hundred miles from ports, and containing the richest mines in the world. The Germans have been equally exacting, and there is some reason to infer that the rapid growth of this influence over the Chinese administration may have been the proximate cause of the outbreak which began in May.

Assuming that Russia, or Russia and Germany, can successfully occupy this region, and that England will not risk a war to stop their progress, unless supported by redoubtable allies, a serious responsibility is cast on the United States. Apparently America must more or less completely assume the place once held by England, for the United States could hardly contemplate with equanimity the successful organization of a hostile industrial system on the shores of the Pacific, based on Chinese labor, nourished by European capital, and supplied by the inexhaustible resources of the valley of the Ho-hang-ho.

In the present juncture, therefore, no problem can be more pressing than to estimate the real energy and capacity of Russia; to attempt to measure the task she can accomplish alone; to ascertain the point at which she may have to seek aid abroad; and lastly, to determine whether the United States can afford to allow that aid to be drawn exclusively from Europe.

Americans are apt to picture Russia as a country somewhat resembling their own; that is to say, as young and imperfectly developed, but with indefinite resources, and inhabited by a race adapted to the exigencies of modern industrial competition. To be sure, this view is held by many well-informed persons, and yet there is ground for doubting whether Russia, as now organized, ever

has held or ever can hold her own against the West.

Far from being young Russia is venerable even judged by Asiatic standards. The Czar traces the source of his semi-divine authority back to the traditions of Byzantium; his descent from the Greek emperors; and when London and Paris were clumps of hovels clustered on the banks of the Thames and Seine, Kiev was a rich and splendid city, frequented by merchants from many lands, endowed with famous schools, and adorned with churches whose mosaics rivaled those of Constantinople. In the first half of the eleventh century Russia lay in the line of commerce, and stood, probably, more fully abreast of the movement of the age than she has at any other epoch. When the Eastern trade centred on the Bosphorus, the portion which sought the Baltic ascended the Dnieper to Kiev, then passed to the Lovat, and so by Lake Ladoga to the Gulf of Finland, building up Novgorod the Great upon the way. But wealth, intellectual activity, and art, all withered under the competition of Italy, when Italy awoke to life through the stimulus of the crusades.

During the twelfth century the focus of commercial activity moved toward Lombardy, the routes of travel changed, and as Russia became isolated, her vitality ebbed. By 1150 Venice had begun to supplant Constantinople; in 1169 Kiev suffered its first sack; while in 1224, only twenty years after the overthrow of the Greek Empire by the Franks, the Tartar domination in Russia began with the victory of the Kalka. That domination lasted three hundred years, and when it closed Russia had grown Asiatic. During the interval the country had been severed from the West, the capital had moved to Moscow, egress to the Baltic had been barred by Germans, Poles, and Swedes, and only in 1556 did Ivan the Terrible succeed in opening the Volga as far as Astrakhan, and in navi-

gating the Caspian. Until the eighteenth century no outlet existed on the Black Sea.

Nothing, however, remains stationary, and when the economic capital of Europe, pursuing its migrations, reached Flanders, an unparalleled activity set in upon the shore of the North Sea. Even before Ivan reached Astrakhan, English adventurers had penetrated to Moscow by way of Archangel and the Dwina, Archangel being the only port in the Czar's dominions.

From this moment date the difficulties of modern Russia, for an archaic and secluded community then fell into the vortex of competition with races more active and highly organized than itself.

To speak plainly Russia relapsed into barbarism, but as a barbarous state she could only survive while completely separated from more advanced enemies, since communication meant equality of armament, with all the cost implied thereby, or subjugation. Therefore Russia armed, organized, and went into insolvency; but previously, while isolated, her finances had been sound, and her population relatively prosperous.

Even as late as the time of the Czar Alexis, who died in 1676, the monarch lived in splendor, maintained a sufficient army, and amassed a treasure with a revenue of 6,000,000 roubles. Under Peter the Great the tide of competition flowed with resistless force. The Russians were drawn down to the Baltic, and from the hour that Western economic standards were imposed upon them, they recognized their position as hopeless unless they could reach some sort of industrial equality with their rivals.

Hence Peter surrounded himself with Dutchmen, Germans, and English; hence Catherine II. sought to people the valley of the Volga with emigrants from the Palatinate; and hence those efforts of the last ten years, to convert the southern steppes into a sort of Pennsylvania, which have astonished the world.

The task attempted has been prodigious; the sacrifices exacted from the people have reached the limit of human endurance; but there is reason to believe that hitherto the effort has failed. Probably the weight of Russia as a factor in modern competition tends at this moment rather to decline than to increase.

To appreciate the crisis which Russia is facing, neither her geographical position nor her past should be forgotten. Russia is expensive to develop, for she is cursed with costly outlets. To the south she is shut in upon an inland sea; to the north her harbors are few, distant from the richest portions of the country, and icebound. Siberia is but a narrow strip between two deserts, a strip so narrow that transportation in bulk, such as is the basis of the American system, seems impossible. For these reasons Russia remains relatively now much what she was in Peter's time, — an isolated mass with a highly eccentric capital, wretchedly poor, with unsatisfactory communications, schools, and administration. Lastly, to make head against these disadvantages, Russia is peopled by an archaic race; that is to say, a race which operates more slowly, and therefore more wastefully, than its Western rivals. A race, moreover, essentially Asiatic. The Russians have patience, tenacity of life, and, possibly, adaptability to foreign guidance; but they are ignorant, uninventive, indolent, and improvident. As a result the resources of the empire have proved inadequate to the demands made upon them; the revenue has always shown a deficit since Peter the Great's time, and when the finances have been subjected to a severe strain they have collapsed.

Not only does Russia suffer from her geographical position, but her improvidence makes her even in prosperous times accumulate debt faster than capital. As one of her best financial writers has remarked: "We administer our

public fortune with the same heedlessness as our private fortune. However rapidly the resources of the state augment, the expenses augment more rapidly still. In comparison with the revenues, which have quadrupled, our public debt has quintupled," and this was written before the advent of De Witte, the most lavish of ministers.¹

The Russians have never known the solvency indicated by a sound currency and an annual surplus. The present nominal gold standard is only a repetition of former expedients, and consists in the repudiation of one third of preëxisting forced loans. The new gold rouble has been issued in the ratio of two roubles of gold to three of paper, the third paper rouble being canceled. Up to 1768 the government used a debased copper coinage and resorted to a series of desperate expedients to raise funds, but in 1768 Catherine II. believed she had found an exhaustless source of wealth in paper money, which she substituted for the preëxisting tokens. It was then the germs of the subsequent bankruptcy of 1839 were laid. This paper, called assignats, always tended to increase and to depreciate. During the Napoleonic wars, in spite of English subsidies and a share of the French indemnity, it reached 839,000,000 roubles² and had fallen in value to less than four to one in relation to silver. By 1839 the burden had grown too heavy, and Count Cancrin issued a new "credit rouble" on the basis of one to three and one half, which constituted a repudiation of about seventy-five per cent. Yet these new roubles within ten years had fallen to ten per cent discount.

Probably a complete repudiation of all debts would have supervened had not the Russians about this time discovered that they could borrow abroad, and Gouriew availed himself so liberally of this expedient that, when he retired in

¹ Les Ministres des Finances de la Russie, Skalkovsky, page 307.

² The rouble may be calculated at eighty cents.

1823, he was accused of "bringing the state to bankruptcy" through the instrumentality of the Rothschilds.

The Russians are not a commercial people; consequently their finances have never been administered by men of business, and have always borne an amateurish stamp. Little serious attempt at economy has ever been made, and though the people may be starving, and the currency in confusion, the court and the administration have always been the most lavish in Europe. Nevertheless, by means of the repudiation of 1839, some semblance of order was restored. That is to say, the deficit was reduced to about 30,000,000 roubles in good years, and through foreign loans a treasure was amassed large enough to lure the Czar Nicholas into attempting the Crimean war. Two campaigns sufficed to exhaust the economic endurance of the empire. In 1855 the deficit reached 262,000,000 roubles, and at the peace the paper currency amounted to 735,000,000, while 321,000,000 roubles had been extorted as a loan from such institutions as had funds. In precisely the same way Russia broke down twenty-two years later under the walls of Constantinople, and surrendered the fruits of victory, because her paper issues had attained the enormous volume of 1,200,000,000 roubles, and her five per cent bonds could hardly be sold in small amounts in Berlin at twenty-six per cent discount.

Whether in peace or war, no minister of finance during this century has ever kept the cost of government within the limits of the revenue. The bonded debt has grown under every administration, but under none so fast as under the last. The list is curious, and even startling.

In 1810 Alexander I. appointed Gourev, who held office thirteen years; beside enormous emissions of assignats, he incurred an interest-bearing debt of 185,688,000 roubles. Cancrin, his successor, struggled with hopeless deficits, resorted

to the most desperate expedients to raise funds, even selling exemptions from military service, emitted much paper, added 115,000,000 roubles to the debt, and finally, in 1839, wiped out three quarters of the assignats by issuing a new credit rouble at a ratio of one to three and one half. Yet nevertheless, in spite of such sharp contraction, the new rouble fell to three per cent discount in 1843, and to ten per cent in 1848. Cancrin died in 1845, and each of his three successors borrowed, more or less freely, to fill deficits, until Reutern became minister in 1862. In his first six years his loans reached 451,000,000 roubles, and in 1864-66 he emitted 63,000,000 treasury notes. Reutern retired in 1878, and Grieg, who followed, had to provide funds to pay for the Turkish war; he, Abaza, and Bunge borrowed money abroad when they could, and, when they could not, issued paper at home. Thus, about the time when Vychnégradsky, De Witte's predecessor, took office, in 1887, affairs reached a crisis. The deficit continuing, severer taxation was resorted to, a panic broke out in 1888, the rouble depreciated fifty per cent, and had it not been for an exceptionally abundant harvest, the ruin might have been more widespread. A change, however, was at hand. The moment had arrived when Russia became mistress of fabulous wealth.

Previous to 1888 Russia had been mainly dependent on Germany for her capital, and this dependence had amounted to a species of subjection, for the German bankers had not scrupled to use their power as creditors to the utmost to impose a policy on the Russian government. In 1888 the full magnitude of the change of social equilibrium wrought in 1870 manifested itself. As central Europe had consolidated, France had been isolated, and her isolation placed her in mortal peril. This peril stimulated her people to strengthen Russia at any cost, since without an ally the republic feared dismemberment. Conse-

quently for several years the savings of France stood at the disposal of Russia, and the results which followed are, perhaps, without a precedent. In time of peace, between 1888 and 1897, Vychnégradsky and De Witte borrowed upwards of \$863,000,000, of which vast sum perhaps one half represented investments in railways, or a possibly productive outlay. In the first four years of De Witte's administration the annual disbursement rose from 900,000,000 to 1,413,000,000 roubles, and for the year 1900 the budget shows a deficit of 160,600,000 roubles, or \$128,480,000.

It is true that the recent budgets have been made to indicate a surplus, but this surplus is delusive. De Cyon years ago demonstrated that the apparent surpluses exhibited by M. de Witte are in reality caused by the application of the unexpended balance of old borrowings to the payment of current expenses. For example, the budget for the year 1900 shows an application of 160,000,000 roubles drawn "from the free balance of the treasury." Now this "free balance" is, in the language of De Cyon, only "the avails of unemployed loans."¹ That an actual deficit exists is proved by the advance of the debt.

Nor is the state debt the only, or even, perhaps, the heaviest burden which the Russians have assumed in their struggle for industrial development. Not being by nature inventive or mechanical, the community has striven for two centuries to domesticate foreign industries, by importing foreign labor and foreign capital. To provide the necessary inducement the Russians have enacted a nearly prohibitive tariff, and attracted by the great gains which may be realized under this tariff, Germans, Belgians, and French have established plants whose profits are remitted abroad. Thus not only is the price of all the necessities of life raised for the peasant, but the cost of internal

improvement is increased. For example, the government, instead of buying its railway material in the cheapest market, buys it at home at fifty per cent advance; to pay this price to the foreigners who control the iron works, money is borrowed abroad, which money returns whence it came, and then a new loan must be negotiated in Paris or Berlin to pay the interest on the funds thus drained away.

In 1891 a French syndicate offered the Russian government to build the Siberian railway within six years, at an average cost of 40,000 roubles the verst,² offering a guarantee that the cost should not exceed the sum indicated. The government declined the offer and undertook the task itself, and this is a sample of what happened. The division from Cheliabinsk offered no particular difficulty, and the syndicate estimated it at 20,000 roubles the verst. It has already cost 53,000 roubles the verst, and the rails which have been laid are generally so light that they will have to be replaced before the road will carry heavy traffic.

Some of this vast excess of outlay may be attributed to the price paid for domestic material, but not all. The chief leakage is due to a weakness in Russian civilization, which vitiates all financial and administrative methods. Russian society is archaic; the system of agriculture may serve as an illustration. The basis of Russian agriculture is still communal ownership, which represents an intellectual condition perhaps equivalent to that of Europe three centuries ago. Moreover, the Russians are Asiatic, and therefore less vigorous, energetic, and inventive than Western races. Accordingly, Russian peasants are miserably poor.

Estimating by aid of the figures of M. de Witte's reports, the average annual production per person approximates twenty-nine roubles; of these twenty-nine

¹ Où la Dictature de M. Witte conduit la Russie, F. de Cyon, XVIII.

² The verst is seven tenths of a mile.

roubles upwards of twelve are absorbed in taxes, leaving about thirteen dollars as the income of the individual. Such estimates are vague, but they serve to give an idea of the impossibility of a population nearly starving, unable to buy machinery, crippled by infamous roads and insufficient railway transportation, and enervated by the rotating tenure of land incident to communal ownership, competing with the capitalistic methods of the Dakotas. Obviously the value of the Russian agricultural exports must tend to decline.

For precisely similar reasons the Russian railway must be a costly and an inferior railway, because it is the product of a primitive society which generates a defective civil service. The archaic idea is to pay the official by fees; for it requires an advanced economic intelligence to comprehend that it is cheaper for each citizen to be taxed for fixed salaries than for the individual to pay for the service he needs, as he might pay a doctor or a lawyer. Verres, for example, administered Sicily for what he could make out of it, and Verres and his like engendered the empire, under which the salary system prevailed. Colbert undertook to uproot the fee system in France, and failed. The Revolution accomplished his work.

Russian officials are expected to supplement insufficient salaries by fees; hence fees, though not necessarily implying dishonesty, are universal, and entail waste and delay. The most important work, even of a routine character, may be stopped for months because some obscure official has been overlooked who has quietly waited until the sufferer should find and pay him. Hence railways are costly, ill-organized, ill-equipped, and slackly run, and though freight rates may be nominally low, they become high through maladministration. From the palace of the Czar to the hut of the peasant, the same waste, the same inertness, and the same incapacity prevail. The

result is that the harder Russia is pressed by Western competition, and the more capital she is driven to borrow to invest in industrial expansion, the heavier is the burden of the nation in proportion to its resources, and the more hopeless its financial outlook.

For example, in 1887, before the negotiation of the French loans, the annual charge on the public debt reached, in round numbers, 186,000,000 gold roubles; in 1899 this charge had swollen to 270,000,000 gold roubles, in spite of conversions which lowered the rate of interest at least two per cent, and in spite of the suppression of the sinking fund. Now this charge represents mainly a debt due abroad, which must be paid either by exports or by new loans. If the national balance of trade in favor of Russia has grown proportionately to the debt, the empire is paying its way; if it has shrunk, the empire must be losing ground.

Between 1886 and 1890 the exports of Russian merchandise exceeded the imports, on the average, by 173,000,000 gold roubles, a sum doubtless sufficient to meet the foreign disbursements and leave a handsome margin, since at that time a larger portion of the loan was held at home than at present. Between 1891 and 1894 this balance fell to 111,700,000 gold roubles, and in the three years 1896-98 to 98,500,000 gold roubles, and this in spite of the high price of grain in 1897. Therefore since the French inflow of capital began, the interest account has risen forty per cent, while the balance from sales of merchandise has decreased forty per cent, leaving the country with a deficit on its fixed charges. Nor is this the worst. The enormous foreign investments in industries have to obtain a profit from sales at high prices to the peasantry, and the money thus taken from the country is sent abroad as regularly as government interest. Therefore, when M. de Witte fails, as he has failed this year,

to negotiate new loans, the specie accumulated in St. Petersburg, which is the result of old borrowing, has to be exported to Paris in default of exchange. It was in all probability a recognition of this fact which led the Czar to call the Peace Conference, in the hope of limiting armaments.

The inference is that Russia, as now organized, is not upon a paying basis, and that Russians are ill adapted to the exigencies of modern competition. This inference is also strengthened by the fact that the commercial interests of the empire, in the chief cities of European Russia, are passing under the control of Germans and Jews, and that German is the language of Russian finance.

Conversely, it seems to be generally conceded, that the condition of the peasantry is deplorable. As the price of grain has fallen, taxes have risen until the margin of profit upon the average crop has dwindled to a bare subsistence, and a bad season means famine, — famine not because bread is dear, but because the population lacks money wherewith to purchase. Hence starvation has become chronic in the empire, and there is seldom a time when people are not dying either from hunger, or from the effects of hunger. Last winter Bessarabia was immolated, a province which had never before known scarcity, and the bitterness of the situation lies in this, that when all has been sold and the cattle have been killed, and nothing is left to seize, the taxes accumulate, and these arrears sweep away any surplus which might remain after the next era of plenty. For this reason the inhabitants of the valley of the Volga are abandoning their farms and wandering toward the wastes of Siberia, where too often an equally miserable fate awaits them.

Such phenomena point to the conclusion that Russia must either undergo a social reorganization which will put her upon a cheaper administrative basis, or she must obtain fresh property which she

can mortgage; that is to say, she must expand.

What a social revolution in Russia would portend transcends human foresight, but probably its effects would be felt throughout the world. The conservative instincts of the race are, however, very strong, and it is likely that they will prevail until the last extremity. Assuming, therefore, that the existing status of society will remain unchanged, an alternative appears to be presented to the people.

Foreign borrowing has, apparently, been carried to something like its limit, unless new securities can be pledged, but such securities are usually the fruit of war. The most brilliant would be the Shansi minerals. The development of those deposits offers the best, and, perhaps, the only chance for that industrial development for which the Russians have striven for two centuries, and hitherto failed. War is costly, but the Russians have a large treasure in gold which they can spend in expansion. If they succeed they will have won the richest prize of modern times. If they fail they will only arrive a few years earlier at the issue of more paper money, a measure which appears inevitable on the present basis; for, with the balance of trade going against them, and the interest account growing, if the reserve of specie is not used in war, it seems destined to be exhausted in paying the charges on the debt.

Should the military and agrarian party gain the upper hand, as some think it has the upper hand already, an attempt would probably be made to absorb the northern provinces of China. The question is how this would affect the United States. Evidently the United States has nothing to gain by the opening up of Asia. The United States is now mistress of the situation; the United States is fast attaining a commercial supremacy heretofore unrivaled. An industrial movement in the valleys of the Ho-hang-ho and Yang-tsze could only tend to her

embarrassment. The best thing that could happen for her would be for China to remain as she is. But the very success and energy of America make it unlikely that China can stay stationary; an effort at development is inevitable, and it behooves Americans to consider whether they can safely allow that development to be wholly controlled by others. If Russia should absorb Shansi she cannot organize it alone. She has neither the genius nor the capital. She must mortgage her property, in the future as in the past, and there is a likelihood that the mortgagee will ultimately come into possession. Even supposing a conflict between Japan and Russia, in which Japan should prevail, the situation would remain substantially unchanged, for the Japanese are both from a financial and an administrative standpoint as unequal as Russia to handle such a task. They would have to resort to the same expedients as their adversary.

There remain the English, the Germans, and ourselves. The English may, probably, be dismissed from consideration; their energies are already over-

taxed, and of late, except in South Africa, British capital has shown a tendency rather to contract than to expand its sphere of activity. The Germans, on the contrary, are aggressive, and are taking the present opportunity to extend their influence. Were the Russians and the Germans to coalesce to dominate northern China, and were the country to be administered by Germans with German funds, a strain of a very serious nature might be put upon America.

Evidently this community cannot be excluded from the East; our geographical position, our wealth, and our energy make such an event, unless through coercion, impossible. Laws of nature are immutable; money will flow where it earns most return, and investments once made will be protected.

Hence Americans must accept the Chinese question as the great problem of the future, a problem from which there is no escape; and as the solution of these great struggles for supremacy often involves an appeal to force, safety lies in being armed and organized against all emergencies.

Brooks Adams.

NOTE. — I wish to rectify an oversight in my article on Russia which, unfortunately, I noticed too late to correct in the text. The oversight consists in taking the totals given in gold roubles in the Russian reports of different years, and comparing them directly with each other, forgetting, for the moment, the effect of M. de Witte's currency reform. When M. de Witte reformed the currency he scaled down the old gold rouble thirty-three per cent, to bring it to parity with the depreciated paper rouble. Therefore calculations to-day must be made on the basis of the modern gold and the old paper rouble. This vitiates the estimate of the increase of the charge on the public debt made on page 315. The adverse balance remains, but not on so great a scale. — BROOKS ADAMS.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

It would be difficult to find an example of the human type in which all its possibilities are presented in more rounded completeness than they attained in James Martineau. If we begin with the physical substratum of life, we find in him a very unusual degree of health and vigor. It is not merely that he lived to the advanced age of nearly ninety-five, but that almost to the end of this long life he was master of himself, and of his powers of body and mind. We have interesting glimpses of this hale and

hearty age. Rev. O. B. Frothingham, for instance, was fond of telling about a Sunday that he passed with him when his host was some seventy-five years old. In laying out the plans for the afternoon, Mr. Martineau asked his guest whether he would prefer a little walk or a drive. The walk proved to be a stroll of some ten miles with a mountain climb in addition. Mr. Frothingham said that he chose the drive. His mental powers endured at least as long as his physical. As Rev. A. W. Jackson has said,

"Hardly any decade of his toilsome life was fuller than the ninth one." It was this basis of physical health and strength that enabled him to perform so easily the vast work of his life. Of course we are not to understand that he felt none of the infirmities of age. To a man who had lived so large and free a life, these must have been especially irksome.

In an unpublished letter¹ to Dr. J. H. Allen of Cambridge, written shortly after his eighty-ninth birthday, he makes this charming allusion to birthdays, and to the comfort that he derived from the greetings of friends. He writes: "Three hundred and sixty-four days of the year I wonder at the old Hebrew yearning for length of life and glorification of old age; but the remaining day converts me for twenty-four hours, by mere force of congratulation and the charm of the gracious and friendly letters that lie in heaps on my table, so that I think nothing more delightful than my first step into my ninetieth year." Rev. P. R. Frothingham, who called upon him when he was ninety years old, tells me that at that time his sons and their wives were in the habit of joining his daughters and himself every Saturday evening. They passed the evening in reading aloud. At that time they were reading Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. We could hardly have a more beautiful picture of patriarchal peace, for the sons must have been fast approaching, if they had not yet reached, the period at which, to the surprise of the man himself, the word "old" begins to be applied to him.

Not merely did he fulfill the extreme possibility of the human life so far as bodily vigor was concerned. He came nearer than most to fulfilling it æstheti-

cally as well. The familiar words fail us when we try to describe a personal appearance so unique and fascinating as that of Martineau. I prefer to quote from another an account of the impression made upon him. One writer, speaking of the entrance of Martineau upon his ministry in Liverpool, thus describes his appearance in this time of his youth: "Well does the writer remember how the circular staircase of the somewhat conspicuous pulpit was quietly ascended by a tall young man, thin, but of vigorous and muscular frame, with dark hair, pale, but not delicate complexion, a countenance full in repose of thought and in animation of intelligence and enthusiasm, features belonging to no regular type or order of beauty, and yet leaving the impression of a very high kind of beauty, and a voice so sweet and clear and strong, without being in the least degree loud, that it conveyed all the inspiration of music without any of its art or intention."² In most respects I think that this description would have held good at any time of his active life.

To this should be added the impression received from his personal appearance of what, perhaps, in the lack of a better word, we may call culture. I do not mean by this physical and mental training, but culture in a more mundane sense. Here was a man obviously fitted to meet any exigency of the worldly life. Evidently there was no circle, even in England, so exalted that he might not feel at home in it, and be recognized as being in his rightful place. There was an air of mingled graciousness and dignity which at once attracted, while it would evidently repel familiarity on too easy terms. The repulsion would be exerted, not by any specific word or "memorial number" which contains a brief sketch of the life of Martineau, and reminiscences and impressions from former students and friends. It is extremely interesting and valuable. The above description is taken from it, and I shall be frequently indebted to it in this article.

¹ A series of interesting letters from Dr. Martineau to Dr. Allen was presented to the Massachusetts Colonial Society by Mr. H. H. Edes at the meeting of March last; and they will appear among the proceedings of the Society.

² The *Inquirer* of London has published a

look, but simply by the calm presence of the man. When I saw him in his crimson doctor's robe, I confess that this, which seems in so many cases such an absurd drapery, appeared to me to be his proper garb. At the same time he evidently needed such robes of dignity less than most others.

The mind of Dr. Martineau was as lithe and strong as his body. As his body delighted in feats of strength, especially as these were connected with the climbing of his favorite hills, so did his mind rejoice in the pleasure of the athlete. He loved to climb the heights of thought. He gloried in the measurement of strength with strength, in the encounter of mind with mind. Here, too, he was fitted by nature and training to mingle with the best. He took his place with the great thinkers of the world, as one who could at least comprehend them and converse with them on an equal plane, even if he had not their power of original constructive thought.

To the development of body and mind was added the graces of the spirit. His religious nature was tender and devout. His spiritual life was as humble as his intellectual was exalted. More to him than his theology was his religion. His earliest and his latest utterances to the world were of this.

We no longer say, with Pope,

"An honest man's the noblest work of God,"

but an honest man is at least the material out of which the noblest work of God is fashioned, as the purest bit of marble is selected by the sculptor for his best achievement. It might seem strange, at first sight, to draw special attention to the honesty of a theologian and preacher. But we know that the theologian has his temptations no less alluring than those which lurk in the way of the politician and the business man. When we think how Martineau, with his poetic temperament, would have rejoiced in the splendid architecture of the

English Church; when we think how he was fitted by personality, by genius, and by learning to fill the highest place which the church could offer; when we think, on the other hand, of all the annoyances which the dissenter in England, especially a dissenter so heretical as a Unitarian, has to undergo, we may well note the unreasoning integrity, the straightforward simplicity, with which Martineau uttered in the most direct form his own thought. We will not criticise those who, agreeing with Martineau in his belief, have found it easy to use forms of speech which seem foreign to it, and who thereby have enjoyed the fullness of the large and rich life of the English Church. We will not admire in Martineau the directness and simplicity of thought and speech which made it impossible for him to do this. To admire it would seem to imply that he might have taken a different course. We simply take it for granted, as we take for granted the solidity of the granite ledge. We recognize it as a part of the character of Martineau, by which he became to the world what he actually was.

His honesty was not merely negative, it was aggressive. He not only did not say what he did not think; he always said what he did think. On all occasions he was perfectly frank. It was my good fortune to observe an instance of this frankness that seemed to me interesting. When Manchester College was established at Oxford, it was received with unexpected cordiality by many of the foremost Oxford theologians. At a lunch given by the college, a number of them were present. One of them said that he welcomed the college, not because it brought anything that Oxford did not have before, but because it brought more of that which it already possessed. In the face of all this kindness it seemed a difficult thing to protest against this assumption; yet Martineau did it. In a speech perfectly frank and perfectly courteous he stated

what Oxford had not possessed before of that which the new college had brought. The friends of the college did not know whether to be more pleased because Martineau said this, or because no one else undertook to do it. He had done easily what no one else could have ventured to attempt.

We cannot complete the catalogue of the characteristics which made of Martineau so perfect a specimen of manhood without referring more directly to the poetic imagination and that mastery of words through which the discussion of the driest or most abstruse theme was made to glow with life and beauty. To all this must be added that vague and illusive something which cannot be described, but which is one of the great ruling forces of the world; — I mean personality. It is this which brings to a focus all the elements that enter into a man's life. It is this which makes a man a leader among his fellows, or gives to his presence a nameless charm. This was present with Martineau in a marked degree.

I once heard Dr. Bartol say in a semi-public address, "I think that I am better worth studying than a bug." The good doctor was right. In Martineau, as I have tried to point out, we have a wonderfully perfect specimen of the *genus homo*. As such he deserves, even from the point of view of science, careful study.

James Martineau was of Huguenot descent. His ancestors established themselves in England in the year 1685, having been driven from their home by the persecution that followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His father was a business man, a descendant of three generations of surgeons. Doubtless this Huguenot ancestry was the source of some of the elements in Martineau's character to which I have referred, which blending with the qualities of the English race contributed to his personal charm. He was born in Norwich, April 21, 1805.

While it is the ancestry of his father that is the more interesting, it seems to have been his mother that personally influenced him most. She was a woman of clear understanding and strong will, and with a strong sense of duty. Behind these lay a great wealth of affection.

As a boy he was sent to the Norwich Grammar School, where we are told that he laid the basis of a sound classical education. At the age of fourteen he was sent to the school of Rev. Lant Carpenter at Bristol. We often speak of being born again. In the case of Martineau his life at this school constituted what he could not help regarding as a new birth. He says in a letter referring to this experience, "So forcibly, indeed, did that period act upon me, so visibly did it determine the subsequent direction of my mind and lot, that it always stands before me as the commencement of my present life, making me feel like a man without a childhood; and though a multitude of earlier scenes are still in view, they seem to be spread around a different being, and to belong, like the incidents of a dream, to some foreign self that became extinct when the morning light of reality broke upon the sight." He recognizes the illusory nature of this feeling. He sees "that in no one's case can there really occur such an abrupt termination of one series of causes, and sudden replacement of another." The feeling, however, remained, and it shows what a wonderful influence this teacher must have had upon him.¹

The special influence of Dr. Carpenter upon Martineau seems to have been in the direction of the moral and the religious life. While absolute thoroughness of work was insisted upon at every point, the ethical character and implication of the study were brought out. There was, however, another side to the

¹ Memoir of the late Rev. Dr. Carpenter, page 146.

teaching of Dr. Carpenter which was less commendable, and it is a striking illustration of the absolute frankness of Martineau that though the letter from which I have just quoted was written to the son of his old teacher, and designed to have a place in the memoir which the son was preparing of his father, he did not hesitate to emphasize the deficiencies of the teaching which he had received as strongly as he did its admirable features. After picturing the school in terms that would seem to imply absolute perfection, he recognizes the fact that his old teacher was lacking in the æsthetic sense. "His classical knowledge was superior to his classical taste; and while in the reading of a Greek drama he would note with admiration every fine noble sentiment of Sophocles, and pause upon the general maxims of Euripides, the simple and severe grandeur of the work as a whole, the perfection and symmetry of its form, and its interest as the most genuine expression of Grecian ideal life, escaped apparently unobserved." "He seemed to regard the imagination with a suspicious eye, considering it as a mere embellishment of human nature — a luxury to be sparingly allowed; or even as a positive seduction to be placed under the vigilant police of the other faculties." This certainly was a strange influence to be brought to bear upon a mind so radiant with imagination as that of the young Martineau. It could not repress this element of his buoyant life; but it could hardly have failed to affect him profoundly. Under this influence was his awakening to some sense of the meaning of life. It was, as we have seen, a new birth from which he dated all his subsequent experiences. The fact that this new birth took place under the guidance of this severe and prosaic ethical inspiration must have influenced the development of his mind, if not of his general spiritual nature. I have little doubt that this had much to do with giving the

special form to the theology which Martineau afterwards taught.

In 1821 Martineau began to prepare himself for the career of a civil engineer. It was a moment which, as we look back upon it, may well cause us to tremble at the thought of the peril involved in this start in life of the youth whom such a noble future awaited. If he had thus turned aside from his appointed way, what loss would not he and the world have sustained! His destiny, or his nature, or Providence, was however too strong for him, and the study of the profession to which he had been devoted failed to satisfy him. At the moment there came a new influence into his life. A young minister, a relation by marriage, died. Martineau was deeply moved, both by the loss and by the general sorrow that this death caused. He was affected by the evidence of the profound spiritual influence which this young man had exerted.¹ He felt that there was but one calling to which his nature was really drawn, and that was the profession of a minister.

As he turned to enter upon the preparation for this his chosen and appointed work, he came into contact with that exclusiveness by which the best opportunities that England offered to her youth were then defended. He could not enter one of the great universities, because he could not subscribe to the articles of faith. Happily there was an institution ready to receive him, which furnished him the help and the inspiration that he needed. This was Manchester College which has done such splendid work for the liberal church in England, and with which Martineau was to be so long identified. When he entered this institution he was eighteen years old.

Lest any may fancy that because Martineau was shut out from university teaching his education was in any way incomplete, I will here introduce some

¹ The memorial number of *The Inquirer*.

Latin verses which he composed late in life. To be able to write Latin verse has long seemed to be the test of a complete education in England, a test before which I fear most Americans would fail. Martineau stands it well. At his eightieth birthday, a friend, who was in the habit of sending him such annual greetings, addressed to him a quatrain of Latin verses, in which he spoke of his mountain climbing, and referred to the heights which his spirit also could ascend. Martineau replied with a similar quatrain, intimating that his friend, the poet, might well look down upon the climber, since he had wings and could soar : —

"Nec tibi restinxit, vates, matura senectus
Fervorem ingenii Pieridumque faces ;
Parnassum superans, facilis tu victor abibis
Alis despiciens tædia longa pedis." ¹

He spent five years in the college, one other year as an assistant to his old teacher, and in 1828, at the age of twenty-three, was ordained as a minister in Dublin, and entered upon his first professional work. The church into which he was ordained was called Presbyterian, though the name had nothing of the significance which we associate with the term. He remained in Dublin only three years. From Dublin he went to Liverpool, where he had a ministry of twenty-five years. During these years the mind of Martineau underwent a very marked development. He had been educated in the school of Mill. By a growth, at first unconscious, he passed wholly out of this influence. In the preface to his *Types of Ethical Theory* he gives a most interesting account of this transformation. "It was," he tells us, "the irresistible pleading of the moral consciousness which first drove me to rebel against the limits of the merely scientific conception." He gave up the doctrine of determinism, and recalled "the outlawed causes from their banishment and degradation to the rank of antecedents." This mental and spir-

itual development was greatly helped by a residence of fifteen months in Germany, where he studied with Professor Trendelenburg. The result of this study would seem to have been almost as marked as the new birth which came to him in his school days. He came, he tells us, "into the same plight in respect to the cognitive and æsthetic side of life that had already befallen me in regard to the moral." We thus find him at last fully master of himself. I have already spoken of the way in which he fulfilled the ideal type of manhood. We have now seen the manner in which this type gradually unfolded itself, pressing on by an inward necessity, until, in spite of repressing influences, it stood forth in its full beauty.

The spiritual and religious life of Martineau underwent a development as important as that through which his intellectual life was passing. His first utterance as a minister was, in accordance with the spirit of the times, of a somewhat narrow type. In his work, *The Rationale of Religious Inquiry*, he insisted upon a belief in the New Testament miracles as essential to Christianity. At the same time, however, he showed his broader outlook by insisting that no miracle could prove spiritual truth. The influence of Channing was very great in his spiritual development, and Martineau spoke of him as the inspirer of his youth. Later came the writings of Theodore Parker, which received also a warm welcome from him. He became recognized as a leader in the liberal movement which was taking place in the Unitarian Church.

The life of Martineau in Liverpool was as important for the world as it was for himself. It was with him a period of great activity. It was while living in Liverpool that he published his *Endeavours after the Christian Life*, a work which brought spiritual inspiration to many on both sides of the Atlantic, and at once made the name of Martineau familiar and dear to many. Here, too,

¹ The memorial number of *The Inquirer*.

he showed his power as a controversialist. The thirteen ministers of the so-called orthodox churches in Liverpool made a combined attack upon the teaching of the three Unitarian churches. The responses called forth from these latter, especially as they were represented by Martineau, formed an epoch in the history of liberal religion. He became one of the editors of a theological quarterly, *The Prospective Review*, which was later succeeded by *The National Review*. It was during this period also he began to teach in the college in which he was educated.

Manchester College was removed to London, and it was necessary that Martineau should live in London in order that he might continue his teaching with the least strain upon himself. It seems strange, as we look back upon it, though it was perfectly natural at the time, that there should have been great opposition to the connection of Martineau with the school. This was based upon what were regarded as his extremely liberal views. The opposition was happily overcome, and Martineau continued to carry on what was one of the most important occupations of his life.

It goes without saying that the influence of Martineau upon the students of the college was immense. Language almost fails the graduates of the school when they speak of their indebtedness to him. At the same time it is not quite easy to explain how this influence was exerted. His lectures were read slowly, so that it was possible for them to be taken down verbally by at least some of the hearers. The students seemed to have had little intercourse with him outside the lecture room, and in this not often to have approached him with questions. There was, however, their reverence for the man; there was the power of his personality which made itself felt through the routine of the lecture room; there were the clearness and strength of the thought which the hearers had time to appreciate and to digest. Then, too,

it would seem that he must have introduced into his delivery a power of expression, however difficult the slowness of the utterance might seem to make this. The students were brought nearer to him, we are told, when they sat down with him to read Plato or some other Greek author. When he took part in the instruction in the preparation of sermons, the students also were brought into a close touch with him. His criticisms were often pointed and epigrammatic. Professor Carpenter, in the memorial number of *The Inquirer*, recalls two or three of these criticisms. In regard to one sermon which had dealt largely with Jewish antiquities, Martineau remarked, "Excellent, but I was waiting for the sermon." Another of these sermons he compared to a "diorama which moved very fast, and had nobody to explain it." Whether we can account for it or not, the fact remains that his students were bound to him by the closest ties of affectionate reverence, and that they felt the power not only of his intellect but of his sympathetic interest.

If it is difficult to explain precisely the manner in which his great influence upon his students was exerted, they themselves found it no less difficult to understand his comprehension of them. One of the most prominent graduates of the school writes to me that at the graduation of the students, Martineau was in the habit of making to each a short personal address; and that in this he showed a perception of the character of the man, and an insight into his real life, that no previous intercourse seemed sufficient to explain.

In 1869 Martineau became the Principal of Manchester College. In all, his connection with it as a teacher continued over forty-five years. During all this time he was extending his influence far beyond the limits of the college in which he taught, and of the church in which he preached. His essays and other pub-

lished works were recognized as among the most important contributions to theological thought. Many who differed with him most widely, in many of his views, learned to look upon him as the defender upon whom they could most rely in the great battle which religious thought was waging with unbelief. This recognition reached its fullest expression when on his eighty-third birthday he received a communication signed by the most prominent theologians of Europe and America, representing the most diverse theological views, but all united in expressions of reverence and gratitude. Nothing could better show the greatness of his work than that he, the arch-heretic, should receive such a testimonial. At the same time nothing could illustrate better the larger and more liberal spirit of the times than that such a testimonial could be sent him.

After his resignation as Principal of Manchester College in 1885, he devoted himself to the arrangement and publication of his thought in a systematic and permanent form. When the first of the works which represented this undertaking, his *Types of Ethical Theory*, appeared, it was received with some disappointment. There was regret that there was in the work so much that was historical and so little that represented the original thought of the author. Its real importance was thus at first underestimated. The public did not realize that this was only the first of the heavily loaded wains that were bringing home the ample fruitage of his harvest fields. In 1887 followed his *Study of Religion*, which received the warmest welcome from every side. It was recognized as one of the strongest presentations of the basis of religious faith. The most orthodox found in it little trace of heresy. The most heretical found it broad enough for their faith. In 1890 followed *The Seat of Authority in Religion*. In this he showed that the universal applause with which his former work had been

received by religious minds of every type had not intoxicated him. In it he expressed, in the frankest way, all the heresies which he had cherished; and many who had rejoiced over his former work were repelled by this. This book is in some ways less perfect than the others. The writing of the last part was separated by a long interval from that of the first. It is by its nature more arbitrary, not to say capricious, in some of its judgments. Yet perhaps no one of his books bears more clearly the impress of the master or has more real value. A collection of his miscellaneous works appeared later.

I am here reminded of an incident related to me by Rev. W. R. Alger. He called upon Martineau when the latter was somewhat over seventy years old. He found him ill, with no hope of recovery. Mr. Martineau said that he was perfectly willing to go, except for one thing. It grieved him to think that he must leave his work unfinished. He had collected his material, but must go before he could use it. Mr. Alger seized his hand, and by a prophetic impulse that he did not fully understand assured him that he had before him many years of life and labor. When we recall the longing of Martineau not to leave till his work was done, we take special pleasure in the thought that, before the final call came, his ripened harvest was so thoroughly gathered in and so carefully stored.

It remains to attempt some appreciation of the nature and the worth of the work thus accomplished.

In the first place we must recognize him as a religious teacher, and still more as a religious inspirer. His first important work, *Endeavours after the Christian Life*, retains the supremacy that was at first accorded to it. It is the utterance of a pure and warm religious faith, unhampered by any narrowness or timidity of thought. The form is perfect; the expression is rich with the beauty

of the imagination. Earlier in this article I expressed a certain regret that Martineau could not have had his place in the historic church, and taken part in a service enriched by the magnificent architecture which is its inheritance. After all, in reading this book we feel that he did not need this.

"There is no architect
Can build as the Muse can."

The lofty thought, the glowing imagination, the mastery of the English speech, the tender religious feeling, the soaring faith — in the presence of these we do not need the magnificence of cathedrals or the pomp of service.

Next to the importance of his work as a preacher I should place his accomplishment as a defender of religious faith against the attacks which the temper and thought of the time made upon it. He was a splendid critic, a debater whose skill it was a joy to see, even if one had no interest in the result of the contest. He evidently rejoiced in the strife. He rejoiced in the trial of strength, in finding the weak point in his opponent's armor, in parrying his deadliest thrusts. He could not help enjoying this, he was so thoroughly at home in it, so thoroughly the master of himself and of the situation. With all, he was as courteous as the most chivalrous of the olden times. Only one case do I remember in which this courtesy was forgotten. This was in his criticism of Spinoza. This discourtesy was not, however, merely because he differed with his antagonist; it was because he believed that Spinoza had made a dishonest use of the word God. It beautifully illustrates the relation of Martineau toward his sharpest antagonists, that in the famous Metaphysical Club, in which the magnates of the church and such men, if there were other such, as Tennyson and Browning, and the first thinkers of the time met to discuss the loftiest themes of human thought, it was Martineau who insisted that Huxley should be drawn into the

gathering. It is a little remarkable that the one permanent contribution of this club of great men to the world should be the word "agnostic," which Huxley introduced in order that he might have some motto on his shield, as the others had on theirs.

In spite of the joy which Martineau took in criticism and debate, it would be a mistake to assume that his natural bent was that of the critic. Strife came rather as an accident into his life. It was forced upon him from without. We can see the temper of the man as he stood a young Unitarian preacher in that pulpit in Liverpool, which his presence has made famous, as well as in his later preaching. Miss Frances Power Cobbe, in that memorial number of *The Inquirer*, gives us some account of this ministry. She tells us that many were disappointed that there was so little of the critical and the dogmatic in the sermons. She missed "Theodore Parker's flat denials on one hand and faith-strong positive assertion on the other." It was the attack of the opposing clergymen of Liverpool that first summoned to debate and made him show his power as a fighter, as he had before shown it as a teacher of religion. So, too, it was the attacks upon religious faith, insidious or open, which came from the attitude and temper of the times, that roused Martineau to the necessity of defense. As a teacher of men in training for the ministry, it was his business to guide them through the labyrinths of speculation, pointing out the snares and pitfalls by the way. But when we would think of him as he was by nature and original tendency, we must go back to those earlier days in Liverpool, before these outward demands had been made upon him.

In what has been here said of his skill as a critic, it was not intended to imply that his criticisms were in every case correct, but that he carried a fair and remarkably acute mind and courteous bearing

into the fray, and that he accomplished more than any other in the exposure of the false claims of those whose attacks upon religion gained force from the fact that they seemed to speak in the name of science.

It must be admitted that Martineau was less successful as a constructive philosopher and theologian than as a preacher, teacher, and critic. In philosophy he was a dualist. He urged the doctrine of philosophic dualism in an article published in 1860; and in an unpublished letter addressed to Dr. J. H. Allen, in 1890, he wrote: "To me, monism in any form, idealistic or materialistic, is tantamount to a denial of religion. I mean, of course, in its logical results, not in the conscious thought of those who hold it." Why he should have made so much account of the form of dualism that he held, it is difficult to see. He did not use, so far as I remember, his "datum objective to God" to explain the existence of evil or sin. It simply helped him to recognize the fact that there are some things which we cannot conceive to have been determined by a creative will. Indeed, in his *Study of Religion*,¹ he seemed half inclined to throw his dualism away, so far as all practical purposes were concerned. Of the theory which recognizes space as the only principle over against God—space to be filled with force by the divine will, Martineau says, "On the side of psychology there are difficulties attending this theory; but if they can be overcome, its metaphysical neatness and its effectual discharge of the perplexities of dualism strongly recommend it to acceptance." After this I think that we may leave his dualism out of the account in our estimate of his theological position.

Much more important in our estimate of his thought is his identification of force or cause with will. He insisted that the only form under which we know

anything about force or causation is as it is manifested through the will, or as he expresses it in one place, "the sense of effort." From this he argues that all force must be recognized as will force, and thus all force, as we find it in the world about us, must be regarded as a manifestation of the divine will. In order to save the freedom of the human will, he maintained that a certain amount of this divine force had been intrusted to each individual to use as he pleased. The highest life consists in the returning of this delegated power to God, and making it act in the line of his will. As causation thus reveals the reality of God and his presence in the world, the moral law reveals to us his holiness. This general reasoning was completed by a recognition of the part played by teleology in the world about us.

We have here what may be called a theology of will, and a system of the universe that is absolutely luminous. It is easy to understand how congenial this must have been to the keen intellect and the virile nature of Martineau.

It might be of interest to discuss the question whether the basis thus laid is sufficient for the vast superstructure that was reared upon it. Our later psychology has, however, made such discussion useless by taking away the basis itself. We now know that the "sense of effort" is an illusion. The feeling to which we give the name results from the rigidity of the muscles occasioned by reaction against outside resistance. It is carried to the brain by the nerves of sensation, and the motor nerves have absolutely nothing to do with it. We know that thought tends to transform itself into deed. If we had in the mind only a single idea, and this represented some act, the act would at once be performed. The same would be true if the idea of the act were sufficiently intense to overpower all inhibiting ideas that might be present. The will addresses itself not to acts but to thoughts. It

¹ Vol. i. pp. 407, 408.

holds an idea before the mind until this idea becomes intense enough to carry itself into activity.

It is not the place here to raise the question as to the value of this important psychological discovery to theology. We have only to recognize the fact that so far as Martineau's position is concerned, an entire reworking of the material is made necessary by it.

One of the most important of the contributions to the memorial number of *The Inquirer* is that of Rev. Richard A. Armstrong. In this he first states briefly his own view, which is that in addition to the two forms of divine manifestation recognized by Martineau there is a third which is found in the sense of beauty. In this man recognizes God, "not through any dialectic, but by immediate intuition as love." He stated this view to Martineau, and asked for his judgment in regard to it. Martineau accepted the thought as one apparently familiar to him; and granted it equal importance with the two elements of religious faith — the will and the moral sense — upon which he had insisted. Here we find that Martineau's system did not do justice to his own religious thought, at least one third of this — a third that must have had a great modifying influence upon the other two thirds — being unrecognized in his formal presentation. From all this it would appear that Martineau's work as a constructive theologian is of less value than his achievements in other directions. It may be remarked in passing that Marti-

neau's theology of will, and the exclusion from it of the æsthetic element which filled so large a place in his own religious life, may very probably have resulted from the fact that his "new birth" took place under teaching as stern as that of Dr. Carpenter.

If Martineau did not succeed in constructing a permanent system of the universe, he simply failed where many had failed before him.

"Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be."

His power consists in the fact that he dwelt among the realities which systems so imperfectly represent. To some who love and admire him most, the *Endeavour* after the Christian Life is still regarded as his best contribution to the world. Others find most inspiration in his splendid personality, all aglow as it was with religious faith. He had fairly faced doubt and denial. He had explored the gloomiest stretches of world-weary speculation, and he could still stand in all the joy of his first faith, and proclaim that

"God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world."

Whatever we may think of his system as a whole, his works will long remain a storehouse of important thoughts in regard to the matters with which philosophy and theology have to do. It is pleasant to remember that the first collection of his miscellaneous works was made and published in this country, and that Harvard was the first university to give him official recognition.

Charles C. Everett.

OKLAHOMA.

THE traveler returning to Oklahoma after two or three years' absence is made aware of a great change that has come over the territory long before the confines of the territory are reached. While still hundreds of miles away, the mere fact of carrying a ticket to Guthrie or Oklahoma City makes one an object of interest and speculation, but in a different way from formerly.

There is nothing to absorb the eye outside the car window on the long ride south from Topeka, so fellow passengers fall to observing one another and guessing as to the purpose which takes this one and that abroad. The conductor's cry of "Tickets!" is always an event, and a very interesting event if he reads aloud, as he frequently does, from a passenger's slip the name of a town in the territory. A curious silence is sure to follow, and later the holder of the ticket realizes why. One and another of his fellow travelers will speak to him, probably about the ventilation of the car, or the probability of quail on the supper table at Arkansas City, or other topic of common interest; but no matter what the talk, or how it begins, it leads quickly to Oklahoma, — so quickly, that sometimes almost before the time of day is passed comes the inevitable and tentative, "I notice you're going to Oklahoma."

Four or five years ago such a suggestion would have been resented, as in those days it was better to suppress the inquirer and imply that, although your way lay southward, your destination was nothing short of a Texas or Gulf town. Why was this? Because in those early experimental days the territory was in ill repute, and some evasion of the law was a frequent motive in seeking its hospitality. To enter as a transient during the five years succeeding the Run was to invite suspicion as to motives, un-

less a drummer's sample trunk or a valise obviously technical advertised a different sort of sinister intent.

"No questions asked," was the unwritten law of society in the earlier days, and this inducement attracted many who had a past to forget; therefore those who entered were looked at speculatively, but silently, by fellow travelers. But now it is different. "Oklahoma? I have a brother there who has the finest wheat farm in the Southwest." "I'm getting out at the next station, but I wish I had the chance to go to the territory and try my luck. Everything is booming there; they say you can't help making money." "If you are going to Perry, you must know a friend of mine who took two hundred dollars down there and has turned it over and over in loans until now he's actually rich." This is the sort of thing that is now said on the trains that glide along through the prairies and over deep-cut streams to what was the promised, but is now the possessed land. Prairies I mention from old-time habit, but they are a thing of the past, except in the Western grazing districts, and the long Cherokee strip which caps the Texas Panhandle.

It is disconcerting, perhaps even annoying, to be called upon to make over ideas concerning a place, but that is what every one must do about Oklahoma. The blossoming prairies of spring, the waving prairies of summer, and the rich mahogany-red prairies of autumn and winter are metamorphosed, turned to profitable wheatfields. Long cross-country rides with the sun as clock and compass, and shaded ravines as resting places, are an impossibility, for every farm is "wired up," and the rider must perforce regulate his goings and comings by the uncompromising directness of the section line. "Where do you live?" asks one

of another. "Three miles south, two west, and ten south." "How shall I get to Kingfisher?" asks one in the saddle. "Take the next section line west, and straight on for twenty-eight miles." This truly utilitarian system is liked by purely practical folk not seeking diversion and desiring to go by the most direct line from place to place, but the transplanted Easterner sighs for a curve or two, or an angle, even, that is not a right angle.

Another reason why Oklahoma piques the interest is, that almost every one remembers the unique way in which it sprang into being as a land for civilized men, and yet only those who actually took part in the Run remember its excitement and its injustices. First the land was bought from the Indians and surveyed in a plaid of mile-square sections with stones or blazed trees to mark the corners. Then the militia swept the country of every unofficial being, and, the government having duly advertised the date of this grand gift distribution, somebody fired a pistol into the air at the time selected, and nearly one hundred thousand desperate, greedy folk burst through the boundaries and ran for prizes. They had come from distances near and far, and had camped for days near the border with a saddle horse, a buggy, or a farm wagon and team, and for hours before the signal, had stood in line restrained by the militia. In that mad race brute strength, selfishness, and blind disregard of others were what won. If a racer's horse fell, others rode over him; if a neighbor lost a wheel, so much the better; if women or the aged were not strong enough to keep the pace, then there were fewer in the race.

But a modern Cadmus must have been about directly before the opening, for where no men had been the night before, men appeared as if by magic. None knows how long they had lain concealed in the wooded cracks of the earth, locally known as draws, for those who know will never tell. "No man sleepin' in the

draws dare stretch his foot out the night before the Run," explained one with knowledge of those early days, "for fear he'd touch another feller." These were the fraudulent "sooners," some of whom were ousted, while others quietly acquired possessions with smiles of self-congratulation.

Of course it was not the intention of a beneficent government to set its people quarreling and to involve them in years of litigation, but could any other condition result? Not one man alone, but two, three, and sometimes as many as seven, claimed ownership of a quarter-section, the precious one hundred and sixty acres that was apportioned as a claim. Each man declared his right, and so the notices of claim contest were filed almost simultaneously with homestead entry. The bitter meaning of this was that very often a man's nearest neighbor was his hated enemy, for as neither contestant would acknowledge his error and move on, and as there were no longer any desirable claims unoccupied, both or all the contestants erected dwellings and lived on the land.

What happened? For a year or two it was a common thing to hear that a farmer living "three miles west and one mile south," had been shot at twilight or dark by a person unknown. If the man was a bachelor, or lived a bachelor's life alone on a claim, and the murderer was undiscovered, the other contestants had a fair chance of securing the claim. If the dead man left relatives, sometimes the family tired of the slow way of courts, and there was another twilight shooting. The very lightest trouble was years of expensive litigation as the contestants knocked at the door of one court after another until they reached the ear of the Secretary of the Interior at Washington.

All this made rough tales of the early days, as the times of ten years ago are now called, but those things are past, for claim contests are for the most part

settled, and prosperity has warmed men's hearts and turned their thoughts from the two-edged sword of revenge. Blood has been spilled in private internal wars at Oklahoma, but the territory of to-day is a tame place for those whose appetite demands border ruffianism. In the East, preconceived notions of the district prevail, and these all have to do with rough characters who clank their spurs and inordinately indulge in "tin-roof cock-tails," when not "holding up" trains, and all of them are known by terror-inspiring names. Slaughter Kid, Zip Wyatt, the Dalton boys who claimed kin with the James brothers and rivaled them in lawlessness, are all veritable characters, and are greatly beloved by those who warm up to reminiscent tales when the chair is tilted back, the hat brim tilted forward, and duty can be postponed until to-morrow. But marshals and deputy marshals were as reckless of life as the desperadoes, and fled after them toward the Indian country, where the rogues usually found safe asylum. Until prosperity brought higher ideals of amusing diversion, the public appetite for pleasure fed on the escapades of the desperado.

It was not more than four years ago that one of the bravest of deputy marshals captured a well-known outlaw while he was innocently "having a shave" at a barber's. The capture was tame, but an amusement-starved public rose to magnify it. The territory, to a man, felt the thrill of brotherhood with the outlaw, and, kicking the world of moral conventionality like a ball before their feet, they greeted and fêted the captured outlaw with public rejoicing, regretting deeply the necessity of taking him at the last to a hotel which harbors only guests of evil reputation at the territory's expense. A year or two later, this noted outlaw was brought to town in the piteous garb of death, run down after an escape, and again the spirit of diverting excitement claimed its own,

and demanded a public exhibition of the man's body. The feeling prevailed that with the passing of Bill Dalton the territory had lost its own peculiar and legitimate diversion which made small boys thrill and men "swap yarns."

As well look for the typical desperado within sound of the happy village chime as to look for him in the latter-day civilization of Oklahoma. He simply does not exist. When he flourished, there was also that other band of men, more reckless than he, and braver, because backed by right, the deputy marshals, to whom is due the honor of having rid that country from as dangerous a class of men as ever preyed on others. When Theodore Roosevelt organized the Rough Riders, some of his earliest volunteers were from among these same deputy marshals, who were full tired of lounging about in a country of peace and plenty. They languished for excitement, and there being none at home, went abroad for it, still with the right behind them. Bill Tighman of Chandler, who has made famous captures, but who is modest and shy to self-extinction in company, was among the first to go, and by some error of the press was reported killed at San Juan.

Another invincible was Heck Thomas, whose life has been made of danger bravely faced. "Our day is gone; there's no more work for the deputy marshal," he says, with the sweet and melancholy lingering on vowel sounds that characterizes the Southern speech. Equipped for the pursuit, he was a thrilling sight, two yards of supple strength furnished like an armory, and swaying easily on a swift-footed mount. Now he lives in urban ease in a comfortable cottage, on the interest of various ransoms. But alas for picturesqueness, he is more absorbed in his garden than in border life, and like all men to whom danger seems the normal state is too modest to tell the story of his life, a tale that would make a writer famous for three generations.

The very young, the repeatedly unsuccessful, and the incompetent, these are the three classes to which crowded centres show no mercy; and these are the three classes which fled to Oklahoma for a last chance at Fortune's favors. It is America's peculiar talent to convert European peasants into intelligent citizens. It is Oklahoma's peculiar talent and special pride to make self-respecting, prosperous men of almost desperate ne'er-do-weels.

The territory is now a garden of quarter-sections, each farm containing a farmhouse of the modern pattern, that is, like a suburban cottage, large barns for storing grain and hay and sheltering cattle, with enough windmills to shadow Holland. The hundred and sixty acres which at first was more than a man could handle is now too small for his ambitions, and we hear of farms of four quarters where others' claims have been bought and added, sales of claims being allowable after five years' residence and "proving up." Claims make farms, not cities, and the homesteader of every class was obliged to turn farmer; therefore, the life blood of Oklahoma is the farm. It is perforce an agricultural territory. Its cities are made by the necessities of the farm folk, and will be until large enough to become manufacturing centres. The prosperity of towns and cities bears directly on the prosperity of the farm, and reflects it. If a storm rages to the entire obliteration of a street fair, which a town has been weeks in preparing, the people say cheerfully, "Never mind, it will help the farmers and save the fall wheat," for without crops there would be no money, and that condition would be a painful reminder of the early days. There were very hard times for four or five years after the opening.

It could not very well be otherwise, with all this horde of moneyless people trying to coax fortunes out of the ground and to convert their produce into horses,

clothing, and groceries. In those days, the apothecary accepted a fowl for his table in place of a bottle of cough syrup, and the dealer in hardware took feed for his horses in exchange for cook stoves. Many farmers who staked claims had never been on a farm before, — had been clerks, mechanics, city workers. Besides this, they were unacquainted with soil and climate, and every crop, save Indian corn, was experimental. Pretty nearly every claim had the misery and expense of a contest, and there followed several seasons of discouraging drought. This brought terrible reminder of the defeat in western Kansas whence so many of Oklahoma's settlers had come. They wondered if this too was to be a graveyard of dead hopes. In those dark days of struggle there were many who would have given up, had such a course been possible, but they were held to their bargain for want of means to escape, and out of their desperation grew one of the most phenomenal successes of our country. In ten years this people, who started with nothing, showed \$43,000,000 of taxable property. This, as every taxpayer knows, represents only one half or two thirds the actual amount, for who is going to tell all to the assessor?

Four years ago the brave settlers of the territory began to smile. Rain then appeared with sufficient frequency to suit every sort of crop, and the results were even beyond the dreams of farmers. The experiments of the government agricultural station at Stillwater had helped the farmers in deciding what to plant, and new crops are assured and strong. Those who like to discover springs of human action can see here other influences that lead to decisions. The climate is temperate, suitable for the crops of both North and South. How is each farmer's crop determined? Mainly by the locality from which he came. If he migrated from the North, he plants wheat; from the West, he plants corn; and from the South, he plants cotton,

alfalfa, and castor beans. And all these things, and many more, grow luxuriantly side by side.

Why does the cotton crop of '99 fall below that of the preceding year? For one of those human reasons that lighten the numerical dullness of statistics. The difference between 140,000 bales in '98 and 90,000 bales in '99 is attributable entirely to the indifference of the picker. The despised and humble "fiel' han'" of slavery days is responsible for this enormous falling off. The negro, who abounds in Oklahoma, is the natural cotton picker, for he loves the work and declares with an opulence of tone, "Hit's des' de putties' plant dey is," as he plucks the foamy white from the horny boll. But here is where racial peculiarities come in; the negro laborer is an individual of short and optimistic views; he picks the first yield of the cotton fields with a light heart and a light purse, but directly the purse is filled, he tosses his cap over a windmill and lives with inconsequent joy on the money he has amassed. Neither prudence nor wisdom can conspire to make him work again until the last cent has been two days spent, and actual hunger has him in its clutches. Meantime, the next yield of cotton has matured, wide fields of green bolls have burst like mammoth pop corn, and the beautiful fruit lies chaste and lovely under the smiling sky. Then comes a drenching, devastating storm of three days or a week, when the red mud splashes up to the highest bolls, and the farmer endures the agony of seeing his profit cut short by the destruction of his crop, — all because the negro will only work on an empty stomach. Another reason for the diminished cotton crop is that laborers are paid seventy cents a hundredweight for picking, and the payment of this wage diminishes the farmer's profit. The lucky cotton planter is he whose house is full of children, and who turns them loose in the cotton patch with their mother as overseer. Then

the cotton picking wage is conserved within the family, and the labor becomes a domestic diversion, like dish-washing or sewing.

Cotton will not, however, continue a decreasing crop, for it is of too great value to the territory. The trustworthy laborer is sure to appear in course of time. The bales are all shipped to outside ports, so the money they bring adds that much to the territory's wealth. Five million dollars was received for the crop of 1898, all of which poured into Oklahoma for its enrichment, some of the cotton being sent to Liverpool and Japan by way of the Gulf ports. The residuum of cotton gins is of great local value. From the seeds oil is made, and this has caused the erection of large mills. The refuse is good fodder for cattle, and thus cotton helps the cattle-fattening industry. Cotton is bound to be a large and permanent crop in Oklahoma, notwithstanding the improvidence of the negro field hand.

There are no tramps, no unemployed, in this land which overflows with prosperity. There is more work to do than people to do it, and farmers are clamorous for help. Four families to each square mile is not a large allowance for agriculture. In the wheat districts the Eastern eye notes the result of this at once in the mammoth slovenly stacks of straw which stand like uneven yellow mountains all through the fields of young green wheat, and in the massive machines for threshing which are left in the open for need of hands to build a shelter. "Shiftless," is the first impatient comment; but think a moment if this is just. There are not enough laborers to keep things prudently tidy. Wheat is not grown in Oklahoma as in other districts. The soil is fresh and unexhausted, and is used year after year with no preparation except rather crude tillage. Fertilizers? They laugh down there at the idea that farmers try to live in countries where such an expense is necessary. And so, when the wheat waxes

yellow over their hundred and sixty acres, they attack it with reapers and binders, and feed it to the mammoth thrasher which stands in the open to save labor. And so grows a mountain of straw, and the thrasher moves on a few hundred feet and piles another mountain, and again and again, until the vast plain is metamorphosed. Then, before the straw can be moved or the machinery housed, tillage begins again and the fields are replanted, so that October will smile like spring in its diaphanous green mantle of sprouting wheat. Thus the process goes on year after year, and even though labor is scarce, Oklahoma is becoming one of the most important wheat-raising districts, twenty million bushels being the yield at the last harvest, and thirty-five million bushels prophesied for this season.

Kingfisher has the honor of being the largest primary wheat market in the United States, one million bushels having been shipped from there this year. Dollar wheat started prosperity in Oklahoma, is the declaration of those who claim to know. It certainly was responsible for many individual changes, especially among farmers. When they first built shelters to live in — they could not be called houses — they used whatever was at hand; logs, sod, or even a hole in the ground, called a dugout. But the year succeeding dollar wheat was followed by a crop of fine houses, and now one never gets too far out on the prairies to see lace curtains fluttering from the farmer's windows, or to hear the sound of a piano on the breeze. As recently as three years ago, the farmers still used as their only vehicle the big springless box wagons which agriculture demands, and in which many of them had made the Run. They are cumbersome affairs, and require a stout team to draw them, and if the produce to be taken to market fifteen miles away was a pot of butter and a basket of eggs, the chariot and the expenditure of force seemed overlarge. So with bet-

ter times came a desire for a light carriage for light work. One who observes closely noticed fourteen buggies on one Saturday afternoon, towed by fourteen happy farmers in farm wagons, going homeward over one prairie approach to Guthrie.

A difference is noticeable, too, in the smaller shopping. During the first discouraging years privation was the rule. In the wagons that rumbled homeward after a day in the market town were one or two poor little packages of groceries rattling forlornly about in the vast wooden square. Peep into those wagons now, and there will be seen bundles from the drygoods shops, luxuries from the markets, large framed pictures tenderly packed against the jolts, and showy pieces of furniture. But, best of all, the faces of the farmer and his family tell the story of prosperity and independence. In the towns, the story of progress is told another way. Those who originally had no carriages now have several, and as for bicycles, they are considered too unfashionable for any but the negroes. At flower parades, which are a usual autumn pageant, as brave a showing of vehicles is made as could be found anywhere away from the large cities of the Union.

There is one part of the population that travels on wheels which changes not with prosperity, but this class only deserves notice because there is so little left of human picturesqueness in the territory. Travelers, they call themselves, and only the stranger notices their presence at all, although several strings of their wagons can be seen any day on the prairie roads, lingering within the towns or camping by a stream. Their vehicles are the box wagons of the farmer arched over with bows of hickory to support a canvas top, — the "schooner" of the emigrant. Where they are going no one knows nor cares, not even the drifting family itself. The lines of wagons and live stock look like

the emigrant trains of Indian days bound for some promised land; but with less definite purpose, these people wander on, gypsy-like, year after year, objectless, mildly predatory, but, to judge from their faces, unspeakably wretched. An old woman seems to be part of each outfit, two or three desultory men of unguessable age, a younger woman, and a horde of children, curious and unwashed. A stranger one day fell to talking with one of these families as they were camping for dinner, and on learning that the group had been on the move for ten years, realized that the three children must have been born in a state of migration. As a matter of curiosity, he asked the places of their nativity. "Well," said the father ruminatively, "Johnny, he's a Studebaker; Jimmie, he's a Mitchell; and Emma, she's a South Bend." He counted residence by wagons, not places. Most of Oklahoma settlers emigrated twice before reaching this land of plenty, but the people of whom I now speak have acquired a moving habit, and only the grave itself will insure permanence.

Railroads are supposed to develop a country, — are often built for that purpose. In Oklahoma we see the uncommon condition of the country maturing ahead of the railroad, so that now four trunk lines are tumbling over one another in the race to secure desirable rights of way. The Santa Fé system threw a tentacle across the territory while the Indians were still in possession, and brought thousands of settlers and boomers at the opening, — with a time allowance for those who came afoot or on horseback. Now this road is uniting with the Rock Island to ramify Oklahoma with branches, and to make it accessible from east and west, thus putting it in easy touch with the Middle and Southern states and California. Handling the wheat and cotton crops is an important matter for the railroads. Corn is mainly shipped "on the hoof," to use the Western stock-

man's term. The farmer finds that corn yields him a far higher price per bushel if it is converted into "hawgs," as he calls the black swine of the fields, so he breeds the best of Poland chinas, fattens them inordinately on his corn crop, and sells his produce in animate form, to the aggregate number of two hundred and twenty-eight thousand a year for the territory. Thus, although the real yield of corn for this year reached the astonishing figure of seventy-five million bushels, a large amount of the crop was for home consumption. The increase of railroad facilities is acting two ways: it is moving the vast crops with such facility that growers can easily dispose of their products, thus raising local prices for home-grown necessities and luxuries. It also tends to lower the price of manufactured goods which are shipped in. Naturally, there are but few manufactories as yet in the territory, and these only for the purpose of converting crops into more convenient shape for shipment, as cotton gins, presses, and oil mills.

Except in its western reaches, Oklahoma is not a grazing country, yet Governor Barnes's last report gives the figure of eight hundred and fifty thousand as the number of cattle raised in the territory. Oklahoma is a fertile ground for new ideas, and adopted the new theory of cattle raising almost before the East had learned of it. According to the old theory, cattle were left on the range from calfhood to maturity, leading a precarious life, often succumbing to drought and blizzard, and those who endured the suffering were sent to be fattened in smaller inclosures. Poor wrecks they were, many of them, and repulsive to contemplate, if the March grass was late in springing. Why let the cattle get in such a condition? asked some one, and so the plan was changed. Cattle are raised in small herds of twenty or thirty, grazing partly on native grass, but mainly on Kaffir corn, cornstalks, and other

"roughness." Shelters are built for stormy weather, and each steer is known to its owner and cared for. In this way a steer has no period of starvation, is always fat and healthy, and is ready for market as soon as grown. Packers express a signal preference for this sort of beef. And this is the way the Oklahoma farmers raise their million head of cattle.

There is no need to go to Europe for cheap living while Oklahoma exists. Distance from the large markets makes it the ideal place for housekeepers with a slender purse. All home-grown foods of a perishable nature can be had for refreshingly low prices. Some of these I quote that I may make heads of Eastern families groan with envy. Watermelons, notwithstanding that several hundred freight cars of this juicy fruit roll northward to Kansas City, can be bought at any time from July to cold weather for five cents each, and these of a size and sweetness unsurpassed. Muskmelons, delicious as nectar, are five cents a dozen, although these, too, are sent away liberally in carloads. Spring chickens are twenty-five cents a pair; sweetbreads, ten and fifteen cents; beef and lamb, fifteen cents a pound. Grapes — alas, this luscious crop is nearly given away — one cent a pound for the best. The reason for this humble price attached to so fine a fruit is that the crop matures and is in its prime during the heat of August, and shipment is impossible except in refrigerator cars which are too expensive. And so the whole population revels in delicious juice. Some attempt is being made to convert it into wine, but the liquid is not yet for the connoisseur.

In March the whole land is abloom with fragrant pink. This is the promise of June and July peaches. They come in rich abundance and of a size rivaling the California fruit, while in flavor they far surpass those of the older state. When they become known in the East,

there will be loud clamoring for them, and Oklahoma housekeepers will notice with regret an upward tendency in price. However, almost every one has a few peach trees tucked in around the house. Added to cheap provisions is low rent, although at present there is said not to be a house in the market for renting at Guthrie or Oklahoma City, so great is the demand. Yet, when there are houses to be had, comfortable ones are obtainable at from ten to twenty-five dollars a month. Hard coal is as great a luxury in Oklahoma as English cannel is in seaports, but within the territory are mines of soft coal, and this sells at about five dollars a ton. The other cheap fuel is wood, which brings about three or four dollars a cord. Servants are cheap in both quality and wage; but I have already proved that a dollar brings more in Oklahoma than elsewhere.

Five years after the opening the principal towns were firmly established, not on "boom" principles, but illustrating a permanent and steady growth. Five years from the time that the land was unbroken prairie, there were two cities of ten thousand inhabitants each, and in these towns a man could live in as great comfort as anywhere in the West. Houses were comfortable and were furnished with luxuries, lighted by electricity, and supplied with city water. Daily papers served the day's news, local, domestic, and foreign; large brick school-houses harbored industrious children, and all promised well. Now, ten years after the opening of the original Oklahoma, the promises are more than fulfilled, and men can find there a better chance for success in farming or commercial interests than they can in any other state of which I have knowledge.

Public spirit there is not merely an altruistic fancy, but a real actuating motive. The men of the town may not have been boys together, as they come from every state in the Union, but they have had mutual experiences of hard-

ship, and its prosperous outcome, so are bound together with close ties. If public misfortune occurs, they are quick to succor the needy. One year a cyclone devastated Chandler, and a flood washed away hundreds of negro shacks in Guthrie. At each calamity the Guthrie Club raised in a few hours sums of money reaching the thousands for the alleviation of suffering, and this was while poverty was still a present experience with nearly every member of the humane organization.

Oklahoma originally took its politics from Kansas. But when a man is engaged in garnering phenomenal crops or in lending money at eight and ten per cent, he is too pleasantly occupied to concern himself about free silver or Populism. In the early days of hardship, Mary Lease made pilgrimages to the territory to sow firebrands for the discontented, and incidentally to reap dollars for herself, preaching the doctrine of "raising less corn and more hell." Her appearance was accompanied by a buncombe parade of men and girls in scarlet raiment, headed by a weak attempt at a street band, but even then she only attracted the idle and ignorant. Now, her doctrines would be either hissed or hooted, for folk find in their own full purses the remedy for discontent.

What are the chances now for those who want a share of this golden land, this place where poverty turns to riches, where civilization's failures may be made conspicuous successes, where schools, colleges, and churches abound, where high ideals of social life prevail, and where one cannot help, except through idleness or vice, growing richer year by year?

Desirable farms for agriculture are all absorbed, but some are for sale at about sixteen hundred dollars a quarter-section of one hundred and sixty acres. When the farm is more conveniently located, and has permanent improvements in the way of fruit trees and buildings, such a quarter-section may be bought for twenty-five hundred dollars or thereabouts. There are abandoned farms here, as in New England, — but that is often the fault of inefficient farming, although western Oklahoma presents the same condition as Kansas, — the western portions suffer for lack of rain. In the western part of the Cherokee strip, north of the Texas Panhandle, are six million acres of land still open to homesteaders, but this is only good for grazing cattle and the thirty-six thousand sheep of which it boasts, and for raising Kaffir corn and other roughness, — to give fodder its Western name.

Oklahoma, the land of prosperity, sunshine, and brotherly love, has a thorn in its side. That cause of pain and irritation is the failure of her sister states — and especially of those in the East — to recognize the truth concerning her. They prefer tales of outlawry and border ruffianism to stories of successful agriculture, and are inclined to shut their ears to all stories save those that thrill the imagination. It is in the hope of securing justice for those who have accomplished in ten years what men of other states have taken fifty in doing, that I have made this humble attempt to influence public opinion in regard to Oklahoma, a place of unprecedented opportunity to both worker and investor.

Helen Churchill Candee.

THE ANCIENT FEUD BETWEEN PHILOSOPHY AND ART.

THIS has been a century of strange conversions, and not least strange among these is Count Leo Tolstoy's abdication of an art in which he had won world-wide reputation for the rôle of prophet and iconoclast. "What is Art?" he has asked himself, and his published answer,¹ the outcome of fifteen years of meditation, is a denial of all that has made art noble in the past, and a challenge to those who seek to continue that tradition in the present. Furthermore he has put his theory into practice in a long and powerful novel, *Resurrection*. Naturally such a renunciation on the part of an undisputed master in the craft caused no small commotion among poets and critics. Many of these, chiefly of the French school, shrugged their shoulders and smiled at a theory that would reject the works of Sophocles and Dante and Shakespeare as "savage and meaningless," and find in Uncle Tom's Cabin the acme of art toward which the ages have been tending. Others have taken the quasi prophet more seriously, and with much ingenuity have pointed out the seeming flaws in his argument.

Must I for my part confess that I have been chiefly impressed by the terrible and relentless logic of the book? It is easy to smile; it is easy to denounce the work as "literary nihilism put into practice by a converted pessimist." Pessimist and fanatic and barbarian Tolstoy may be, and to judge from his portrait alone he is all these; yet I know not how we shall escape his ruthless conclusions unless we deny resolutely his premises, and these are in part what our age holds as its dearest heritage of truth. Furthermore, his theoretic book may claim to be only the latest blow struck in a quarrel as old as human consciousness itself.

¹ *What is Art?* By LEO F. TOLSTOY. Boston and New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.

Long ago Plato, himself a renegade from among the worshipers of beauty, could speak of "the ancient feud between philosophy and art," and to-day one of the barbarians of the north has delivered a shrewd stroke in the same unending conflict.

Least of all should we have expected to find in Greece this lurking antipathy between art and philosophy, for there, if anywhere in the world, truth and beauty seem to us to have walked hand in hand. It is curious that the school of Socrates, which did so much to introduce a formal divorce between these ideas, should have been so fond of the one word that more than any other expresses the intimate union of beauty and goodness. *Kalokagathia*, beauty-and-goodness, "that solemn word in which even the gods take delight," was ever on their lips. In the beginning, no doubt, this strangely compounded term conveyed the simple thought still dear to our own youth when a fair face seems naturally and inevitably the index of a noble soul. That indeed is the ideal which we believe the truest gentlemen of Athens actually attained; we think we see it portrayed in the statues bequeathed to us by the land; it is at least the goal toward which Greek art ever strove as the reintegration of life. But after all we must confess that this harmony of the inner and the outer vision was but an ideal in Greece, such as has now and again glanced before other eyes, — only appearing not quite so fitfully there and approaching at times nearer the reality. Had it been anything more than a desire of the imagination, the history of the world would have been something quite different from the vexed pages of growth and decay which we now read. Perhaps, too, Joubert was not entirely wrong when he said that "God, being unable to bestow truth upon the

Greeks, gave them poesy." Achilles, fair without and noble within, was the glory of the race; but too often the reality was like Paris, divinely beautiful and beloved of the goddess, but hollow at heart. From an early date the wise men of the land foresaw the threatened danger. Pythagoras, who described the poets tortured in hell, was not the only prophet to denounce their travesty of the gods; nor was Solon the only sage who looked askance on the stage.

But Socrates, the first man of the Western world to attain to full self-consciousness, was the first also to ask seriously, What are truth and goodness? and what is beauty? And though in general he would deprive beauty of its peril, by reducing it to a mere matter of utility, yet at times he seems as a philosopher to have recognized its doubtful allurements. Xenophon reports an amusing conversation with his master on the nature of kissing, wherein Socrates in his usual style of badinage hints at this hidden peril. "Know you not," says he, "that this monster, whom you call beauty and youth, is more terrible than venomous spiders? These can sting only by contact, but that other monster injects his poison from a distance if a man but rest his eyes upon him." In another book we read Socrates' misgivings in regard to the current meaning of the word *kalokagathia*. He with his contemporaries had supposed that a necessary harmony existed between virtue and a man's outer semblance, until experience brought its cruel awakening. Beauty, which as a Greek he could not omit from the composition of a full man, became thenceforth for him, as for the rest of the world, mere grace of inner character, scarcely distinguishable from goodness itself. This idea is naïvely developed in a conversation with the country gentleman of the *Oeconomicus*, where Socrates asks his old friend how despite his homely exterior he has won the reputation of uniting perfect beauty and goodness.

If we are a little surprised to hear the contemporary of Phidias and Sophocles speak doubtfully of the office of beauty, what shall we think of his disciple Plato, who was himself in youth a poet, and who in manhood was master of all styles, and able to drape in the robes of fancy the barest skeleton of logic? He, if any one, has given us "the sweet foode of sweetly uttered knowledge," and we further may say of him, with Sir Philip Sidney, "almost hee sheweth himselfe a passionate lover, of that unspeakable and everlasting beautie to be seene by the eyes of the minde, onely cleered by fayth;" and yet Plato knew and could avow that to prefer beauty to virtue was the real and utter dishonor of the soul. I can imagine that to one bred on the visions of poetry and by birth a worshiper of all the fair manifestations of Nature, nothing could be more disconcerting than to follow the changes of Plato's doctrine in this regard. In the earlier dialogues physical comeliness is but a symbol of inner grace, a guide to lead us in the arduous and perilous ascent of the soul; and his theory of love was to become the teacher of idealism to a new world. In the *Republic* the cardinal virtues are blent into one perfect harmony of character so alluring as to seem the reflection in his mind of all the visual charm he had seen in Hellas. But even here his change of attitude is apparent; this same dialogue contains that bitter diatribe against poetry and music which would banish inexorably all the magicians of art from his ideal state, because they draw the mind from the contemplation of abstract truth to dwell upon her deceptive imitations. The world has not forgotten and will never forget how these greatest Athenians turned away their eyes from what had given their land its splendid predominance. Socrates' question, What is beauty? was the "little rift within the lute," that was to widen until the music of Greece became hushed forever.

We may liken the texture of art to that floating garment of gauze, inwoven with a myriad forms and symbols, in which the goddess Natura was wont to appear to the visionary eyes of the schoolmen: we may liken it to the clouds that drift across the sky, veiling the effulgence of the sun and spreading an ever variable canopy of splendor between us and the unfathomed abyss: we may better liken it to the curtain that hung in the temple before the holy of holies; and the rending of the curtain from top to bottom may signify a changed aspect in the warfare of our dual nature. A new meaning and acrimony enter into the conflict henceforth. Christianity introduced, or at least strongly emphasized, those principles that were in the end to make possible such an utter revolt as Tolstoy's. With the progress of the new era, the feud between philosophy and art will take on a thousand different disguises, appearing now as a contest between religion and the senses, and again as a schism within the bosom of the church itself. To the followers of Christ, the indwelling of divinity is no longer made evident by beauty of external form, for their incarnate deity came to them as one in whom there was "no form nor comeliness" nor any "beauty that we should desire him." Instead of magnanimity and magnificence the world shall learn to honor humility; a different sense shall be given to the word equality, and the individual soul will assume importance from its heavenly destiny, and not from its earthly force or impotence; the ambition to make life splendid shall be sunk in humanitarian surrender to the weak; the genial command of the poet, "Doing righteousness make glad your heart," shall be changed to the shrill cry of the monk, "But woe unto those that know not their own misery; and woe yet greater unto those that love this miserable and corrupted life." Not that the old desire of loveliness shall be utterly routed from the world; but more and

more it will be severed from the life of the spirit, and appear more and more as the seducer, and not the spouse of the soul.

As in so many other things St. Augustine voices in this matter also the sentiment of the Christian world. He who in youth had written a treatise *On the Fit and the Beautiful*, turned after his conversion to bewail his unregenerate infatuation over the charms of Virgil. The grace of the natural world became for him only a "snare of the eyes;" and so fearful is he of the "delight of the ears" that he hesitates to accept even the singing in the church.

To the same horror of the lust of the eye and the pride of life may be traced in part the anomalous attitude of the Fathers and later churchmen toward women. It was the mission of the new faith to promulgate the distinctly feminine virtues in place of the sterner ideals of antiquity,—love in place of understanding, sympathy for justice, self-surrender for magnanimity,—and as a consequence the eternal feminine was strangely idealized, giving us in religion the worship of the Virgin Mary, and in art the raptures of chivalry culminating in Dante's adoration of Beatrice. But there is a darker side to the picture. Because the men of the new faith could not acquiesce in any simple life of the senses, woman must be either etherealized into an abstraction of religious virtues, or, if taken humanly, must be debased as the bearer of all the temptations of the flesh. She is the earthly vision of heaven or hell,—unless to some more human satirist she appears simply as purgatory. It is painful to read the continuous libel of the mediæval schoolmen upon woman; from St. Anthony down she is the real devil dreaded by the pious, a personification of the *libido sentiendi*.

This same revolt from the senses reached a dramatic crisis in the eighth century under Leo the iconoclastic Emperor; and iconoclasm, though largely

the work of a single man, produced far-reaching results in history, hastening the final disruption of the East and the West, and establishing the Pope more firmly on his seat. It may seem that Plato's philosophic feud with art has assumed a grotesque disguise when championed by rude fanatic mobs wreaking their vengeance on altars and images; yet it is but the same quarrel in a new and more virulent form. It is significant, too, of an antagonism within the Christian fold itself which even to this day has not been fully allayed. The old dispensation had forbidden the making of graven images; Christ had declared that God should be worshiped neither in Jerusalem nor in Samaria; his worship was to be of the spirit alone. And it was to satisfy this negative suprasensuous side of religion that the Byzantine Emperor instituted his reform. He failed, but was at least a forerunner of the Reformation which was largely a revolt of the northern races against the instinct of the south to lend form and color to abstract ideas. Luther was the great and successful iconoclast.

But no religious aspiration could entirely deaden the appeal of the senses. During the heat of the iconoclastic debate, John of Damascus had given fervent expression to the soul's need of visible symbols. "Thou perchance," he writes, "art lifted up and set further apart from this material world; thou walkest above this body as if borne down by no weight of the flesh, and mayst despise whatever thine eyes behold. But I, who am a man and clothed in the body, desire to converse with holy things in the body and to see them with mine eyes." And again he asseverates that those who wish to be united to God in the mind alone should take from the Church her lamps, her sweet-smelling incense, her chanted prayers, and the very sacraments which are of material nature, — and all these things were indeed to be swept away in good time. But in the meanwhile Christianity had produced

its own legitimate form of art, different utterly from the brave parade of paganism, yet not without its justification. The artist did not seek for pure beauty, for that intimate harmony of sense and spirit which had been the ideal of Greece; matter is now constrained to express the humility, the ascetic disdain, the spiritual aspiration and loneliness of the soul. Yet one other, and perhaps the most essential aspect, of the faith, the humanitarian sense of brotherhood and equality, must wait for the nineteenth century for its complete utterance.

If the Reformation was but a prolongation of the iconoclastic sentiment with certain new elements of moral and political antipathy added, the Renaissance in the south was a deliberate attempt to reestablish the old pagan harmony. But something artificial and hollow soon showed itself in the movement. The true balance was never attained, or if attained was held but for a moment; and the sensuous love of beauty severed from the deeper moral instincts of humanity, dragged out a spurious existence, until now it is seen in the most degraded forms of modern French art.

This is not the place to follow the conflict of our dual nature through all the ramifications of history. Those who wish to study it in its most dramatic moment may turn to the story of England in the seventeenth century, or read John Inglesant, where it developed into a romance of curious fascination. And to us of America at least the struggle of that period must always possess singular interest; for out of it grew the intellectual life of our nation, and even to-day the poverty of our art and literature is partly due to the fact that our strongest colonists brought with them only one faction of the endless feud.

For the feud is not settled and can never be settled while human nature remains what it is. To-day the man who approaches the higher intellectual life is confronted by the same question that

troubled Plato. He who can choose without hesitation between art and religion, or between the new antinomy of literature and science, has climbed but a little way on the ladder of experience. There was a parable current among the Greeks, and still to be found in our modern school readers, which tells how the youthful Hercules in the pathway of life was met by two women who represented virtue and pleasure, and who bade him choose between the careers they offered. And it has often seemed to me that the fable might be applied without much distortion to many an ardent man who in his youth goes out into the solitudes to meditate on the paths of ambition, — his choice lying not between virtue and pleasure, but between the philosophic and the imaginative life. As he sits musing in some such solitude of the spirit, we can discern two feminine forms approach him, very tall and stately, — one of them good to look upon and noble in stature, clad in modest raiment, and with a brooding gaze of austerity in her eyes as if troubled by no vision of turbid existence; the other more radiant in face, and richer and more alluring in form, with wide open eyes that might be mirrors for all the delightful things of nature, and dressed in a floating transparent robe wherein are woven figures of many strange flowers and birds. She of the fluttering garment comes forward before the other, and greets the youth effusively, and bids him follow her, for she will lead him by a pleasant path where he shall suffer no diminution of the desires of his heart, neither be withheld from the fullness of earthly experience, but always he shall behold a changing vision of wonder and beauty, and in the end be received into the palace of Fame. Here the youth asks by what name she is known, and she replies, "My friends call me Fancy, and I dwell in the meadows of Art, but my enemies call me Illusion." In the meanwhile the other woman has drawn near, and

now she says to the young man: "Nay, follow me rather, and I will show you the true value of life. I will not deceive you with cunning seductions of the eye and ear that lead only to distraction in the end. The road in which I shall guide you lies apart from the vanities and triumphs of earthly hopes; the way of renunciation will seem hard to tread at first, but slowly a new joy of the understanding will be awakened in you, born of a contempt for the fleeting illusions of this world, and in the end you shall attain to another and higher peace that passeth understanding. I am named Insight, and by some my home is called Philosophy and by others Religion." I can fancy that some such parting of the ways has come to many of those who by choosing resolutely have won renown as artists or seers. I can believe that some who have elected the smoother path have even in the full triumph of success felt moments of regret for the other life of ascetic contemplation.

More than one great artist, to be sure, has vaunted the perfect efficacy of his craft to satisfy the human soul; more than one poet has published his *Defense of Poetry*, and declared with Shelley that "the great instrument of moral good is the imagination, and poetry administers to the effect by acting upon the cause." Even Horace has written his "*melius Chrysippo et Crantore*;" and no doubt in the last analysis the poets are right. Yet still the haunting dread will thrust itself on the mind, that in accepting, though it be but as a symbol, the beauty of the world we remain the dupes of a smiling illusion. And something of this dread seems to rise to the surface now and again in the works of those who penetrated most deeply into art and life. So the pathos of Shakespeare's sonnets may be chiefly due to the effect upon us of seeing a great and proud genius humiliated before a creature of the court. Not all his supremacy of art could quite recom-

pense the poet for his uneasiness before the fine assurance of noble birth, or cover completely the "public means which public manners breeds;" but gathering the hints here and there in the sonnets and comparing them with the scattered passages of disillusionment in the plays, I seem to read a deeper discontent with the artistic life, a feeling that he had not been faithful to his own truer self.

Alas, 't is true I have gone here and there
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is
most dear,
Made old offences of affections new;
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely, —

he writes in one of the sonnets; and may it not be that this petulant discontent is partly responsible for his failure to care for the preservation of his works?

Still more striking is the attitude of Michael Angelo in old age toward the occupation of his life. I trust I may be pardoned for quoting at length the well-known sonnet in which the supreme artist turns at last for consolation to a Love above his earthly love: —

After the seas tempestuous, lo, I steer
My fragile bark with all my hopes aboard
Unto that common haven where the award
Of each man's good and evil must appear.
Wherefore the phantasie I held so dear, —
That made of art my idol and my lord, —
Too well I know is all with errors stored,
And man's desires that bind him helpless
here.

Those amorous thoughts that lightly moved
my breast,
What do they now when near two deaths I
toss?

One certain here, one threatening yet above.
Not painting now nor sculpture lulls to rest;
The soul hath turned to that diviner Love
Whose arms to clasp us opened on the cross.

It would be absurd to compare the words and actions of Tolstoy with the great names already cited, were it not that the Russian novelist is a true spokesman of certain tendencies of the age.

To be sure, the religious aspect of the ancient feud has for the present been much obscured, and the most notable conflict to-day is undoubtedly between the imagination and the analytical spirit of science; but within the realm of art itself a curious division has appeared which is still intimately connected with the religious instinct though in a new form; and on this present aspect of the question the actions of Tolstoy will be seen to throw an instructive light.

The humanitarian side of Christianity had been more or less concealed throughout the Middle Ages by the anxiety for personal salvation. In such a work as the *Imitation* the brotherhood of mankind taught by the Apostles was quite smothered by a refined and spiritual form of egotism; nor can we imagine a St. John declaring, "As often as I have gone forth among men, I have returned home less a man." Both the isolation peculiar to such an ideal and the spirituality which it had in common with earlier Christianity were impossible after the humanism of the Renaissance and the skepticism of the eighteenth century. Instead of these many things conspired together at the opening of our century to emphasize that other phase of Christianity, the belief in the divine right of the individual and the brotherhood of man. Deprive this belief of spirituality, and add to it a sort of moral impressionism which abjures the judgment and appeals only to the emotions, and you have the humanitarian religion of the age. And naturally the most serious art of the times has reflected this movement.

So, for example, Wordsworth has been much lauded as the high priest of Nature, whereas in reality the important innovation introduced by him into English poetry is not his appreciation of Nature but his humanitarianism, his peculiarly sentimental attitude toward humble life. This, and not any feeling of the exigencies of art, — for his later work

shows that he had no such artistic sensitiveness, — is the true source of his determination to employ “the language of conversation in the middle and lower classes of society.” Art is no longer the desire of select spirits to ennoble and make beautiful their lives, but an effort to touch and elevate the common man and to bring the proud into sympathy with the vulgar. And this, too, explains Wordsworth’s choice of such humble themes as Michael, and The Idiot Boy, and a host of the same sort. The genius of Wordsworth was in this prophetic of what was to be the deepest religious instinct of the age; and if this instinct has as yet produced few great poetic names besides that of Wordsworth himself and Longfellow, the strength of such a novel as Miss Wilkins’ Jerome and the public reception of such a poem as The Man with the Hoe (*horresco referens*) show perhaps how deep a hold the feeling is to have on the literature of the immediate future.

As a revolt against this ideal and a feeble prolongation of the aims of the Renaissance, the contrary school of Art for Art’s sake has arisen, in which beauty, like a bodiless phantom of desire, lures the seeker ever further and further from real life, weaning him from the healthier aspirations of his time, and only too often plunging him into the mire of acrid sensuality. The Goncourts in their Journal have admirably expressed the wasteful illusion of this search, “Le tourment de l’homme de pensée est d’aspirer au Beau, sans avoir jamais une conscience fixe et certaine du Beau.” We wonder to what hidden recess of the world the old Greek vision of the union of beauty and virtue has flown, and if that too is only an empty phantom of the mind.

Such, it seems to me, is the present form of the ancient feud between philosophy and art, now waged within the field of art itself — if this ambiguous use of the word may be pardoned. The com-

plexity of life of course does much to obscure the contrast of these two tendencies, but it is natural that a man of Tolstoy’s race, with his barbaric use of logic and his intemperate scorn of the golden mean, should see the contrast in its nakedness and fling himself into the battle with fanatic ardor. But perhaps he himself does not understand, and others may not at first perceive, how much he has in common with the decadent artists whom he attacks, and how the true opponent of that tendency would be the man of sufficient insight to present to the world a new and adequate ideal of the beautiful.

Tolstoy’s definition of art is very clear and consistent: “Art,” he maintains, “is not, as the metaphysicians say, the manifestation of some mysterious Idea of beauty, or God; it is not . . . a game in which man lets off his excess of stored-up energy; it is not the expression of man’s emotions by external signs; it is not the production of pleasing objects; and, above all, it is not pleasure; but it is a means of union among men, joining them together in the same feelings, and indispensable for the life and progress toward well-being of individuals and of humanity. . . . To evoke in one’s self a feeling one has experienced, and . . . so to transmit that feeling that others may experience the same feeling — this is the activity of art.”

Tolstoy’s position is precise, but in the end does it offer any ideal more than the decadent who seeks beauty as a refined, or even gross, means of pleasure, or than the pure humanitarian who sympathizes with mankind without any ulterior spiritual insight? I cannot see how the reformer has passed beyond mere impressionism, and impressionism is one of his most hated foes. The end of art for him is simply to transmit feeling from man to man. He distinctly denies the office of the intellect in art, ascribing this to science, yet he has left no room for the higher appeal to the

will. The strength of the impression conveyed is the final criterion of excellence. The artist is amenable to no laws, and his work is not subject to interpretation or to criticism. "One of the chief conditions of artistic creation," he says, "is the complete freedom of the artist from every kind of preconceived demand." The whim of the individual is the supreme arbiter of taste. Sympathy, and not judgment, is the goal of culture. Nor does the old notion of beauty suffer less at his hands. To him the Greeks were but savages (it is a Russian who speaks), and their conception of the *kalokagathia* the result of sheer ignorance. There is no ideal which beauty serves, and its application to character is a mere abuse of words. To him, as to the decadents and the humanitarians, beauty is no more than a name for pleasure, and no explanation can be given why any object should please one man and displease another. So far we are on common ground; but at this point occurs the division, and Tolstoy as a true schismatic throws himself on one side with the whole vehemence of his nature.

Seeing that the pursuit of beauty as something unconnected with character is a most insidious danger, and that art which possesses such an aim must inevitably become corrupt, he cuts the Gordian knot by discarding beauty altogether as one of the elements of art. In place of it he would complete his theory of impressionism and the divine right of the individual by adding the moral intention which makes of these a religion. The old ideal of art had been sought in the union of the higher intellect and the aspirations of the will touched with emotion; and the final court of appeal was the taste of the man who had attained to the most perfect harmony of culture and to the fullest development of character. Tolstoy, on the contrary, carries his doctrine of individualism to the extreme. If the light treatment of so grave a subject may be pardoned,

"He is the same as the Chartist who spoke at a meeting in Ireland,

'What, and is not one man, fellow men, as good as another?'

'Faith,' replied Pat, 'and a deal better too!'"

Some criterion of value he must have, and to find this he turns to the judgment of the common Russian peasant. Nothing gives a better idea of the change of civilization than to compare Tolstoy's constant reference of art to the simple untutored countryman, with the attitude of a man like Pindar in the old Greek days, or with the contempt of our Elizabethans for "the breath that comes from the incapable multitude;" for it must be remembered that, after all, the Russian fanatic is a man of the age, and that hidden in the heart of each of us lies this same curious deference to the untrained individual. And in spite of this individualism,—or should we say in consequence of it?—Tolstoy has attained a conception of universality as a basis for art. It was formerly the belief of the sages that by ascending the ladder of intellectual experience a man might leave behind the desires and emotions in which his personal life was bound up, and reach a purer atmosphere where only his truer universal self could breathe. And this obscurely and dimly was the belief of the poet. But Tolstoy would find the universal by descending. Art has nothing to do with the intellect or with the will, or yet with the exclusive emotions of a falsely isolated and corrupted aristocracy, but appeals to the heart of the humblest man, in whom the universal feelings of humanity have not been covered over by culture or luxury. At least, as a revolt against the exclusiveness of art for art's sake, this acceptance of humanitarianism in its crudest form is a real advance. "The feeling of pride, the feeling of sexual desire, and the feeling of weariness of life," are indeed not the true themes of art, and better than these are "humility, purity, compassion, love." "Art," he

says, "is not a pleasure, a solace, or an amusement; art is a great matter;" and we may forgive him much for that trumpet call. Art is indeed to him the handmaid of religion. Of the spiritual quest of the individual soul to sever himself from the world and to lose himself in communion with God, little or nothing remains: the very words sound meaningless in our ears. Let us not deceive ourselves: our religion is, as Tolstoy states, "the new relation of man to the world around him;" and in the effort to escape by means of humility and universal sympathy from the anarchy and selfishness of individualism, art, regarded as the transmission of feeling from man to man, may be a great force. It thus becomes with science one of the two organs of human progress, science pertaining to the intellect and art dealing with the interchange of emotions. Progress to Tolstoy, as to the rest of his generation, is the battle cry of the new faith, for "religious perception is nothing else than the first indication of that which is coming into existence." If you ask him toward what far-off divine event this progress tends, he will answer with the closing words of his book, the "brotherly union among men." Nor, until some ulterior goal is proclaimed, can I see that the humanitarianism of Tolstoy or of any other doctrinaire saves us from this vicious circle of attempting to unite men for the mere sake of union.

I have dwelt thus at length on Tolstoy's theory of the new art rather than on his practice of it in *Resurrection*,¹ because his theoretic writing seemed to me more fruitful and suggestive, and because — let me confess it — the novel has awakened in my mind a repugnance strongly at variance with the eulogistic reception it has gained at large. There is undoubtedly superabundant force in the book; there is the visual power, so

common in Russian novels, which compels the reader to see with his own eyes what the author describes; there is profound skill of characterization, clothing the persons of the story in flesh and blood; but with all this, what have we in the end but "the expense of spirit in a waste of shame"?

It would be an easy task to point out how perfectly the novel follows the author's theory, and how completely it presents him as a decadent with the humanitarian superimposed. There is the same utter inability to perceive beauty as connected with a healthy ideal of character, and a consequent repudiation of beauty altogether. There is the same morbid brooding on sex which lent so unsavory a reputation to the *Kreutzer Sonata*. It would seem as if the author's mind had dwelt so persistently and intensely on this subject as to induce a sort of erotic mania taking the form at once of a horrid attraction and repulsion. We are sickened in the same way with endless details of loathsome description that are made only the more repellent by their vividness; nor can I see how the fascination of such scenes as the trial and the prison can be based on any worthier motive than that which collects a crowd about some hideous accident of the street. It is not science, for it is touched with morbid emotionalism. It is not true art, for it contains no element of elevation. It is not right preaching, for it degrades human nature without awakening any compensating spiritual aspiration. The travesty of life presented in the book may be explained — I do not know — by the barbarous state of Russian civilization. The coarseness of details, however, may well be charged to the individual mind of the man who in describing in his memoirs the burial of his own mother dilates on the odor of the body. This is not a pleasant fact to mention, but is in itself worth a volume of argument. Christianity was thrust upon the northern hea-

¹ *Resurrection*. By LEO F. TOLSTOY. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1900.

then at the point of sword and pike: it would seem as if this propagator of humanitarianism was bent on making converts by trampling under foot all the finer feelings and fairer instincts, all the decorum and suavity of human nature.

Such, at present, is the most notable phase of the ancient feud, so far at least as it concerns literature; and from the horns of this dilemma — the mockery of art for art's sake on one side, and on the other the dubious and negative virtue of the humanitarians — I find no way of escape, unless the world discovers again some positive ideal which beauty can serve. And if you say that this conflict is only one phase of an ever changing and never solved antinomy of human nature, and that the conception of the good and beautiful was an empty word of the philosophers, certainly I shall not attempt to answer in terms of logic, for I myself have been too long haunted by a similar doubt. And yet I seem to see dimly and figuratively the shadow of a solution. Call it a dream if you will; but what else was the vision of Jacob when he lay asleep and beheld a ladder stretching from the earth to the sky? or the journey of Dante up the Mountain of Purgatory and from planet to planet? or Dionysius' doctrine of the hierarchy of angels and principalities and powers reaching in unbroken succession from man to the Supreme Being?

Somewhere in that same visionary land I beheld a great mountain, whose foot was in a valley of eternal shadows, and whose head was lost in the splendor of the pure empyrean. At first the eye was bewildered and could see only the strange contrast of the gloom below and the whiteness above; but as I looked longer, I discerned a path that stretched from one to the other up the whole length of the slope, uniting them by gradual changes of light and shade. On this pathway were countless human souls, some toiling upward, others lightly de-

scending, but none pausing, for there seemed to be at work within them some principle of unrest which forever impelled them this way or that. And their journey was a strange and mystic pilgrimage, through ever varying scenes, between the deep abyss far below, where monstrous creatures like the first uncertain births of Chaos wallowed in the slime and darkness, and high above the regions made dim with excess of light, where in the full noonday figures of transcendent glory seemed to move. And I saw that of all the pilgrims a few lifted their eyes aloft to the great white light, and were so ravished by its radiance that the objects before their feet were as if they did not exist. And of these few one here and there pressed on valiantly and in time was himself rapt from view into the upper radiance; but the others were blinded by the light, and lost their foothold, and were cast headlong into the loathsome valley. And I saw a few others whose eyes turned by some horrid fascination to the abyss itself, and thither they rushed madly, heedless of every allurements by the way. But by far the greater number kept their regard fixed modestly on the path just above or below, according as the spirit within led them to ascend or descend. And these seemed to walk ever in a kind of earthly paradise; for the light, streaming down from the empyrean and tempered to their vision by wont, fell upon the trees by the roadside and on the flowering shrubs innumerable and on the mountain brooks, and gilded all with wonderful and inexpressible beauty. And those that gazed above were filled with such joy at the fresh world before them that they climbed ever upward and never rested, for always some scene still fairer lured them on. And as they climbed, the light grew brighter and more clear, and the path more beautiful and easier to ascend, and so without seeming toil or peril they too passed from sight. But those others who cast

their eyes on the pathway below were drawn in the same way by the beauty of the scene where the golden light glanced on the trees; and with much ease and satisfaction to themselves they paced down and still downward, following the shifting vision and dallying with pleasure on the way, and never noticed

how the light was growing less and the road more precipitous, until losing balance they were thrown headlong into the noisome valley.

So the division and conflict of human nature appeared to me in a parable; but whether the vision has any meaning or is only an idle fancy, I do not know.

Paul Elmer More.

FOR THE HAND OF HALEEM.

WASHINGTON STREET had not yielded to the music of the band; the ears of Syrians are racked by brass and reed in the muscular mouths of men who fix their understanding upon strange, black signs — glaring with their eyes at the printed page — and hold their hearts in the leash. It is contained in the first writings of Khalil Khayat, the editor, whom all men honor, that noise is born of the servitor Intellect, but music is child of the Wandering Soul; and Khalil Khayat, as men know, speaks with authority concerning the things of the hidden heart of man. The relief of space and breeze and evening shadow, the repose of sprawling, and low, easy chatter, — the long full breath of the day's end, — had drawn the swarthy people to Battery Park; the band disturbed the solemn night, as a trivial word a funeral, — obscuring the distant, long-drawn whistles in which, as Nageeb Fiani says, there is more music for some ears; and drowning the twitter and rustle in the trees, and the restful swish of the waves breaking against the sea wall. Battery Place and Whitehall, from the old to the urchins thereof, had come, frankly eager, to hear the band. Rag time and sentimental ballads — itching soles and a fleeting thought of love — move the native young of the tenements to double-shuffles and tears, fast follow as they may; and there is

no resisting the impulses if the hearts beat true. So Battery Place and Whitehall made love and skylarked near the band stand; and Washington Street mooned afar off in the outlying shadows.

The roguish influence of Love in hiding shifted young Alois Awad, Ameer of the seventh generation, and Haleem, Khouri's sloe-eyed daughter, to the solitude of the edge of the crowd; and Alois, having glutted his eyes with the crimson and gray and gold of the train of the sun, turned, as with the courage of impulse, and whispered, desperately, the disquieting words. "What did Antar say of Abla, his beloved, the daughter of Malik, when his heart was sore?" he asked; and he thought she must surely hear the complainings of his heart.

"To his beloved?" She lingered over the last word.

"To the beloved of his heart," he answered, solemn as an earnest child.

"It is known to you, O Alois," she said, with a quick, trustful smile. "Therefore, how shall my ignorance fret me? I — I — think all things are known to you," she went on softly. "All things written, anyway; for Khalil Khayat has taught you."

Haleem bent her head; and the breeze, verily as though won to the sport of love, fluttered a tress of black hair out of place to hide the arch light in her eyes.

"This, Antar said," Alois faltered, pushing his tarboosh up from his hot, wet brow. "This, he" — Alois's throat was suddenly parched stiff; nor could he form one more word.

"Are the words hard to recall?"

"No-o; the words are well known to me." Haleem brushed back the fluttering tress, and the sight of her little hand and the bloom on her cheeks gave Alois the swift confidence of infatuation. He pointed to the flaring sky over the Jersey shore. "These," he went on, "are the words of Antar, spoken of his beloved: 'The sun as it sets turns toward her and says, "Darkness obscures the land, do thou arise in my absence." The brilliant moon calls out to her, "Come forth, for thy face is like me when I am at the full and in all my glory." The tamarisk trees complain of her in the morn and in the eve, and say, "Away, thou waning beauty, thou form of the lauræ!" She turns away abashed, and throws aside her veil, and the roses are scattered from her soft, fresh cheeks. . . . Graceful is every limb; slender her waist; love-beaming are her glances; waving is her form. . . . The lustre of day sparkles from her forehead, and by the dark shades of her curling ringlets night itself is driven away. . . . Will fortune ever, O daughter of Malik, ever bless me with thy embrace? That would cure my heart of the sorrows of love!'"

The voice of young Alois had risen from husky stuttering to the cadence of rapture; thus, always, the poetry of love moved him. The words were Antar's spoken, in times long past, on a sandy waste, far, far away from where the elevated engine snorted over the long, smutty curve to the South Ferry terminal; but the vibrant anguish and the pleading of the last cry, the eternal passion, were of the pregnant moment, young Alois's. They rang true in the ears of Haleem; and her heart answered, leaping, yet afraid, as a cub lion, cap-

tive born, might sniff and whine with its first breath of the jungle. Ah, she was a daughter of the land, was little Haleem! It was the first bold word of love she had heard; and it was as though, now, suddenly, she had come to the crest of a hill, and a fair, broad land, a land of gardens and rivers and shady places, — *her* land, the very riches of her womanhood, — was spread at her feet, with a sure path to tread, and a golden vista, leading whither the sun was rising, all rosy. So her heart throbbed, and there was a new, strange pain in it; and she wrung her little hands cruelly, — though Alois would have given a year for a kiss of the flushing finger tips, — and she turned her brown eyes to the harbor, where there was nothing to delight in them — though Alois could have wandered lifelong in their depths. For, indeed, she was very much afraid.

"Antar," Alois stammered, perceiving, and ready to weep for regret that he had disquieted her, "he — he — was a bold man. Shame to him, if she suffered!"

"He loved her very much."

"Ho!" Alois exclaimed. "His love was very great! Did he not carry her off from the tents of her people, even against their spears?"

"Had he so great courage?" Haleem's breath came fast again; she stared, thus panting, at the unwieldy Annex Ferry and its luminous track of foam.

"Ah," Alois sighed, "there is a gentler way, and" —

"Haleem! Little daughter!" Salim Khouri, to whom fat came with prosperity, had waddled within hearing distance; and his was the asthmatic call. He came up puffing, but smiling a broad, indulgent smile. "Little Star," he said in the dialect, taking one of Haleem's thick braids in his chubby hand to fondle it, "now, ain't she a little star, Alois? Ha-a-a-a!" His eyes twinkled with affection for her. He moved his arm

to the bench rail at her back ; and she sank against his comfortable breast, and, from this safe, familiar place, flashed an inscrutable smile to Alois, that strangely gave him courage. "She no star," Khouri went on in broken English. "She 'lectreek light. Ho, ho ! That 's w'at."

"Little Star — Little Star," Alois said in the classic Arabic. "That is better — Little Star !"

"'Lectreek light," Haleem pouted. "My father he say 'lectreek light."

Now Alois reproached himself for having blurted out his passion in the ear of his helpless well-beloved after the rough Western fashion, — taking advantage of the liberty of the land, forgetful of the gentler, solemn way of his people ; and so shamed was he in his own sight that, soon, he could bear to sit no longer with Haleem and her father, but craved to be where, in solitude, he could vent the impulse of his heart. So he said a flushing, shamefaced good-night and went away ; and, wandering without aim, he came to the place where the fire-boat lay purring in her dock. This was a quiet place, shaded by the Aquarium from the noise of the band. He sat down where there was a view of the darkening harbor, — the shadows had long hidden Staten Island, and were then closing round the Statue of Liberty, — and, as he thought dreamily of his own beloved, the words of Antar, spoken in ecstasy, hurried, crowding, through his thoughts, weaving themselves with them, for they had been in his mind many days : " 'Were I to say thy face is like the full moon of heaven, where in that full moon is the eye of the antelope ? Were I to say thy shape is like the branch of the erak tree, oh, thou shamest it in the grace of thy form ! In thy forehead is my guide to truth ; and in the night of thy tresses I wander astray. Thy teeth resemble stringed jewels ; but how can I liken them to lifeless pearls ? Thy bosom is created

as an enchantment, — oh, may God protect it ever in that perfection ! ' " Now, the last prayer possessed him utterly. Again and yet again he said the words ; and the high cry, welling from his heart, made his soul to tingle. His eyes were suffused with tears ; he looked up, and it was as though a holy light, falling through wide, glowing gates, threw all things near into shadow ; and when the heaving, slimy water at his feet took form again, he was not so sad as he had been.

"Oh, may God protect it ever in that perfection ! " he sighed. "Little Star !"

Elsewhere in the crowded, dusky park, Jimmy Brady was looking, sharp-eyed, for his "li'l peach." Affecting a loud merriment to deceive his heart into quieter beating, he pried through the crowd around the band stand, searched the benches near the barge office, threaded his way through the moving, chattering throng on the broad promenade near the sea wall, and traversed swiftly the quiet interior walks. Though tempted by the invitation in many a sweet, bright eye, he suspended his quest only to cuff a bullying urchin and caress the dirtier bullied one ; and then he hesitated long enough to catch and cuff the bully again for making the first cuffing so obviously a duty. Thus, while Alois Awad gazed out over the darkened harbor, young Jimmy Brady — in the pride of his job at Swartz and Rattery's, in the glory of his white duck trousers and rolled-gold jewelry and natty new red tie, in the hope of his merry, sanguine temperament — searched persistently for Haleem the sloe-eyed, his "li'l peach," to tell her that he loved her. This was Jimmy of the snapping eye and gentle heart and broad shoulders and ready tears and quick right fist and laughing rejoinder and springy step and bulldog purpose and strengthening pull on the alderman of the ward and vocabulary of five hundred words. Lord, he had words enough ! It is the kiss and the hug — the heart

— when it comes to love. The girls of the tenements would be better off if their steadies were all like him; for liker him, liker the Man. I know him — I know them all; and that which I write is true.

“Ho! Meester Brady. Good-evenin’, sair,” said Khouri the merchant, when Jimmy came, beaming, to where he sat with Haleem; and the little star looked up shyly and nestled closer to her father’s breast, that she might conceal the confusion that strangely overcame her always when Jimmy Brady came suddenly into view.

“Wake ’er up! Say, wake ’er up,” Jimmy jerked out; and then he burst into a loud laugh. “Say, she’s in a trance.”

“She ees seek — no,” Khouri answered in concern, scratching his head.

“Aw, I’m on’y stringin’ y’u,” Jimmy said quickly. “Say, w’ere d’ y’u buy yer dope? Ain’t y’u on?” He looked at the old man in sly amusement, which Haleem’s light titter fired into a laugh; then he caught Haleem by the arm and drew her insistently, gently, to her feet, and held her there. “Aw, come on,” he went on; and the wheedling tone was tinged with a certain imperiousness that sounded sweet in Haleem’s ears and drew a swift, confident glance to his face. “It’s the time we walk. Ain’t that right?”

“Meester Brady — yes,” she answered softly. “I go weeth you.”

“Ho!” Khouri exclaimed, looking off down the walk. “My frien’, Meester Khayat, he come. I see heem. He have somethin’ to say. Ver-ee important. Eet have to do weeth the Sultan of Turkey. I see eet een hees face, eet ees so — so — long, so ver-ee long. Ho, ho! Take her weeth you, Meester Brady. Take her; sure, eet ees the Land of Liberty!”

Young Jimmy, in the silence of deep-sustained suspense, led his “li’l peach” to a deserted bench, over which a kindly spreading bush cast a seclusive shadow; and

there they sat down, having spoken not one single word on the way. Haleem gave him many an observant side glance in the meek, covert way her people know; and now, as his lithe strength and bold, eager face impressed her young heart anew, it flashed over her ecstatically that this was Antar, born again, and she, Abba, his beloved, whom he had carried off in the night, triumphantly, even against the spears of his enemies; and she closed her eyes, and wished that the green bench and the flagstones and the salty breeze and the swinging, glaring arc lamp and all the chatter might be changed, magically, as of old, into a swift-coursing steed and the sands of the desert and the free hot breath of the night and a million twinkling stars and the cries of pursuing enemies. As for Jimmy, he wondered at his fading courage, and, laughing doubtfully in his sleeve, thought of the young light-weight he had seen in the squared circle at the Eagle Athletic Club the night before, overmatched, without a chance of winning — but game, game to the finish!

“Meester Brady,” Haleem said at last, poking fun at him in her sly way, “you have say we walk. You forget. Eet ees fun-ee.”

“Eh!” Jimmy ejaculated; then staring abstraction took hold of him again.

The distant band struck up a swinging music-hall song — about the Only Girl — that then ran riot in men’s ears. The music and the voices of the people, singing, came, mellowed and undulant, through the space between.

“Y’u’re it!” Jimmy burst out explosively; he turned to her, but stopped dead, shivering.

“It? W’at ees eet — it?” she asked, pursing her lips.

“Her! Y’u’re her! Lord, y’u’re slow!” Jimmy’s voice would have savored of disgust had it not been saturated with a deeper emotion.

“Hair?”

"The On'y One — me Honey!" Jimmy had the anxious face of a man on trial, when the foreman of the jury stands up solemnly, and the court room is hushed.

"Ah," she sighed, shaking her head, "I do not know eet."

"Can't y'u hear 'em sing?" he plainted. "Ain't y'u got no ears? Y'u're it, I tell y'u. Y'u're — y'u're — her!"

The song came out of the distance again, blurred by the wind, which swept it from side to side.

"Hear it!" said Jimmy, raising his hand.

Haleem prettily cocked her ear, and listened. The heart of Jimmy was going like a piston rod, and he was gulping to keep his throat moist and fit.

"Just one girl, only just one girl;

There are others, I know, but they're not my pearl.

Just one girl, only just one girl;

I'd be happy forever with just one girl."

"Ain't y'u on?" Jimmy asked in a drawn, hollow whisper. "Ain't it penetrated yet?" His honest heart was near to bursting; he hitched closer and looked down in her eyes, craving the light of love. "Y'u're it — me honey — me sweet thing!" Did he, after all, have words enough? He went on desperately, plunging to the end. "Follo' me? Can't y'u see? Me honey — the on'y one — me peach!" There was no responsive light in Haleem's eyes — only a wondering shadow. His passion disclosed itself slowly. The shameful, effeminate words were forced out of his throat; but he gulped long before he would give them utterance. "I love y'u!" he cried tremulously, stretching his arms out. "Hell! I love y'u!" Then he took her hand, and waited for a sign; and he was white and groggy, and he knew it.

Haleem put her handkerchief to her eyes, and cried quietly; but she left her little hand lying inclosed in Jimmy Brady's great, thrilling palms.

"Drop it! Stop it!" Jimmy exclaimed impulsively, his own lips twitching; for he thought he had his sign. "Don't y'u cry any more, li'l' girl. I ain't got no kick comin'. I take me punishment like a man. Look at me! Cast yer orb on me face!" He turned a brave face up to her; but she would not look, and had she looked, she would have seen tears in his eyes, — but not tears of pity for himself; then, he was regretting only her distress. "It's all right," he went on doggedly. "Don't cry. I ain't goin' t' say any more. I'm done, I tell y'u. Y'u'll git a better man 'n me. It's all right. There ain't no kick comin' here, — honest, there ain't. Stop it!" he cried in agony. "Y'u're breakin' me heart. I did n't mean t' make y'u cry. I'm takin' me punishment all right." He pulled her hand away from her eyes; and through her tears she smiled at him. "That's all right, li'l' girl," he crooned. "Y'u won't be bothered wit' me any more. I'm hurt," he moaned. "Oh, I'm hurt awful; but it's all right. Y'u'll git a better man. Come on home now, li'l' girl. Don't be afraid. I won't hurt y'u. I know w'en I'm licked."

He left her at the door of her father's house; and she watched him swing down Rector Street to West, whistling bravely as he went; and she went upstairs, very solemn, and she asked her heart many times that night whether she was sad or happy, but her heart was silent.

"Oh," she sobbed to her pillow, "why do I not know whom I love? Ah, it is so sad!"

Now, when, on the next morning, Salim Khouri the merchant, portentously solemn, sat himself down in his great chair, waiting for his narghile to be made ready, — for it was Sunday, — and told her, while she filled the bowl and blew the charcoal into a glow and handed him the long tube, that Khalil Khayat had made offer for her hand for young Alois Awad, Ameer of the seventh gen-

eration, the Light of his Eyes, she knew whom she loved. Then, indeed, she knew that she loved Jimmy Brady; and she thought there was no man to compare with him in strength and beauty and courage; but she said, blushing, that she would have her answer ready when Khalil Khayat should call in the evening, and went out with a numb heart to tell the beloved of her heart that, indeed, he must love her no more; for she was a dutiful daughter. But why should she tell Jimmy Brady this? Ah, for the touch of his hand again! What was the courage of the new Antar? She would trust herself in the depths of his eyes! What would he venture? Her purpose weakened; she hesitated; she pressed on. Ha, she thought, clinching her little fists, she would dare him to try to carry her off! She pulled her blouse into a snug fit about her little waist, and pressed the massive silver comb into place in her willful hair, and touched the ribbon at her throat, — pressing on, all the while, to Battery Park. Little Innocence! Where, then, was the joy of Alois the Ameer? What was its peril?

"But my father he say, 'Eet ees the country of liberty,'" she thought. "Eef I marry queek, he say, 'O Leetle Star, w'y you not tell ol' father? Leetle Star — naughty Leetle Star. You marry? Shame — not tell ol' father!' Then I cry, — I mus' cry, I feel so bad, — an' he say, 'Sh-h, Leetle Star! You happy?' An' I say, 'Yes, I lofe heem.' An' he say, 'Come, I hug you. He good man,' he say. 'I know heem. Come, I hug you.' An' he hug me, an' he — he — anger no more." She paused. "I tell w'at other man lofe me? No; he weel keel heem. I tell — no. Eet ees bes' — not." Then she determined, with a toss of her head, "I marry — no — nobody!"

In the evening of that day, Khalil Khayat sat with Alois Awad, the Light of his Eyes, in the back room of the coffeehouse of Nageeb Fiani, which, as men

know, is on Washington Street, not far up from Battery Place, and may there be found any day. They were waiting for the time to come when Khalil Khayat should go to the house of Salim Khouri the merchant, to hear the answer of Haleem, his daughter; and they were smoking, heavily, silently, each busy with fantastic dreams. The old man was listening, in fancy, to the prattle of children, feeling their soft hands in his gray hair, their soft lips against his cheek, — voices and hands and lips not of children of his blood, but of the blood of the Light of his Eyes; and his face reflected his capering thoughts. Looking into the depths of the smoke cloud — here, ever, was the charm of the narghile — he saw himself a shadowy old man in a shadowy great chair set in a shadowy corner, telling dream tales, that now trooped from the nowhere into misty view, to little children of shadowy, solemn feature upon his knee. Now, the dream chased the old, sad expectation of lonely senile age out of thought, and suffused his dark, melancholy face with the light of sudden hope; so that, childlike himself, he chuckled his joy, when the dream leaped out of bounds. But Alois Awad trembled in his chair, and drew swift sighs, and sought distraction in the jumbled pattern of the wall paper and the voices in the outer room, and consumed a hundred matches to keep his cigarettes alight, and was vacant and flushed by turns, nor found relief in anything. Two dreams fought for place in his mind; and he would harbor neither, the one for that he would not dread it, the other for that he dared not entertain it.

"Thy house is to be mine, as though thou wert my son?" Khalil Khayat asked tenderly. "Is it not so, Alois Awad? In our love for each other was it not so agreed?"

"It is even so, as I have said many times, Khalil, my friend," Alois answered, crushing his impatience. "And the chair by the window — and the

books — and — and all that we have dreamed."

"Ah! It is new happiness to hear the words again. And thy children are to be to me as though thou wert my very son?"

"As I have said many times, Khalil; it is even so."

"There is a restful certainty in repetition! I am to tell them stories of the heroes of our people. Is it not so? I am to teach them the Language Beautiful. Have I not so spoken?"

"How often, Khalil!"

"Perchance," Khayat pursued, in wistful speculation, "perchance there will be a poet among them. Who knows?" he continued solemnly. "It may be that the son of your loins, the child of my teaching, shall some day — some day" —

"Ah, it is a dream, Khalil!" Alois cried, sweeping his hand over his eyes.

"But the Language needs a poet! The Temple is crumbling! Where" —

"Dream no more, Khalil!"

Khayat shrugged his shoulders. "It is a large dream, Alois," he said composedly. "But let us delight ourselves in it."

Alois looked up at the dingy ceiling, and sighed soulfully. "It may be," he whispered, "that my happiness shall fail." Then he clasped his hands, and raised them, and cried passionately, "Will fortune ever, O daughter of Malik, ever bless me with thy embrace?"

The old one looked at the young one quizzically, saying, "The Arabs say, 'Had the bird been good to eat, the pursuit of the hunter would not have been faint-hearted.'" Alois smiled, and Khayat went on, "It is near time. I shall start now for the house of Salim Khouri for the answer, — for the answer of little Haleem to the Light of my Eyes."

Khayat sat still in his chair; for Jimmy Brady came swiftly through the outer room, crying buoyantly: "Hello, Fiani! Lord, ain't it hot? Ain't old man

Khayat here?" His heartiness was infectious; all the men laughed sympathetically as he passed by. He burst into the little back room. His chest was swelling; his head was thrown back; he was drawing his breath as though all air were pure and bracing; his hat was on the side of his head, — fairly over the ear, jaunty, saucy; his cigar was in the corner of his mouth and at the political angle; his eyes were flashing. He slapped Alois on the back — a resounding thwack, that made the Syrian wince.

"Much 'bliged," said Alois delightedly. "You welcome. Sit down. You happy, eh?"

Old Khayat rose courteously and drew out a chair. "Be seated, Meester Brady," he said. "Toshi, Toshi!" he called. "One cup coffee, — one more, for Meester Brady. How ees your health to-day, sair? Eet ees very warm, ees eet not?" There was a twinkle in Khayat's eyes; young Jimmy Brady was acceptable in his sight.

"Say, I'm — I'm married," Jimmy blurted, grinning radiantly. His voice was shrill and shaking; such was the measure of his happiness. "Hear me? I'm married. I got a li'l wife, an' she loves me — *loves* me, or she's a liar. Ha, ha!" He laughed abruptly, vacantly; then he gasped happily, and continued, as in a burst of confidence: "It's this way, Mister Khayat; I run away wit' the girl, an' the old man ain't on yet. Now, I ain't crawlin' meself; but me nerves is all gone. I want somebody t' square it. Understand? Somebody t' square it — break it easy — let the old man down light. Understand? It's sudden, but it's all right; there won't be any tearin' done. The man I want is *you*. Understand? He knows y'u, an' w'at y'u say goes wit' him. Just break it. Follo' me? All y'u got t' do is — is — tell him. Now" —

Khayat was laughing; and Alois, now peculiarly responsive to the mood of the young lover, was smiling. Such, then,

was the joy of love! Ah, that he might know it!

"You have not told me the name of the young ladee," Khayat interrupted, sobering. "Who ees the dear ladee? Can eet be that she ees a Syrian?"

"She's a Dago, all right — the prettiest li'l Dago y'u ever see," Jimmy rattled, with rising emotion. "She's all right. Her — her heart, it's all right, too. She — she — *loves* me!" Jimmy stretched out his hands, and lifted up his rapt face; and continued, inspired, to describe the graces of his beloved: "She loves me! Say, her eyes — my Gawd! — her li'l hands — her hair — say, I'm foolish — touched! Are y'u on? Soft, I am — nutty! I ain't right in me head any more. It's her eyes — her li'l hands — her" —

"Ah," said Khayat gently, "but you have not told me her dear name. How can I have help you, eef I" —

"Haleem Khouri's her name," said Jimmy; "an' she's a beaut. Say, I'm foolish! Her eyes is brown, an' her hair is black."

The muscles of Khalil Khayat's face stiffened in their position; but the light of interest in his eyes expired, and it was dull in them thereafter. His heart faltered — stopped — beat on again, with slowly lessening pain. Here a muscle in his face relaxed; there another. Muscle after muscle weakened and gave; soon his blue, twitching face, still upturned to Jimmy Brady, wore a shallow smile, that passed, anon, into ghastliness — soon a dull melancholy — soon a look of fixed woe and weariness. Then he sighed, and let his eyes fall to his coffee cup, where he kept them, fearing the greater pain in a sight of the face of Alois Awad. Alois's cigarette had fallen to the tablecloth, and there he let it lie, while it fired the fabric, and smouldered foully. His shoulders had fallen in; his head was swaying like the top of a tall tree in a great wind. He kept his eyes up — forced the very smile in them to hold

its place. Then his head sunk; his body tottered; he would have fallen, strengthless, over the table, had he not caught the edge and stiffened his arms.

"Hi!" Jimmy exclaimed. "Who hit y'u?" He could not understand; here was a physical effect, but who had struck the blow? "Say, y'u look like a game pug after a right-hand jab on the jaw. Y'u look as if y'u was jolted fer fair. W'at — w'at's doin'?"

"Agh!" said Alois faintly. "I have smoke — too much smoke."

"Groggy an' game an' comin' up t' the scratch, eh?" Jimmy laughed. "Here, drink yer water." There was silence. Jimmy turned to Khalil Khayat. "W'at's doin', I'm askin'? W'at" —

Khayat held up his lean hand imperiously. "Ox-cuse me," he said, contorting his features into a kindly smile. "I weel speak weeth Meester Awad een my own tongue."

"Cert," said Jimmy.

Khayat turned to Alois. "Well?" he said simply; but there was a wondrous depth of tenderness in his voice.

"What is my love?" answered Alois Awad, Ameer of the seventh generation, in the purest speech of his people; and his eyes were shining and his voice was shrill and sure, as of a prophet of high calling. "Is it a thirst that cries for quenching? Rather is it water freely given to a parched throat. Is it a consuming flame, to turn to ashes the joy of my beloved? Rather is it a fire kindled in a wintry place, burning brightly in the night, that she may bask in its heat, and dream of sunlit places. Is it the night, harboring the frightful shapes of darkness? Rather is it the twilight, and the slumber-song of the wilderness. Is it a tempest, to stir great waves to engulf the ship of her happiness? Rather is it a favoring breeze, to speed her into port. Is it a winged arrow, the arrow of my bow, straight-aimed in the cunning of my eye, flying swiftly, seeking out her fair breast to tear it? Oh, the

cruel song of the arrow; and again, and yet again, oh, the cruel song of the arrow! Nay! Rather is it a shield for my beloved, — a shield encompassing her, a shield of tried steel, — my shield, defending her against the arrows of sorrow."

"The Light of my Eyes!" Khalil Khayat murmured rapturously, tingling to his finger tips. "The Light of my Eyes!" He looked long in the young man's face; and he pulled his gray mustache tremulously, and drew long, deep breaths through his expanded nostrils, like a man lifted out of himself by the courage of a champion. "I know the meaning, Light of my Eyes!"

"W'at's this?" Jimmy demanded, dazed. "Somebody's hurt — I — I — do' know. Ain't somebody hurt?"

"I weel go weeth you," said Khayat, rising steadily. His dark face was then emotionless. He looked absently for his

hat — under the table, on the hooks, on the chairs; and he flushed when he found it on his head. "Come!" he continued. "Salim Khouri, eet ees a frien'. My words they have power weeth heem. He have respect for me. He weel forgeeve. Let me but say eet ees well, and all weel be well. She weep, have you say? Leetle Haleem weep to go home. Let us have hurry. She weel be forgeeve. W'at I say, Khouri he weel do." Not turning to look at Alois Awad, the Light of his Eyes, Khalil Khayat went out. His old rusty hat was on the back of his head, pulled down to his ears. He was staring absently straight before him. Was it a smile on his face? Was it the shadow of pain? Was it a smile touched with regret? Men wondered as he passed along with Jimmy Brady; and they turned to look again; but they could not tell whether or not it was well with Khalil Khayat that day.

Norman Duncan.

AUTUMN SONG.

WRAP us round, O mother Autumn, with a dreaming all unbroken,
With the royal purple semblance of a passion all unspoken,
While the bird of life wings backward, in the reddening, waning day,
To the thrill of long-lost laughter, to the love that could not stay!

Now the savage child within us breaks the thicket, flying faster,
Barefoot through the voiceless forest, threading leaf and fern and aster,
Leaping brook and laughing upward where the broken blue beguiles,
Speeding on, — O heart fly faster! — down the light of memory's aisles!

Now the scent of grape and hollow stirs the pulse and fans the ember,
And wind above the waiting sheaves is whispering, "*Remember!*"
O now, the heart of memory's rose burns reddest 'gainst the gray,
While the bird of life wings backward to the love that could not stay!

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

GLEANINGS FROM AN OLD SOUTHERN NEWSPAPER.

SOME years since, while engaged in researches for a course of lectures on Southern history, I found in the Sewanee library six large volumes containing a file of the Edgefield (South Carolina) Advertiser, from its inception on February 11, 1836, to January 21, 1848. They had been presented to the library by the first editor of the paper, Dr. Maximilian La Borde, afterwards well known for his excellent History of South Carolina College. It was evident that no one had turned their yellow leaves for many years, but this fact did not deter me from the formidable task of examining them thoroughly. I was repaid by the acquisition of much curious information relative to the habits and modes of thought of Southerners, and especially of "up country" South Carolinians of " 'tis sixty years since," and I venture to hope that the following excerpts from my voluminous notes may prove to have some present interest for readers who care for the past of our now united country. I may also express the hope that, at no distant day, ante-bellum Southern newspapers representing other localities may be exploited by the increasing band of young men who are being trained by our great universities, and sent back to their Southern homes to investigate the interesting and almost unknown history of their native section. But before beginning my task in earnest I must say a word about the village of Edgefield Court House.

Edgefield is the chief place of the district of the same name, and lies in the southwestern portion of South Carolina, some twenty or more miles from Augusta, Georgia, the commercial centre of the region. At the period with which we shall deal it contained about 800 inhabitants, — the district had 15,069 in 1839, — who, in their manly in-

dependence, loyalty to democratic principles, and sound moral qualities, were typical of the up country Carolinians. There were leading families among them, but nothing resembling a hide-bound aristocracy. They were hospitable and simple in their ways, and celebrated May Day and the Fourth of July with enviable heartiness. They might have had better school and postal facilities without great detriment, but they could hardly have been happier or more typically and patriotically American, however much they might insist upon a strict interpretation of the Constitution, and the supremacy of South Carolina over all other sovereignties on the globe. Their ways were not as our ways, — especially with regard to the rather excessive number of duels and other encounters that took place among them, — but at least they had no lynching mobs, and he would be a rash person who should undertake to prove that the Edgefieldian of to-day gets more solid comfort out of life than his grandfather did. And it would be somewhat difficult to prove that the claim so frequently made, that "there were giants in those days," is entirely unfounded. Edgefield boasted of a bar of exceptional talents. The redoubtable McDuffie had won his spurs there; F. W. Pickens practiced there, and represented the district in Congress before he became governor of the state and famous for his demand of the surrender of Fort Sumter. Preston S. Brooks was another Edgefieldian much looked up to by his townspeople, as was also his father, Whitfield Brooks, legislator and Congressman. An antagonist of the younger Brooks, Lewis T. Wigfall carried some of the energy of the district to Texas, and became Senator of both the United States and the Confederacy, and a Confederate general. Two other

men born in Edgefield District, although subsequently credited to Alabama, were famous in the early history of Texas: J. B. Bonham, one of the heroes of the Alamo, whose brother, Milledge L. Bonham, won distinction in the civil war; and Colonel William B. Travis, commandant of the fated fortress. Such men made the little town more or less known over the entire South, and gave their compatriots cause for pride. But it is time to turn to our newspaper.

The Advertiser, which I understand is still running, was a weekly sheet, about three fourths the size of the normal daily newspaper of the present. Loyal Edgefieldians were to receive it every Thursday: for \$3.00 if they paid in advance, for \$3.50 if they paid within six months, for \$4.00 if they failed to settle before that time had elapsed. If one may judge from sundry urgent notices to pay up that were inserted before the completion of the first volume, one may infer that the woes of country editors are a pretty constant quantity. Dr. La Borde had special woes of his own, however, for his fellow editor wrote nothing, and the genial doctor was forced to write letters to himself under high-sounding Roman names, and to publish his own poems and tales. He could also fill his columns, as all his confrères used to do, with lists of legislative enactments, clippings from other papers, occasional batches of foreign news, items from the nearest city, hints for farmers and housewives, and the like. The editorial columns did not give him so much trouble, for partisan politics were in their heyday. His political principles are easily determined from the motto of the paper, to which it clung long after he had left it, — a ringing motto taken from some speech of the vehement McDuffie: "We will cling to the pillars of the temple of our liberties, and if it must fall we will perish amid the ruins." Not satisfied with this Samsonian affirmation that stared every reader in the face, our edi-

tor, in his salutatory remarks, declared: "We are not ashamed to make the confession that we go for our state *against the world*, though we may expose ourselves to the imputation of possessing a patriotism selfish and contracted." Candor compels me to say that the Advertiser held very closely to this definite programme during the first twelve years of its existence.

Advertisers, the chief props of the modern newspaper, were given moderate rates, and made use of them. Sometimes three columns would be devoted to a patent medicine; often an equal space was taken by Philadelphia publishers, whose relations with Southern readers and authors would form an interesting topic for an essay. We are more concerned, however, with local advertisements, especially with those throwing light on the condition of education. From the prospectus of the Edgefield Female Academy we learn that students paid \$5.00 per quarter for spelling and the three R's. If they took grammar and geography in addition, they paid \$6.50; if they went on into natural and moral philosophy, history, chemistry, logic, etc., they paid \$8.00. For music they must give \$15.00, with an added \$3.00 for the use of a piano. If they used maps and globes, they were charged fifty cents, the exact cost of their firewood in winter. They could obtain good board at from \$25.00 to \$35.00 per quarter. At this period the girls seem to have been the favored sex, for we learn from the issue for January 17, 1837, that the Male Academy has been without a teacher for a year, but will soon start again. It will educate boys in the classics and English branches for \$10.00 per quarter. The classics are not mentioned in connection with the girls, nor are the modern languages spoken of at all. Indeed, a neighboring academy, in advertising for a teacher to take charge, stipulates only good qualifications in English. But later advertisements offer fuller courses, and

private schools multiply throughout the state. In 1842 four schools are competing for the patronage of Edgefield, and the principal of one of them is advertised as teaching philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, optics, mathematics in all branches, grammar, geography, and history, besides the Greek, Latin, and French languages, "the latter of which he renders and pronounces with as much facility as any young man in the country." Having secured the services of such an accomplished teacher, the trustees flattered themselves that they would "receive the liberal patronage of an enlightened public."

But, as we learn from a notice in the first number, calling a meeting of the commissioners of free schools for Edgefield District, there was some attempt at a system of popular education. What did it amount to? This question may be at least partly answered by a quotation from a gubernatorial message, a sort of document which was always a god-send to our editor, and which furnished sources from which I have taken many interesting items for successive years.

In the message of Governor B. K. Hennegan, published in the Advertiser for December 3, 1840, a sixth of the space is given to a discussion of the free school system of the state, in which it would be hard to detect any attempt to glose over the wretched condition of affairs. His Excellency, after dwelling on the small pay of the teachers and the importance of giving a thorough training in the vernacular, points which scarcely seem to be fifty-nine years old, goes on to ask who are the free school teachers. "Are they men," he inquires, "to whom the legislature can commit with confidence the great business of education? What is the amount of their literary qualifications, and what the tone of their morality? It is not my design to indulge in unnecessary remarks upon this subject, but truth requires me to say, as a class they are grossly incompetent to

discharge their high functions. So far as my observations extend, with but few exceptions, they are very ignorant, and possess a very easy morality. . . . It is now in South Carolina a reproach to be a teacher of a free school, as it is regarded [as] *prima facie* evidence of a want of qualification."

The governor then proceeded to comment on the use made of the annual appropriation of \$37,000 for public instruction, and declared that the fund set apart for this purpose did not "answer the end" for which it was intended. "In many districts it is drawn and not legitimately appropriated, and in many instances made the object of improper speculation." He then went on to urge the appointment of a state official, "with a competent salary, to be called the Superintendent of Public Schools."

Further quotation is needless. It is quite evident that genuinely public education was almost unknown in South Carolina or anywhere else in the Old South, but it is equally evident that the leading men knew the fact and regretted it. Governor Hennegan, at any rate, deserves to be remembered as an executive who did something besides reply to the historic utterance of his brother governor of North Carolina; for in this very message he had some plain words to say about the increasing evil of buying and selling votes. It is well, however, to notice that at Fairfield there was a manual labor school, which, if one may judge from its long advertisement, was run on excellent principles.

In pursuing this subject of education we have wandered far away from the first volume of the Advertiser, to which we may now return in search of a fresh topic. One is easily found in certain political utterances in the early numbers apropos of the reception of abolitionist petitions in Congress. Mr. Henry Laurens Pinckney, the representative of Charleston in Congress, had, in an unwary moment, moved the appointment of a select

committee to consider them. He was a descendant of the great Pinckneys of Revolutionary fame, and was far enough from being an abolitionist, but he doubtless believed that the best way to deal with the petitions was to smother them in committee. His compatriots thought that any reception of them was an outrage, and Mr. Pinckney was soon made to understand that the fate of that man is hard who, on vital points, differs in opinion from the people among whom his lot is cast. The Edgefieldians passed stinging resolutions against him; and if he read the Advertiser, he must have felt little flattered at finding himself made an object of censure along with Jackson and John Quincy Adams. Of the latter statesman the editor had once had a good opinion, but he is now convinced that "his career for the last year or so would be disgraceful to the lowest village politician. . . . We regard him as one of the merest whippers in Congress." Adams, Jackson, and Pinckney, however, were not alone in incurring the editorial wrath. Virginia's action with regard to the famous Expunging Resolutions filled him with disgust, and he exclaimed, "That state is now rotten and corrupt beyond all former precedent!" Indeed, it is to be feared that about this time most good Carolinians felt that there were few righteous men in Israel besides themselves. And even a Pinckney had fallen by the way.

For a few weeks the unfortunate member from Charleston had some rest, Senator Thomas H. Benton taking his place, and receiving the pleasant appellations of "monster" and "blackguard." But worse things were in store for Mr. Pinckney. If there was one thing Edgefield was noted for, it was public dinners given on the Fourth of July and at other fitting times. Then, to judge from the meagre accounts preserved, eloquence was placed on tap, and tapped vigorously on one occasion, — a barbecue, not a dinner, — tapped for thirteen regular and

twenty-one volunteer toasts. As luck would have it, the True Blues, the volunteer company sent by the district to the Seminole war, returned from Florida about the time of the Pinckney affair, and a dinner was given them. The eleventh toast ran: "The Traitor of the South. America has known but one Arnold; may Carolina know but one Pinckney." This was rather hard on at least two distinguished men of whom any state might be proud, but the toastmaster probably did not quite see the force of the language he employed. At other banquets, given about the same time (June, 1836), the Charleston statesman was similarly honored, one toast running: "Henry L. Pinckney. The degenerate son of a noble ancestry." Another: "H. L. Pinckney. Like an ungrateful reptile, he has inflicted a wound on his benefactors which he will never be able to heal." Evidently, the first of these toasts did not please every one, for at a subsequent banquet the following toast was framed: "Henry L. Pinckney. A worse than degenerate son. His conduct is rank treason to his country." Yet time brings forgetfulness. In the fall of 1836 Hugh S. Legaré won Mr. Pinckney's seat in Congress, but the following spring saw the latter gentleman safely elected mayor of Charleston. In this honorable position — which he seems to have filled satisfactorily, if we may judge from the few references the Advertiser makes to him — we may now leave him. It is proper, however, to remark that we need not flatter ourselves that the lapse of sixty years has improved our political manners to such an extent that we can afford to smile at these Carolinian amenities of the olden time.

The perennial subject of slavery having now been started in connection with the fury stirred up by the abolitionist petitions, we may as well pursue it for a time through some of its ramifications. Among editorial utterances on the topic we find this concise sentence (Febru-

ary 8, 1838): "The world should know that the very instant Congress took upon itself to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, or do anything else affecting the great interest of the South, the Union should be dissolved." An equally concise statement as to the relations between slavery and the cotton plant appears in an anonymous communication in the issue for September 12, 1839, to the effect that a genuine South Carolina slaveholder, if he expects to preserve his institutions, must "teach his children to hold the cotton plant in one hand, and the sword in the other, ever ready to defend it." The whole duty of man, politically speaking, was as clearly set forth in a volunteer toast delivered at a dinner given to Congressman Pickens (September, 1836): "The State of South Carolina. State sovereignty, state rights, state remedies, and nullification, with a strict adherence to our domestic institutions; and secession rather than yield in servile submission."

Many other similar toasts might be quoted, but we do not tolerate such things as readily as our hardy ancestors did; hence a brief selection will probably be deemed sufficient. The Fourth of July, 1836, shall furnish us with two: "Our Slaves. Our right to them is founded in sound morality, and our interest shall not be yielded to foreign or domestic interference." Again: "The Abolitionists of the North. Intermeddlers with other people's matters, prating and writing against the institution of slavery, not knowing that such are rebuked by the Scriptures, and said to be 'proud, knowing nothing, but doting about questions and strifes whereof cometh envy, and destitute of the truth.'" The Biblical turn of phrase taken by the latter toast prepares us for one dedicated four years later to John Quincy Adams: "An Imp of his Satanic Majesty. Though his master was an archangel of light, he was hurled from heaven for disobedience; and he alike fallen, because he cannot be

the Dictator of the Federal Government, would destroy the Union." Two years before, home talents had been celebrated with greater amenity in the following words: "South Carolina's Senator, John C. Calhoun. He moves at the bidding of the Goddess of Liberty, and fights his country's battles with the lance of Minerva."

But there was a phase of the slave problem far more important than those mentioned by orators at banquets, — a phase that did not indeed escape attention, but that hardly produced the sort of impression it now makes on the student of antebellum Southern history. It is generally known that the slaves were often suspected of being incendiaries, but it takes statistics such as I have collected from the twelve volumes of the *Advertiser* to make one realize how horrible a menace vindictive slaves were to a people whose houses were usually made of wood. I have not attempted to collect all the references to fires supposed to have been caused by slaves, but I have noted several important cases.

In March, 1836, there were suspicious fires in Augusta and Charleston. At the end of April, 1838, there was a frightful conflagration in Charleston, in which several lives were lost and several hundred houses were destroyed. Mayor Pinckney proclaimed a fast day; a mass meeting of the citizens insisted that restrictions be placed on the erection of wooden houses; an extra session of the legislature was called to aid the city by \$2,000,000 in fire-loan bonds, to be handled by the South Carolina Bank, — an act of paternal legislation that did not escape censure. None could tell how the flames started, but six weeks later several attempts were made to fire the city again, and four blacks were arrested on suspicion. Nor were other cities spared. In March, 1839, a \$150,000 fire in Mobile was supposed to have been caused by an incendiary; in June of the same year the Planters' Hotel in Augusta was burned

under mysterious circumstances. In September Charleston had another considerable fire; in October, Port Gibson, Mississippi, lost \$135,000 by the flames, and Mobile had another fire worth chronicling. At the close of 1842 Charleston was again visited by a great conflagration, which was followed shortly by smaller ones, and by a large one at Columbia. In February, 1843, the *Advertiser* felt called upon to say that the number of recent fires in Edgefield District, whether accidental or otherwise, had been greater than at any previous period. Not long after, Mercer University, at Penfield, Georgia, was fired by an incendiary, according to current report.

These are but a few cases out of many. While it is, of course, not certain that carelessness was not more responsible for such frequent disasters than incendiary slaves were, it is clear that the belief that slaves would burn houses when they got a chance was widespread, and that the mental effects upon the whites were quite as bad as if the belief had been justified in every instance. When, therefore, we are tempted to wonder at the wrath displayed by the Southern people at the mere mention of abolition, we must always endeavor to remember that they believed they were living upon a powder mine which any chance spark might explode. Such, at least, is the impression I have gathered from the files of the *Advertiser* and from other sources. It was a fascinating life in many ways that the Southerner led, but he paid dearly for his pleasures, as he is now often willing to admit.

From incendiary fires to militia companies is not a far cry, since both subjects are closely related to slavery; indeed, nearly every subject in ante-bellum Southern history seems to be. It has long been known that attention was paid in the South to the militia, in view of its possible use in a war of secession; but one has to make rather minute researches in order to understand what

importance was attached to the matter by some people, especially in South Carolina, which had intended to use her troops in the nullification crisis. The Seminole war brought the subject to the front in 1836, and the popularity of the Mexican war in the South had a similar effect. The latter struggle, of course, filled many columns of the *Advertiser*, especially as the paper had always shown its interest in Texas, and as the Palmetto Regiment of South Carolina displayed conspicuous prowess in the field. Space will not allow us, however, to dwell upon this phase of the subject, and we must content ourselves with noticing some significant editorial and gubernatorial utterances on the relations between the militia system of the state and a possible war of secession.

On October 27, 1836, speaking editorially of a recent review of the three infantry regiments of the district by Governor McDuffie, the *Advertiser* commented on the spirit and intelligence of the militia officers in this way: "With such feelings and sentiments pervading the whole state, we should predict with confidence the safety of the republic, and laugh to scorn the machinations and threats of fiendish fanaticism." Two years later, Governor Pierce M. Butler stated in his annual message that he had reviewed every one of the forty-six infantry regiments in the state, and six out of the seven cavalry regiments, and had found them in excellent condition. Especially good results had been obtained from the system of encampments. The guns and ammunition were worthless in the main, but he was taking pains to remedy this. He desired a digest of the military laws, and reminded the legislature of the importance of the whole subject in the following words: "In the appeal to force, which every state pretending to the character of independence must be prepared to meet, they [the militia] are your only argument, and you must make the most of it."

Four years later (1842), Governor John P. Richardson, after commenting upon the improved condition of the militia system, which had been building for more than forty years, wrote as follows: "If, in the absence of all constitutional power to restrain a standing military force, the states of this Union possess no means but that of a polemical argument to maintain their rights as sovereigns, those rights would indeed be found to be vain, shadowy, and unprofitable before the arbitrament of an armed federal potentate. In our late contest with federal power, it was not to the mere efficacy of its laws or the sanctity [of its] ordinances, to the justice of her cause or the strength of her defense, that the state looked *at last* for protection; and were the dangers of the past to recur, or the unfavorable forebodings of the future to be realized, it is to the bold hearts and nerved and disciplined patriotism of the militia that South Carolina would again appeal." The governor went on to say that the state had spent half a million on weapons, ammunition, and arsenals, and was expending \$24,000 annually to keep its military supplies and buildings in good order. He wanted no retrenchment in this particular, and in fact desired to develop a system of military education in connection with the arsenals, which, in his opinion, would do far more good than the inefficient free school system then in operation.

Such were the views of a representative Southern governor eighteen years before the civil war; and yet there were not wanting in 1860 many estimable gentlemen who professed themselves to be willing to drink all the blood that would be spilt should South Carolina secede. In view of the military preparations of his native state, William Gilmore Simms was more justified in his famous remark that, if it came to war, the South could crush the North as easily as he could crush an egg.

But this paper is growing rather long,

and slavery and its consequences cannot be said to be altogether the most agreeable of topics. It may be well, therefore, to draw to a conclusion by setting down, in the order preserved in my notes, a few interesting items concerning the blacks that do not fit in with the main divisions I have made of the topic. It is a well-known fact that the negroes furnish a large proportion of the criminal class in the South at the present time, but that before the war each master looked after the punishment of his slaves for minor offenses. Hence we are not greatly surprised to find the *Advertiser*, on July 14, 1836, noting with satisfaction that the jail of Edgefield District (not of the village merely) has had not a single occupant for two months. This is certainly a remarkable showing for a population of fifteen thousand. About a year later, however, complaint is made that there is an unusually large number of criminals in confinement, and one wonders whether the hard times one has been reading about in other columns had affected the district as disastrously as they had the rest of the country. A few months subsequently (October) we learn that, whatever financial distress may have had to do with the matter, the part played by recent abolitionist agitation is unmistakable. The number of offenses against slave property, we are told, is unprecedented. Three capital trials for negro-stealing have taken place, and two men, strangers, have been convicted. We learn soon that Governor Butler refused to pardon one of these men, James Reed, seemingly a Northerner, for whom citizens of Edgefield had petitioned, and that he and his fellow prisoner, Evans, were actually hanged on February 9, 1838.

About this time we notice that proclamations for the arrest of slaves who have committed murders are growing rather numerous. On August 9, 1838, a contributor writes on the subject of the enforcement of statutes against slaves, and

declares that negroes are rarely executed for the felonies they commit, since, as the state does not pay for the slaves it executes, it is more profitable to their masters to hide them. Free negroes, however, are frequently mentioned as being more dangerous to the peace of the community than slaves, — a fact which seems to have prompted the Louisiana legislature to decree that persons bringing a free negro into the state should be fined \$20.00 per week during their own residence within it, while the negro was liable to one year's imprisonment at hard labor; and if he did not then depart from the state, to life imprisonment. The same state had shortly after to crush an intended revolt of slaves, who, however, can hardly have wanted to swell the class of free negroes in that vicinity. The Louisianians at least deserve the credit of having tried to rid themselves of suspicious characters by due process of law. Justice was done more expeditiously in the neighboring state of Arkansas, where, according to an account published in the *Advertiser* for August 26, 1841, no less than twenty-three counterfeiterers and horse thieves were tied hand and foot and drowned in the Mississippi. This story almost makes one believe a later report, to the effect that there had been a shower of flesh and blood in Tennessee.

That the Southerner had a hard time in looking after his slaves is sufficiently apparent both from numerous advertisements for runaway slaves and from other evidence; yet it would seem that he might at least have hoped to steer clear of a class of individuals who make themselves obnoxious in these days of freedom, — I mean confidence men and bogus advertisers. As a matter of fact, some of these worthies dwelling in the North regarded the Southern slaveholders as legitimate prey. One particularly clever scheme of theirs is exposed in the issue for May 18, 1842. A person named Pettis, purporting to be a lawyer in New

York city, would inform himself, from advertisements, of the personal descriptions of various runaway negroes, and would then write to their respective owners, saying that he keeps a spy, who has told him of the whereabouts of a negro answering the particular description, who has forged free papers, but who will easily be secured and sent back if the owner will remit twenty dollars to Mr. Pettis, — who, by the way, is a Virginian by birth, — in order to cover expenses. It is needless to add that dollars thus cast upon the waters of Mr. Pettis's ingenuity did not return to the casters in the persons of recovered slaves.

In a world so leagued against his peace and prosperity, it is not surprising that the Southern planter should frequently have refused to give his negroes any chance of rising from the level of mere brute intelligence; that he should even at times have refused to afford them any religious instruction. In the autumn of 1842, a correspondent of the *Advertiser* felt obliged to plead for the establishment of Sunday schools among the slaves. He could not reconcile it to his conscience to allow the poor creatures to grow up in ignorance of the fundamentals of religion, but he was forced to admit that his views on the subject were not held by every one. In the same year, Mr. Charles C. Jones, of Georgia, afterwards well known for his history of his native state, felt called upon to publish a book on the duty of his fellow citizens to give religious instruction to their slaves. And to the credit of the South be it said, many planters realized this obligation, and labored faithfully to perform it; the result being evident in the honesty and piety of many of those old-time darkies who have since furnished Southern writers of fiction with their most interesting pages.

Yes, the fact ought to be recognized by historians, and by all who are interested in ante-bellum Southern life, that when all allowances are made for cruel

laws and cruel overseers (who occasionally disappeared mysteriously, suspicion of murder falling on the slaves), and the internal trade in slaves that sometimes separated mother and child, there is still abundant evidence not only that the planters suffered in their turn, but that they were in the main kind-hearted men, who made the best of a bad system handed down to them from an epoch callous to human rights and suffering, and who endeavored to mitigate not merely the condition of the negroes, but also the horrors of the slave code, whenever they could. The more minutely one studies Southern history, the more completely one becomes convinced of this fact. Even the white man who was convicted capitally of inveigling or stealing negroes was punished with great reluctance; yet, naturally, no crime could have excited more general detestation, since a revolting slave population meant civic destruction.

Yes, they were good people, those

Edgefieldians and Carolinians of two generations ago. Their civilization had its weaknesses, — great ones, — but so has ours to-day. The man who plods through a Southern newspaper for the twelve years ending in December, 1899, will surely find, for example, more than one instance of ballot-box stuffing. Yet one instance of it is all I have detected in my examination of the twelve volumes of the *Advertiser*. In November, 1840, there was declared to be no election to the legislature from Richland District, because more ballots had been found in the box than there were voters entitled to put them there. Treating voters was not unheard of; but, on the whole, the political life of these people was enviably clean; they showed more sense than we do, in choosing their best men to represent them in public affairs; their private life was pure and simple, whatever we may think of its narrowness; and I close my imperfect study of them and their times with genuine feelings of regret.

W. P. Trent.

TWO PHILIPPINE SKETCHES.

I.

THE COLLA.

WHEN that meteorological phenomenon, the *colla* befalls, the Philippine sky becomes a cataract and Luzon looks like the wave-swept deck of a sinking ship. Large clouds, torn and black, advance toward the zenith from all points of the horizon, where they group and heap, mingle and interweave until it seems as if in the general squeeze they had burst the flood gates of an aerial sea.

A half-suffocated growl of thunder sounds in the neighboring hills. The lightning tries to reach the earth, but the clouds stand in the way. They say

that far above, the sky is still azure and that the sun moves through the clear atmosphere pouring out torrents of light and heat but it looks as if we should never see sky or sun again. In the east the vault of sooty clouds opens for a moment in a small chink, and through it the spheres seem to reflect life and hope. The sun still lives.

Below here, yesterday Nature bore herself proudly; now she appears overwhelmed and tearful. The plumed bamboos which held themselves so haughtily are now spread and bent under the incessant beat of the rain, and cataracts run through their battered leaves. The fields have turned to lakes, the streams are rivers, the rivers are floods; and

these roofs of bamboo and *nipa* are irrigating pipes guiding numberless jets inside the houses.

Fortunately I am provided with an ample rubber coat, with a monastic cowl, a shield given me by civilization against the barbarities of the climate. It is a pity I have not another mackintosh for my chocolate and my beans which are running about the house vainly seeking a shelter.

The natives take more simple and economical measures against the colla. They strip entirely so as not to wet their clothes; the women in such cases wear only a short petticoat. They go by in groups singing and shouting. Water excites them. It seems as if their lifeless natures revive only by irrigation. They are going to bathe in the overflowing river just as the colla is reaching its apogee.

In the meantime the rain has grown heavier. At intervals cold gusts of wind are flung from the north and the horizon darkens with clouds more black than ever. The barometer, moreover, has fallen a degree. In these suspicious days of the colla, every white man looks at this sentinel of the atmosphere more often than a vain girl looks into the mirror. My barometer has a dial upon which are connotations by Father Faura, the Jesuit who conducts the Manila observatory for the glory of God and the advantage of the Filipinos. I fear, however, that the good father's opportunities for study in this science have been limited. When the progress which is promised this country, and of which it is in great need, begins its march, we may hope for a meteorological department and a specially equipped weather bureau; but for the time being we are obliged to depend almost wholly upon the feelings "in our bones." Nevertheless, the barometer to me in my loneliness is a welcome companion. When it falls, I prepare myself for the worst, and when it rises I anticipate the end of the storm.

But the colla usually has a tail, and that tail is the dreaded *baguio* or typhoon. Colla and *baguio* often go together in the season which follows the autumnal equinox, and at the change of the monsoons. This terrible phenomenon visits some part of the Archipelago annually. However, out of mercy, perhaps, it almost never comes to the same region two years in succession.

A native shining like a polished bronze statue arrives bearing a letter. It is from my good friend Celestino, and it says, "Mount a good horse and come in quickly; the *baguio* threatens." At such times friendship is quickened and affection grows stronger. I would have given much for my friend's companionship, but already the six miles of swamp road that lie between us are impassable.

The rain falls heavier and heavier; the world, seen from my window, is a muddy flood and my house an ark. The barometer is still falling. The dial hand already points to the remark "with winds from the northeast and northwest the *baguio* approaches." Soon I can hear the wind coming. With a sudden gust, to which the house heels like a ship, it is upon us. A great guava tree falls with a crash outside, and the *nipa* shutters go flying to leeward. The wind converts the raindrops into projectiles which pierce the house at all points with the violence of hailstones.

The architecture of the Philippines is another thing that is waiting for the advance of progress. The loss of life which accompanies each typhoon is largely due to the miserable structures in which the indifferent inhabitants live. These wooden houses, like the one I now inhabit, let in wind and water through chinks and crevices from floor to ceiling. When the wind rises they become boxes of resonance — veritable guitars. The frequent earthquakes of the region make more substantial structures impracticable, yet I cannot believe that the Philippine architect of the future will find this

an insurmountable difficulty. It is surely possible to erect buildings of sufficient weight to keep them from being carried away by the wind, and, at the same time, of sufficient strength and lightness to prevent them being shaken down by the quakings of this nervous earth.

My house, however, is considered a fortress by the natives. As I sit pitying my loneliness, the laborers' wives arrive in a crowd. The storm has no terrors for them, but their own huts are no longer tenable. They troop in with smiling faces, leading their children by one hand and carrying their household gods in the other. These people have no knowledge of nerves.

Night falls early; dark, drenching, and furious. "The waters are out," and the storm carries with it a terrible note. And the glass is still falling. Will it never end? Rumors of destruction come in from the forest at intervals of a minute, together with the crashings of torn branches and the blowings, it seems, of a hundred horns. Gusts of wind and water combined come howling over the flood and hurl themselves against the house. At each onset the building cracks and staggers more than ever like a storm-tossed craft.

But at last the monster seems to be seeking its prey in another direction, and turns slowly eastward, hungry for more ruins. Southward, then, unless the law of storms is wrong, it will cause the greatest ravages. The vortex, to which all the radii of this gigantic wheel of the baguio converge, will pass through the south of the Archipelago.

I can hear the wind slowly veering toward the eastward and for the fiftieth time I examine the barometer. Thank Heaven, it is rising! the mercury has a convex head and the worst is over. Within half an hour the lessening storm turns away.

At midnight, after fourteen hours of hard work, I fell asleep. That evening I had no supper. But my forty or fifty

women visitors had also gone supperless, yet they slept on the hard boards amidst a shower of drippings, like blessed ones.

At daybreak there was a strange spectacle. The sun, pale and watery and as if it were ashamed of itself, started on its journey among shreds of torn mists. The river, superb and foamy, had risen above its high banks and flooded the entire plain. Here a bunch of cocoanut palms had been leveled as though by the axe; there a great clump of bamboos had been torn up by the roots; and not ten feet from the rushing river a strange horse was entangled in the torn bushes. Nature, like a flogged body, showed torn flesh everywhere. But no matter. Within two weeks there will be few traces of the ravage.

II.

LAYHAYA.

His Excellency the magnificent and mighty Mohammed Badaruddin, Sultan of Jolo, is mourning. For a period of eight days he has shut himself within the inner precincts of his palace, mourning in spite of himself on his own account as well as according to custom. His favorite wife, the peerless Layhaya, has met with a sudden and tragic death; the victim of her master's self-will and her own outraged pride.

Badaruddin, surrounded by his submissive servants, lies upon a couch gay with multicolored silks, with cushions embroidered in gold supporting his indolent brown limbs. On that face, so hollow-eyed, crow-footed, and so evidently marked with surfeit of the pleasures of the harem, he wears a fixed look of contempt and hate. Unconsciously toying with his glittering slippers, and with his angular chin resting in his hand, he gazes indifferently through the narrow, dirty hall which gives entrance to his room. The farther doorway frames a picture, but he is not looking

at it. He sees neither the disorderly massing of the clouds, nor the tortuous meanderings of the Naybung playing hide and seek through the forest. The murmur of sparkling waves breaking on the yellow sands has no charm for him, nor is he admiring the vivid green of the river banks where the stream leaps to meet the sea. It is midday. An overwhelming sun is lending its blinding light and heat to the already stifling atmosphere, and producing gorgeous color effects with the leaves of the trees, the sand of the shore, and the pebbles of the river bed. Wafted by the faint, intermittent breezes come strange noises from the forest, and the perfume of diampaca, ihlang-ihlang, and a hundred other flowers unknown to the civilized world.

Already the lamentations of Musta have been recited with loudly expressed grief, and the psalms of mourning have been chanted. Already the Fahbdi has revealed the mystic pleasures of the future world, the *hatintins*, or bells, are dumb, and the fuzes of the *lantacas* (primitive bronze cannons) have smoldered out. All that is left is in the next room, wrapped in the sleep from which there is no awakening. It has great black eyes and a marble visage with angry spots of violet on either cheek. The tight-drawn lips are a curious blue, and the limbs are cramped and twisted. Rigid, contorted, and with staring eyes full of dread, it is a thing to be shuddered at. Agony is depicted on that awful countenance, and likewise desire, — a desire for vengeance.

I knew her. She was then but a pearl lost in the tranquil depths of Jolo. That was before the lustful eyes of the Sultan had lighted upon her. She was tall, lissome, and wore with the distinction of a great lady the *jabul*, the native robe, which hinted at the beauteous contour of her form.

For a long while, according to the Jolo custom, her marriage had been arranged

by the old men in council, with a certain *Datto*. But it was necessary to gain the Sultan's consent before the union. One day, therefore, the Datto presented himself at the palace, dressed in his richest apparel, a golden-hilted creese by his side, and his retainers and slaves behind him. When his mission was respectfully made known and he was awaiting a favorable answer, the Sultan sent him a blunt refusal.

For a few seconds the Datto was struck dumb; then he begged, he prayed, he made promises, ay, even menaced the Sultan. But without effect. Nothing could change the tyrant's decision. Before he left, the Datto entered the Sultan's apartment without giving him the traditional obeisance. Looking at him with a proud, steady gaze, he said, "I will leave you for the present; you who have torn my wife from my arms. You have power, as the Sultan; but you covet Layhaya's heart in vain. She will never be yours. Hear me, Badaruddin! I renounce forever my allegiance to you, and as a masterless man I declare war against you!" As he finished, he passed quickly through the door, vaulted to his horse, and disappeared down the valley.

The Datto's fears came but too true. Emissaries of the Sultan, deaf to sobs and entreaties, tore Layhaya from her home and brought her before their chief.

First came surprise, outraged innocence, indignation and fear, then vacillation, desperation, outbursts of grief, stupor and indifference. Her parents constantly urged her to submit, and held before her the honor she would have in being the legitimate wife of the Sultan with a hearing in the council. Presently she wavered, and at last gave her unwilling consent.

The new wife of the tyrant of Jolo who, now that she was his, was treated like a dog, passed through varying stages of sensibility to apathy. Then, suddenly, her outraged feelings rose in rebel-

lion. She resolved to forego all her empty honors and titles at the expense of her life. Her soul once more gained the ascendancy over her body.

There grows in Jolo a vine, whose embraces join together plants and trees of the most varying character; that twines round bridges and stretches itself like a living telegraph wire through the forest. Its roots husband a deadly

poison which paralyze the vital centres of those who partake of it. This Layhaya took and died in her master's bed, and his serene Excellency, Mohammed Badaruddin, Sultan of Jolo, is in mourning. In the innermost recesses of his palace he is weeping in conformity with the laws laid down by the Mussulman religion. He is mourning according to usage and a little on his own account.

H. Phelps Whitmarsh.

GERHART HAUPTMANN.

In the sixteenth century, that glorious birth time of a new spirit, Ulrich von Hutten, the valiant knight of the Reformation, cried, "Die Geister erwachen, es ist eine Lust zu leben!" We who are alive to the questions of our own time may well echo this shout of Hutten, "The minds are waking up, it is a joy to live!"

That a German should have uttered these words, so full of the exultation of conscious intellectual life, is not, I fear, without its significance. There is more reason for rejoicing in the waking up of the conservative German mind than there might be in the spiritual levee of other nations. When Germany sleeps she sleeps profoundly, — as she does all other things, and is hard to rouse; but once risen she is emphatically awake, and her pleasure in life and motion is so much the keener for her long slumber.

In the literature and art of Germany, the sleep preceding the recent awakening was deep and sound. It was a sleep under a heavy feather bed of dry research and empty formalism, of the conventional, the doctrinal, the theoretical, in life and art; and the nightmares torturing the sleepers all the while were the more aggressive enemies of all true art, — militarism, capitalism, collectivism.

By and by the morning song of Wag-

ner's music, bringing the breeze of the ocean with it and telling of the joy and pain of living, begins to buzz in the ears of the slumbering and to stir new activities in their souls. When at last the trumpet sounds from afar, — from France, Norway, Russia, — Germany starts up, and, dazed by the new light streaming in from all sides, does what she generally does in such waking times; that is, she at first blindly follows the foreign leaders in battling against her enemies of the night and in looking for a new spiritual land, until at last she finds her own way and builds her own intellectual strongholds or her castles in Spain.

These foreign leaders to whom Young Germany owes her new impetus in the way of literary productions are the great men with whose works every student of literature is more or less familiar: it is Zola who, inspired by a French scientist, holds that the experimental methods used in natural science should be employed in poetic art; it is Taine, the French historian, who, a Darwinian like Zola, explains the individual and his tendencies as a result of his *milieu*; it is Ibsen, the Norwegian critic of society, who, in his dramas, treats of new psychological and social problems; and it is Tolstoi, who, in this eminently ma-

terial modern world, advocates the simple teachings of the Gospel. Other powerful influences are the spread of ideas fostered by the development of the natural sciences, — of psychology, of modern philosophy with its decided leaning toward a deterministic view of the universe, and, above all, the evolution of the social question.

These are, in the main, the influences and impressions under which Young Germany has shaken off the dull sloth of old prejudices and has spread her wings for a new flight. How high, or how low, and how far she will fly, nobody knows. Meanwhile the sensation of quick motion, of daring adventure in unexplored regions, is a delicious one for all those who are alive to it, especially now that the first hoarse battle cry of "revolution, overthrow, destruction," and the hot breath of passion have passed into a more peaceful, more artistic, and therefore more constructive expression of life.

Among the men of genius who within the last decade or two have agitated and charmed the literary world of Germany, three stand out most prominently. One is Friedrich Nietzsche, in whose veins, as has been said, flows the reddest blood of our age — the most tragic character in the history of the modern mind. Over him, the poet, musician, and philosopher, our *fin-de-siècle* floods of skepticism and mysticism have thrown such mighty waves, that the vessel of his mind has been wrecked.

The other two are Hermann Sudermann, the novelist and dramatist, and Gerhart Hauptmann, the dramatist. These two are often mentioned together, not because they are so much alike, but rather because they present such interesting and striking contrasts. Where Sudermann is subjective, satirical, brilliant in his diction, trying not so much to reproduce life as to produce an effect or to work out an idea, Hauptmann shows himself more the quiet observer of na-

ture and the human soul, the artist by the grace of God, whose charm is the simplicity, the self-expression, in all he produces. Sudermann, who, apparently, feels the greatness of Hauptmann weigh upon him somewhat heavily, has tried, but with indifferent success, to work out Hauptmannian motives in his last work, *The Three Herons' Feathers* and in his *St. John the Baptist*.

I shall never forget the circumstances of my first acquaintance with the name of Hauptmann. It was at a family dinner party given at my German home in the summer of 1889, the year when Hauptmann's first drama, *Vor Sonnenaufgang* (Before Sunrise), was to find its way on the stage. We had finished our dinner, and had sat down for a cosy chat over a glass of wine in the parlor, when some unlucky person pronounced the fatal name of Hauptmann. At the mention of this name the atmosphere at once became charged with an indefinable something which caused even the quiet elderly gentleman in the company to prick up his ears and straighten himself as if he were ready for a battle. The one friend and admirer of Hauptmann's in the party — a young man who afterward developed into one of the finest interpreters of Hauptmann's characters on the stage — sang a hymn of praise to the poet, but thunderbolt phrases, like "degradation of art," "accumulation of dirt," "apotheosis of the vulgar," etc., were soon falling thick and fast on his head. Finally everybody present was vibrating so intensely with the passionate feeling for or against the young poet, that the cosy chat no doubt would have ended fatally if the young enthusiast had not suddenly left the room to get cooled off.

I learned afterwards that this little family scene had been almost a miniature copy of the battle fought for and against Hauptmann by the excited audience at the representation of his first drama at Berlin in October, 1889. Since

a work of such uncompromising character as *Before Sunrise* would not have been produced at any of the subsidized theatres in Germany, it was lucky for Hauptmann that just at the time when his drama was finished an association known as the "Freie Bühne" (Free Stage) had been formed, whose purpose it was to encourage the growth of the new literature by readings, recitals, representations, and publications. The founder of this association was Dr. Otto Brahm, an eminent literary critic, who is now at the head of what is probably the finest stage in Germany, the Deutsche Theater, in Berlin. The organ of their publications was the Freie Bühne, now called the Neue Deutsche Rundschau. Through the representation of Ibsen's *Ghosts*, in 1889, this association had already become the centre of literary and artistic interests, and now it was daring enough to arrange a performance of so scandalous a piece as Hauptmann's *Vor Sonnenaufgang* had been pronounced to be.

The result of the tumult accompanying its first representation was that the quiet young poet became at once a most notorious character, "torn by the love and hatred of the parties." Among the few wise and great men who appreciated the genius apparent in this production was Theodor Fontane, the late novelist, whose account of the impression which the man Hauptmann made on him may stand here as an introduction to his personality.

He says: "Instead of a bearded, sun-burnt, broad-shouldered fellow, with a slouch hat and a coat *à la Jäger* as one would have imagined the poet, there appeared a tall, slender, blond young man, whose coat and manners were most irreproachable. He bowed to me with a graceful simplicity, the charm of which, I am sure, even his worst enemies could not resist. There might be those, it is true, who, out of this very lack of pretense in his appearance, would forge new weapons against him, and quote with

grim satisfaction the statement with which a learned doctor begins his report on the psychology of criminals, 'My murderers all looked like young girls.'"

Looking now, furtively, at our young murderer's first *delictum notorium*, that is, at the first naturalistic drama of the Germans in print, we find that in its very appearance it stands in sharp contrast to the classical drama, its aristocratic, stately, and formal cousin. It is not a bit aristocratic; on the contrary, it is a full-fledged democrat. It proudly calls itself "social drama" on the title-page. "Persons" or "Characters" of old definition here appear as "Handelnde Menschen," that is, men and women in action. And these do not use a language specially prepared for the edification of the reader or spectator, but they talk exactly as they would were they not on the stage but off, — never expressing themselves in monologues or "asides," and using provincial expressions, dialect, exclamations, broken sentences, as freely as they would in common life. And just as in daily intercourse with people you notice a good many points about their personal appearance and their surroundings, so here you are made familiar with these items at the outset by means of ample descriptions, and even by plans drawn for greater clearness of vision.

The outer physiognomy of the changeling — the first product of German naturalistic art — certainly is very commonplace and homely. Turning to the soul, the subject-matter, we find here, too, the atmosphere of every-day life.

The story is briefly this: Loth, a socialist, a man of badges, pledges, and principles, comes to a mining district near Berlin to study the condition of the miners. At the house of his former college friend Hofman, he meets his friend's sister-in-law, Helen, a pure and lovely flower rooted in the foul soil of an infested home. She is the youngest daughter of a peasant, who, after suddenly be-

coming rich through the opening of a mine on his land, had, like all his neighbors, taken to drinking, and at the opening of the drama is degenerated into a mere beast. The young people fall in love with each other, but when Loth hears that Helen's father is a drunkard and that her sister has inherited this vice, he leaves Helen, sacrificing the splendid creature for a future hypothetical race of young Loths. Helen then despairs of life and kills herself.

The milieu into which the character of Helen — who herself has been brought up away from home — is set is appalling, reminding us somewhat of Ibsen's *Ghosts* and of Tolstoi's *Power of Darkness*. The father of Helen is a confessed drunkard; the stepmother, vulgar and coarse to the core, not only drinks, but has a criminal intimacy with a rich young peasant, Helen's intended husband; the married sister has inherited her father's vice and brings forth children with the stamp of alcoholism upon them; the brother-in-law, for the love of money and good living, has married Helen's sister, and, under the guise of brotherly affection, makes love to the guileless Helen. The fitting background to all these separate individuals is a class of peasants who, like Helen's father, spend their unearned riches in drinking and carousing, in luxury and moral filth. Still farther back, in a shadowy distance, we are made to feel the ghastly presence of a whole army of ragged black figures with hungry eyes, bowed necks, and clinched fists; they are the miners who at once call up the world of Zola's *Germinal* and of Hauptmann's own *Weavers*. Thus the subject is gloomy and brutal enough to satisfy the Devil himself, and we should recoil from it with horror, and should, moreover, deplore the over-insistence upon the ethical motive, if Hauptmann's art did not make us forget all these shortcomings.

One of the relieving qualities of this apparently hopelessly pessimistic piece

of naturalism is the idealism of the poet. It seems to creep out almost against his will. Although we are made to feel that there is no hope for the salvation of this rotten race of idle peasants, we are led to believe, on the other hand, that the human race as a whole is progressing, that the social question has become one of vital interest to men of education like Loth and the Doctor, that the workingmen will with their help gain what the *tiers état* of the French Revolution already possesses — their humanity.

And the poet and artist Hauptmann throughout this drama of his makes us feel every now and then that there is a world beyond this vale of misery and brutality, — a world of beauty and purity in nature as well as in human life. As an illustration I take the opening scene of Act II. as described by the poet.

"Farmyard. About four o'clock in the morning. The windows of the inn near by are bright with light. Through the gateway the gray dawn is seen which gradually develops into a dark red and finally into clear daylight. Under the gateway, on the ground, sits an old laborer sharpening his scythe. When the curtain rises one sees scarcely more than his silhouette against the gray morning sky, and for several minutes one hears but the regular, monotonous beats of the hammer on the anvil. Then follows the solemn stillness of the morning, interrupted by the shouts of the guests leaving the inn, the door of which is finally closed with a bang. The lights are extinguished. Barking of dogs at a distance, crowing of cocks all around."

What we have to admire in the art of even the young Hauptmann, and what distinguishes his work from all its naturalistic predecessors, is not only the energy and determination with which he draws his artistic consequences regardless of weak constitutions among his hearers, but is above all the wonderful power of characterization. There is a

warm flood of life pulsing in all his men and women, each of whom seems to live his own life rather than to exist for the sake of the drama. The characters in *Before Sunrise*, from the heroine down to the peasant maid, from the idealist Loth to the drunken beast of a father, — all show that a master hand has created them.

When one reads the drama one can easily understand the enthusiasm it aroused in Berlin. The people must have felt dimly that, in spite of its shortcomings, it offered a new revelation of art; that in it new elements of the commonplace and of ugliness had again been conquered by art and lifted into the realm of the beautiful.

Hauptmann's next two plays, *Das Friedensfest* (Festival of Peace) and *Einsame Menschen* (Lonely Lives), take us from the open air of *Before Sunrise*, from its fields with the smell of earth on them, into the close atmosphere of a house, or, rather, of a room, the gathering place of a family, in which the souls rub hard against one another as well as against contradictory elements in themselves. The characters of these dramas present the finest, although rather pessimistic, studies of our fin-de-siècle humanity, with a touch of the pathological in them. This element is especially to be noticed in the *Friedensfest*, where a whole family, laboring under the curse of an ill-advised match between father and mother, is finally being disintegrated.

From the purely individual and psychological problems treated in these two dramas, Hauptmann in his next work again returns to the social question, one phase of which he presents to us here with a power almost unparalleled in the social literature of our century.

The scene of this drama is in the Prussian province of Silesia, near Hauptmann's home; and I may remark here that Hauptmann never chooses surroundings for his characters with which he himself is not familiar. The rugged

Silesian dialect appears every now and then in Hauptmann's dramas, but he has made us associate it most vividly with the tragic bit of humanity that has grown on Silesian soil, — I mean with the weavers. Their suffering and rebellion, the gloomiest chapter in the social history of his province, form the subject of Hauptmann's drama, and *The Weavers* is its title.

We like to think, although the work was not wholly shaped and inspired by the fact, that the blood of these unfortunates flows in the poet's own veins. His own father was a well-to-do hotel-keeper, but his grandfather and his great-grandfather had been weavers, and it is in memory of the family tradition that he dedicates this work to his father.

He had made minute historical studies on the subject treated here, and in one of his sources of information, a book published in 1885 by the historian Zimmermann, we find a passage which gives the general situation and background of the play. After describing the distressing condition of the weavers in the middle of this century, Dr. Zimmermann concludes: "At last, with the courage of despair, they openly rebelled against their employers. Wild songs were heard in the streets, stones were thrown into the windows of the rich, and the house of one of the employers was demolished. The soldiers sent by the government to establish order were furiously resisted, and many among the mad crowd of unarmed wretches were killed, others wounded. The courage of the weavers died away as suddenly as it had been kindled, and patiently they returned into their old misery."

This is the raw historical material out of which Hauptmann shaped his work of art, — and it is to be noticed, by the way, that it bears a curious resemblance to the events depicted in Zola's powerful novel *Germinal*.

There is no hero in this drama of Hauptmann's, at least not a hero in the

conventional sense, and this was the cause of much perturbation in the minds of the critics until they thought of making "want" take that place. But the hero is something more concrete than this; it is, as Schlenther remarks, "this whole struggling race of weavers, whose haggard faces with looks bent on their common distress, are gathered here as it were into one gigantic composite — the type of the hungry weaver-face whose shadow is darkening the whole land." In it we recognize not only the weavers of fifty years ago, but the entire race of workingmen victimized by the great monster of capitalism. For the historical facts relating to the rebellion of the weavers are only the vessel into which the poet has poured the very life-blood of our own times, which is one of the reasons why this drama takes hold of us with almost more than elemental force.

Here, too, the art of Hauptmann as the creator of this living Gorgon-head of our time is supreme, in characterization as well as in the giving of the atmosphere. There is no painting black or painting white, no trace of hatred or partial love in the poet. With the justice almost of fate he has distributed light and shade in all his finely chiseled men and women, so that we feel that if the slaves should suddenly become the masters, there would be enough among them who would act exactly as their oppressors do now.

Nevertheless, our sympathies are with the weavers as the conscience of the time is with them: we groan and beg, hope and despair, pray and curse, humble ourselves and strike with them, and by the time that the *Blutgericht*, the rough and spirited chorus of despair and revenge is sung, we are ready to join in with them and work the weight of our century off our souls with the cry: —

Here in this place there is a court
Far worse than inquisition,
Where judgment is a damning lie
To send us to perdition.

A man is slowly tortured here—
Within this hall of horror.
Here groans of anguish testify
As witness of his terror.

You rascals all, you devils, fiends,
You demons proud and clever
That drain a poor man's life and blood —
A curse on you forever!

The drama has been criticised for its pessimism because, in spite of the final victory of the weavers over the soldiers, we feel that their struggle will continue and that they individually will be crushed. But is not just this a sad truth of history, the realist Hauptmann would ask, that, in order to accomplish what we call "progress" many individuals have to be sacrificed at each step?

There are, however, reconciling if not optimistic elements in the drama, and these may be found not only in the characters of the individual weavers themselves, — in their courage, loyalty, sense of justice, — but also in the very fact that their conditions are unendurable. We feel that they cannot last, and we are made to trust in help from the world outside. We know now, and Hauptmann knew when he wrote his drama, that the conditions have been changed for the better; that where formerly the poor hovels of the weavers were seen, large, well-organized factories have been built. Yes, that particular kind of misery has ceased, but will misery, can misery itself ever cease? This doubt is the gray shadow that, rising out of Hauptmann's drama, envelops the souls of his readers with the sad consciousness of the fallacy of human nature and of the ever present pathos of human life.

Judging Hauptmann from *The Weavers* and his earlier dramas, we should say that there was an almost morbidly ethical vein in him, and that his genius was decidedly inclined toward the tragic. But our poet is a man of surprises. In each new work he unfolds some new flower of his rich and versatile mind. In the two comedies which he created, for

recreation as it were, after his Weavers, he shows us that humor and wit, elements which have a somewhat protoplasmic existence in his first dramas, are as much his elements as the ethical and the tragic. Both Professor Crampton as well as the Beaver-Coat are little masterpieces of dramatic character study; one giving the ups and downs of an old painter who has drowned his creative powers in alcohol, but who has kept the manners and idiosyncrasies of genius; the other comedy acquainting us with the doings of a delicious piece of humanity, — a Berlin washerwoman who manages to fool all the world, and especially a wise Prussian government official, by her honest looks and talk, while she is flourishing on her profession of a thief.

This last "trifling" comedy of thieves, coming from the same pen which had written the soul-shattering drama of social distress, was a sad surprise for the admirers of the poet. But the surprise grew into a state of utter bewilderment when in November, 1893, they saw his next drama, *Hannele's Ascension to Heaven*, represented in the walls of the highly respectable and orthodox Berlin Court Theatre. It was clear that this most consistent naturalist had gone over into the camp of the idealists, and even into that of the symbolists. "The man who had depicted such crudities as drunkenness, nervous prostration, yes, even hunger, — this same man now dared to write a drama in which dreams, fantasies, yes, worst of all, a child's poetic faith in her Lord Jesus played an important part." Critics and carpers, friends and foes of the poet had much trouble to set their own minds and that of the public at rest about this conversion of Hauptmann.

Hannele is the apotheosis of a poor orphan child, a girl of finest sensibilities and most poetical fancies, an embodiment, one might say, of Hauptmann's own tender, poetic soul. Finding life with her brutal stepfather unendurable

she tries to drown herself on a cold winter night, but is rescued by a neighbor and brought to the poorhouse, where her beloved schoolmaster, a doctor, and a Sister of Charity attend her. Her wasted frame cannot stand the shock of this night's experience, and soon after she is put to bed she loses consciousness. Then the shapes of her feverish fancies rise before us: the drunken stepfather comes and bullies her, her mother brings comfort from heaven, and the dark angel of death slowly approaches and touches her. She is now dressed in shining silk garments and dainty silk slippers which the village tailor has brought for "Princess Hannele," and then she is laid in a beautiful glass coffin. Soon the villagers, the school children with their schoolmaster, and the people in the poorhouse all come to see the dead Hannele. At last a stranger enters. He has the features of the dear schoolmaster, but he is really the Lord Jesus. Saying, "The maiden is not dead, but sleepeth. Johanna Matern, rise," he takes her by the hand and walks with her heavenward while a multitude of angels follow in their train. After this the glory vanishes, we are in the poorhouse again, and see the doctor bend over the bed of Hannele. "Dead?" the Sister of Charity asks, and the doctor sadly nods, "Dead."

In this strangely beautiful dream poem the power of the poet to blend the actual with the visionary hypnotizes us to such a degree that we hardly know where reality ceases and the dream begins. This same effect, only in a more marked degree, is produced by Hauptmann's next drama *Die Versunkene Glocke* (The Sunken Bell). Here his power of visualizing dreams and fancies calls up the whole world of German folklore to our vision. The *Sunken Bell* is a fairy story pure and — well, it is not so very simple, but it is a fairy tale, nevertheless, and here it is: —

Once upon a time there was a master bell founder, a good man and a great

artist. And this was his misfortune. For it made him dissatisfied with living in the valleys of life and with creating works for the valley. So once he founded a bell for the heights, — one that was to proclaim the dominion of the Christian God in the mountain realm of the heathen nature-spirits. It was declared to be the greatest of works that Master Heinrich ever did, but he had his silent misgivings about it. And when the bell, while being dragged to the mountain church, fell into the lake, Heinrich, in despair, threw himself down the precipice also. He was rescued, but did not want to live and work any longer. For had he not after his fall seen the bewitching face and heard the wonderful voice of Rautendelein of the woods? And did he not know, alas, that he could never reproduce that voice in his bells? Rautendelein, however, came herself and cured him, and leaving his family, his friends, and his duties in the valley, he followed his new love to her breezy mountain home. Here he worked with new inspiration and exultant vigor at the realization of his ideal work of art — a temple with a chime of bells, the sound of which was to drown the voice of all the church bells in the land and call together the multitudes for the worship of their mother, the sun. Soon, however, his creative faculties began to fail. Nature herself — the malicious wood sprite and the wise Nickelmännchen — conspired against him; his enemies from the valleys stormed his workshop, and visions rose before him of his forsaken wife and children. At last the sound of his sunken bell struck by the bony fingers of his dead wife rang up from the lake like the angry voice of the thunder god. Overwhelmed with grief, repentance, and longing, Heinrich left Rautendelein and rushed to the deep. But there was no peace for him in the valleys, either. A dying man, he climbed again to the heights to look once more on Rautendelein. With her kiss on his brow he

died, while behind the mountain summits there rose a new day.

There is a wonderful charm about the very atmosphere pervading this work of Hauptmann's, — a breath of Nature in her budding days as well as in her summer prime, with a sad suggestion, too, of coming death and decay. When, on a warm afternoon in late summer, we are lying on the ground somewhere deep in the woods and looking up into the tree-tops we see the sun shedding his last rays of golden red, and feel the heart throbs of mother earth in the flowers about us and in the myriads of insects flying, crawling, buzzing around us, — then golden-haired Rautendelein and the dancing fairies, brook-voiced Nickelmännchen and the wood sprite will come to us: we shall greet them as old acquaintances, and revel in their grace and beauty, in their naturalness and freshness, yes, even let the coarse jokes of the wood sprite, who carries with him an earthy odor of decay, pass with a smile.

At such moments we shall better understand and sympathize with the longing of Heinrich the artist for a closer union with this world of natural freedom, grace, and beauty, than the conventional, dogmatic, oppressing atmosphere of the valleys could give him. We shall dimly see his conception of highest art as an art which, like Nature herself, lulls one, and at the same time invigorates and draws one onward above all the petty cares and sorrows of human life. It is a confession that Hauptmann makes to us in this fairy tale, — a confession that he, too, has tried to rise to the heights of great and soul-delivering art, but has failed. He, too, Hauptmann, had founded a bell on which for years he had spent all his best workmanship, and when it came to be tried the poet-founder saw it was not fit for the heights.

It must have been a great grief and a sad revelation to the poet, when, at the first, which was also the last, represen-

tation of his great historical drama of the Reformation, Florian Geyer, he saw and felt that it was a failure. And he must have asked himself then, Why is it a failure? Have I stayed too long in the narrow valleys of earthly misery, of human shortcomings, that I have lost the ability to reach the summits of my new ideals? Is it true, that to attain the height of great art I must first harden myself to become the great *Übermensch*, the over-man, of whom Nietzsche dreams in his Zarathustra, who stands beyond good and evil? Must I harden myself against the demands of my social conscience, against my own heart which is throbbing with compassion for the poor, oppressed, straying fellow men about me?

The bell founder, Heinrich, died broken-hearted; but our poet, with his vision of a new art and the humble confession of his inability to give shape to his ideal, went down into the valley again, to his own simple folk in Silesia, and there created his Fuhrmann Henschel (Driver Henschel).

The plot of this drama of fate, a work of the most carefully wrought composition, is the simplest possible, the stress being laid, as is usual with the poet, on character rather than on incident. Driver Henschel, a good, honest, simple-minded man, is wrongfully suspected by his sick wife of paying undue attention to their stalwart young servant Hanna. In order to appease the fretting woman, the good-natured giant half jokingly promises that, if his wife should die, he will not marry Hanna.

But when the good housewife has left her bewildered husband in the chill of loneliness and in the maze of household cares, Henschel, urged by his anxious friends to marry again, chooses Hanna, because she, after his wife's death, has taken excellent care of his house and child. This clever, but hard and sensual woman who, as the people whisper to one another, has hurried Hen-

schel's wife and baby to their graves, keeps up her vicious connections after her marriage. When the shame that Hanna has brought on his honest name is revealed, and the vague suspicions, too, reach his ears, the poor man staggers under the blow. Accusing no one save himself, but with dazed wondering how he really could have helped matters, he, out of this labyrinth of evil snares, takes refuge in suicide.

Fuhrmann Henschel is still naturalistic art, that is, art of the lowlands, but it is the crown of it, a work of great simplicity, strength, and pathos, tempered with the virtue of moderation, purity, and self-control that great spiritual experiences give.

And is this the end of Hauptmann? No, let us hope that it is just the beginning! He is only thirty-seven years old, and great things may yet be accomplished by him. Perhaps, now that in Fuhrmann Henschel he has touched his Silesian mother earth again, he will, like Antæus of old, be able to take a new flight, a flight into the land of idealism in thought and art, the land of promise and longing for many of our great contemporaries, but most emphatically for Nietzsche and Hauptmann, the two men who represent the climax of the nineteenth-century spiritual life in Germany.

Nietzsche has given his message of a new age coming, with a harder, stronger, finer race of men, in his mystical Zarathustra.

Hauptmann has laid down the confession of his artistic aspirations in his *Sunken Bell*. Both men keenly suffer from life, — but in what different ways!

Nietzsche, the poet philosopher, the descendant of aristocrats and himself a full-fledged aristocrat, is one of the greatest sufferers from this world of the "*Vielzuvielen*," the "*many-too-many*," whom he hates, yet cannot shake off, because he, more perhaps than the rest of us, has what he calls the disease of

Christian Ethics in his blood. This disease of self-renunciation seen in the sacrifice of the noble for the ignoble, of the strong for the weak, of the healthy for the sick, Nietzsche denounces as the curse of civilized humanity, because it disables mankind to produce the *Übermensch*. One of the first teachings, therefore, of Zarathustra, is: "Spare not your neighbor, the great love for the coming race demands it. The neighbor is something that must be overcome."

And at the side of Nietzsche as the child of the same generation put Hauptmann, the poet, the democrat, the strong descendant of a sturdy race of artisans, whose very spring of action is that altru-

ism denounced by Nietzsche, that loving compassion with the victims of our civilization: the poor, the oppressed, the vicious, the lonely, the helpless, the nervously overwrought. All of these are clasped in the arms of his tender, loving nature; they all are planted on the rich soil of his artist's soul, where they find new life, and blossom anew, to bear fruit for the coming race of men.

In Nietzsche we have the cold, crisp current of Pagan individualism; in Hauptmann the warm, expanding flood of Christian Socialism. Both are the great arteries of our time. Will the twentieth century unite these in one mighty stream, and give us a new Shakespeare or a new Goethe?

Margarethe Müller.

"THE CHILD."

PROBABLY there is not in all educational literature a more mischievous phrase than "the child." Formerly we had children, — actual entities, real beings. Now we have psychology and an abstraction — "the child." He is not a real being. The Lord never made him. He has not been created but ex-cogitated. He is like nothing in heaven or earth. Children have endless variety. "The child" has no variety except such as marks the different psychological sects that have manufactured him. "The child," we are told by one school, "must reproduce the experiences of the race." Primeval man had mythologies. Therefore the nineteenth-century child must go through his "mythological age." But when we really set to work to teach him those Egyptian, Greek, Roman, and Norse mythologies, we find a great deal that we really could not impart to our children, besides a great deal that we had better not. By the time we have expurgated the legends of all the envy,

revenge, cruelty, falsehood, and some other things, there is often so little sparkle left that eager young souls find them rather flat. How if we were to conclude that our children were born quite recently, and do not need to start in the prehistoric ages? As a matter of fact, when our far-off ancestors are supposed to have been given up to dreamy legends, they were originating missile weapons, picking flints to a knife-edge for arrowheads, and rifling them withal, so that the arrow would hold its way like a Krag-Jorgensen bullet. They were inventing rapid transit by corralling and bridling horses that had run wild since the creation. They were conquering rivers and seas in log canoes, and laying the foundations of astronomy by the telescopes of their unspoiled eyes looking from mountain tops. Awhile later they were learning to fuse and forge metals out of various queer sorts of earth and rock. They seem to have been, indeed, among the most practical

and matter-of-fact people that ever lived, — those Yankees of prehistoric times.

Suppose we try the theory on the materialistic basis. Our ancestors passed through the stone age. Our children must do the same since "the child repeats the experience of the race." We will take away their knives and forks and spoons, and give them sharp pieces of flint to cut their viands with. We will furnish them hammers made of rounded pebbles, with which they may pound up corn and wheat, and bake the same on hot stones in the back yard, to prepare their digestion for the assimilation of modern bread and biscuit. But if our children are "heirs of all the ages," why not, in the name of common sense, let them come straight into their inheritance, without hewing their way through primeval barbarism?

Who knows that "the child repeats the experience of the race"? What proof is there of it? Is it anything more than a scholastic dictum, like Aristotle's explanation of the bending of the body in rising from a sitting position? "The right angle," said the old Greek, "is the angle of fixity; in sitting the body forms two right angles; hence, in order to rise, the feet must be drawn in and the body bent forward, to change the right angles into acute angles, because the acute angle is the angle of motion." The ancient dogma seems fully as good as the modern. If our children are actually driven through æons of barbaric development in the first six or eight tender years, prove it; but permit us to be very skeptical of any assumptions that take this preposterous thing for granted. Perish the theories! Give us facts!

Another school lays great stress on the "Greek period" and the "Roman period" as eras of transition for "the child." The Greeks were somewhat volatile and fickle, while the Romans were inflexible and determined. That was because the Greeks came first. If

the Romans had come first they would have been fickle and the Greeks would have been determined. Our children must go through the Greek into the Roman period. The "Greek period" for "the child" is fixed at about the sixth year. Why, the psychologists only know. There rises to view one little American whose curls his mother cannot be persuaded to cut off, who has developed, from the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, a store of that trait which we admire as "firmness" when it goes our way, and condemn as "obstinacy" when it crosses our inclination. This supposably plastic, ductile, and malleable little creature has actually determination enough to have served the Roman Horatius at the Bridge, or, for that matter, Miltiades and his Greeks at Marathon, or even Leonidas and *his* Greeks at Thermopylæ. Nature has such reckless disregard for the most perfect theories.

Another school will have "the child" at five and six occupied wholly with aimless doing, — "activity for the sake of activity." He is supposed to be "incapable as yet of planning for a future" — "of doing one thing with the distinct purpose of accomplishing another." "In this condition," we are told, "when the child is not interested in things or results for their own sake, only in the doing, he has no consecutive plan of consecutive doing; hence he is not capable of propounding problems to himself. This is the kindergarten stage. Later on his actions are put in sequence, when he sees that . . . something else must be done before he can do the other something. He must do A before he does B. . . . The age of five or six will bring some capacity to regulate activities looking toward the future. But it is a growing opinion that it is near the age of eight that the child begins to see the end to be gained in contradistinction to something to be done."

Well, if it takes the psychological

"child" so long to get to the stage of consecutive reasoning and of planning for future results, the less we have to do with the psychological "child" the better. The assumption is not true of real children. The present writer knew, for instance, a little cherub of two years' terrestrial experience, who found the cat in his high chair after he had left it, and went to eject her. The cat objected, and scratched his hand, whereupon he withdrew to think it over. That high chair was of the dislocating kind that can become a low easy-chair by pulling a handle. Two-year-old walked round the table, came up behind Pussy's strategic position, pulled that handle, and brought the whole fortification down. The cat made a leap such as could only have been inspired by a conviction of the approaching end of all things; and young humanity had established forever the "dominion" given him in Genesis over the "beast of the field."

On another occasion, a small boy scarcely beyond the age of three participated in the following dialogue:—

Older Sister. Now, Jamie, you must be ever so good, because I am making you some little biscuits.

Jamie (reflectively). Well, Mary, when you don't make me any little biscuits, I don't have to be ever so good.

The kindergarten or primary teacher who begins with that little boy at six, with the idea that she has two years to practice upon him "before his reasoning powers develop," will soon be disastrously undeceived.

Now comes a learned instructor with the "fetich," which he brings forward on the authority of the eminent philosopher Comte. Our ancestors were not only barbarians but savages. They had some objects which they considered incarnations of demons, which they worshipped because they were afraid of them. All primitive people must have done it because some tribes of savages do now. Hence there must be the fetich—the

symbol of devil-worship—in the life of "the child." Where shall we find it? Why, manifestly, in the little girl's doll! We appeal to our readers of the gentler sex for the facts. Do you remember, ladies, a time when you used to worship your dolls because you were afraid of them, and thought they were incarnations of evil spirits? But the learned specialist ought to know, and, according to him, that is what you must have done when you were little savages.

The mistake of all these systems is the attempt to treat "the child" as an entity when God and nature have given us only children. "The child" is an abstraction simply evolved out of some professor's inner consciousness, with no troublesome limitations of fact. Hence you can assert almost anything about "the child," and find something somewhere to fit the theory after it is made.

Let us try this method with "the horse." Here are two essays from two rival schools on this useful and interesting animal:—

THE HORSE. NO. I.

The horse is a heavy and powerful animal capable of drawing great loads, but not capable of high speed. He should not be driven faster than a walk, as there is danger of injuring his shoulders and making him permanently lame.

THE HORSE. NO. II.

The horse is a light, fleet, elegant animal capable of a very high speed, but not adapted for heavy draying. He should never be made to move great loads, as these will strain his delicate muscles, while the cramping of his activity will harm his sensitive nerves.

In proof of No. I., the author will point you to a draft horse, and No. II. shall be illustrated by a racer, with a reserve for the hunter that will gallop all day across country, sailing over all the fences and ditches he may find in his way.

Or, one may write a pair of essays on "the fish," thus : —

THE FISH. NO. I.

The fish is a tiny but elegant creature very shy of man and difficult to allure within his reach.

THE FISH. NO. II.

The fish is a huge marine animal of frightful aspect, often twenty feet in length, very fond of man, whom he is able to swallow in two bites.

Either of these descriptions can be proved absolutely true, but either would become arrant nonsense for the fisher who should flee in terror from the open mouth of a spotted trout or dangle a fly before the cavernous jaws of a shark.

What has been said is not with the purpose of decrying true "child study." A gifted woman has published a book called *A Study of a Child*. That is in the right direction. She has taken one real, living being and observed his traits, till she knows something of one child. If we can put enough such observations together we may have a helpful study of children. When Dr. Shaw conducts spelling tests with more than five thousand living children, and tabulates the results, he is working in the world of fact, and his conclusions have the authority that attaches to actual experiment. His discoveries let in new and helpful light upon the spelling problem. This is scientific, — gathering facts and combining them to form a theory. The opposite method — the forming of a theory first, evolving an abstract conception out of evolution and what not, and then going out to find something in children to fit the theory — is eminently unscientific. There is more value in the practical observations of a teacher who has taught year after year fifty or sixty children from the streets, just as they are caught, than in the closet theory of the most learned professor.

Life always transcends theory. By *a priori* reasoning, for instance, we should say that the learning of language would be one of the last attainments of the growing human being. Such a tax upon arbitrary memory in learning the thousands of words that make up the vocabulary; so many various inflections, differing without reason, to express such nice shades of meaning, so that merely to conjugate the irregular verbs requires wearisome study; synonyms to be so finely differentiated; homonyms, alike in sound, but different in meaning, — surely none but a mature mind can grasp all this, and one should not begin the study of language before the age of twenty-one.

But, in fact, children are found to have a marvelous natural aptitude for just this work. Their power of remembering words and retaining delicate shades of sound is not less, but far greater, than that of the adult. The professor takes his little children to Paris or Berlin, and while he is slaving over grammars and phrase books, they are chattering French or German like magpies. Moreover they acquire a perfect foreign accent, while his English tongue betrays him the moment he opens his mouth. The grown man can by no manner of means learn a new language so that his learning will match the easy familiarity that he gained in childhood with his "mother tongue." The fact is the exact reverse of what *a priori* theory would have reasoned out. So in countless instances of our dealing with children, our business is not to reason what must be, but to inquire what is.

Among the elements that give real children their charming diversity is the fact that they are boys and girls. "The child" is of no sex, though compendiously classified as "he." In real life, brothers and sisters grow up side by side, yet each with the typical tendencies of the sex. The little boy will get a stick, the emblem of mastery, the "rod" or "staff" of the chieftain of the olden time. He gets another for his sister, but

it has no use or meaning for her, till she wraps a little garment around it, when it becomes a doll, to be tenderly cherished. So in one family, at least, it came to pass that if the carving-knife or the potato-masher was suddenly missing, the mother would look in the doll's cradle, and there find it wrapped in a little gown and snugly tucked to rest. When, in a game of romps, the brother and sister were fleeing from an imaginary bear, the sister threw open a door and called, "Oh, Harry, come in here and hide!" The brother spied a broom, seized it, and faced about, crying, "No, Mary, here's something to bang with!" The bear promptly resumed the human form. It is not science that ignores all this. What can be a greater absurdity than to obliterate these distinctions of taste and feeling of real boys and girls in the impersonal abstraction of "the child."

The doctrine of heredity also has a hand in the make-up of the psychological "child." To follow certain speakers and writers, one would think that if we knew the characteristics of a child's parents we could cipher out his necessary character as easily as a sum in addition. But each of these parents has numerous traits of body and mind, which are capable of blending in infinitely varying shades. No man can predict just what or how that blending shall be. Then, as we trace the stream of heredity backward, we find that each child has had four grandparents, and eight great-grandparents, and combining their characteristics according to the law of permutation, we have at least forty thousand possible combinations. When our own little one is put into our arms, we do not know which one of these forty thousand permutations we have to deal with. Often our wonder comes to be how many of the forty thousand this little being includes at once. We give up all attempt to cipher him out by his ancestry, glad if we can but deal wisely with him for what he is.

When we reach that point, we are at once sensible and scientific. True science proceeds from the observed fact to the general law. Any system that would start with a general law by which to discern the individual fact is scholasticism or charlatanism, but not science. When science has gathered instances enough, it may formulate its general law, though even then the "white blackbird" is always likely to appear and spoil the wisest induction. Among human beings, the white blackbird — the unpredicable quantity — is likely to be the Shakespeare, the Newton, the Wordsworth, the Lincoln, or other doer of the unexpected. How many of these geniuses have been spoiled by being "licked into shape," to suit some supposedly universal proposition, passes computation. The parent or teacher wants nothing to do with any psychology that is not elastic enough to make room for the newest and rarest specimen.

We sometimes hear parents say, "I don't see why my children have turned out so differently, when I have trained them all exactly alike." That is reason enough. No two are alike, and the training that is right for one is *ipso facto* wrong for another. There is the sluggish who needs to be roused. There is the fiery and impetuous who would be almost maddened by the same excitements. There is the poetic and tender, to be guided largely through the affections. There is the practical and businesslike, to be dealt with chiefly on matter-of-fact grounds. Thus the training of real children calls out all the most various resources of parent or teacher, and is a wonderfully uplifting and developing process for one who accepts it rightly. But the study of "the child" as an abstraction can be done with a cold heart on unvarying maxims, amid which the theorist's soul is continually contracting till you can hear the dry bones rattle, — pedagogy, pedagogics, pedagogical, psychology, psychological, apperceptions = mass!

For the teacher, the personal variation among the real children is increased by the varying influence of race, environment, and home life. Out of every nation under heaven they are poured into the public schoolroom. Some are accustomed to fear nothing but blows; some are gently and tenderly reared. The check that would be necessary for one would be downright cruelty to another. So some theorists destroy all discipline by prescribing for the street Arab the mildness and sweetness and milk-and-water that might do for some child of tender nurture; while others who have dealt mostly with the ruder element harrow the feelings, spoil the temper, and embitter the souls of gentle, thoughtful children, who need but a loving word of reproof or caution. In the school or in the home, we must individualize and deal with children, — not with “the child.” Real children can receive sympathy and love, and give love and sympathy in return. But who can love an abstraction? The psychologist does not think of such a thing. To him any young individual human being is simply a specimen of the abstract category called “the child;” and he would be a much more satisfactory specimen

if the psychologist could stick a pin in his back, fasten him on a card, put him in his “mythological age,” or in his “Greek period” or “Roman period,” and have him stay where he was put, — as a real child will not do. Love, on the contrary, is individual and personal. All of us who are parents love our dear little ones, with all their virtues and all their faults, — not as psychological specimens, but each as a personality, — for his or her own dear sake; and in home, in school, or in the world, love is the mightiest of all moulding and transforming powers.

The great novelists and poets — whose power is in their deep knowledge of human nature — have ever given us individual children, never “the child.” How perfect in this, as in all other respects, is the wisdom of the Great Teacher! Christ never spoke of “the child,” but said, “Suffer the little children to come unto me.” “He took them up in his arms, put his hands on them and blessed them.” He said: “Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven;” and “Whosoever receiveth one of such children in my name receiveth me.”

James Champlin Fernald.

THE OPEN DOOR.

AT last the jangling freight train came to a standstill, and, as the voices and lanterns of the train hands died away in the distance, Finnister prepared to crawl out. Through the loosened bar of the half-cleaned cattle car he crept, and dropped heavily down into the snowy darkness. His numbed body could scarce feel the reality of solid earth; but he plunged forward across innumerable tracks toward the bridge which led over into the city proper. A tramp? Yes,

and worse; as they are worse who, having known better things, are not able to keep them. A penniless gentleman, he had thought bitterly, is poorer than the veriest beggar. But now he was almost past thinking, though what he did was done from the kind of instinct which follows upon much thought. Cold, unwashed, smelling of the foul gunny sack in which he had wrapped himself in the cattle car, Finnister pushed on because there was still one place to push

to. At the Friendly Inn he could get food, a bath, a night's lodging, in return for some wood sawing, if the malign fever, the crown of his misfortunes, had left him strength to do it. Moreover, until all else was swallowed up in this sense of gnawing, nauseating hunger, he had felt that his cup of misery was not quite full, that there was some excitement still in seeing how much more it would hold, and how much more bitter the drops might be. Motion, however, was requickening the power to suffer and to think. He was like a man whose tormentors had left him for a time that the necessary recuperation might take place which should make further torment all the keener. The softness under his feet, the cold, feathery air all about him, — why not lie down here and end it thus? Lethe's cup holds many potions; why not drink his off, and give up an unequal strife? Though grievous enough, it was not so much bodily distress that affected him as that dire mental pain which comes when a man looks into the future and sees a blank. He remembered a miner who told him of a torture by some Indians, how they tied a ligature round a man's arm, skillfully stopped the circulation, then waited and jeered their victim as he went slowly mad.

Finnister felt that something had stopped in him the circulation of Hope, the most healthful current in man's whole nature, and he wondered what madness might be like. Should he lie down, then? No, not yet; he would at least prove a gallant player, would give Life the odds even, would wait till the cup brimmed over. Then, if there were nothing else, why then he would pass through what had been so aptly called *the open door*. Strange, he thought, that Life which plays such tricks with men should, as by an oversight, have placed the power to leave Life's presence in man's own weak hand.

He pushed and stumbled on in the

semi-darkness, for the lights were here so far apart that if the snow thickened there was danger of losing the way.

The bridge once gained, he paused to draw breath. From end to end it was a blaze of lights, and light in itself is friendly. Yet the bridge was solitary save for a single figure ahead but dimly seen in the distance. It must have been very late, and in that case there was small chance of his getting in even at the Friendly Inn; moreover, he did not know just where the inn was, and wished to ask. So he quickened his steps till abreast of the figure. As the stranger turned, the light fell full on his face, and he looked at Finnister from under cavernous brows with the pale, phosphorescent-rimmed eyes of a great age.

"Good-evening, mate," said Finnister recklessly.

"Good-evening, sir," returned the old man.

Poverty and wealth, which have many points in common, are alike in this, that they cruelly centre the possessor of either upon himself. But the old man's tone and manner so belied his appearance that Finnister's attention was involuntarily aroused, and he stared curiously at the speaker. Once the old man must have been unusually tall and correspondingly strong, but now his clothes and an ample cloak hung oddly upon the gaunt, shrunken frame. Yet his voice was anything but old. Strangely soft, low, and clear, he spoke upon a single note, a flutelike monotone, as if every other quality of the voice had gone; and he ended his words with a long, gentle sigh. The voice seemed disembodied, an articulate sound, and Finnister wondered whether he had really heard, or whether a sense of speech had come to him from the old man's mind and will. The aged eyes continued fixed upon him, however, and he felt he had never seen eyes at once so old, and yet so alive in their expression.

"You are a stranger," said Finnister,

unconsciously speaking his thoughts, and half realizing that this momentary getting away from himself was, in itself, refreshment.

"I am always a stranger, and yet have I been this way before."

"I thought you might be able to tell me just where the Friendly Inn is," said Finnister after a slight pause.

"It is two squares above the levee on South Clyde Street."

"Perhaps you, too, are going there," suggested Finnister, with some wistfulness in his tone.

"No, I lodge elsewhere; but I will go with you and show you the exact way," responded the old man.

"I would not for the world on a night like this take an old man out of his way."

"I am never *taken* out of my way; and I am not permitted to *go* out of it," said the stranger, smiling. His smile, like his voice, was exquisite, but seemed to be of the same strange unchanging quality. Unconsciously Finnister drew closer to him. The old man carried a staff which, however, he did not use, yet kept briskly apace with the younger man. Finnister was surprised.

"Time has been good to you, sir," he said wonderingly; "there is no shuffle in your feet, no lack of muscular activity in your limbs and body."

"And time will be good to you," instantly replied the other, "if you will give time and yourself the chance."

Finnister started. "Why do you say that?" he demanded.

"Because you are unfortunate, not guilty. Time is true to all; but only to the innocent can time appear good and kind."

Finnister gave a mirthless laugh. "That's hackneyed!" he exclaimed. "But how did you guess I am unfortunate?"

"I did not guess; I saw."

"That's easily seen," said Finnister bitterly, "for no one goes to the Friendly Inn who has anywhere else to go."

"The inn will be closed; it is long past the hour; and you must go with me." The stranger spoke gently, yet with a certainty that gave Finnister a thrill.

"Unfortunate? Yes!" he cried scornfully. "How unfortunate you may well see when I am forced to accept charity from a chance stranger."

"You speak as one not knowing Life," answered the old man in his singular, soft voice, a voice which seemed aloof from time and space and their interests. "There is no such thing as charity, as you use the word. Mine is the privilege."

There was that in his tone and manner which carried conviction.

"You are kind to put it so," said Finnister more gently. "But — not know Life? Man, I have drunk its cup to the dregs!"

"Ay, and think you can see the bottom of the cup below the dregs," returned the stranger calmly. "You are going to the Friendly Inn, but neither thought nor intention rests there; they are forging beyond, toward the open door."

Again Finnister started. "And what then?" he asked defiantly.

"Do you think Life so simple that so easy a turn may end it? You will admit that you did not give yourself Life; do you think you can take Life?"

"I might at least try," hazarded Finnister moodily. "There is room, too, for expectation in the thought of possibly seeing what comes next."

The stranger made no immediate reply. There was no wind, and the fine dry snow fell straight about them with always increasing swiftness. The old man drew closer to Finnister. "I, who am the least of the King's servants, know all too little of his laws. But I know that they dare too much who go unsummoned into his presence; they may not have held out to them the golden sceptre."

A fanatic, thought Finnister. "Well," said he, "suppose, going unbidden, we are sent to the other place, — is n't it likely to be warm there, and light, and at least not hungry?" And again he gave that hard, jarring laugh.

"It depends on what you find there," said the stranger quietly. "If you know anything of Life, you know there is no worm so gnawing as the worm regret; no fire so tormenting as unsatisfied desire."

"Well," said Finnister less harshly, "let us hope that on the other side there is neither worm nor fire, but only oblivion; that, passing through the open door, we step off into nothingness again."

Without pausing, and with a bare turn of the wrist, the stranger drew with his staff a figure in the snow. It suggested to Finnister the figure eight.

"The earth is round," said the old man, "and we may not step off anywhere. There is no end. There is choice of action and of masters, or we may deceive ourselves by thinking we are free; that is all. The open door! On the other side there is indeed manifold" — He paused.

"You speak as if you, yourself, had at least looked through the open door," said Finnister, half smiling.

"I have," returned the old man with stern simplicity, "even though it be but a lure, a snare. For to those who know something of the truth, the door does truly stand at times ajar, and through it one may catch glimpses. I am old. I have traveled long to and fro upon the earth, and I have now and then looked through that door."

"How — when?" cried Finnister, in surprise.

"As to-night, through you, and with your eyes," replied the old man gravely. "The bridge is long," he continued. "It waxes colder. Put your hand in my arm under my cloak, and let me warm you. Never mind my years; they no

longer count. Enough that I am still here upon the service of the King."

Wondering, and willing to humor his companion, Finnister did as he was bid, and found decided warmth, and greater ease in walking, by reason of this nearness.

"They that are overcome with misery are as they that are overcome with wine, — the truth drops from their lips," continued the stranger. "You think if I did but know your story I should be forced to admit that you know to the full Life's ill. But relief does not that way lie where your thoughts point. Believe me, on this side the open door you still have choice; on the other, choice is forfeited. Here, you are what men call free; there, you are a captive, and you little dream who would be your keeper and leader."

"My story?" cried Finnister, somewhat sobered from his recklessness, and looking wonderingly into the strange old eyes so near his own. "A few minutes ago my story seemed the whole of life; but now, hearing your voice, your words, it seems lessening, falling away from me, like something outgrown, outlived."

"The man is greater than any story he may have to tell, greater than any of Life's mere happenings, — you had forgotten that," said the old man gently.

"I never felt it, never knew it, till now," returned Finnister quickly. "But — I will tell you my story. I am thirty-six, the high noon of life. From my twenty-second year I served a man here in this very city, a wealthy man and one noted for his business capacity. He paid me fair wages, and I did my best. Yet there is no trading blood in me. I come of slaveholding stock, easy-going men, gentlemen of the horse, dog, and gun. At the back of my mind, through all I did and tried to do, there was a yearning sense of green, moist woods, sun-swept fields, blue skies, and fair running streams. It was like having an opaline, October haze in my mind, an

inheritance from generations which had never been compelled to do anything." Finnister was silent for a few minutes, and then said: "Do you know where the curse of slavery really falls? Not on the slave, but on his master. The man who owns another man never gets the full good of his own manhood, the full use of himself. My employer more than hinted that I should never make a really shrewd business man, that I had no real business capacity. I served him for a dozen years though, and during all that time he never commended me once. Of blame there was no stint, but of praise nothing. Never once did he say that I had done even approximately well. Yet in faithfulness and uprightness I served him as with my heart's blood. Do you know what it is to serve in an atmosphere of chilling disapproval? It means to have every sense numbed, physical and mental; it means to be kept on the edge of apprehension lest you should inadvertently transgress beyond all bounds; it means to fear, to doubt your own self till you feel yourself becoming the incapable thing you are charged with being. You are afraid to hold on; you are afraid to let go. Yet my employer himself, strange to say, was a man eager for every kind of approbation. He who withheld all encouragement from me shrank from a breath of blame as a delicate woman might shrink from blows. As time went on the dull pain of my daily life throbbled gradually into torture. My place became a hell, — I never expect to know a worse. I had saved money, however, and finally, in desperation, I threw up my position, and went South to try for myself in the open market. My employer predicted that I should fail, that I could n't cope with the men I should have to deal with. Do you know what it is to buy cotton? I did fairly well at first until I was deceived in certain grades. Yet these losses were comparatively small, my margin was all

right, and, as I never speculated, I thought to make a tolerable living." He drew a deep breath. "From people supposed to be perfectly trustworthy, I bought a large and costly order of high grade cotton. The samples were perfect; but the whole consignment was thrown back upon my hands as being terribly inferior. I had been consummately cheated. The mill-owner's loss I made good, of course; but this swept away nearly all I had. What was left I put into a cotton for which I knew there was a special demand. The cotton was to lie in the warehouse a single night. That very night a fire broke out. I had not been able to insure; and my cotton was the first to go. I was not only ruined, but penniless."

His voice choked in the white stillness. "I tried for first one thing and then another, and finally got a porter's place in a large store. I had had the place a month when I was stricken with typhoid fever, and was sixteen weeks in the hospital. On coming out, after looking about in vain, I determined to come back here where I have some friends so called who, if I can bring myself to ask them, may possibly help me. But this is a world in which if you have five dollars you can borrow five; yet if you have n't five cents you can't borrow five to save your life!" The passion in his voice seemed to make the air more tingling. "Well, I worked and beat my way back, and stole a ride for the last hundred miles in an overlooked cattle car. Here I am. But for your kindness I should this night in all probability have frozen in the street. Do you think you have done well to keep life in me?"

"I have done well," said the stranger in the voice that suggested starlight. "And now that your story is, so far, behind you, — what do you think of it, how does it affect you? Granted that, in the human sense, it has been hard, nevertheless, it has brought you to the

truth, it has made *you* true. You know your own nature, your employer's nature, your place in Life. You have put your finger on the eternal weakness and inadequacy of slavery. You are just, therefore necessarily sympathetic; you can divine and relieve men's needs. What are the gold, and purple, and fine linen of life in comparison with this facing, this knowledge, of the living truth? Do you count it gain or loss?"

There was a long silence.

"Gain," answered Finnister slowly.

"And yet you were going to drop Life not at the moment of defeat, but of victory."

"Yes, but it is you who have made me see!" cried Finnister brokenly.

"Never mind how sight comes, provided we *do* see. Never again mistake men for trees walking. It is the man who has consciousness and will, who has power, — not the tree."

Finnister clung instinctively to the arm of his aged companion.

"Could n't *you* give me work? Let me go with you!" he exclaimed.

"That is forbidden," said the stranger gently. "The judgment is that I must go on alone."

Finnister was awed; for there was such certainty in the old man's tone that there was no gainsaying.

"And your story?" he ventured to ask presently.

"It is so old as to be forgotten," was the reply. "My name, too, is gone with the lips that once knew and uttered it."

Finnister gazed into his face with wonder. "You are wise; you must have seen much of Life, have known much, — surely you might tell me something of yourself," he entreated.

"Will you believe?" replied the old man, smiling. "I was one who once came to the Master, asking what good thing I should do to inherit eternal life. I wanted more life, not less, and wanted it for myself, for I had great possessions. The man who thinks Life purchasable is

as far wrong as he who thinks Life worthless and to be thrown away. Grieved at the answer made me, I turned and went away. And I wander, as long as there is Life of men upon the earth, to work out for myself the answer to my question. For not until the Master shall have made the circle of humanity will He come to me again. So, as I turned from Him once, I must await His coming now. But my life, though solitary, is not apart. It is bound up with your life, with all lives. Whenever I am permitted to do what is called a good deed, a deed that increases Life, my probation is shortened. For every good deed is a privilege, because a special service to the King. You will know me by my sign, the double circles of time and of eternity." And again the old man made in the snow the outline of the figure eight.

A great awe fell upon Finnister. He scarce dared think who his strange companion might be.

But they had now left the bridge and were making their way through the city streets.

"We are here," said the old man at last, and stopped. It was in one of the poorest parts of the city, almost unknown to Finnister, and the door they paused before stood partly open. The old man knocked quickly, and presently an elderly woman, holding a lantern high above her head, came down the steep flight of black, narrow stairs upon which the door opened. Without a word the two followed her up the steps, and she showed them into a clean, almost bare room. The stranger and Finnister seated themselves at a table, and, without delay, the woman ministered to them. Warmth and drowsiness together stole soothingly through Finnister, yet while sensible of them his whole attention was fixed upon his preserver.

"Tell me," he said, taking his lips from a cup of hot broth, and resting his arm on the table, "tell me, if I had

passed through the open door, where should I have been? Who would have been my keeper?"

The air seemed to be growing heavy as well as hot, and the voice of the old man was like a tinkling, far-off bell. With eyes fixed upon Finnister's he said:—

"No gift of Heaven is ever taken back. Men may change the use of it, but it is never withdrawn. It was promised to the disciples of the Master that they should sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel. And yet one was a devil, one was the traitor who fordid himself, and went to his own place. Yet has he his throne, his kingdom. All who kill belong to him and are his followers. He is keeper and leader of them all, and of those who betray. To pass the open door, therefore, is to stand face to face with the great betrayer. On his throne, in chains, if you can understand what that means, he rules a kingdom in chains; and woe betide the soul which finds itself in his power and presence! It is where hope ends, and remorse begins. But you have been spared. What you would have destroyed is not your life, but your power of *choice* in life. Your hardest trial is over. Your employer, too, has learned his lesson. After you left him, he took a young man, brilliantly capable, indeed, but unworthy. The firm has suffered heavy loss. But your employer has, in his turn, learned that faithful service, truth, and honesty are priceless. You will go back to him, and will serve under conditions better for you both. And I," he said, smiling, "I shall go on — on — on — on." The voice appeared to die away in the distance, and Finnister slept.

When he came to himself again it was at the sound of a voice which did not seem his own, a voice saying: "Is it morning? Have I slept long?"

The question brought quickly to his

side a young woman in hospital dress, and a tall, elderly man with a fine face, who looked down at Finnister with speculative eyes.

"You have slept well; and it's broad day," said the nurse cheerily.

"Young man, you've had a close call, and must n't talk," said the doctor briefly. "Miss Merton, give him his draught." And the doctor slipped a hand under Finnister's pillows, while the nurse held a glass to his lips. Something winey went down his throat. He wanted to ask another question, but before he could frame it he seemed to be caught up, under the wing of a gigantic white swan, — white as snow, warm as life, — into aerial space, where all desire was lost in an ecstatic sense of effortless motion.

When he next awoke it must have been late in the afternoon. Dusk had gathered in the corners of the unfamiliar room, and what light there was, like a pale fountain, streamed upward to the ceiling. In the semi-twilight he saw a woman sitting near the foot of his bed.

"Did he go on?" asked Finnister eagerly.

The nurse started, and rose promptly. "Mr. Empley? Yes; but we thought you did n't know him; you seemed asleep."

"Empley — has *he* been here?" asked Finnister wonderingly. For Empley was his grudging employer.

"It was he who had you put in this room," answered the nurse kindly. "He said he could n't stand having you in the common ward. You see, there was an account published of your being found, and of the address and letters in your pocket; that's the way Mr. Empley knew."

Even in the dim light the nurse saw something more than bewilderment in her patient's face. He evidently tried to raise himself to look about him.

"Where am I?" he demanded, as if frightened.

"In one of the emergency rooms of the hospital," said the nurse gently.

"And the — the old man, the woman who took me in, and fed me?" demanded Finnister anxiously.

"Oh, it's all right," answered the nurse soothingly; "you must n't worry. There was no one with you when you were found, though."

"Found! Where was I found?" asked Finnister amazedly.

For a moment the nurse hesitated. "You must have staggered into an open door in a part of the city where some Jews live," she said gently. "The man has a poor little second-hand clothing store which he lives over. He and his wife thought they heard a knocking. The man went down to the street door, found it open, and you lying at the bottom of the steps. The people in the house got you upstairs, and worked over you, and in the morning the man looked up a policeman. He got an ambulance, and you were brought here. As I said, the papers in your pockets showed who you were. Mr. Empley came at once. He said he was sure you were on your way back to him, because he had been trying to make connections with you for the last eight weeks. The clerk who was in your place was dishonest, and gave no end of trouble. That's all. Now you must rest easy, please, and get over this touch of fever." For the wondering awe in Finnister's face half frightened the nurse.

"But the woman," he persisted, "the woman who waited on me, and gave me the hot broth just such as my mother used to make when I was a child, sick;

and the homemade fruity wine like that at my grandfather's years ago?"

The nurse looked troubled. "I would n't talk any more," she said coaxingly. "You must have been a little delirious from the cold and exposure. The night was bitter. You could n't possibly have had any broth or wine. I believe the Jews did manage to get a little hot tea down your throat, but that was about all. Now do try to sleep."

"The door *was* open; I'm sure of that," insisted Finnister. "And the old man knocked quickly four times, a double knock."

"Oh yes; the door was open," admitted the nurse kindly.

"And he took me there; he saved me," said Finnister solemnly.

"Well, he has n't reappeared upon the scene, then," returned the nurse briskly, and with evident skepticism. "So please don't think any more about it. Think only of getting well, and of going back to Mr. Empley."

"He told me that, too," said Finnister slowly.

The nurse eyed him, and laid her fingers on his wrist. "If you talk any more, I'm afraid I'll have to call Miss Merton," she said warningly. "It's all right; rest on that, and be satisfied."

Finnister obediently closed his eyes and kept silence; for he knew that there are some convictions which are for one's self alone. What he could not know was that when the kindly Jew found him lying at the bottom of the steps, the snow had already begun to drift in upon him in something like the figure eight.

Ellen Duwall.

THE PRESS AND FOREIGN NEWS.

PARADOXES are almost as wearisome as their condescending expounders; yet it is in a form very like a paradox that I must state my little thesis. It is, that the American press does not present and discuss or provoke the discussion of foreign news so intelligently as in the days when it had almost no foreign news at all. The laborious process of building up what may be called the major premise of a paradox may in this case be cut short, — all the starts and gasps of feigned astonishment. What! have we not our regular and special foreign dispatches by the column, — deadly if not parallel? What! do not our twenty-five million readers discourse sagely and in unison of the Dreyfus case, and dispassionately though pityingly point out Buller's blunders? Yes, yes, let us admit it, — anything to save time. I who write have suffered; I have had my German waiter patiently explain to me: "*Dis Peekhart, sehen sie, he hat de whole ting in his het, ant he dat Mercier did eggspose schrecklich.*" You have doubtless had to sit silent under a wayfaring man's correction of the strategy of the English generals. All that is agreed. Foreign news is hugely printed, hugely read, hugely gossiped over; but you will remember I started off by saying "intelligently," and that is the point to which we must stick.

Begin by grubbing for a moment among the roots of American journalism. Time was when even our domestic news was foreign. The Pennsylvania Packet or the New Jersey Gazette took note only of what part of the earth's surface the editor's eye could cover, and of men's sayings that his ear could hear. Virginia and Ohio were remoter from him than Kerguelen Land or Kumassi from us. And how did he get news from the far-off regions south of the Po-

tomac or west of the Alleghany? By private letters. As choice morsels, he now and then offered his readers extracts from "a letter recently received from a former resident of this city now living in Virginia;" or "a part of a letter to a friend written by a gentleman visiting the Falls of the Ohio." The modern newspaper, with its whirlwind ways, would laugh at such leisurely news-gathering. But have we not lost something in losing it? Consider the vivid impressions which the Jerseyman for the first time in Virginia would get. All that was novel or peculiar, all that was picturesque or striking, minute differences and tendencies, varying forms of civic and social life, would make his letters home a mine of interest and suggestiveness. By localizing the reporting of news, we have robbed the reporter of this comparative standard. The Virginianity of Virginia is lost upon the Virginian; it takes the Yankee or the Quaker to appreciate it. The indurated resident at the Falls of the Ohio would see nothing but commonplace in what would excite the liveliest curiosity of a tourist from the Falls of the Passaic.

But the jump to news-carrying by lightning instead of by letters has not only taken away the fresh mind of the observer, and put matter of fact in place of piquancy. It has thrown everything out of perspective. On this point I may reinforce myself, and again save time by quoting what Lowell said shortly after the American press had consolidated its telegraphic facilities in the collection of domestic news: —

"Great events are perhaps not more common than they used to be, but a vastly greater number of trivial incidents are now recorded, and this dust of time gets in our eyes. The telegraph strips history of everything down to the bare

fact, but it does not observe the true proportions of things, and we must make an effort to recover them. In brevity and cynicism it is a mechanical Tacitus . . . as impartial a leveler as death. . . . In artless irony the telegraph is unequaled among the satirists of this generation. But this shorthand diarist confounds all distinctions of great and little, and roils the memory with minute particles of what is oddly enough called intelligence."

Now my plaint is that the cable has played just this havoc with foreign news. It has gradually killed off good foreign correspondents, as the domestic telegraph disposed of their fellows at home, and left none except those of the mechanical, copyist order. In ordinary times, it reduces the daily bread of foreign intelligence to an undifferentiated pulp. Then, when some great event looms large on the international horizon, we get huge masses of undigested information (mostly *mis-information*) and opinion flung at our heads. These sensational affairs usually burst on us unannounced. Their obscure but unmistakable beginnings had not been observed by the press agents set to skim the foreign newspapers for the daily dispatch to American journals. So the crisis is upon us before we know it, and the floods of hysterical cablegrams suddenly overcome us, though *not* to our special wonder, so used have we become to this jerky, staccato way of serving up foreign news. The cable, as a transmitter of news, is for all the world like a phonograph, repeating in metallic and unexpressive tones the jumble of big and little poured into it, its monotony varied only by occasional outbursts of unintelligible frenzy, the drone suddenly giving way to full orchestra.

The trouble is that the saving of labor in this matter of obtaining foreign news has made newspapers and their readers think that pains and brains may as easily be saved. When an editor had to work to get and present intelligence from

abroad, he made it, in the act, more worthy the name of intelligence, and more worthy presenting. Go back to pre-cable days, — as far, if you please, as the Greek Revolution. The American public of the twenties was as flaming with sympathy for the Greek as at any time since for Cuban or Boer. And you have only to skim the pages of Niles's Register to see what a surprising amount of real news about the struggle between Greece and Turkey, and what intelligent editorial discussion of the contest, was given to newspaper readers in those days of small things in American journalism. As much direct correspondence was had as could possibly be secured. Dr. S. G. Howe could probably hold his own in real knowledge and insight with any of the jaunty breed of latter-day war correspondents. And the foreign press was then drained of its significance, as I am sure it is in no newspaper office to-day. With the modern editor, everything has been, or has appeared to be, exhausted by the cable. He reads his foreign newspapers with languid and inattentive eye. But two generations ago the arrival of a foreign mail was a challenge. The keenest wits and most eager interest applied themselves to catching up with the progress of the world over seas, since the record was closed two or three weeks before. There was therefore such an absorbed scrutiny of the arriving foreign exchanges — French and German and Italian as well as English — as we have no motive for nowadays, with all the juice sucked out for us in advance by the submarine telegraph. The result was an ordered and intelligent presentation. By the test of mere space, the American press treated the war between Greece and Turkey in 1897 in a way to make the starveling columns devoted to the epic struggle of 1821-27 seem a pitiful absurdity, — a page to a line, ten thousand words against an epigram. But I seriously doubt if the superior subscriber of three years ago got his money's worth,

and learned what it was all about, so unmistakably as did the despised reader of seventy-five years ago.

Foreign correspondence, especially foreign political correspondence, has been reduced by the cable to a humble and vanishing rôle. If there is a foreign political correspondent whose letters to an American newspaper are anything better than vain repetitions, I must confess with shame that I do not know who he is, or where his letters are printed. Art correspondence, letters of travel, sketches of foreign life, literary gossip from abroad, — of all that we have plenty; but the political correspondent has ceased to be, or else lags superfluous as either a perfunctory reproducer of foreign newspapers, — the *primeurs* of which had already been cabled, — or else an irresponsible discoverer of mare's nests. I am not blaming the poor fellow. He is doing the best he can with his occupation really gone. It is no longer possible for him to report political news; every last scrap of it has been remorselessly clicked under the estranging sea. The modern international world has become, as Lord Dufferin said in Paris, a huge whispering gallery, round which the telegraph sends reverberating the lightest murmur of statesmen. No unconsidered trifle remains for the correspondent to snap up and send by mail. He can only tiresomely repeat what we already know. And as for political secrets, the deep designs of statecraft, the patient tracing of political consequence back to causes, and the philosophic forecast of future results from present forces, — who, outside cabinets or privy councils, can longer be expected to purvey these things for us? The men who know will not tell, and the men who tell (under those amusing but thin-worn disguises of "the highest authority," "one whose name, if I could reveal it," etc.) evidently do not know.

The daily drip of foreign news in our press dispatches lulls us into a false security of knowledge. We read so much

about events abroad that we think we know the whole story. Now a cocksure pupil is the most difficult of all to teach. Even if we had longer a Bayard Taylor to give to an American newspaper his minute and instructed view of many lands across the sea, his old audience would have escaped him. The Atlantic cable has sophisticated us. We are too high and mighty to be taught the reality of things, satiated with their telegraphed appearances as we are; and our lurking ignorance, of which we are but dimly conscious, we are ashamed to confess. An American traveling in Europe in the early part of the century frankly presumed ignorance in his correspondents at home, and in consequence wrote the most delightful letters, packed with information, a very feast for curiosity. Now he takes for granted that we know all, and nothing is explained. Our understanding is not insulted with familiar details, it is simply left empty.

With all the boasted facilities and fullness of our foreign news, it often completely misses the milk in the cocoanut. The young lions of the cable who roar and seek their meat in the newspaper sometimes let the juiciest bit escape them. The result is an unnecessary surprise and confusion in the minds of their readers. The Jameson Raid, for example, broke on the American world like a bolt from the blue. Causeless and absolutely without premonition it seemed to come. Yet the open secret lay in the London Times for several days before the raid came off. That fraudulent letter to Jameson — the cooked-up cry of the women and children in Johannesburg — was printed, with all its telltale significance full on its face. The Poet Laureate was spurred by it to a poem, for which he afterwards made a handsome apology; but the correspondents of the American press passed it by in blissful innocence. Even an extract from it would have prepared us for what was coming; but, no, we were suddenly set floundering with

Jameson's troopers on the way from Pitsani to Pretoria, without an inkling of how we got there. Even in that masterpiece of foreign reporting — the Dreyfus trial — there were terrible *lacunæ*, hiatuses that left the brain reeling. You wondered at several points of the case if the French mind were dethroned, or if it was simply you who had gone crazy; but when you got your full stenographic reports in the *Paris Figaro*, you saw that the lucid account which made all clear had been hopelessly muddled in telegraphic transmission to this country.

My remedy? Lord bless you, I have n't any. I think there is none. We cannot reel up our submarine cables. We cut them as a war measure, but it would not be allowed in the interest of mere intelligence, though it might promote it. Yet if there is no remedy, there is a resource. Years ago, Lord Salisbury, when he was plain Lord Robert Cecil, said of "the foreign intelligence" in newspapers, that readers understood very little of it, and that "it did not carry real instruction to the mind." That is the cor-

rect point of view, — as true now as then. No matter how much you multiply and diffuse half-knowledge, you cannot convert it into knowledge. "God knows what a fact's worth," cries Browning, and the facts of foreign political life are very successful in eluding the cablegrams. Resort must still be had, as of yore, to the memoirs and the monographs; to letters and diaries; to histories of contemporary events out of which the chaff of newspaperdom has been blown; to travel and correspondence, — all bound together and based upon as wide a reading as possible of the facts of yesterday which explain the facts of to-day. It is because the ready and copious telegrams lure us into neglecting the true sources of information that I think, as I said at the beginning, that our current printing and discussion of foreign news convey, for the mass of readers, less real instruction to the mind than was to be had, in slower but surer ways, in the days before the cable opened the line of least resistance along the Atlantic ooze.

Rollo Ogden.

ART EDUCATION FOR MEN.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, American art students returning from Paris and Munich found themselves confronted by a completely unexpected situation: they had been deeply absorbed in the enjoyment of advantages offered in schools where instruction was given at a nominal cost by the greatest living masters, and lacked time and inclination for the consideration of domestic prejudices of which they were unaware. In Europe, so far as art was concerned, they had been leading an ideal life, and their first real knowledge was based upon the high standards by which they were surrounded, and which their masters took

much pains to inculcate. It was, therefore, impossible for them to know that the world at home could not immediately appreciate results which, without years of training in the art of seeing, they themselves would not have recognized. The men from Paris knew that the logical teaching they received was good, and founded upon the best artistic knowledge of the Old World, but did not understand that their countrymen in the United States wanted critical qualifications, and that it would take years to uproot prejudices based upon loyal affection for conditions made dear by tradition, and to alter the long habit of liking

things, which, for the most part, competent judges would have estimated lightly.

The returning artists, a few of whom had received some recognition abroad, were surprised and disappointed to find their wares unsalable; therefore they banded together, formed the Society of American Artists, and gave annual exhibitions which in real merit were in advance of that to which our public had been accustomed; but very few pictures found purchasers, while sales were comparatively large at the National Academy, where American conventions were more closely observed. So the newcomers, in order to earn a living, were compelled to resort to other means. Illustrated magazines reaped, and are still reaping, a great harvest from this "ill wind;" but artists do not always have the gift of illustration, so many resorted to teaching, and the private art class came into vogue, composed, as never before, almost exclusively of women, by whom, at the present time, nearly all our art schools are patronized and supported. Many an artist can attest that, without the opportunity thus offered, it would at times have been very difficult to earn a livelihood. But it is true, that while better illustration does much for the advancement of American art, teaching of this kind does very little. Women pupils, in the beginning, make better progress than men, and some of them become excellent artists; but a very small percentage continue in the profession, no matter how brilliant at the start their work may be. This defection may be explained by the fact that women, no matter how well endowed intellectually, are usually physically incapable of the great strain caused by incessant work, such as male art students undergo without inconvenience.

Although the demand for good American pictures daily grows, very few of our artists could live without teaching or illustrating, and so the necessity of circumstance has prevented them from

emulating the generosity of Frenchmen, who generally receive little or no remuneration for the instruction they give to art students. For various reasons this is to be deplored. If an artist gives his services, his criticism will not be hampered by fear of losing a pupil. Instruction which is paid for is in danger of being less severe, and therefore may invite persons of no-distinct artistic ability or ambition to clog the studios. One cannot but surmise that many such persons are in search of means whereby to make an ostentatious display, rather than sound knowledge of principles wherewith to express original thought. So it was, and so it is, that American art is in part a society fad rather than a recognized necessity, and many of its real aims and uses are rendered abortive.

If an artist could teach as he desires, benefit might accrue, but instruction determined by fashion injures the teacher, and is of doubtful benefit to his pupils. Such instruction lacks sense and dignity, and is even now giving way to wiser methods.

If good art is of moral and financial benefit to a country, advantages should be given to the poor, not because so many of the world's greatest artists have come from that class, but because in view of its national importance it should be cultivated and encouraged for the public good.

If American artists understood — as they would without delay were the matter brought to their attention — that, with slight inconvenience or expense, free night schools might be formed for men and boys wishing to engage in the serious study of art, such schools would become common; and their influence would be of benefit to all arts and industries.

Perhaps the best way for me to explain the value of this statement is by giving a brief sketch of my experience as a teacher in a school of that kind, — to wit, the Connecticut League of Art Students, which was not established after

a premeditated plan, but was the natural outgrowth of a necessity common to all cities.

A young man called at my studio, and said that he wished to be an artist; that he was working at his trade, and that what he earned, although sufficient for his maintenance, was too small a sum to permit him to pay the price which he thought would be asked for lessons in drawing. I was sure he meant just what he said, and suggested that as I had a few plaster casts, he might come and draw from them each evening, and inasmuch as I would correct his drawings only at my own convenience, I would charge nothing. He seemed very grateful, and since that time, twelve years ago, has frequently proved his gratitude. Presently he brought a friend who wished to learn to draw; then another dropped in, and I think during the first year there were only three pupils; but the following autumn a few more came, the gathering assumed the dignity of a class, and each member seemed actuated by an earnest desire to get out of it all he could. Perspective and anatomy had been studied in an irregular manner, but at the commencement of the third year, when there were about twenty members, I began to act upon an idea which I had for some time believed to be a pressing necessity, that each pupil should acquire a complete knowledge of the rudiments of these branches. A local surgeon and architect, both competent men, upon my invitation, offered their services, and regular courses were organized. A friend presented us with a good skeleton. Many casts had been added by voluntary subscription from the pupils, and altogether the class was in a flourishing condition. But with a steadily increasing membership it became apparent that my studio, although large, was too cramped for the needs of its occupants, and the question arose as to whether the members could afford to pay the rent which would be required for more spacious quarters. At

this juncture a well-known author, and a few of his friends, kindly offered to relieve the situation by paying what was necessary, which they did for four months, but at the end of that time a committee of the members called upon me, presented a vote of thanks for the only pecuniary assistance the class had (or ever has) received, and informed me that a system of dues had been agreed upon, and that thereafter no outside aid would be required. This move necessitated a more formal organization, and officers were elected, and shortly afterward corporate rights were granted to the school which since that time has been called the Connecticut League of Art Students. Shortly after this, Trinity College, in acknowledgment of advantages which one of its undergraduates had received at the League, with a kindness which has been and is now deeply appreciated, offered free instruction in certain branches of its curriculum to League members.

The system of rules governing the school was created and is enforced by its officers, elected from its members at the annual class meetings.

The dues are regulated by the existing needs, and consist at present of five dollars entrance fee and monthly payments of two dollars by each member. This covers the expense of rent, light, models, and the occasional purchase of casts, chairs, and other incidentals.

The studios are situated in the large attic of a business block, and conveniently separated by board partitions. The main walls are of brick, and when the League first took possession it was rather a dreary looking place, but little by little drawings and painted decorations have transformed its barrenness into something more cheerful. Nevertheless, visitors — and they are very rare — can see at a glance that they are in the working place of a serious set of men, who, however, take considerable pride in adding picturesqueness to their simple surroundings. As the members through their

officers make their own rules, no nonsense of any kind is tolerated. Idlers and absentees are summarily warned or expelled, but so long as students conduct themselves properly, they are accorded all privileges. As many of the men work at their respective trades during the day, the teaching and regular class meetings take place at night. But the studios are open from sunrise until half past ten in the evening every day in the year, and there is rarely an hour of that time when some one is not taking advantage of his opportunity, and busily engaged in study of one sort or another. When the days are sufficiently long, a machinist may be found drawing an outline from a cast before the sounding of the seven o'clock whistle which calls him to his shop. At the noon hour, members frequently run in and push their drawings a little farther, sometimes with lunch in one hand and crayon in the other. If space permitted, many a story might be told of individual cases where this voluntary desire to make use of every minute has led to good results.

To illustrate the fact that pupils in the school are quickly imbued with the importance of conforming to its regulations, and that this is impressed upon newcomers by the conduct of the older members, I may state that during its existence there has been no case of intoxication, and that although there have been some quarrels they have ended harmlessly. This may be thought extraordinary, when it is considered that there are no requirements for entrance except an expressed desire to study and the formality of signing the Constitution and By-laws, that many nationalities and creeds are represented, and that most of the time there are no teachers on hand to enforce discipline.

About ninety per cent of the applicants for admission have never received any instruction in drawing except that given in the public schools, and nearly all are obliged to begin in the same way.

They are taught to sit well into their chairs, so that their spines will be parallel with the chair back, and to hold the drawing board or portfolio in an almost perpendicular position on their knees. The back of another chair is sometimes used as a rest, but no easels are allowed unless the pupil stands while drawing. The crayon or charcoal must be held between the thumb and first two fingers of the hand with which he draws, the fourth finger being used as a rest. Square blocks, books, or something of that kind serve as models for beginners, and they are obliged to attend the regular Friday evening class in perspective and continue in it, until they are able to determine the correct perspective of any object placed before them. In beginning to draw from the antique, they are given the profile of the most clearly marked heads and taught to look first for the envelope, and then determine the construction or place and relative position of each feature, and express it in outline. Next, by means of a cylinder placed well out of a circle whose centre is marked by the electric arc light, the focus of light and dark, the half-tints, and reflections are explained.

Attendance at the Anatomy Lectures illustrated by means of a skeleton, a plaster *écorché*, a living model, and drawings, is compulsory. Figure drawing from the antique is taught in the same simple manner as the head drawing, great attention being given to construction, and this teaching is reinforced by the lecturer on anatomy, who explains by means of the living model the possible and common movements of the figure: for instance, that no matter what the pose may be, the shoulders or hips remain at right angles to the vertebra at that point; also the rational equilibrium of the figure.

Competitions are held continually, and appointments to the life class made by the director of instruction.

From the beginning of this course pu-

pils are encouraged to paint from still life out of the regular class hours, and submit such studies to the teachers, who confine their corrections to a criticism of planes, values, and the laws of complementary colors, and until these are pretty well understood by the pupil, he is not allowed to paint from the living model. The entire school is frequently asked to compete in composition from a given subject, and the results as shown even by the younger pupils are often very interesting.

The course of instruction has from the beginning been directed by a desire to enable each member to earn something through the skill he might be able to acquire in his studies. Many students are at present engaged in designing, engraving, decoration, portrait painting, landscape and figure painting, illustrating, sculpture, and teaching, and are more or less self-supporting. One ex-member is art manager of an important magazine published in New York; other members have gone abroad to study further, and several are engaged in their profession in various parts of the country.

From first to last, correct construction is insisted upon, and is taught by a long and severe course in outline drawing. Elaboration of drawings is discouraged, and the modeling is confined to a rational expression of articulations and plain values. There is no studio sketch class or any other fanciful adjunct. But, in lieu of this, many members paint out of doors, when the weather will permit, and all such studies are submitted for criticism to the instructors.

No public exhibitions are ever given, as they work injury to the pupils by leading them into catering to popular and sometimes injudicious appreciation. The motto of the school is, "*Le dessin est la probité de l'art*," and that its significance is observed is frequently proved by the fact that members of the life class often reënter "the antique" of their own volition, and pass consecutive months in drawing outlines with great care, giving

especial attention to articulations which are too often apt to be neglected for lack of understanding. This outline drawing I consider the most beneficial feature of the instruction, as it is difficult to make a specious presentation, and exactitude is indispensable; moreover much time is saved, which otherwise might be wasted in minute attention to unimportant detail; the process of calculating the dimensions of the larger parts is ever before the pupil, and his progress, although less evident to the casual observer, is really far more rapid than when he tries to get at measurements by "shading," which he usually considers the easier way.

Just as necessity prompted the formation of the Connecticut League of Art Students, so has it prompted its system of instruction. No one becomes a member in order to gratify an æsthetic taste, but rather because he believes that in the application of what he may learn, he will be able to solve more readily the ever present bread-and-butter question. Occasionally appears a college student wishing to be an artist, or a person well to do seeking experience among men who are earnest in the struggle to accomplish something professionally, but the main body is composed of men to whom two dollars a month is an important item, and who would leave instantly if they did not think they were receiving greater value in exchange. They are studying something which is to be applied as quickly as may be. Their wits have been sharpened in the school of daily want, and no artistic diletanteism will serve their purpose or ambition. They know that the basis of all that part of art which can be taught lies in an ability to measure by the eye with intelligent correctness, whether the measurement is to be expressed by outline, values, or color. A sign painter quickly realizes that he will receive more for his labor if he possesses a knowledge of perspective, and the same argument holds no matter how

high the ambition of the worker; what each member desires is advice and enlightening in regard to the logic of those laws which should govern us in getting at the appearance of things.

An art school, like any other, is not of the slightest use unless it accomplishes something. It should benefit pupils directly, and teachers indirectly. The influence of a free school for men is far-reaching in its good effect, and a little experience will prove this beyond all doubt. Especially is it true of night schools, because through them a class of men is reached who could not take advantage of opportunities offered during working hours. Among men so situated are intelligent minds and fine talents going to waste because opportunity lacks. If a young man enters such a school and becomes interested, he creates a refining influence for himself, which is continually shown by his improved mental and physical appearance.

Moreover, the chances are that in his effort to discover what is true in art he will become more discriminating in regard to what is or is not true in all matters. In contact with others he will unconsciously impart a sense of what he feels. This I have frequently seen illustrated. He will not care for anything mean, cheap, or low, and his family and friends, knowing this, are equally sure to be influenced by it. If he is a clerk, while studying the great truths of art he will become a better clerk, and if he is a machinist, his increased power of seeing will make him a better machinist. The streets and such theatres as he might frequent will lose by his discriminating power a charm which they might otherwise possess, and incidentally some important names may be added to the list of the world's great artists.

No one can be taught to paint a charming picture any more than he can be taught to be charming himself when to be so is not in his nature. He might ape a charming manner, and he might

imitate in his work the charm of a landscape by Corot, but the ability for such imitation would not constitute an asset of any considerable value in the sum of his intellectual attributes. There are two distinct classes of students, amateur and professional, and the latter, after a year or two spent in a serious school, realizes that one's chief business should be to equip himself with the indispensable and fundamental principles of his vocation. His mind is bent upon the accomplishment of a certain aim, and, in view of that condition, it may be best for his teacher to bear in mind that when instruction in drawing is to be given to a body of men largely composed of the American artisan class, he would do well to get as far as possible into the mental conditions of his pupils. He should make for himself a few rules, and observe them rigidly, otherwise his school will cease to be. He should realize that unless he can explain without hesitation the reason for every correction he makes, it may not be accepted. He should try to confine his criticism to those points which come within the ordinary range of the common laws of proportion and construction. The ancient Greeks called it "symmetry." He should not try to teach all he knows the first time he meets his pupil, and he should not attempt to teach too many pupils, for he will find some who will wish to express in the drawing of a head each hair belonging to it, and possibly also parts which are outside the range of their vision; while others of a diametrically opposite tendency may be inclined to neglect important essentials. He should, therefore, know his pupils individually, which might be impossible were they too numerous. He should never fail to give credit for an effort to do conscientious work no matter how bad the result, and above all he should avoid sarcasm and exaggeration in the correction of faults. To quote Washington Allston, "It is easy to see the defects in a picture, but it takes an artist to

find the good points." I think that remark covers much ground, and should be deeply pondered by all art teachers.

A schoolboy once said to me, "I like my teacher because she is just." Children see quickly, and men perhaps more surely, and they both know immediately whether a teacher is giving them only words or something deeper. I have heard that at one time Gérôme advised a pupil in his class at the Beaux Arts to give up and try something else, it being evident that he had no ability, and that at a later time the man became a great artist. I can readily believe the story. The most hopeless pupil that ever entered the Connecticut League of Art Students, at that time a boy of sixteen, afterward developed the greatest talent ever seen in the school. For the first two years I was greatly puzzled by an anxiety to tell him that he was wasting his time. Later he confessed to me that during the first part of that period it was "hard for him to distinguish the cast from the wall upon which it hung."

Art is long, difficult, and various, and artistic ability does not always show itself at the first blush. Something precious may be hidden away in the interior of that which if judged by the exterior would cause no expectation of genius. Therefore teachers should be careful, and, to avoid serious mistakes, should constantly reverse the mental process, and imagine themselves the pupils. Could this in reality be done, some of us would meet with great surprises.

Styles, fashions, and ideas are ever changing, and schools will call themselves by newer names. Varying conditions continually require another kind of expression in art. Intellectual changes and the ever changing consensus of public opinion alter our manner of seeing the surface of things, but nothing lives if not based on truth; correct construction, as understood by artists, is and always has been the *sine qua non* of all good work, as it was the underlying inspiration of the immortal words of Ingres, "Le dessin est la probité de l'art."

Charles Noël Flagg.

RECENT BOOKS ON JAPAN.

FEW countries have been subjected to more varied comment than Japan. Her unique art and art industries, her laborious task of national reorganization, her successful war with China and the impetus it has given to her commerce and industry, and the position she has won in the comity of nations, have maintained unabated the interest which she first aroused when Commodore Perry returned from his memorable mission. Moreover, the beauty of the country and the quaint manners and customs of its people have attracted visitors from all quarters of the globe, and spread its fame throughout the world. And, naturally, Japan has been described in count-

less books of travel; she has been criticised in every mood and humor; she has been lavishly extolled and as unsparingly condemned; she has even been decried by some for the very qualities which have elicited from others unbounded admiration. This diversity of opinions is especially marked in those critics who rely confidently upon their few weeks' acquaintance with the country, and, by mistaking personal idiosyncrasies for national characteristics, jump to utterly erroneous conclusions. For your tourist always comes to Japan on the tenters of curiosity and expectation, and lets his first impression on touching land decide the frame of mind in which

he shall take all his experiences in the country. But the judicious observer, whether he be a resident or a traveler, is more temperate in praise and censure. He knows that the virtues and vices of a nation are fairly balanced, and impartial judgment enjoins moderation in speaking of any people. Nor has he the globe-trotter's assurance; for he is aware that a thorough knowledge of a country can only be obtained by such diligent application as would demand more time than he could spare. This is most certainly the case in Japan; for were he even bent upon serious study, he would be discouraged at every turn by the difficulties of the language, and deterred by the consequent lack of opportunity for social intercourse from ever attempting to do for Japan what M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu has done for Russia, and Mr. Courtenay Bodley for France. Yet it must be admitted that these obstacles notwithstanding, there are plenty of books on Japan, which, if not exhaustive in treatment, are at least full of interest. They have of late been especially numerous; and I propose, in the following pages, to bring to the reader's notice a few of the more recent.

Mr. W. G. Aston is well known as an earnest student of the classical literature of Japan, and in his *History of Japanese Literature*,¹ published last year in the *Literatures of the World* series, he has amply justified his reputation. He has given a lucid history of Japanese literature from the earliest times to our own day, and has made a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the world's literature which will not fail to interest even those who learn for the first time that Japan has a literature twelve centuries old, and that the golden prime of her letters was contemporaneous with the Norman Conquest of England. Mr. Aston's literary judgments are generally sound and admirable; and when I con-

sider how difficult it must be to produce a pioneer work of this kind, I hesitate to express my dissent from some of his criticisms. In the hope, however, that he will, in a future edition, reconsider them, I venture to mention a few important points on which I cannot indorse his views.

Mr. Aston appears to be too severe in his condemnation of what have been called "pivot-words." A pivot-word, it may be premised, has been defined by Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain, the originator of the term, as "a word of two significations, which serves as a species of hinge on which two doors turn, so that while the first part of the poetical phrase has no logical end, the latter part has no logical beginning." A pivot-word resembles a pun in being a play on words, but differs from it in that whereas the pun is a word or phrase in a single sentence, the pivot-word becomes, by suggesting a new train of thought, the starting point of another sentence without completing the first. While the first sentence is thus left imperfect, the second often lacks a grammatical commencement. A pivot-word, in short, is a word of double sense connecting two elliptical sentences. Such a construction is inconceivable in an inflective language; but in an agglutinate language like Japanese, which has not the same definite grammatical structure, it is a poetical device of frequent occurrence. Moreover, Japanese does not admit of a string of consonants which are slurred in pronunciation as in English, but requires each sound to be distinctly pronounced as if it were a syllable. An English monosyllable would generally be transliterated into a polysyllable in Japanese; and since there is a limit to the number of syllables in a word, it naturally follows that syllabic combinations are fewer in Japanese than in English. The result is that Japanese is peculiarly rich in homonyms, and consequently offers an extensive field for

¹ *A History of Japanese Literature*. By W. G. Aston. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1899.

the punster's art. This fact, added to the loose grammatical structure, has encouraged word-plays to an extent impossible in a language with fewer homonyms and stricter grammar. And it would not be fair to judge the literary value of these *jeux-de-mots* by any other than the standard of a language which has never, in the course of its development, put word-plays in the lowest category of wit; for to the Japanese the word-play always gives a pleasurable sensation when it occurs in light literature, especially in sentimental poetry and poetical prose, where the manner counts for more than the matter. And Mr. Aston, in his wholesale condemnation of word-plays, does not appear to make allowance for the peculiarities of the Japanese language, which has too little in common to offer ground for comparison with an inflective language. The pivot-word, as it occurs in Japanese, may, it seems to me, be legitimately employed so long as the meaning is not obscured by the sudden deflection of thought or by the ellipsis of the pivoted sentences.

Mr. Aston's estimate of Chikamatsu Monzayemon and the Japanese lyrical drama leaves much to be desired. With his wide knowledge of the Japanese classics, he seems to have caught something of the Japanese classicist's prejudice against light literature. And in his criticism of Japanese drama and comic literature, we miss the sound sense which marks the chapters devoted to the more serious phases of literature. He is also more guarded in his views. Thus, while he ridicules the idea that Chikamatsu can be compared with Shakespeare, he admits none the less that a European writer should speak with reserve of Chikamatsu's merits. But when we Japanese call Chikamatsu the Shakespeare of our country, we refer rather to his supreme position in our dramatic literature than to any resemblance in the genius of the two dramatists. Mr. Aston thinks he can detect a certain likeness between

them; but as they moved in totally different worlds, and wrote under utterly dissimilar circumstances, it would be as well not to look for a fanciful analogy. Chikamatsu lived when feudalism was at its height. He wrote for puppet shows, for which he had, besides giving the dialogue, to explain the movements and emotions in fitting poetical language; hence his plays abound in descriptive passages, which are chanted to the accompaniment of the *samisen*. He wrote most of his plays for Gidayu, a musical composer and puppet player, after whom these lyrical plays are to this day called *gidayu*. Of about a hundred plays attributed to Chikamatsu, more than three quarters relate to well-known historical events, in which he followed, perhaps too closely, the popular traditions; and to this desire to humor the rude tastes of his patrons we must largely attribute the crudity of his plots, of which Mr. Aston rightly complains. The remaining quarter are known as domestic dramas, and are founded upon contemporary events. In those days, when newspapers were yet unknown, the petty incidents of life made more lasting impressions than they do now; and Chikamatsu would, whenever he heard of any exceptional occurrence, dash off a play on the subject and produce it before the public interest had died out. His domestic dramas, for this reason, deal mostly with murders, lovers' suicides, and other sensational events. Crudity and hurried work were unavoidable. It is not, however, for his plots so much as for his command of the language and the remarkable use he makes of it that Chikamatsu is considered the first of our dramatists. It is hardly fair, therefore, to present a bare outline of one of his plays, as Mr. Aston has done, for that can give no idea of the qualities to which he owes his pre-eminence. His greatness, in the opinion of his countrymen, lies in the rhythmic beauty of expression and the grace of imagery.

Mr. Aston's statement that after the end of the eighteenth century, *joruri*, of which *gidayu* is one form, became practically extinct, is open to misconstruction; for though few plays of note, it is true, have been written during the present century, the representation of *gidayu* on the stage is more popular than ever, and among the favorite musical entertainments at the present time is the singing of scenes from *gidayu*. Mr. Aston also dismisses the *kyakuhon*, or prose drama, with the assertion that it has no literary merit. But here again he seems to betray the classicist's bias; for in the prose drama, which consists entirely of dialogue, the style is necessarily colloquial, and that is a blemish in the eyes of the classicist who has no taste but for the scholar's language, a consequence inevitable in the evolution of a tongue in which there is a wide divergence between the written and the spoken language. There have, nevertheless, been many plays of great merit produced by the long line of prose dramatists from Tsuuchi Jihei, who died in 1760, to Kawatake Mokuami (1816-1893).

To the *Hizakurige*, the most humorous book in the Japanese language, Mr. Aston pays a worthy tribute. He calls it the *Pickwick Papers* of Japan; but takes exception to it because it has no serious side, and its humor is not intensified by contrast, as in the delineation of Sir John Falstaff and Bottom the weaver. Surely this is illogical; for one is tempted to ask if the *Pickwick Papers* have a serious side. Do we not enjoy *Pickwick* because it is broad farce from cover to cover? And if no one complains of want of seriousness in Dickens's famous work, why should it be accounted a fault in Ikku's masterpiece, with which it is compared? Indeed, the usual defect of books of humor cannot be charged against the *Hizakurige*, for its chief merit is the spontaneity of its humor. It is certainly in many

passages obscene; but Mr. Aston goes too far when he says that for indecency of speech and conduct even Rabelais hardly affords an adequate comparison. It would be easy to find in Rabelais passages far more indecent than any in the *Hizakurige*. Rabelais, moreover, goes out of his way to indulge in ribaldry. Ikku, on the other hand, seldom takes to indecency for its own sake; he simply says whatever occurs to him, without giving a thought to the question of its decency. With him every other consideration is subordinated to humor. He tells coarse stories with the naïveté of a Brantôme, though he is not half so indecorous as the author of *La Vie des Dames Galantes*. Ikku has been called the Japanese Rabelais by another English writer; but the Japanese is a humorist pure and simple, and does not lay claim to the wit, satire, and erudition of the great Frenchman. Mr. Aston sets up a false standard of comparison when he trots out Shakespeare to measure Ikku's capacity. It is well, no doubt, to have always before us a high literary ideal; but we do not need it in taking count of that large class of writers who, without being intellectual giants, have given delight to millions of readers. No, if we must find a European parallel to the *Hizakurige*, we should seek it among the works of the old French and Italian *conteurs*, Bandello, Straparola, La Salle, and Des Périers.

Mr. Aston's survey of the post-revolutionary literature is far from satisfactory. It is wanting in proportion. Though it would be difficult to give an adequate review in forty pages, still we miss many well-known names, and would have gladly exchanged some of the writers who appear as representatives of our contemporary literature for the able journalists who have helped to mould the literary and political thought of New Japan. In fact, Mr. Aston dismisses in a few lines this subject of journalism, one of the most interesting fruits of Japan's

contact with the Occident. Time is yet too short, as he says, to allow us to produce any tangible literary results from that contact. In scientific and philosophical studies, remarkable progress has been made; but in pure literature there has not been the same activity in the absorption of Western ideas, with perhaps the sole exception of history, the study of which has not been so backward as Mr. Aston would imply. But after all is said, Mr. Aston has done his task extremely well; and we are grateful to him for presenting our national literature so clearly and concisely.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser's books on Japan have a charm all their own. As the British minister's wife, she had opportunities rarely enjoyed by foreigners in Japan. Many distinguished visitors have been in the country, but seldom long enough to get an insight into Japanese society. Mrs. Fraser, however, had plenty of time for observation during her three years' residence; and she has, in her *Diplomatist's Wife in Japan*, proved how well she has profited by it. She has given us pictures of Japanese high life, and introduces us to princesses, marchionesses, and countesses with a royal lavishness. From her we learn that the *geisha* is not the sole possessor of that indefinable grace and softness of manners which have made her the constant theme of impressionable travelers. The glorification of the *geisha* by visitors to Japan is owing to the fact that her profession of entertainer at convivial parties makes it easy to cultivate her acquaintance and to appreciate her manners and accomplishments. But it should be borne in mind that though she may not exactly be what M. Delvaux has wittily called "*demoiselle qui ne travaille pas, qui n'a pas de rentes, et qui cependant trouve le moyen de bien vivre*," she is not far removed from that frail sisterhood, and that she is as little typical of the Japanese woman as that brilliant gallery of *demi-mondaines* from

Manon Lescaut to Fanny Legrand is typical of the French. Mrs. Fraser brings before us a new and fascinating world where the best types of Japanese womanhood are to be seen in a circle accessible to few Europeans outside the diplomatic corps, and shows us that in the serene atmosphere of the Japanese court and in the quiet bosom of Japanese noble families are to be found ladies combining grace with dignity and sweetness of manners with the elaborate courtesies of the feudal days.

In *The Custom of the Country*,¹ Mrs. Fraser tells some pretty tales of Japanese life. The second title of the book, *Tales of New Japan*, naturally calls to mind *The Tales of Old Japan*. But Mr. Mitford's book has become a classic, for few writers have caught so faithfully the spirit of Old Japan. Japan has now, like other countries, inexorable historians who seem to take a malicious delight in destroying our heroic ideals, in dragging down our *preux chevaliers* from their pedestals, and in dismissing as pure figments the most cherished incidents in our annals; and we have now to rewrite our national history, to reconsider the traditional judgment on our heroes, and to reconstruct our tales of love, fidelity, and self-sacrifice. But all this iconoclasm will not in the least affect the high value of Mr. Mitford's *Tales*. Japan was, when he came to the country, in the throes of a mighty upheaval; and when he wrote, she was at the threshold of that complete renovation which is still in progress at the present moment. He came at the very instant when a writer was wanted to save from oblivion the institutions which had been ruthlessly doomed with the old order of things. What was needed at the time was a picture of the old-world Japan, an exposition of its spirit as reflected in the daily lives of its people, a description of the military system under which lived the *samurai*, chivalrous, sen-

¹ *The Custom of the Country*. By Mrs. HUGH FRASER. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1899.

sitive to shame, quick to revenge, and ever ready to sacrifice life to honor. And this task Mr. Mitford effectually accomplished, especially as the world knew little as yet of the country, by transcribing the most popular tales current in Old Japan.

But the times have since changed. We have now enough and to spare of books that deal in a loose way with the manners and customs of the country. We need now books written with more accurate and sympathetic knowledge. In stories of Japanese life, we should not be content with merely Japanese names and Japanese peculiarities of speech and manner; we should insist upon something more characteristic that could be recognized underneath our new tegument of Occidental civilization. In this respect most of the tales airily told by writers with little or no real knowledge of the country are sadly wanting. A certain quaintness and *bizarrierie* are believed to be all that is necessary to stamp a thing as Japanese, and no attempt is made to present the undercurrents of Oriental life. Mrs. Fraser, however, is different from these writers of quasi-Japanese stories. Her residence in the land enabled her to give a Japanese background to her pictures, and her woman's sympathy helps her to understand the little pleasures and petty trials of Japanese domestic life. Of the five tales in her book, only one, the longest, is exclusively Japanese. It contains a few errors of detail natural in a writer who has not mixed intimately with Japanese in every station of life, and cannot converse freely in their language or read it with enjoyment. Not the least amusing incident in the tale is the clandestine visit which the Son of the Daimyos pays to his ladylove. All he does when he finds her alone in the garden is to open his arms suddenly and draw her to him. "She lay there a moment like a gathered rose, and . . . then she broke away from him and fled." The lover,

however, is satisfied. Mrs. Fraser, knowing that lovers do not kiss in Japan, treats them gingerly when she has brought them together; and feeling that she has not been completely successful, covers her retreat with a dithyramb which opens: "Verily, love is a strange passion — from West to East, the whole world round, it is ever the same;" and leaves the reader to infer that love is strangest of all in Japan. The Marquis de la Mazelière, on reading an ancient Japanese love story, exclaims: "Aucune tendresse; les amants japonais ne connaissent ni pression des mains, ni baiser." But kisses and hand-pressings are not the sole tokens of love; love that laughs at locksmiths can surely find vent in a thousand other ways. It is not that we are strangers to kisses; it is because we have not exploited their possibilities, nor made of them the important factors that they are in Western society. We have confined them to the expression of sexual love and, as such, kept them out of decorous literature; and even in these latter days, we have taken Western civilization too seriously for kisses and flirtations to acclimatize as innocent social diversions. Mrs. Fraser did well, therefore, not to make the Son of the Daimyos kiss Miss O Ione; but she might have let the girl give a more tangible proof of her love than lying a moment like a gathered rose on her lover's breast. The second longest tale, *The Custom of the Country*, which gives its title to the collection, suffers somewhat from its being published only a few months after the *Diplomatist's Wife*; for the opening scene at Atami seems to have been faithfully transcribed from the fifth and sixth chapters of that book. It is both unwise and inartistic to show too clearly the source of knowledge in a work of imagination, for it impairs the scenic effect if the same setting is repeated.

The Japanese honorific is always a stumbling-block to the foreigner. It has no analogy in English. In Japan, po-

liteness requires that certain terms of respect should accompany the expressions used when a superior or even an equal in social standing is addressed or spoken of. This custom has become so essential a part of Japanese speech that we use these terms without attaching to them the full force of their original signification. They are often translated "honorable" or "august" by English scholars; but honorifics occur so frequently in ordinary conversation that it is almost impossible to find an English equivalent that shall not unduly emphasize their import, and it happens in many cases that an attempt to render them succeeds only in making nonsense of a speech which is perfectly intelligible in Japanese; as when Mrs. Fraser puts into a Japanese naval officer's mouth meaningless expressions like "Is it honorably so?" and "I am surprised at what you honorably say." Mrs. Fraser exposes herself to another charge when she makes her characters mutilate their English in a manner no Japanese would be guilty of. It is a favorite stage device for exciting laughter to introduce a foreigner who struggles with the intricacies of the English language. His nationality is indicated by his interspersing a few words of his mother tongue; but it should really be inferred from his pronunciation and the construction of his sentences, which would be influenced by the phonology and syntax of his native language. No foreigner ever speaks English in the way he is represented on the stage; and to imitate it with accuracy, one must be able to speak that foreigner's own language. In fact, just as it takes a wise man to play the fool, it requires a linguist to give a foreign accent to his own tongue. Un-Japanese as is Mrs. Fraser's imitation of broken English, the fault is aggravated when O-Haru in *She Danced before Him* exclaims to Charteris, "More better! In-girishu urashi," which is neither English nor Japanese. When an author and the

characters of her creation set to murder one another's tongue, we may well pity the reader who has to make his way through the carnage.

In his *Essai sur l'Histoire du Japon*, the Marquis de la Mazelière writes with that lucidity which has made his countrymen great masters of the expository style. The easy flow of narrative carries us along to the end, and leaves us wondering at the unity which seems to bind the whole history of Japan. The marquis's history differs from all other histories of Japan in presenting lifelike pictures of the successive periods of which it treats. The continuity of history is cunningly insisted upon; and the writer displays great skill in working out his theory that the advent of the Americans and Europeans in 1854 only hastened an inevitable revolution which would have, without their intervention, produced the same results. The forces which bring about such a cataclysm as Japan underwent in 1867 are so complex and take so long to come to a head that it would be idle to speculate on the probable consequences, had any one of them been absent; but it may be asserted with considerable assurance that if the advent of foreigners had not precipitated matters, the revolution would hardly have borne the same fruits, and certainly would not have been carried out to the same degree of completeness. For the revolution brought two distinct and not necessarily concomitant results, — the overthrow of the Shogunate and the national reorganization on the Occidental models. The rule of the Tokugawa Shogun was on the wane, and the great territorial lords were eager to supplant it. The advent of Commodore Perry and the subsequent conclusion of the treaties were the proximate causes of the revolt, the immediate object of which was the restoration of the Imperial authority. Any other pretext would have served as well for the insurrection against the Shogunate; but such a revo-

lution would not have inevitably led to national reorganization, for it would, in all likelihood, have left the feudal system itself untouched. It is true that, as ports were already being opened in China, Japan would have, sooner or later, come into contact with the foreign powers and been convinced of the superiority of Western civilization; but if a fully established government, imperial or Shogunal, had entered upon the task of national reorganization, its work would have been hopelessly impeded by vested interests and hereditary rights. It was, therefore, most fortunate that this undertaking should have devolved upon a post-revolutionary government without past associations to hamper its procedure. And this simultaneity of the fall of the Shogunate and the commencement of the national reorganization was the natural consequence of the arrival of a handful of foreigners in 1854. And because we shall, when we have assimilated all that we are absorbing from Occidental civilization, impress upon it the same stamp of our national genius as we have impressed upon the religion, learning, and arts which we borrowed from India, China, and Korea, it is but just that we should acknowledge to the full the debt we owe to the little band whose coming opened the road to Western science and culture. The marquis introduces the reader to a fine sample of constructive statesmanship in the consolidation of the empire under the new régime; but it will not detract a jot from his tribute to the leading statesmen of the reconstructed monarchy to admit their indebtedness to the opportunity afforded them by the timely arrival of the Western strangers in the last days of the Shogunate.

On looking more carefully into the history, we perceive that the marquis sets out with strong preconceptions. He makes meagre material go a long way; but at the same time he does not take the trouble to discriminate between fact

and fiction, and lays promiscuously under contribution events which are fully authenticated and those which are still in dispute or even admitted to be fictitious. He also carries too far his habit of seeking analogy between Japanese and European history. Analogues are appropriate when there is a complete correspondence between the objects compared; even partial correspondence may be tolerated if the points of agreement are defined; but without a formal statement of its incompleteness, an imperfect analogy is apt to give an entirely false idea of the matter it proposes to illustrate. The marquis has evidently been a very careful student of works relating to Japan, especially of the valuable papers to be found in the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan; but he has often followed them without taking into account the fact that these monographs are prone, from their very nature, to exaggerate the importance of their subjects. The botanist and the entomologist, for instance, would differ on the relative importance of bees and flowers; the marquis follows sometimes the entomologist and sometimes the botanist; in other words, he has not, in embodying the specialist's work in his history, freed himself from the specialist's bias and taken the catholic stand of the general historian. On the whole, however, the *Essai sur l'Histoire du Japon* is, to the uncritical, one of the best general histories of Japan in a European language.

Nothing but praise is due to Mr. Stafford Ransome's *Japan in Transition*.¹ Mr. Ransome is not seduced by novelty; he is a practical engineer who carefully weighs his words and gives reasons for his opinions. He is critical; but his views are generally favorable, because he starts, as he himself confesses, with a firm belief in the solidity of Japan's recent progress. He writes

¹ *Japan in Transition*. By STAFFORD RANSOME. New York: Harper & Bros. 1899.

with a sympathetic appreciation of the magnitude of the obstacles Japan has had to encounter in her struggle for progress, and of the difficulties which menace her future advancement. A writer is sometimes accused of undue bias if he is led by his knowledge of a country to speak in high terms of its inhabitants; but it is only human nature that he should leave the land of his sojourn with kindly feelings and a permanent interest in its welfare, and forget whatever discomfort or annoyance he may have been put to in the recollection of the many little acts of courtesy and friendship experienced in his daily intercourse with the people. We should rather suspect the man who could write with rancor of a nation whose hospitality he has enjoyed, when it is easy to disapprove and protest with the gentle remonstrance of a friend. Mr. Ransome's forecasts of the political and industrial future of Japan are matters which I shall not undertake to indorse or controvert; but his survey of the actual condition of the country is extremely well written. Among minor matters, however, mention may be made of a singular notion he seems to have that we Japanese resent being addressed in our own language by foreigners. The Japanese from whom he got this idea probably wished to air his English; for Japanese students often try to test their proficiency in the language by conversation with foreigners, even when they are perfect strangers, as witness the case of Mr. Fraser, the cyclist, who says that he was catechised by Japanese, and on one occasion asked, in Ollendorff's style, if his mother, his sister, and his mother's cousin's aunt liked beer; but the youth who put these questions wanted, no doubt, to ascertain if hereditary alcoholism would account for the insane conduct of a traveler who amused himself by turning a somersault while he was being saluted with the usual politeness by a geisha.

It is always a pleasure to read Mr. Lafcadio Hearn's books. His latest, *In Ghostly Japan*,¹ continues his studies in the popular phases of Buddhism, of which the *Gleanings in Buddha-Fields* was the first installment. Buddhism, as it appears in popular traditions and superstitions, has a great attraction for him; for, from his first work on the country, *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*, Mr. Hearn has treated by preference matters connected with the religions of the land. But though there are few subjects more interesting than vulgar beliefs and superstitions, one cannot but regret his inclination of late to devote himself almost exclusively to these studies; and foolish as it would be to complain of the choice a writer has deliberately made, it seems a pity that Mr. Hearn has not taken up a wider range of subjects. For no one else has written with such charm of Japan, and no one could write with more grace and feeling on the simplest impulses of life. The first piece in his *Kokoro*, which describes an occurrence at a railway station in Kyushu, is certainly one of the daintiest sketches he has ever written. True, the confrontation of a murderer with a child in arms, the son of his victim, at the entrance of a railway station, was an incident of high dramatic interest, of which the policeman who brought it about had but little idea. He did it on the spur of the moment, and Mr. Hearn, impressed like all the other spectators of the affecting scene, has brought out its deep pathos in language of great beauty. A slight sketch like this makes us wish that Mr. Hearn would take to something more than short essays; he has written nothing on Japan equal in length to his tales of West Indian life. But while we deplore this reserve of a writer who possesses every quality of style, except humor, we have reason to be grateful for whatever he gives us.

¹ *In Ghostly Japan*. By LAFCADIO HEARN. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1899.

Dr. J. C. Calhoun Newton's *Japan: The Country, Court, and People* is a very comprehensive work, and undertakes to tell us all about the country, its history, art, and institutions, in little more than four hundred pages. It has, unfortunately, the failings incidental to small books of encyclopædic pretensions. The vast amount of information which Dr. Newton has collected he gives in a very crude form; and he has evidently written the book in a great hurry, for its style is, however excusable in hack journalism, too slovenly for a serious work. While thus we halt before extraordinary sentences like "Dying in New York, there was profound grief," or "Bringing a jar of tea-seed and a book of directions, the cultivation of tea spread rapidly," the author's meaning is far from clear in the statements, "The defeat of the Opposition was oft repeated, and as often resolutely renewed," and "Such a movement (the sweeping away of Old Japan), while right in its direction, was dangerous in the extreme to the best interests of the nation." There is also a refreshing airiness in many of Dr. Newton's explanations. Every defect of character, for instance, is attributed to the absence of Christianity. The doctor allows his prejudices against Buddhism to override his judgment. "It is remarkable," he observes, "how all corrupt priesthoods of corrupt religions follow even the bodies of the dead with oppressive enactments. By law the family names had to be registered in the temple books; otherwise the priests could deny burial." If a simple enactment made from judicial considerations is to be taken as a proof of religious corruption, in what light are we to regard that far more cruel law which, not content with refusing burial in consecrated ground, exposed to gratuitous ignominy the body of the poor wretch who should, in a fit of insanity, take away his own life? I am not defending Buddhism; I only wish to remind a too zealous writer of

the proverbial sauce, and to suggest moderation to those who do not live in stone-proof houses. Again, in speaking of a Buddhist college at Kyoto, the doctor says: "The writer has himself seen upon the shelves of its library English books upon the Bible, and has met young Buddhist priests upon the cars with New Testaments in their hands. Their aim was to study the *Jesus* doctrine so as to demolish it." It is difficult to understand the tone of irritation in this remark. These Buddhist priests deserve praise for their study of the Bible; for since religious propagandism has suffered most from ignorant opposition, one would have thought it a matter for congratulation that Christianity should find in the professors of a rival religion an eagerness to master its tenets and doctrines. If such men could be convinced of the superiority of Christianity, theirs would not be, as is often the case with others, mere lip conversions for the sake of material benefits received or expected. Dr. Newton's bitter hostility to Buddhism will not further the cause of Christianity. To the Japanese who has been taught to prize as the first of virtues unflinching loyalty even to a fallen master or a lost cause, there is something especially repugnant in the apostasy from the faith of his forefathers; and his path to conversion should rather be smoothed by a greater insistence upon the points of resemblance between the old religion and the new. Dr. Newton lays stress upon the innate religiousness of the Japanese; but his remarks in this connection may be summed up in the general proposition that, for most of us, belief in God or fetish is the normal state of mind.

Again, the debt Japan owes to America is inestimable. The United States has always been friendly to her, and its citizens have rendered her invaluable services. But while we acknowledge our great obligations to America, it would not be just to pass by what we owe also to England, France, and Germany. The

patriotic bias which omits mention of these countries makes the chapter on Intercourse between the United States and Japan in Dr. Newton's book read very much like a company promoter's prospectus. But with all its defects, the book deserves to be read for its valuable information, which only patient labor could have brought together.

It is highly gratifying to a Japanese to find that of the eight most recent works on his country seven are the outcome of careful study. The fact that so many books should have been published within the brief space of fifteen

months testifies to the interest which Japan continues to excite in the world; and since recent events have brought the Far East within the range of practical politics of the Occidental Powers, it is of the utmost importance to us that the condition of the Extreme Orient should be universally understood. And convinced that further acquaintance will only cement the friendly relations which already subsist between us and the rest of the world, we Japanese cordially welcome every work written with the serious intention of making our country better known to other nations.

Jukichi Inouye.

OBER-AMMERGAU IN 1900.

THERE are many disappointments for those who make their first pilgrimage to Ober-Ammergau. One thinks of the village as a picturesque collection of wooden chalets hidden far away in the recesses of a glorified Borrowdale or Langdale valley, somewhere in the heart of the Bavarian Alps. One finds, as a matter of fact, that it lies outside the gate of the mountains, between two low spurs of hills that die away into the great northern plain.

As you enter Ober-Ammergau from north or south, you are astonished at the sight of what appears to be a modern village of comparatively uninteresting detached houses, red-tiled or iron-roofed, whitewashed and freshly painted, with an ugly erection at its northwest end of yellow and brown painted wood and huge span of iron girders, that looks like a railway station. This is the new theatre that Carl Lautenslaeger, the well-known theatre engineer, has erected, with an eye more for the practical than the artistic, for the accommodation of the five thousand spectators who are expected to be present at the Passion Play.

There are only two other buildings which seem to dominate the village: one of these, the parish church, with black-slate roof and black-towered cupola, stands in strange contrast with the brand-new red roofs about it; the other building is the one which more than all the rest seems to destroy any hope of finding the poetry or picturesqueness of an old-time Bavarian village,—this is the new hotel, the Wittelsbacherhof, with its hall porter in blue cap and brass buttons, its busy restaurant under the veranda, and its crowd of waiters. Large notices of Cook's agency and the agency of a German house for American tourist enterprise complete the disillusion; and it is not until one has rubbed one's eyes a good many times, and gone away into the quiet meadows by the banks of the Ammer stream and come back through the intricate byways toward the post office, that one realizes that, notwithstanding tourist agencies and brand-new hotel and red tiles and new paint, there is an old Ober-Ammergau still extant, which is worth careful inspection.

There are three main approaches to Ober-Ammergau; the first and most obvious one is from Munich and the north. Those who approach the village from that side have compensations for the dullness of part of the journey, for the hills rise round the village as they near it, and the Oufacker, Lauberberg, Nothberg, locally called *Der Noot*, the Köfel, and Sonnenberg range make a fine semicircular background for the little village in the plain. But visitors would be well advised to choose either of the other two routes, — the one from the southeast and Partenkirchen, which gives a beautiful ascent through woods to Ettal, and so through the Ettal valley, with entrance by the mountain gateway of Köfel; or better still, from Reutte by the Plau See and the Ammerwald to Linderhof and the fair wide pastures of the Ammerthal to the same southern gate above spoken of. Coming by this route, one is greatly surprised by the sudden appearance of the great gray throne of rock which springs out of the Köfelberg woods and is marked by a cross at the summit. One drives forward by a road which will one day be overshadowed by sycamore and wild ash trees, — by the side of the Ammer stream as clear as crystal, — surmounts a small moraine, and finds one's self at the entrance to the village. A straight road, bordered by clean but not specially picturesque houses, all of one model, half house and half barn, leads past the wood-carving school, to the church, and so to the heart of the village.

It is sound advice to ask tourists to come a day or two before the play, that they may see something of the village life and the surrounding scene. No one should go away without visiting the great Benedictine monastery, which rose at the wish of the king of Bavaria from the foundation stone laid by him in 1330, and which grew up at the foot of the Ettaler-mandl to be a temple of the Holy Grail, with an order of knightly monks

and priests to guard the little sacred statue of the Madonna and Holy Child.

Black is the cupola of the church that Jacob Zeidler and Martin Knoller adorned with frescoes, and black is the roofing of the tower hard by, — a fit memory of the fire which reduced convent abbey and library and church to ashes in the year 1744.

Entering the gate of the great barn-like building in front of the church, one finds the builders hard at work, and realizes that St. Benedict's order is not dead yet, and is to return to its own again, even at the risk of displacing a local brewery which has of late been brewing beer for other than monkish use there.

The second walk which all should take is one over the Ammer, across the fields by the votive grotto, through the woods, and up the steep zigzag ascent which leads at last to the top of the Köfel. From thence one gets a surprising view of the far-off plain and the near valleys, and one is able to realize what a long walk and chanting of litany there will be for the people of Unter Ammergau tomorrow — the day before the first performance of the Passion Play — who will attend early mass in the parish church.

It may seem fantastic, but one could not help observing how curiously like a cross in the green meadows the little village lay below us, and how like a silver chain, to link that cross to the great country beyond, the Ammer seemed to flow.

As for the cross on Köfel itself, insignificant as it appears from below, one could not but admire the labor of love which must have gone to the setting up of this vast tin-covered spar which gleams like gold in the sunlight.

There is another reason for going to Ober-Ammergau a few days before the play. One is able to see the actors going about their work, as if nothing were going to happen. Why should they be nervous or troubled? They have been rehearsing every night since October. There is not a child that does not know

the exact angle at which it will hold its hand or head in the tableaux-vivants, and how entirely the thought of the village is wrapped up in the Passion Play is shown by their speech. Christian names and surnames have dropped out of use; they talk of this man as Caiaphas, that as Pilate. "This is the house of Christ-tus." "There lives the Angel of Paradise." If you want a particular piece of pottery you must go to Herod for it, for a particular piece of carving you must go to St. John, and so on.

On the morning before the play, at six o'clock, I heard the chanting of a solemn litany, and went forth to find three groups — men, women, and children — passing with their banners and crosses to early mass. Weather-worn, wizened faces, very unlike the dwellers at Ober-Ammergau they seemed. They were the peasants of the other Ammergau in the plain. They trudged in to the service, and I saw them trudging back; there was a calm upon their faces it was a joy to see.

On the evening of the same day the fire brigade passed down the street in all the glory of belted axe and brazen helmet; at eight o'clock they came back through the village with the Passion Play band, — trumpets and drums in full blast. It was an old custom, and it did one's heart good to see the little drummer lads in Tyrolese costume going before, and the trumpeters following after.

Next morning there was high mass in the church at six o'clock. Priests, gorgeously habited, at five altars seemed to be constantly repeating their solemn rites; clouds of incense, ringing of bells, mixed with the sound of organ and singers in the two-storied gallery at the west end. The only person that seemed unmoved was old St. Amandus, whose skeleton lay in jeweled robes, with his hand to his head as if in thought, above one of the altars on the south side of the church. I watched the crowd gather and disperse after that service. I do not think I have

ever seen more devotion or earnestness in the faces of praying men and women than I then saw.

Men bespattered from head to foot with mud and mire — people who looked as if they had lain out in the open the night before — were among the motley crowd, which unsuspectingly faced the recording angel of an enterprising American who had come with intent to cinematograph the Passion Play, and who, I believe, met with obstinate refusal on the part of the authorities.

At 7.30 a gun was fired, and the audience began to assemble at the Passion Theatre. Punctually at eight another gun was heard, and the play began.

With splendid dignity the aged speaker of the Prologue, Josef Mayr, whose head winter-white and surmounted with a golden crown towered above all his followers, walked staff in hand, and led the chorus on to the stage from our left; at the same moment, issuing from the right wing, came the second half of the chorus, led by Jacob Rütty the blacksmith. They stood seventeen on each side of the Prologue, in a line slightly curved with the ends toward the audience. They were clad in gold-bordered white dresses, with colored cloaks also gold bordered and clasped across the breast. The colors of these cloaks, blue, crimson, brown, green, pink, purple, etc., were arranged in the same order on both sides the central figure, who was in white and gold. Here, as throughout the performance, one noticed what care had been given to the color arrangement. The figures on either side Josef Mayr were in bright scarlet, and so kept the eyes of the audience upon him; as for their ears, his own dramatic power and elocution sustained attention from first to last, through recitations which must have occupied two hours. If Mayr was great as the Christus ten years ago, he was greater this year as speaker of the Prologue.

Not the least surprising part of the

chorus was the use they made of their hands, and the lifting up of the mantles to give emphasis to the music. No doubt at times one felt the chorus thin, and wished the parts could have been less divided; the sopranos on the left were so far from the altos one lost the blend which in the fine chorals is so much needed. At times one wished the music had in itself been stronger, notably in the Hallelujah Chorus at the end; but, taking it all in all, one was astonished that a little village of fifteen hundred people could supply such music or such voices for the four hours' task of chorus singing.

There, as we sat in the vast theatre, one felt with what exquisite effect the gray-blue hillside, white cloud, and sunny sky which seemed to hang like a curtain over the houses of Caiaphas and Pilate added a feeling of open air and reality to all the scenes enacted; and yet one must confess to a wish that something could have been done to prevent the flood of light which interposed between the auditorium and the inner stage from throwing the latter into such dark shadow that the tableaux at times were almost invisible; and one would strongly advise the people who ask for first places to take care to sit as near to the stage as possible in that block of seats, and take good opera-glasses.

Three things struck one as the performance went forward: first, that the tableaux-vivants were the most remarkable part of the spectacle. Imagine a tableau with as many as six hundred persons on the stage at once, two hundred of them children, in which movement is so absolutely invisible that you might believe the whole picture was modeled in wax. This was the case in the tableaux, *The Giving of Manna in the Wilderness*, *The Return of the Spies from Canaan*, *The Serpent in the Wilderness*, and *Joseph in Egypt*.

One noted that in most of the minor tableaux there had been considerable

changes since 1890. The angels, though they were substantial, had lost their wings, and generally there had been a simplification, not without good results. A master hand at scenic effect had evidently been called in. One regretted, however, the introduction of a badly drawn Sphinx and Pyramid in the desert scene of *The Serpent in the Wilderness*; the Sphinx was as untrue to reality there as was the action of shaking hands by way of Eastern salutation by the actors in some of the principal scenes. One could not help wishing that certain of the tableaux had been altogether omitted. *The Departure of Tobias from his Home* left one almost in doubt as to which of the figures represented Tobias. *The lamenting Bride of the Canticle* — though it gave a good opportunity for grouping a floral display — did not tell its story; and the *Affliction of Job*, and *Isaac going to be Sacrificed* were ineffective; whilst the tableau of *Joseph in Egypt*, though it was certainly a fine piece of coloring, seemed to be inharmonious with that part of the *Passion Play* in which it occurred.

The second noticeable feature was the marvelous art of crowd-management and crowd-arrangement: the opening scene of *Christ's Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem*, and the scene where the four crowds meet on the day of the uproar in Jerusalem to declaim against the Christ and to demand his death before the Governor, were vivid and natural beyond words.

It is quite true there was an absence of that hum that one hears in an angry crowd which is always an undertone or accompaniment to its cries, but with that exception nothing could have been more dramatically real or indicative of more perfect care in its arrangement.

Here, again, the sense of color was evident. If never before in the annals of the *Passion Play* such gorgeous dresses had been worn by the actors, it is also true that never before had such wonderful color harmony been observed. I

heard that though the dresses had been designed in Munich, all had been made in the village during the winter months. The little village can add dressmaking to the list of high arts it practices.

The third thing noticeable in the performance was the calm dignity and simplicity of all the players. There was no stage walk. When Judas came alone upon the scene, or when the "beloved disciple" walked down the street in search of Peter, they seemed perfectly unconscious that a vast crowd was gazing upon them. All was done with absolute naturalness and quiet. It seemed in truth as if all were possessed with one great idea which for the moment blotted out the world.

Of the scenes which were represented perhaps the most striking were the Triumphal Entry of Christ into Jerusalem, The Parting at Bethany, The Last Supper, The Agony in the Garden, The Despair of Judas, Jesus condemned to Death, The Way of the Cross, and The Crucifixion; the least satisfactory were the scenes of the Resurrection and the Ascension. One wondered how it was that the scene of Christ appearing to Mary in the Garden, after his Resurrection, and his appearing to his disciples and Mary Magdalene were omitted. The power of the Resurrection, its reality and its joy, were not preached at the Passion Play of the Ammergau. One almost wished after seeing the rather tame ending of the play that the curtain had finally dropped after the Descent from the Cross.

But who that saw it could ever forget the pathos of the Parting at Bethany? Rather unsatisfactory as the women's voices and acting were throughout the play, here all that was womanly in Christ as well as in those loving sisters and all that was tender in the hearts of men came to the front. There was hardly a tearless face in that great audience. All wept with those who grieved at Bethany. Great as was the pathos of this scene, it

was almost surpassed by that of the Christ washing the feet of his disciples. The way in which he slightly lingered as he washed the feet of Judas, with a lingering that pleaded against those feet so swift to shed his blood, must have struck every one.

Six actors stand out head and shoulders above the rest: Caiaphas the High Priest, taken by Sebastian Lang the verger. If I had been a Jew, I think I could not forgive him for having made his part in Christ's death so hateful. Dathan, the young informer, in his yellow robe of spite and envy. Peter, taken by Thomas Rendl the wood carver, one of the oldest of the players, whose fine face reminded one strangely of Lord Leighton, the late president of our English Royal Academy, and who, clad in a blue robe with yellow peplon, was always a noticeable figure, — always to the front. John, who for the second time was admirably personated by Peter Rendl, the son of Thomas Rendl, and who was distinguished by a green robe and crimson mantle, and whose appearance as well as his tender acting must have impressed all; Judas, and the Christus.

Of these last two one must speak particularly. Judas was played for the second time by Johann Zwink. Except for some slight want of clearness in his enunciation, the acting of this man with the pouch in his girdle and his yellow and orange robe of jealousy and spite, his keen and restless eyes, his shaggy hair, his haggard face and snakelike movements, was dramatic and real to the last degree. Forcible from first to last, one must speak of him as the genius of the whole caste. Those who saw his representation of the character of the man who so bitterly betrayed and so bitterly repented went home with hearts that ached for Judas.

Of the Christus one must say, as one can say truthfully of the St. John, that nature had been very kind to him. The long, flowing locks, the delicate col-

or, the fair eyes, the refined character of the face, all helped to make Anton Lang the potter *look* the part, and the personal character of the man, as I heard it described by villagers who knew him, made him feel it and *act* it with dignity and devotion. Those who had seen Mayr take the same part on any of the three former occasions might well have been pardoned if they had felt doubts as to the successful representation of Christ by any other villager of Ober-Ammergau. Truly there must be a Divinity which shapes the end of that village, that generation after generation there should be born into it men who can so look as well as so act the traditional parts of Christ and his beloved disciple!

In some minor matters it is certain that as the play goes on the Christus will be seen to more advantage. He is a young man, only twenty-five, and ten years of life's experience will give him something of the force of Josef Mayr; but as it is, throughout the whole play there was such quiet, such simplicity, and such tender earnestness as made one feel that the one man in the village to-day who could personate the Christ had been fitly chosen, and that the mantles of former Christs had fallen upon him.

I chanced to see Anton Lang at early mass on the morning of the performance. He seemed rapt in the service, and when he left the church he walked as in a dream; others chatted, but he walked straight on without a word, and it seemed

to me that men moved aside and left a way for him as if they felt that he were almost more than man, or at least as if on this day, at any rate, he was moving in another world, and they knew it and felt it.

People sometimes speak with bated breath of the probable effect upon the religious life, for both actor and spectator, of such a play as this at Ober-Ammergau. One saw enough of its effect upon apparently careless young tourists, who had come because their mothers wanted to see it, to make one realize that for the careless there is wholesome medicine at Ober-Ammergau, and the chronicles of the village life of the past generation, so far as one could learn them, made one come away feeling that as far as the actors are concerned nothing but good is the result. In spite of this, one shudders to think of the future: Ober-Ammergau with its old simplicity is Ober-Ammergau no more. Hotel proprietors, Munich merchants, tourist agencies and a railway, kodaks, and cinematograph machines are disturbing factors that have to be reckoned with.

The almost insolent familiarities that one saw taken by thoughtless foreigners with the village folk, the flatteries and adulations lavished upon the actors by excited and admiring crowds, are likely to destroy the self-respect and simplicity of the people, and to poison the atmosphere in which alone can grow the life and character which render the Passion Play possible.

H. D. Rawnsley.

RECENT AMERICAN FICTION.

It has been noted as one of the signs of a healthy literary epoch in any land when its authors of the second rank — those, that is, who have just missed the great rewards, and fallen short of the

widest renown — write remarkably well. Books have their luck, no doubt, — their auspicious or malignant star, — no less than people. To be undistinguished is happily not always to lack distinction,

and there are certain kinds of distinction sure not to be appreciated by an enormous number of readers, in any country under the sun. The books whose vogue is greatest have usually, no doubt, great merit of some kind to justify their celebrity; as "the rose that all are praising" is a genuine triumph of horticulture. But it is not always the mammoth splendors of the prize blossom which are most interesting to the botanist, or most redolent of the native soil.

These, and a few less obvious reflections, have been suggested by the perusal of three new American novels, all having technical excellence of an uncommon order, and two of them at least giving the reader food for grave reflection after the book is laid aside.

Unleavened Bread,¹ by Robert Grant, is a tale of no great literary charm, but it is marked by a refreshing absence of conscious and obtrusive literary effort. The "optic nerve" is as resolutely "starved" in these ruthless pages as Henry James told Robert Louis Stevenson that it was in the otherwise superb story of *Catrina*. Stevenson replied that this was exactly what he found himself aiming at in his writing, and more and more sedulously as time went by. "I hear people talking," he wrote from Samoa, exactly one year before his death. "I *feel* them acting; and that seems to me to be fiction. My two aims may be described as: (1) War to the adjective, and (2) death to the optic nerve. Admitted that we live in an age of the optic nerve in literature, for how many ages did literature get along without it?"

What Stevenson did with deliberation, on the easily abused principle of *art for art*, the author of *Unleavened Bread* seems to have done involuntarily, under compulsion of a strenuous purpose; which, nevertheless, he is too can-

ny to avow as a purpose, and which hardly reveals itself as such to the reader until near the end of the book. This latest production of the writer, who began his career in the seventies by the rollicking satire of *The Little Tin Gods on Wheels*, and who has written a goodly number of more or less telling books since then, is chiefly remarkable for the masterly presentment of the central female figure; a figure as new to fiction as it is, unhappily, true to fact. Mr. Grant's heroine, Miss Selma White, marries a prosperous tradesman in a fast expanding Middle Western city, — chiefly to escape the drudgery of school-keeping. She is a very pretty girl, with a delicacy of feature and of coloring that strangely belies the essential commonness of her mind and hardness of her nature. Yet that mind is a busy and aspiring one, and she is informed by a delightful conceit of herself as a typical American maiden congenitally superior to social distinctions, though fitted to adorn any station. The duties and constraints of married life soon become quite as irksome to her as those of the provincial schoolroom. Her capacity for affection is curiously small, — an irritable and overweening vanity being the motive of most of her actions; and she is fain to lull the unpleasant feelings excited by the unexpected discovery, even in Benham, of a presumably worldly and wicked upper circle of society into which she cannot penetrate by becoming the inspired reciter, in *bourgeois* parlors, of — "Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" and the fluent exponent at women's clubs of advanced views upon subjects of which she knows next to nothing. When her baby — the only child she ever bore — has died of croup, owing to her preoccupation with a club-meeting, and when her husband has sought to console himself for his disappointments as a husband and father by a rueful return to the coarse dissipations of his bachelorhood, Selma

¹ *Unleavened Bread*. By ROBERT GRANT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1900.

snatches at the pretext afforded her for obtaining a divorce on the ground of unfaithfulness, and begins life anew as a journalist. She will henceforth be that "representative woman, independent and pure," who lives gladly by her wits rather than submit to marital degradation; and the leaders of the emancipated sisterhood receive her with open arms. But newspaper work proves hard work too, and Selma soon escapes from its bondage by a second marriage with a refined and honorable, but over-susceptible, and surely rather weak young New York architect. This abrupt second marriage of the heroine is the weakest point in an otherwise inflexibly straight and mainly convincing story. The real Wilbur Littleton would not thus have married the young *divorcée* out of hand, and sprung her as a bride, almost without warning, upon the sympathetic and high-minded sister who had hitherto presided over his modest apartment, and quietly but incalculably furthered his promising professional career. Howbeit, Pauline Littleton accepts her sudden displacement with impeccable good breeding, and Selma enters upon her New York life which proves to be but a repetition upon a broader stage of her early experience in Benham. The careless magnificence of the inaccessible caste is even more obvious and offensive here than it had been in the lesser city, and Selma, while denouncing with all the acrid eloquence, of which she is now a ready mistress, the frivolity and treachery to "the American idea" of million-airessdom generally, treasures every real and fancied affront for explicit vengeance, in that coming day of her own social ascendancy which the self-righteous and soulless little schemer plainly foresees. Her second husband presently dies of pneumonia complicated by a broken heart, whereupon she shakes the dust of naughty New York from her impatient feet, and returns to Benham; a young and handsome woman still, with

the aplomb of a widow, and having the five thousand dollars of poor Wilbur Littleton's life insurance wherewith to begin fresh operations. These culminate before many months are over in a third marriage, to the Hon. James O. Lyons, a rising politician and a reputed capitalist, with a serious and pompous mien, and a large following in the Methodist connection. How Selma furthers this man's ends that she may gain her own; how she flatters all his meaner instincts and helps him to strangle the vague outcry of his elementary conscience, deriding his dim perception of the point of honor and the sacredness of a pledge by impious appeals from the "religion of this world" to the supposed sanctions of a disembodied state; how at last she sees in the ill-gotten victory which has landed him in the United States Senate an indubitable sign that Providence has ranged itself on their side, — all this may be read and studied with profit in the grim pages of *Unleavened Bread*. The portrait, whose lines are bitten with so corrosive an acid, is almost worthy to be hung beside Becky Sharp; yet not for one moment do we suspect it to be a personal sketch. In its deep vulgarity and startling verisimilitude it is still the picture of a type; a sort of combination photograph. This unfeeling, unlovely, uncultured, and self-bounded being is only too truly what she exulted to describe herself, — the representative woman of a wide social section in our commonwealth. The point and sting of the whole sordid history lies in this: that that graceless travesty of a statesman, James Lyons, is not merely "one of our conquerors," but the most potent of them all in the hour that now is, and that Selma is the conqueror of him.

The title of our next book, *The Voice of the People*,¹ would seem to suggest that we are still in the region of types,

¹ *The Voice of the People*. By ELLEN GLASGOW. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1900.

tendencies, and social problems. Yet except for its underlying thoughtfulness, and for the condemnation implied rather than pronounced, in the closing chapters, of some of our prevalent political methods, — the latest work of Miss Glasgow has little in common with *Unleavened Bread*. For this is a true romance, a simple, and wholly probable, yet admirably wrought and deeply affecting story. It actually essays, for a wonder in any novel of the year 1900, to portray a grand passion; the tyrannous and consuming passion of a great man of low origin for a bright, alluring, but, as the event proves, quite ordinary woman in a rank of life above his own. The *Voice of the People* comes to us from the latitude whence we get all our best imaginative work in these days, the region along Mason and Dixon's happily obliterated line, — that most hotly contested and grievously devastated battleground of the great civil war. Surely there must have lurked in the ashes of that burning — *tot funera!* — a wonderful enrichment of soul and enlargement of vision for the generation that was to grow up there after the fight was lost and won! The best of the apologues they bring us are so broadly based upon the final certainties of life and morals, so clear of all bookish affectation and sophistication, so lightly encumbered by material flummery! Not that the optic nerve is by any means "starved" in Ellen Glasgow's tale. The scenery of her drama is always vividly present to the writer's mind, and she manages with a few strokes of a skillful brush to make it equally clear to the reader. Strictly speaking, there is too much landscape in the book; yet it is hard to quarrel with pictures where the color is as discreetly and delicately applied as in this of the old shire town of Kingsborough in Virginia, where the action of the piece begins and ends: —

"A board was nailed on the brick wall (of the court house), bearing in black

marking the name of the white sand street which stretched like a chalk-drawn line from the grass-grown battlefields to the pale old buildings of King's College. The street had been called in honor of a Duke of Gloucester. It was now Main Street and nothing more; though it was still wide and white and placidly impressed by the slow passage of Kingsborough feet. Beyond the court house, the breeze blew across the green, which was ablaze with buttercups. Beneath the warm wind, the yellow heads assumed the effect of a brilliant tangle, spreading over the unploughed common, running astray in the grass-lined ditch that bordered the walk, hiding beneath dusty-leaved plants in unsuspected hollows, and breaking out again under the horses' hoofs in the sandy street. . . . On the hospitable thresholds of 'general' stores, battle-scarred veterans of the war between the states dealt in victorious reminiscences of vanquishment. They had fought well, they had fallen silently, and they had risen without bitterness."

The period of twenty years or so covered by the story embraces the youth and early maturity of the first generation born and bred in Virginia after Lee's surrender, and comes up with the present time. The survivals from the ante-bellum era, — testy old General Battle, the judge who "had not spoken an uncivil word" since the close of the civil war, and who "from having been, in his youth, one of the hopes of his state, had become in its age one of her consolations;" the stately widow of a fallen Confederate warrior, Mrs. Dudley Webb, impenitent and inscrutable; and all the foolish, fond old negroes, whose wool is white, and their elementary speech racy with memories of "dem good old slavin' times," — each one of these obsolescent types is tenderly and reverentially depicted; their personal oddities and anachronisms hit off with wistful, caressing, half-unwilling wit. But if the writer's heart is in the past, her faith, albeit

stripped of illusions and forlorn, is fixed upon the future. The long and groveling agony of the poor white trash, from which her hero springs, is portrayed both with unflinching realism and unfailing sympathy; all the harsh contrasts of the situation softened, and its more cruel aspects half disguised by the curiously pensive and subdued but all-pervading humor which plays over the surface of the narrative like the ruddy twinkle of veiled sunshine upon still waters in a smoky autumn day. The career of the protagonist, Nicholas Burr, is at once a triumph and a tragedy. The ladylove who had fired and fed his young ambition, and who had promised in the ardor of one exalted hour to wait for his victory, forsakes him in the moment of ordeal for a man of her own caste; yet he is governor of the Old Dominion when he meets his untimely end. The lesser actors in the history all fall back before the catastrophe arrives, leaving the rugged figure of the hero outlined in lonely grandeur upon the steps of Kingsborough court house, where he dies by the shot of a fellow townsman, in the vain attempt to defend from the violence of an infuriated crowd the criminal confined within.

A faint reminiscence of the end of Beauchamp's Career is almost the only suggestion of direct influence by any other author which occurs in *The Voice of the People*. The work is not quite a masterpiece, but its noble and impressive dénouement makes it one not easy to forget.

Utterly dissimilar, in tone and intention, to the two novels already mentioned, is *The Touchstone*,¹ by Edith Wharton, of which, however, there can hardly be higher praise than to say that it fully answers the expectations excited by a collection of short stories from the same hand published less than a year ago. The rather enigmatical title of that exceptionally refined *recueil*, *The Greater*

Inclination, explained itself in the course of the book as a scientific metaphor. It meant the slight but conclusive deflection by incalculable circumstance of a trembling and all but equally hung balance of principle and motive. The sketches in question were all fragmentary; episodes or studies in a transient light, never the complete history of any one of the *dramatis personæ*. They were very clever, very subtle, very urbane; quick, too, with the trained and polished wit of a woman of the world. But the author's extreme fastidiousness, her almost morbid fear of overlaying and overworking, prevented her from finishing anything. One or two of the stories ended, and ended effectively enough, in the middle of a sentence. The characters were all taken from the *milieu* of clubs and ballrooms; but within these conventional limits, the novelist found material for the most serious and searching psychological study. She is indeed no mean psychologist, and all the rare qualities of the earlier essays are seen to even heightened advantage in the new book. *The Touchstone* is a more sustained effort than any one of its predecessors, and it is well sustained. The analysis of the hero's mental struggle goes deeper; the ethical conclusion is more unhesitatingly drawn. The simple story need not be repeated here. It was plainly suggested in the first instance by the publication of the *Browning Love Letters*. If *The Voice of the People* is incredibly and almost amusingly innocent of extraneous literary influence, *The Touchstone* is replete with echoes, reflections, reminiscences from the lighter literature of many lands and languages. There is one distinguished contemporary writer, indeed, whose influence is too plain to be overlooked. Mrs. Wharton has sat at the feet of Henry James, and in the way of her art she has unquestionably learned much from him. But she would now do well to rise from her deferential attitude. Better things than

¹ *The Touchstone*. By EDITH WHARTON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1900.

he can inspire are, we believe, within the scope of her still widening possibilities.

The American city whose high life the author of *The Touchstone* has depicted without a trace of vulgarity (no common feat!) is New York; always with fond and respectful reminiscences of Philadelphia. Boston is but a byword there. Turning over our triad of novels yet once again, — the Bostonian's Western tale, and the Southern tale, and the tale of what was once only the chief city of the Middle States but is now the metropolis of the Union, — we are freshly convinced that the Puritan vein and the transcendental vein are both worked out. Let us close the mouth of the echoing shaft, and heartily salute the young workers in less thoroughly explored and apparently richer mines. The life of the Northeastern states is too settled, circumscribed, and safe, it has been too long fat, and "set," and prosperous, to afford the best of dramatic material. If Spain had had the will or the power to bombard the cities of the New England seaboard in the summer of 1898, we might have had some strong novels of New England life in the next generation. As it is, we must wait a little longer.

Let it be said at once that Mr. James Lane Allen, in his latest novel, *The Reign of Law*,¹ has maintained that tone of high seriousness and idealism which marks him off from the knowing and sophisticated brothers of his craft. It is something to have still a writer who is not afraid to "let himself go," in Southern abandon, with "Oh, the roses!" Mr. Allen frequently yields himself to this simple emotional overflow, without once stopping to consider whether it be literary "good form," or whether some smart penman, survivor of all illusions, will laugh at him for an innocent estray. And in the matter of close and interpretative study of nature, which, when

all is said, is Mr. Allen's chief note and distinction, his mastery in this volume is as convincing as it was in *The Choir Invisible*. "When every spring, welling out of the soaked earth, trickles through banks of sod unbarred by ice." "The fall of the hickory nut, rattling noisily down through the scaly limbs and scattering its hulls among the stones of the brook below." One is tempted to quote a thousand such sentences of a poet *manqué*. For all this, and for Mr. Allen's firm and vivid rendering of life in Kentucky field and farmhouse, there can be nothing but praise. Direct methods, a pathos unafraid, a fine ideal strain throughout — such things are not so common in an age delighted with its own cleverness as not to make us grateful to a man who can blow Mr. Allen's "thrilling summons."

And yet! From the standpoint of art, what an odd thing is Mr. Allen's proem, or overture, or whatever he calls it! Twenty-three pages about Hemp (his sub-title is *A Tale of the Kentucky Hemp Fields*), for all the world like disparate notes swept together and so got off his hands. Here are history and trade statistics, a farmer's annual and shipping records, the decay of an industry and the decline of the American merchant marine, all jumbled together and shot through with touches of exquisite description of nature. It is a daring novelty, and one feels like urging Mr. Allen never to venture it again. To any other writer the critic would declare that it meant instant wreck. Even from our lofty natures, our prose-poets, we demand something like wholeness of structure, continuity of texture; and these we certainly feel to be imperiled in *The Reign of Law* at the very start.

The theology in Mr. Allen's book (and there is an infinite deal of it) has anachronism written on its face. Darwinian before Darwin, the author shows us *The Descent of Man* read and working havoc in Kentucky some three years

¹ *The Reign of Law*. By JAMES LANE ALLEN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1900.

(for he realistically sets down the date) before it was actually published. This is but a hint of his violent reading backwards of later theological conditions into the decade following the civil war. At that time evolutionary theory had not got beyond the stage of being laughed at as ridiculous, even among our most bustling *intellectuels*. The later stage — you remember Archbishop Whately's *mot*, of being read out of the court of reason because contradicted by the Bible — surely came years later in Kentucky. But we must not press this, inasmuch as Mr. Allen's publishers have in his behalf loftily disdained the idea of pinning him down to dates! Unluckily, he began the pinning to dates. There are other indications, however, of his wandering in a theological world not realized. He tells us of "ministers of the gospel" who "read in secret in their libraries" the "new thought of the age," and who "locked the books away when their church officers called unexpectedly." This is pure mistake. What would really be done with the books would be to hold them up, with the triumphant cry, "None of these things move me!"

Mr. Allen is apparently unacquainted with that numerous class of the clergy who boast themselves immune to every microbe of unbelief that stalketh in darkness; who go to German Universities and return proudly unscathed; and who, far from locking up Darwin and Huxley and Renan, carry them boldly into the pulpit for purpose of triumphant "refutation." Many and strange theological professors have winged their mysterious flight in fiction, but none so weirdly unnatural to us as Mr. Allen's. Theological love-making has been essayed before, but his David's discoursing to Gabriella is of a fearful and wonderful kind, which certainly shows that she loved him else she would have fled screaming with laughter.

Yet even this, Mr. Allen is able to carry off. Pick out absurdities as you will, the total impression remains wholesome and beautiful. We can but close as we began, with thanking Mr. Allen for having, when all deductions are made, revealed himself once more as a novelist who, for nobleness of conception and delicacy of execution, stands head and shoulders above his fellows.

TO ROBERT AND ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I.

O MATED souls, that through the blissful deeps
 Of heaven on heaven wing your ethereal way,
 Know ye how Love on earthly shores to-day
 For your true sake his feast in triumph keeps?
 Know ye how all the world of lovers heaps
 Its garlands on the living words that aye
 The holy passion of your vows shall say
 Till Song itself to gray oblivion creeps?
 The alpha and omega of the heart;
 The perfect scale, to its first note returning;
 Each fond detail, each jot of life or art,
 Touched with the fire upon the altar burning!

While Genius smiles, a happy prisoner, caught
In silver iterance of one sweet thought.

II.

Our modern Muse hath fever in her veins ;
Her lips, alas ! have known the tainted springs ;
We turn afresh to where your fountain flings
Its crystal challenge to all drougts and stains.
Your white ideal, crowned with the truth, remains
Steadfast amid the shock of baser things ;
Your love the golden seal of witness brings
To Nature's charter pure, whereto man strains.
Ah, if the mighty quests that now possess you
Permit one pause of earth-revealing sight,
Surely the blessing ye have wrought must bless you,
A keener glow inform the heavenly light,
Some finer echo of our praise must ring
In those infinitudes where Love is king !

Marion Pelton Guild.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MIST.

THE Mystery of the mist is calling me
Across the marshes' silvery solitudes,
By phantom inlets and gray bordering woods
To surging silence of a hidden sea.

Swathed in a twilight haze of amethyst,
Beyond the salty sedges lies the verge
Of immemorial oceans' endless surge,
Entranced by the still Mystery of the mist.

Her hair, fog-woven, gleams across my gaze,
I touch her garment by the silent sea,
And would behold the face of Mystery,
Close-clouded in the tender purple haze.

Low whispered voices of her wildering spell
Allure me softly to the tremulous brink
Of waters wide and strange, where souls may sink
In waves mist-mantled, arms invisible.

If I could sway the curtain of the night,
And pierce the vapory darknesses that rise
To hide the revelation in her eyes,
Soft quivering on the very marge of sight ;

The Quiet.

If I might disenchant the spellbound space,
 To see beyond the veil that may not move
 For mortals; if my soul and sense could prove
 The beauty of her mist-enfolded face;

Perchance her loving penalty would be
 To lay a darkness on my earthly sight,
 And lead me forth to lands of other light
 Far out beyond these marshes by the sea.

Katharine Coolidge.

THE QUIET.

Now the roads, hushed with dark,
 Lead the homeward way,
 I will rest; I will hark
 What the weeds can say:
 Wondering in the afterglow, —
 Heart's-ease of the day.

One day more, one day more;
 Ay, if it were new! . . .
 There the city smoke goes soft,
 Melting in the blue;
 And the highways, vexed with dust,
 Heal them in the dew.

Am I wise, — am I dull
 To put off despair,
 But because the mist floats up
 From the pastures there,
 Like a fellow breath of toil,
 Warm upon the air?

One day more, — one day more.
 Ay, and what to come?
 Nothing answers, though I doubt,
 All the trees are dumb:
 But the primrose stands alight,
 And the flocks are home.

Underneath the little moon,
 Sharp and sweet to see,
 All the warm, listless herbs
 Send a breath to me;
 And the fields bide in peace,
 Harvest-time to be.

Still the shadows close and come,
Like a tranquil herd,
And the summer twilight broods
Steadfast as a bird;
And the brook tells her quest,
By the silver word.

Still the murmurs overflow,
Fold me with a spell;
And the distance sends a call,
Dimly, in the bell: . . .
When to pipe,—when to weep,
Do I know so well?

I have seen drought and dearth,
Yet the Spring's secure;
And the work was lone and long,
But the past is sure.
And the hilltops see beyond,
And the stars endure.

Often when the thing I wrought
Wore not as I would,
When my need had left me bare
To the season's mood,
Yet the heavy heart in me
Saw that it was good.

I have seen Joy take leave
In a bitter guise:
Griefs have had a smile for me,
When I met their eyes.
Shall I know with what new gift
Life may make me wise?

Be it savors of the dusk
Soothe my care in me,
Or the trees, that bid me wait
What the hills foresee,
There the fields bide in peace
Harvest yet to be.

O, the wiser way of them!
Doubt has nought to say:
Shall I reason deeper, I,
Moulded from the clay?
Rather will I trust the dark,
Heart's-ease of the day.

Josephine Preston Peabody.

PRAIRIE TWILIGHT.

AUTUMN winds o'er a prairie floor,
 Waving wheat, as the sea,
 Wide peace, part of the Evermore,
 Limitless sky, and Thee.

A drowsy stir, a call afar,
 Somewhere a birdling dreams.
 Then pink in the twilight, one lone star —
 And, oh, how near God seems!

Mary Baldwin.

OF LIBERTY.

WHAT magic have our shores, that men repair
 Hither on every ship that threads the seas, —
 The Russian from his snows, the Piedmontese,
 The dweller by the banks of Po and Ayr?
 Are not the stars as bright, the skies as fair,
 That glass themselves in Volga's wave and Dee's?
 Hath spring no singing flocks? Doth not the breeze
 In summer evenings waft sweet odors there
 As it doth here? Ay, but a spirit dwells
 Within our land that long ago hath fled
 Those ancient countries. Liberty! 't is she
 That paints with wonder all our woods and dells,
 And with an aureole rings each mountain's head,
 And writes a morning freshness on the sea.

Within this land a spirit sleeps of might,
 And will not wake, though it has slumbered long.
 Would it were mine to rouse it with a song!
 Alas! not such my hope, to touch with light
 That darkened brow, to win those eyeballs sight.
 For more melodious tongues and souls more strong
 Before those listless ears have suffered wrong,
 And vainly sung and vanished into night.
 Yet men in former days, remembered well,
 Beheld those orbs as with twin lightnings glow,
 And that great brow illumed, when Sumter fell
 Or Lincoln spoke. Dear God, what voice must be,
 What iron trump of war or hate must blow,
 To wake again the soul of Liberty?

William Prescott Foster.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

ONE of the great American magazines, not so very long ago, in discussing the relations between editor and author, took as a text the following sentence: "There never was a time in the history of American literature when it has seemed more needful to insist upon Art and always Art as a requisite to the only 'success' worth having." All must say Amen to this pronouncement. Why then is this insistence so necessary, so imperative? May an outsider, who is not an editor, and but barely an author, bring forward a few questions bearing on the subject? It is mere justice to preface remarks on this matter by an explicit recognition of the intelligent, steady, and high-minded support, moral and material, which a few of the better magazines have given to the cause of true art and of true literature from the very beginning, and to note that this support is more freely given year by year.

Instead of dealing with wide and hence vague general principles let us begin with a few specific instances.

How is it, for example, that we do not possess, in America, a magazine which will accept an article, no matter how important, which contains as many as fifteen thousand words? I suppose the statement to be a fact. Is it not true that St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians would be found too long for such a magazine, and returned to the writer for condensation? Is it not also true that some religious, artistic, and literary questions absolutely require for their adequate treatment at least fifteen thousand words, and moreover absolutely require to be read at a single sitting in order to preserve their literary value?

Is it not a fact that the policy of our magazines is, in this respect, modeled rather on the non-literary newspaper

than on the literary review? Do not our leading periodicals actually shut their doors upon all articles which are too short for a book and "too long for the magazine"? And, in just so far, do they not discourage literature by prescribing a rigid form — a limit — by turning an hourglass?

And the next question is why is this limitation set? Is it for artistic reasons? Is it not, rather, that commercial success is supposed to be endangered by printing long articles? that it is taken for granted that the average reader must be supplied with literature of a certain type — or length — that his food must be cut up into convenient morsels? Does the author, in fact, have artistic freedom? Can an American writer find a magazine which will print for him articles of the length (supposing them to have the quality) of those regularly accepted by the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, for example? Ought he not to have the freedom of his colleagues in Europe?

So much for the comparatively unimportant matter of the trammels set upon literature by arbitrary prescriptions as to mere length. There is very much more to be said (though I shall hardly do more than to suggest it) as to the freedom of the author to choose his own subject and to treat it in his own way. Here, perhaps, the motto of the editor may be "*L'art pour l'art*," but his practice is widely different. It is beyond a doubt that, on the Continent, there is great freedom in the choice of subject and great latitude allowed in the manner of treating it; that in England, almost any subject may be discussed provided the manner is conventional; that in America the choice of subject and the choice of method are more restricted than in any other country.

It seems to be clear, however, that if American writers were free—or more free—as in England or on the Continent, we should obtain more manuscripts; that what was offered would be far more original and valuable, being untrammelled; that while some of it would unquestionably be of an undesirable sort (and hence to be rejected), yet the mass of the manuscripts offered would be of a higher, more veracious, more original and intrinsic quality; and finally that there would be likelihood of finding among them those masterpieces for which, to-day, we sigh in vain. The writings of to-day are, in general, only pale reflections of what the author remembers of experiences previously told in books; they are not the children of experience in living, but the weak progeny of one book by another.

“Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room”

because they are tired of too much liberty, but does not the breed of authors fret, and is it not because they have not and have never had freedom,—freedom to be themselves and to express themselves?

In one word, is not an author to-day more or less in the position of a musician to whom it is prescribed that he shall write in $\frac{4}{4}$ time, in the key of C major, in sonata form, on one of a set of themes selected for him by others?

The problem of providing the freedom that seems to be needed is immensely complex, but it should not be given up in despair, or solved by merely conventional rules, as at present. It seems, however, to be beyond question, that even our best magazines do not allow sufficient liberty in these matters, and that, in this respect, they are now hindering the development of American literature and of American life, greatly as they are helping them in other ways. If the facts are as stated, why are they so? Do not these and other limitations depend finally upon merely commercial considerations? Is not Art, in fact, put to one side to serve Mammon?

I know a periodical which counts its subscribers by hundreds of thousands which will not risk the loss of a hundred by printing an article, otherwise pronounced to be wholly satisfactory, in which the doctrine of Evolution is assumed as true. The editors, the directors, the very office boys, admit that doctrine, but there is a haunting fear of some shadowy subscriber in the middle West who might be offended. “The policy of the office” is to be colorless. But to have literature or art you must have a basis of belief (whether the belief is right or wrong), and belief has color. It has been found—we have brilliant instances of it among our great magazines—that astonishingly useful work may be done inside of the most restricted limits. The editor feels the pressure, and decides that the articles which he prints must fall within these limits. When so much can be done and has been done within these safe walls why risk influence and power he says—for mere circulation is an immense power—by going beyond them? The writer feels the pressure also, and he, too, respects the limits; and literature suffers, and art, for art's sake, becomes a mere formula,—honored, perhaps, but not observed.

This “safe” view is not one which is calculated to foster literature in its widest, or in its best sense. To get the best we must grant more freedom, and admit much writing that is not conventional. We must permit—yes, encourage—experiment if we look for improvement.

Is there a remedy for this state of things? I see only two possible exits from the situation. One of them is to add to the established magazines an “Independent Section” (as in the Westminster Review) in which the editor permits any proper person to say any proper thing, without, however, holding himself responsible in the least degree for anything more than mere propriety.

The other is to found a subsidized magazine which is prepared to pay no dividends and to lose large sums monthly for the sake of printing any really good work, no matter whether it is long or short, conventional or not. Such a journal would require much more careful editing than the best magazines which we have now. It should by no means be a refuge for rejected MSS., but it should be ready to print those things to which all of us listen with delight now and then, although we never see them in print. It might take a dozen years of commercial failure to train our writers out of their adherence to the conventions, but in the end it would succeed. I can see the smiles of the stockholders at this suggestion of throwing good money away for an idea. They may be right. But if I were the next millionaire who means to found a college I would stop, and found this subsidized magazine instead. If I were a competent editor, young and robust, I would risk my youth to found it; as I am a mere on-looker I can only engage to subscribe for it when it appears, and to pray for its speedy coming.

It is a feeling, or a fancy, common to many men in all ages, that unhappiness in love and the divine yet fatal gift of song doom the lyric poet, more often at least than other men, to an early death. We like to believe that this is foreshadowed even in the Homeric Achilles, who, alone of the heroes, sings to his own lyre the "glories of men," — and is so soon to fall, at the very gate of the city he thought to capture singlehanded, tricked by a promise of wedlock and peace, slain by Apollo and Paris, who are the eternal types of treachery to love and friendship, and of the lyric gift itself.

The mere fact of early departure from the stage of life, apart from harrowing circumstances or year-long agony like Heine's, need not appear to us altogether cause for repining. A death like Keats's,

indeed, seems bitterest tragedy, the very mockery of human destiny: —

"The Fates shall but reveal him to the world,
Nor longer suffer him to be,"

as Virgil sang of the boy Marcellus. Keats had but trilled his early morning note, assured us that his lute was truly strung: his hand attained the master's firmer touch, — and straightway was relaxed forever.

In less degree, the mourning for Clough was embittered by the same truth: unless the fond confidence of friendship magnified the possibilities of the song he had never sung. And yet, what true lover of the Muses, whether himself voiceless or already blessed with the boon of self-utterance, might not eagerly barter away mere length of days, and time for slow decay, would divine Apollo grant him the power worthily to respond, though but for a single flight of breathless song, to the clear call of Clough's Come, Poet, Come!

And certainly Shelley, a stranger always among men, still a dreamy-eyed and fragile boy at thirty, as he sinks, beaten down by stormy billows, into the deep blue Midland waters he had loved so passionately, the Endymion of his gentle brother minstrel thrust with open page hastily into his bosom, is no occasion for despairing tears. In his verse "he has left his soul on earth." Perhaps he even had an instant in which to realize that the noble words he had uttered of Keats were no less prophetic of himself: —

"He is made one with Nature. There is
heard

His voice in all her music."

Even Körner, at twenty-two, lying dead upon the field of battle, is but one Sword less for the roused Fatherland; and who can doubt that the tones of his patriotic Lyre were glorified and echoed a thousandfold by the tidings of his martyrdom? Over him we can repeat the words Tyrtæus set to a Spartan harp twenty-five centuries ago: —

"For the young man all is becoming,
While in his lovely prime bright is the bloom
of his youth.

Gladly beheld of men is he, and longed-for of
women,

Living : and beautiful still, slain in the van of
the fight ! "

More sad, surely, is his lot, who outlives all the illusions, the dreams, the world-wide hopes of youth, — a fate we almost feared for our Taliessin, "our fullest throat of song," as we listened to the wailing tones of Locksley Hall Sixty Years After.

And saddest of all, ghastlier even than they who fall like Keats, smitten by the shining archer just as their fingers find the magic string, and who "die with all their music in them," — infinitely sadder, I repeat, is the sight of the divinely dowered son of the morning, utterly astray in the paths of this world's wilderness, dim-eyed and paralyzed from the flame of that earthly passion that scorches without purifying, tortured by the agony and shame of sin, and ready to dash down in his despair the gift of song, and life itself, a no less bitter gift.

Such a wasted existence has left most men in doubt whether Poe ever truly heard Apollo's call. Such sin and misery darkened many a day the skies of Ayr above the sturdy peasant singer. Such a tragedy of glorious failure, I suppose, was the brief feverish struggle of De Musset, caught in the maelstrom of the world city. Some who love Heine best would set him, however unwillingly, in the same wretched group. Yet I doubt if in all the ages a sadder, a clearer, a more fearless voice ever spoke to men out of the depths of despair than the voice of Lesbia's lover, the proud Roman boy, Catullus.

But sometimes there arises among men a nature so full of vitality that it can outlive, seemingly even outgrow, the evil which poisons unto death a spirit equally sensitive and of less abounding strength. Such mortals appear not

merely to "suck up sweetness from a sorrow's root," — he is indeed hopelessly weak who never learns *that* lesson, — but even to gather renewed vigor from their own degradation, to see life steadily and see it whole at last.

This is the problem over which, in Hawthorne's romance, the thoughtful sculptor pauses half in awe, while Hilda, the faultless type of Puritanic girlhood, turns from it in horror. "Sin has educated Donatello, and elevated him. . . . Is sin, then, like sorrow, merely an element of human education, through which we struggle to a higher and purer state than we could otherwise have attained ? "

It is this dangerous doctrine which would enable us to see in all the wayward impulses of Goethe's earlier life only a necessary progress through the full cycle of human experience and development. But perhaps here as elsewhere the myriad-minded poet offers the most perfect illustration. The later sonnets, especially such confessions as

"Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,"

reveal, all too clearly reveal, that both woman's love and man's friendship had brought to Shakespeare every bitter lesson which treachery without and a gnawing conscience within could enforce. And yet we might well hesitate to look with unmixed regret upon any lessons which may have gone to the shaping of Hamlet and Othello, Lear and Macbeth. Shakespeare, it would seem, passed steadfastly on toward his artistic maturity, from the very same bitter experience which broke the heart and cut short the days of Rome's clearest singer.

A CLEVER man of the past generation had a standing rule to read nothing later than the time of Queen Anne : "because," he said, "there are quantities of good books — enough for me — before that time ; and if anything important has happened since some one will be sure to tell me." What with the daily newspaper, morn-

Wanted —
A Retro-
spective
Review.

ing and evening, the magazines and reviews, and the multitude of new books of to-day, one is tempted to follow his example and to make a rule of the same sort for one's own reading, and, still more, for the reading of one's children.

The great sayings of one generation have to be repeated for the next. It is in this way that the world's wisdom is transmitted. The great books have to be reprinted, the great music repeated, the great pictures seen again and again.

Why should we not have a monthly or a weekly magazine devoted entirely to the literature, art, and history of past times? Such a review would do systematically what is now done more or less at random. Ask the young men of the entering class at Harvard if they have read *The Spectator*, or any part of it, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Plutarch*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Bacon's Essays*. If these books have not made a part of their school work it is more than likely that they have not been heard of, much less read. Fancy an English-speaking lad who knows nothing of *The Pilgrim's Progress*; there are thousands upon thousands of such lads, sons of intelligent families, too. A few inquiries will convince the most skeptical.

One use of the Retrospective Review, then, would be to reprint from time to time the great books of the world that every American child should know. It is not necessary to reprint the half dozen volumes of the *Arabian Nights*, for example; but the greatest of the *Tales* can be given as an earnest of the rest, — *Hassan of Bussorah*, *Sindbad's Voyages*, *Aladdin*, and the like. Time is short, and I suppose that even *Ivanhoe* can be somewhat abridged without losing the slightest flavor of the original, if the abridgment is done by a skillful hand. Mr. Andrew Lang in his prismatic *Fairy Books* is supposed to have gleaned all the *Fairy Tales* of the world, but there are treasures yet untouched by him in *Oriental literatures*, — and there

is no harm in reprinting an old story if it is going to make a new child happy.

But there are books to be reprinted for the fathers, also, books in foreign tongues as well as in English. Voltaire, for example, is almost unread nowadays, and what a loss! There are a half dozen of his romans that ought to be as familiar to Americans as they are to educated Frenchmen; if they are printed at all they must be given in French, as well as in the best translation one can obtain of his sparkling, crystal-clear style. A hundred other foreign writers could be named whose names are on every one's tongue, but whose works are only read by chance as it were, not regularly and as a matter of course, — Cervantes, Goethe, Pascal, La Bruyère, to name only a few. It would be the business of the Review to present these in translation; and in the original as well, in many cases. Beside the very greatest names there are hundreds of less famous ones that ought to find an intellectual hospitality in such a magazine, — Alfred de Vigny, Stendhal, Le Président des Brosses, Madame de Staël, Vauvenargues, for example. What novel of to-day is as finely romantic as *Corinne*?

It is not only in prose that the Review would serve its purpose, but in poetry also. Every one knows that Sa'di is a great poet, but how many of us can quote a line from his *Rose-Garden*? or from Ronsard? or Villon? or Camoëns? Who would not be grateful for a poem by Dr. Donne to fill up the space at the bottom of a page? Who would not be the better for it? There should be a place for all the fine poetry of the world as well as for all the prose. And after it is so presented there should be a place for critical essays to say why it is fine and how. In essays of the sort the literature of to-day could be taken for granted, and such essays would be the connecting link between actuality and retrospection. Many great essays of this kind already exist, and there will

always be a place for more. History can be treated in the same way, and biography.

In the field of art the Review would be most useful. Let us begin, once more, with the children. Every child ought to be familiar with the great pictures and statues of the world, and there is no child so young that it cannot be interested in the Pallas of Botticelli or the David of Michael Angelo. Every number of the Review ought to present some great picture, or some famous statue, or some fine building. A few pages of text would serve to fix the place of the artist and of his work in their right perspective. Children would never forget pictures seen in this way. The accompanying text might even be welcome to their elders. All of us would be grateful for such retrospections, even if they came somewhat at random. Once in a way something more systematic might be given. The whole work of a great painter might be reviewed. We might have a paper on the Abbeys of England or the Mogul architecture in India. There would be a place for everything. In music it would not be useful to reprint long symphonies or sonatas, but there are gems of song quite unknown to the ordinary collections, that would be welcome here; and might it not be a very useful thing to present Schubert's *Dankagung am Bach* to readers who have never heard anything better than Tosti?

I have proved to my own satisfaction that a Retrospective Review is needed, and that it would be a great success from every point of view. There is not a human being that I know from the children upwards who would not enjoy such a magazine far more than all but the very best of the magazines of today. My Review would, some day, reprint Charles Reade's *Peg Woffington*. I have not read so good a story as *Peg Woffington* in English for twenty years. It would reprint Froissart's *Battle of Cressy*. Nothing that the war corre-

spondents sent from Cuba compares with this. It would reprint Marriner's adventures in the Tonga Islands; Robinson Crusoe is not more interesting. It would reprint Wordsworth's *Ode to Duty*. What modern poet has sung the song we need to hear so well as he? These things, and a thousand more, a Retrospective Review would periodically present to all of us. Can we afford to go on a moment longer without it?

THE other day, in walking along a very public road in Ohio, I came upon the most obtrusive cemetery it has ever been my luck to see. I say cemetery advisedly. For the word has something urban and artificial about it; and this half acre of monuments suggested these qualities and another uglier yet. There was no fence between it and the highway. The names were carved on the roadside of the shining granite shafts, ready to strike the eyes of every passing teamster.

As I looked and wondered at the advertisement of death, there arose in my mind — by the law of contraries — the picture of a little graveyard which fascinated many of the days of my childhood. The countryside was rather ashamed of its unkemptness. When we drove by, my family observed it deprecatingly. But to my awakening imagination it suggested unutterable peace, because it testified of oblivion. Is it not one of the bitter-nesses of death that we leave our little fame for even the smallest locality to disport itself with recklessly? Surely we are not quite dead until the memory of us is dead too. And very early I achieved a perception that it might some time be blissful to be quite dead. The lonely little graveyard held not a mark to identify the resting place of anybody who lay there. Not a name defiled its vagueness. The old Quakers, in their horror of ostentation, had rejected tombstones, and the grassy mounds in disorderly array seemed all alike. It was a place of lost selves.

An old meetinghouse which dated from colonial days stood near among the trees. Otherwise there was no sign of life but the sandy, winding road. Up this road I have wandered in all seasons and weathers. In rain-drenched November there was a gruesome charm in the complete desolation. The mounds lay brown and sodden. Or a mist rose up from the soaked earth to make them dim, while dead briars flapped eerily against the fence for only the dead to hear. On summer afternoons it was beguiling to sit in a corner of the little inclosure, watching the shadows play over the warm grass, as the wind swept softly about in the surrounding trees. The fence, gray and lichen-covered, held its boards lengthwise and close together. Here and there one had fallen off, and tall briars pushed themselves through the opening. Ripening blackberries often nodded sagaciously at me over the top. . . . It was a wonderful place in which to dream dreams, that tiny corner of the world, saturated with inarticulate stories. There were a few legends hanging about it, consisting of isolated incidents rather than of connected tales. With a bone or two, as it were, a characteristic here, an occurrence there, I played at resurrection; reveling in the extent of my possibilities.

There had been one young woman whom tradition held to have died of candles. Her hard old father interpreted existence in terms of work. She was kept at ugly farmhouse toil until the extra burden of candle-moulding laid her low. I always saw her as if in the light of a tallow dip in a dim kitchen, wearing a dun gown which her religion forbade to fit, — grace being counted among the sins, — and with an expression of agonized weariness on her face as she measured and moulded, measured and moulded eternally. She was too tired to love the dawn, too tired to care when the twilight fell gently down again over the wide fields. One day she was too

tired to live, and they put her here beneath the sod. Is she rested yet, I wonder?

A very lovable old worthy used sometimes to come out of his grave at my call. He was rotund and imperturbable. He pursued principles and encountered catastrophes. But what were accidents in the face of a theory to be worked out, a matter to be investigated? The meetinghouse still bore the marks of his most incongruous adventure. It happened when the Friends were all assembled. Tall beavers and long gray bonnets had settled into lines of immobility, and that almost corporeal stillness which is the Quaker ritual held possession of the room, when suddenly there came a crash, flying plaster, and my patriarch, from the ceiling, full upon the astonished company. He had been rationalizing the region under the roof. He had not been careful of his steps. Doubtless he was picked up with reproaches. But I am sure that he felt aggrieved rather than guilty.

Of all the forgotten people, however, I loved one quite the best. She was a young girl, very long ago. She delighted in color. She could sing like a bird. Sometimes she would be seen in the old orchard, decked out in brilliant chintzes, acting a little play to herself. It must have been a pretty sight, under the trees. Occasionally she disappeared at the hour of starting for week-day meeting. Once, horror of horrors! she was discovered reading a story when she should have been dusting a room. Clever little maiden! The great world would have made much of her. In Quakerdom her values were no values at all. Sarah, strong and docile; Ann, an able housewife at eighteen; Susan, who could make one dollar do the work of two; these were the admired ones. Fragile, imaginative Rachel seemed a mischance to her practical family. And she was a mischance; for she craved an enfolding love, she craved beauty. Where was she to find

them? Quakerism, with all its prating about the life of the spirit, is wonderfully careful to eschew the things on which the spirit feeds. Without them Rachel starved. One winter consumption attacked her, they said. She faded all through the spring. In June, the month that she particularly loved, she died. When the neighbors came to look at her body, they were astonished to find her arms full of pink roses. There was much shaking of heads, much objecting in subdued tones to this breach of Friendly simplicity. Her sisters explained that Rachel had wished it so, and their mother could not refuse her. She was buried holding the gorgeous blossoms against her heart. In the dimness of the twilight, was I sometimes sure that my gaze could penetrate time and the sod and reach to the form of the little maid as she lay still palely clasping her roses?

I do not know whether the graveyard of lost selves is yet undisturbed. But it was a comfortable place to be dead in. Insignificance did not receive there the last insult of commemoration, nor did importance flaunt itself. If I were not vowed to the clean flame, I should look to lie in its embrace.

NOT long since we were greatly entertained by a Contributor's account of a friend who was afflicted with "The Malady of Revision." Now if the Contributor be as deeply conversant, as appears, with all the ills that beset the poetic diathesis, he must, at some time or other, have seen his friend when struggling against the immedicable, hypnotic suggestions of the Poet's Mephisto.

I must first confess that I have written verses, and may, therefore, be accredited as acquainted with the methods of this foul fiend who haunts the greenest and fairest spot near the Castalian fountain. I am witness that he can take upon himself many forms, — and

all to the utter demoralization of the hapless muse!

An instance, or two, may serve sufficiently. Not long ago I was contemplating the metrical expression (in easy Wordsworthian stanza) of a charmingly tender and naive idea, when there was a startling whisper in my ear, — "Is n't that line, in its effect, precisely like

'Mary had a little lamb'?"

The innocent was straightway murdered; nor have I ever been able to detach the idea from its fatal connection with the well-worn juvenile bucolic.

Again, Mephistopheles has a most effective trick of appealing to the literary conscience with, "That phrase you have just used is, to all practical purposes, a plagiarism. Strike it out." Very well. The phrase is stricken out. But nothing is found to take its place; and the entire scheme of the poem goes by default.

The latest fiasco into which this hateful demon of the study contrived to deliver me is of a grievous order. Suffice it to say that the theme which absorbed me (I will cheerfully part with it now to any one!) touched upon the fallibility of human forecast in all matters of destiny. Bravely enough I set out (looking toward sonorous hexameters). My initial line ran thus, in part: —

"Little man knows" —

"Yes, yes, of course," interrupted Mephisto at my elbow, —

"'Little man knows' —

that is to say,

'Little man nose;'

or, better still,

'Little Nose Man;'

in fine,

'Man with The Little Nose!'"

The poem on Veiled Destiny never was — never will be — written by this victim of Mephisto!

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXXXVI. — OCTOBER, 1900. — No. DXVI.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA.

ONE who proposes to discuss Chinese affairs may well begin by acknowledging his liability to error. The Chinaman is still an enigma to the Western observer. His motives, his purposes, his beliefs, and still more the grounds of his beliefs are difficult for us to find. On my arrival in China I conferred with a gentleman who had lived there forty years, and who was said to understand the Chinaman better than almost any foreigner did. In answer to my request that he would tell me what he had found the Chinaman to be, he replied: "I have studied him carefully for forty years. Often I have flattered myself that I had sounded the depths of his nature and had come to know him thoroughly. But just as I was rejoicing in complacency over my success, suddenly some new mystery in him revealed itself, and I discovered that my work was not done. I cannot yet with confidence tell you what the Chinaman is. He eludes inspection. He does not like to tell you his deepest beliefs. If he does, and you ask him the reasons for them, about the only thing you can be sure of is that the reasons he gives you are not the real reasons."

A good illustration of the difficulty encountered in studying his beliefs is found in the difference of opinion still existing among missionaries concerning the real nature and import of ancestral worship, which is universally practiced in China.

Among the organizations whose origin, history, and principles it is not easy to gain a thorough knowledge of are the

secret societies in China. Our attention is just now directed to the society known to us by the name of the Boxers, which appears to be the chief agency in carrying on hostilities against foreigners and native converts to Christianity. The Tai Ping rebellion was set on foot by an organization in many respects similar to this. The peace of China has often been disturbed by some of these societies, which seem to have aims, sometimes religious, sometimes political, sometimes of a mixed character. Vigorous measures have often been needed to suppress them. Let me give an illustration.

In 1881 the ablest Chinese general, Tso Tsung Tang, who had fought successfully with the Russians in Kuldja, and had put down a formidable Mohammedan rebellion in the province of Kansuh, came to Peking and was appointed a member of the Tsung-li-Yamen. When he heard of the assassination of the Russian Emperor, Alexander II., he asked one of the European diplomats how the event happened. He was told that the Emperor was killed by Nihilists. "Who are the Nihilists?" he inquired. The European minister replied, "They are a secret society, who aim to kill sovereigns." "Secret society!" said Tso; "they ought to be able to dispose of them in Russia. I had some experience with secret societies once, and soon took care of them. Down in the province of Fuhkien they became widespread. Villages filled with them actually made war on one another. I was sent down to restore order. And

in about six weeks I had perfect order and peace down there." "Indeed," said the diplomat, "how did you succeed so quickly?" "Oh," calmly replied the general, "in six weeks I cut off the heads of about fourteen hundred of them, and it was perfectly tranquil after that." He did not speak boastfully of his achievement, but with no more emotion than one might show in speaking of killing so many flies.

If the Boxers had been treated with the same vigor at the outset by the governor of Shantung, the situation in China might have been far less serious than it is. The scanty information we have received of the nature of their organization indicates that their ruling motive has from the beginning been hostility to foreigners. Like the Tai Ping rebels of 1860 they have certain ceremonies of a more or less religious nature, which they believe render them invulnerable. When in spite of these any of them are killed in battle, they attribute the fatality to some disobedience of the rules prescribed for them. It seems highly probable that the aggressive action of Germany in seizing Kiao Chao and procuring large privileges in Shantung was the initial provocation of their activity. When they began looting the houses of their victims, many lawless men, and also needy peasants who were impoverished by the droughts of the last two years, were easily persuaded to join them. When the governor of the province, who winked at their misdeeds, was, though removed at the urgent demand of foreign Powers, immediately transferred to the governorship of another province, they were naturally encouraged. They moved forward into Chihli, and were soon marshaling their forces in Peking, under the eyes of the imperial authorities. It appears that they were unchecked by the Empress Dowager. With our knowledge at the time of this writing, August 17, we are compelled to believe that she allowed them a free hand.

There can be little doubt that in the palace antipathy to the foreigners has been for some time increasing. The so-called reform movement of 1898 which the Emperor was induced to favor, and which was vigorously suppressed by the energetic Empress Dowager, awakened the fears and aroused the animosity of all the conservative officials near the throne. They caused the execution of some of the friends of the reform, and secured the deposition from power of others. The palace is always a nest of intrigues, of which the outside world can know nothing but the results. Censors and ministers are continually presenting memorials to the throne to procure the overthrow of men in power. They often succeed only to be themselves soon overthrown by the machinations of others. In the indignant reaction against the proposed reform, the posts of influence were largely filled by the extreme conservatives, most of whom would be glad if every foreigner were driven into the Yellow Sea.

Meantime, the attitude of the European Powers was well calculated to increase the alarm of the Empress Dowager and of her advisers. Those Powers had gained possession of considerable tracts of Chinese territory, and in European journals and in European legations threats were made of carving up the empire. It seems probable that, excited by these menaces to the country, the Empress Dowager was not unwilling that the Boxers, and others whose anti-foreign feeling was aroused, should be permitted to proceed to some length in their career of plundering and murdering as a protest and a challenge to foreigners. It is possible that they went farther than she wished, and got beyond control. Nothing could have been more shortsighted or unwise than to permit the attack upon the legations, which under international law was the most stupendous and audacious crime of that kind recorded in history.

It should be remembered that the antipathy of the Chinese to foreigners from the West has several very ancient and very powerful causes, which we may enumerate rather than discuss.

Profound differences of belief and of temperament separate the Asiatics generally by a wide chasm from the Europeans. The golden age of the former, all their ideals, belong to the remote past. Those of the latter belong to the future. Their economic ideas are far apart. Inventions, machinery, division of labor belong to the Europeans, and are repelled by the Asiatics. Their religions touching the deepest springs of life are discordant. The Western man regards his civilization as so far superior to that of the Eastern man that he looks down with a certain contempt on him, a contempt which is cherished to the full by the Turks for "infidel dogs," by Brahmins for the conquerors of India, by the Chinese for "foreign devils."

But the Chinese have special grievances, the opening of ports and the imposition of obnoxious treaties on them by force, the construction of railways and telegraphs, and the working of mines in such a way as to disturb the graves of ancestors, and to interfere with the *feng shui*, and thus to bring disaster on the people, and the presence of the unwelcome foreigner not only in the ports, but throughout the interior in the person of the missionary.

Still with all these causes of friction between the Oriental and the man from the West, we were getting on fairly well with the Chinese, and were hopeful that slowly perhaps, but surely, they would adopt Western ideas to such an extent that we could live in friendly intimacy with them. But by refreshing our recollections of the great differences between their civilization and ours, we can understand that it was not difficult to arouse their latent hostility to foreigners, when they thought that their ancient customs and institutions were threatened by an

attempt to introduce Western methods of governing, and when the integrity and autonomy of the empire were in their opinion seriously menaced.

But nothing could be more ill judged and atrocious than the methods adopted by the Boxers, and permitted, we are inclined with our present knowledge to believe, if not encouraged, by the Empress Dowager.

Among many questions forced upon the world by the present exigency is the question whether the form of government now existing in China is capable of maintaining itself and of discharging international obligations.

The system of government, it is obvious, has some marked weaknesses. The Emperor is indeed an absolute monarch, whose duty as the Son of Heaven is to care for his subjects. He is assisted by councils and boards, composed of able men drawn from various parts of the empire. They of course really determine the policy of the government under a weak Emperor. He has also a board of censors, whose duty it is to criticise officials of any grade. They frequently evince great frankness and courage, and by their memorials cause the removal of prominent officers from their positions. Sometimes they venture to point out errors of the Emperor himself. Their power is dangerous because great. But even they are sometimes overpowered by their opponents and degraded.

The governor of each province, appointed by the Emperor for a term of three years, has practically almost absolute power over life, liberty, and property in his province. There are grades of subordinate magistracies under him. When the imperial master, absolute monarch as he is, needs money or soldiers, he makes his requisition on his governors. And then a weakness appears similar to that witnessed in our old Confederation when the Continental Congress made requisitions on the states. Under one pretext or another, the gov-

ernor of a province often pleads inability to comply with the demand from Peking. He prefers to keep the money and the soldiers he has gathered. The provincial capitals are so remote from Peking, and the means of communication are so inadequate, that the power of the central government is rather feebly felt in the distant parts of the empire. Its requisitions cannot be enforced. Furthermore there is much corruption among the officials from the highest to the lowest grade. Their salaries are small. The opportunities for "squeezing" are many and are not neglected. The courts are often venal. The people fear rather than respect their decisions.

A very important fact is that the great mass of the people live in villages. Their horizon of interest is bounded by that of their village. They know little of remote parts of the empire and care little for distant provinces. A call for soldiers to defend such provinces does not appeal to them. Their sentiment of patriotism, in our sense of the term, is weak. Although a considerable force of well-armed and well-drilled men have appeared in the north in the recent conflict, the number of such men available is small compared with the total population. Since the Japanese war, the navy has been only partially restored. So whether in respect to the administration of domestic affairs or to the conduct of war, the Chinese government is in many emergencies lacking in strength.

On the other hand, the monarchy is strong, just because it has continued so long. What has come down from ancient days ought, according to Chinese ideas, on that account to continue. Then the docile and obedient spirit of the Chinese subject is itself a bulwark of strength to the monarchy. The Son of Heaven is to be revered and obeyed at all hazards. The subject rarely feels the hand of the imperial government upon him as oppressive. In his village he is under the rather gentle rule of the

village elders. He really has a pretty large measure of freedom according to his ideas of freedom. Curiously enough there is a certain democratic element in the Chinese system. Certain manifestations of protest and discontent, rising near to rebellion, are countenanced, or at least permitted, by the imperial government, in case a magistrate or governor unduly provokes or misgoverns his people. If his rule is often protested against by outbreaks, he is removed as one who does not understand his business, and may be officially rebuked in the Peking Gazette, and perhaps degraded and disqualified for further public service.

Under a strong Emperor the government is strong, and is not ill adapted to the needs of the people. Under a weak Emperor the palace is so constantly a centre of intrigue between contending factions, and the imperial power is so little felt in the provinces, that the government is inefficient. Owing to the filial regard which the Emperor must always cherish for his mother, the Empress Dowager, if a strong and ambitious woman, may wield great power. When I was in Peking in 1880 the Emperor was a child, and was under the control of the two Empresses Dowager. It was said that they sat invisible behind a curtain when they conferred with the ministers of state. So the saying was current that China was ruled by a baby and two old women behind a curtain. But it was really ruled by Prince Kung, a very able statesman, assisted by various boards. One of the Empresses Dowager died in 1881. The other, the present energetic woman, had not then made her power felt as it is now.

In illustration of the great respect shown by high officials to the Empresses Dowager I may mention the following incident. In 1880 a commission of which I was a member negotiated two treaties with China. After the terms of the treaties had been agreed on, a

day was fixed for signing them. When the three American Commissioners visited the office of the Tsung-li-Yamen on the appointed day, they were surprised by the announcement from the Chinese Commissioners that much to their regret they would not be able to sign on that day. The reason assigned was that it was the birthday of one of the Empresses Dowager, and that in one of the treaties was found a word of unhappy significance. I do not remember what the word was. It might have been "war." To sign a treaty containing such a word on the birthday of an Empress might bring misfortune on her and on the land. So another day was appointed. When it arrived the treaties were duly signed.

The reference to Prince Kung suggests a possible precedent for the Western Powers, when they are settling the present trouble. As the allied British and French armies approached Peking in 1860, the Emperor and his counselors, under whose direction Harry Parkes, Mr. Loch, and others had been treacherously seized and tortured, ran away. The Emperor soon died. The allies secured the appointment of Prince Kung as premier with the distinct understanding that he should conduct the government during the minority of the infant Emperor on principles insuring the just treatment of foreigners. For forty years the relations of China and Europe have been maintained without any serious trouble in accordance with the principles then adopted. If it proves that the Empress Dowager and her counselors have instigated the inhuman treatment of the representatives of the Western Powers, these Powers may find some way to clear the palace of her and her company, and to place a second Prince Kung in power under such stipulations as are needed to secure the proper respect for diplomatic representatives and for all foreign subjects and citizens. She and her guilty advisers may flee from

Peking on the near approach of our troops, as did the Emperor Hsienfeng in 1860. If a just and worthy government can be installed, it would seem to promise a far better future for China and the world than a partition of the empire between various powers. Such a partition involves the danger of serious friction, perhaps of war, between European nations, and also the danger of prolonged strife in China. The present contest shows that no act would be so likely to arouse all China to war with the Western nations as the attempt to seize upon her domain and reduce her to subjection.

For the atrocious acts committed at Peking there must be a day of reckoning, not in the spirit of vengeance, let us hope, but as a safeguard for the future. Some means must be found for the absolute security and independence of the legations at the capital. Possibly the European Powers may favor some such policy of supervision and partial control as they exercise over Turkey under the Treaty of Paris of 1856 and the Treaty of Berlin of 1878, though it must be admitted by them that the success of the so-called Concert of the Great Powers in respect to the Ottoman Empire has not been very brilliant. Our traditional policy would hold us aloof from any such undertaking.

If the young Emperor, who has shown himself friendly to liberal ideas, can be freed from the control of the Empress Dowager and can be surrounded and guided by men as able and sensible as the Viceroy at Nanking appears to be, and if the European Powers will not be too greedy in appropriating Chinese territory, possibly some solution of the present difficult problems can be found, compatible with the integrity and perpetuity of the empire and with the legitimate rights of foreigners resident on its soil. This should be, and probably is, the desire of the American people.

James B. Angell.

JOHN RUSKIN AS AN ART CRITIC.

WHEN in the year 1843 appeared the first volume of *Modern Painters*, by a Graduate of Oxford, the world of English connoisseurship was ruled by conventional notions which are hardly now understood. These notions had been a gradual growth out of the teachings of the academic schools of the decadent period of Italian art, with additions from the pseudo-classicism of Winckelmann, and the pedantic antiquarianisms of the school of David. Sir Joshua Reynolds had formulated his rules of the "grand style," and Fuseli had elaborated his ideas of beauty and sublimity. Sir George Beaumont, the leading English exponent of convention in landscape subject, gave a true illustration of the state of feeling which some of these ideas had induced in the minds of amateurs when he said to Constable that the tone of a landscape painting ought to resemble that of an old Cremona fiddle.

In English landscape art, which during the eighteenth century had been rising into importance, the main sources of inspiration were the art of Claude and Poussin, and the Dutch masters of the seventeenth century. It is worthy of note that these earliest forms of landscape as a separate branch of art arose at a period of general artistic weakness and conventionality. By the seventeenth century the ideals and impulses which had given life to the best art of the Renaissance had lost their power over the artistic imagination. Men of genius were rare. Rubens, Van Dyck and Rembrandt, Claude and Poussin, were exceptional men of their time. The fine qualities of the works of Claude Lorrain were involved with mannerisms derived from the landscape backgrounds of the more conventional historical figure painters, whose renderings of the forms of rocks, trees, and herbage gave no ex-

pression of those specific characteristics, and finer structural elements of form, in which resides so much of their essential beauty.

The Dutch landscape art was free from these mannerisms. It was a manifestation of a fresh and wholesome, though an unimaginative, pleasure in the landscape itself. But it had mannerisms of its own, and the Dutch landscapist had little power of beautiful and creative design. Wouverman and Cuyp, Ruysdael and Hobbema, take the most commonplace landscape as they find it, and patiently and laboriously portray its more obvious features, and its most trivial details, with singular inattention to that which is most worthy of expression, and not seldom with inexcusably bad drawing.

The art of Richard Wilson, the first notable English landscape painter, was mainly founded on that of Claude. It reproduced Claude's conventions of composition and his mannerisms of drawing, though it was not without some fine qualities which show that Wilson had native capacity for better things than the artistic conditions of his time could call out. Gainsborough, on the other hand, who soon followed Wilson, seems to have been more influenced by the Dutch school. But being endowed with a higher order of genius, and a more independent spirit, he introduced a fresher style under the direct inspiration of nature. Gainsborough's art was, in fact, tending in a new direction. It was leading away from mannerisms and conventions, and opening the way for a more natural expression of poetic feeling. But the conditions were not yet ripe for a wide departure from the conventional paths.

During the early part of the nineteenth century a remarkable development of landscape art had arisen in

England which, though still largely based on the school traditions, was at the same time quick with a new life drawn from the feeling for the beauty of nature, which had been strong in the English race from the time of Chaucer. Men like David Cox, Copley Fielding, Peter De Wint, and Thomas Girtin were now producing works full of idyllic poetry, and were entering into the various moods of pastoral and wild nature with a sincerity of feeling that was altogether new in landscape subject. Prout and Harding had developed veins of feeling, and modes of expression, that were still further removed from the older conventions, and Constable had completely broken away from the traditions of the schools, and had taken his canvases out of doors in the effort to give the absolute truth of nature under the open sky. But these, and most other artists of the early English landscape school, though in different degrees possessing poetic sentiment, artistic aptitudes, and passion for nature, were men of limited powers. Not one of them was endowed with the highest order of genius. Their range was narrow, much of their drawing was feeble and often false, their handling, except in the case of Constable, was mannered, and their coloring was conventional.

But one man had arisen among them of a vastly larger calibre. Turner had, before the close of the first decade of the nineteenth century, begun to show a range of powers and an order of genius which distinguished him among his contemporaries, and led him to heights of achievement which place him in the category of the greatest masters of design. The creative imagination was in him as a fountain of perpetual inspiration. After his earliest period of apprenticeship, every work that he produced was stamped with the creative spirit which, governed by an insight that goes to the heart of things, bodies forth, with trenchant precision, and in the fewest expressive characters, an ideal

conception. Turner's art, though based on the underlying principles of all great art, was unconventional. It dealt with new motives and new materials. The inspiration of nature was its strongest element; but the aspects of nature which engaged the master's attention were not those of common observation; they were those in which the essential power and beauty of natural things are most manifest. The greater harmonies of light and color, and the more subtle and significant characteristics of organic form, were used by Turner as elements of design in such a way that each work of his hand was both a poem and a commentary on the visual aspects of nature from the point of view of beauty.

To the artistic dilettanti of the day such art was incomprehensible. It seemed to subvert all of the established canons. The puerile mannerisms of Claude were looked upon as the authoritative generalizations of the grand style in landscape, and at the same time it was affirmed by the critics of the press that Turner was untrue to nature.

Such, in brief outline, was the state of things in the English world of art when Ruskin came forward with his first volume in defense of the new landscape art in general, and of the art of Turner in particular. The work was, in fact, almost exclusively an enthusiastic attempt to vindicate Turner. For the author felt, and proclaimed from the first, that while there was much to be admired and commended in the works of other masters of the early English school, the art of Turner was incomparably superior from every point of view. Ruskin was only twenty-three years of age at this time; but he was already singularly well prepared for his work, both by native aptitude and by cultivation. Indeed, few other critics of art have entered upon their tasks with so good an equipment, and in so admirable a spirit. He was himself endowed with artistic genius, though it was a genius for observation,

analysis, and description, more than for original creation.

Like most men of genius he had faults and limitations. His natural temper gave him a strong confidence in his own judgments, and he early acquired a habit of emphatic affirmation, while his ardent enthusiasm often led him into extravagant praise of what he admired, and his easily excited indignation not seldom found equally unmeasured expression in sharpest invective against what he deemed erroneous. The strong terms in which some of his criticism is couched, as where in the preface to the second edition he speaks of the leaders of attack as "content if, like the foulness of the earth, they may attract to themselves notice by their noisomeness, or like its insects exalt themselves by virulence into visibility;" or again, where he describes a critic of *Blackwood's Magazine* as a person of "honest, hopeless, helpless imbecility," were not so uncommon at the time they were written as they are now. This style of speech was a survival of that of the Grub Street pamphleteers of the eighteenth century, or of the early quarterlies. But it is fair to say that Ruskin employed it sparingly in the body of his work, and only on occasions when strong terms might be excusable. His early training as the only child of wealthy, admiring, and over-attentive, though sternly exacting, parents, seems to have favored, rather than to have checked in him, the natural disposition of youth to overrate the importance of its own wisdom. His self-confidence and his lack of respect for the judgments of other men, when they came in conflict with his own, were sometimes unpleasantly apparent. But notwithstanding such defects and limitations as this implies, Ruskin's early writings on art and nature have a character which is not now always fairly estimated. And their power is not likely to fail while English-speaking people remain open to impressions of beauty.

In his childhood he showed a passionate fondness for nature. Ranges of blue hills gave him the keenest pleasure, and he early formed a habit of descriptive writing while on journeys through the country, both in England and on the Continent, with his parents. Pictures of scenery gave him great delight. He was especially drawn to the landscapes of Turner by his own love for mountains, and he soon began to copy the engravings after Turner's designs, which were then appearing as illustrations in such works as Rogers' *Italy* and *Poems*. At the same time he conceived a strong admiration for the drawings of Samuel Prout, — whose remarkable lithographs of the picturesque architecture of Flanders and Germany appeared in the year 1833. On a Continental journey at the age of fifteen, he passed through Flanders and Germany, and over the Alps into Italy, verifying Prout and Turner by the way, studying the subjects of each, and comparing their art with the nature which had furnished its materials. He thus got an insight into the selective processes of each master, which could not be reached in any other way. He made drawings at every point in imitation of them, until by degrees he naturally developed a style of his own. The sight of the Alps awakened in him an interest in geology, from the painter's point of view, and a study of their structural forms gave him an understanding of Turner's marvelous mountain drawing. He had, for a time, instruction in drawing from a master of the old-fashioned type; but he learned more by his own independent practice from Prout and Turner, and from nature under the guidance of the works of these masters. In 1835 he had instruction from Copley Fielding, President of the Old Water Color Society, and at a later time he had lessons from Harding. From the pen and wash drawings of David Roberts, also, he learned a good deal, and he subsequently made much use of this econom-

ical method of work in his drawing from nature and architecture. But while appreciating the qualities of the works, and feeling the value of the precepts, of these men, he recognized their mannerisms and their narrowness of range.

In London and Paris he had studied the works of the old masters of landscape, Claude, Poussin, and Salvator Rosa, as well as the Dutch masters. It was his habit to draw faithfully the characteristic passages of such works of art, and to make extended written notes on them. The active attention which this effort to delineate compelled opened his eyes to many things, and impressed them on his mind.

In the Academy exhibition of 1836 Turner gave the first evidence of his more mature style, and by his pictures of this year Ruskin was deeply impressed. He saw now that what Turner sought was the ideal truth of nature, that he portrayed Nature in her "supreme moments," in her finest forms, and in her vital energy, — Nature as she was revealed to a discriminating eye, and to the poetic imagination. The recognition of this led him to reflect on the relations of art with nature, and to more extended investigation of both nature and art in the manifold aspects of each. Every step of his progress impressed him with the truth, as well as the pictorial power, of Turner's art, and developed in his mind a burning indignation at what he thought the shortsighted and misleading criticism of the great master's work.

Thus equipped, and feeling thus, he began the essay which grew into *Modern Painters*. This was, he tells us, at first intended to be a short pamphlet entitled *Turner and the Ancients*, but it grew under his hand into five stately volumes. That his philosophy of art, when he was at the age of twenty-three, should not have been in all respects complete and satisfactory was natural enough. But on fair examination it will, I think,

be found in the main entirely sound, though over-statements, and even errors, are not wanting. It has not always been correctly represented. It has, in fact, not seldom been inexcusably misrepresented. The affirmation, for instance, has frequently been made that according to Ruskin all perfection of art consists in the exact imitation of nature. Nothing could be farther from the truth. This is shown plainly enough in the opening of the work where he defines great art as that which conveys to the mind of the spectator the greatest number of the greatest ideas, and says: "If I were to say, on the contrary, that the best picture was that which most closely imitated nature, I should assume that art could only please by imitating nature" (vol. i. p. 11). And in what follows he clearly recognizes, what he consistently maintains throughout his writings, that there is a distinction to be drawn between representative art and art as such, in itself.

In representative art there must be truth to nature, not to make it art, but to make it representative. No argument should be needed to establish the truth of this proposition, which has been recognized at all times in respect to art which represents the human figure, and never more fully than in recent times, when the almost exclusive training offered in professional schools of art has consisted in the rigorous delineation of the human body, including elaborate studies in anatomy as a means of insuring truth to nature. The truth that is necessary in human figure subject is equally so in that of landscape. Mr. Whistler's affirmation that nature is to the painter what the keyboard is to the musical composer is quite correct; but it does not prove that the painter need not be true to nature. It only shows that the artist must use what he draws from nature in an artistic way, in a way analogous to that in which the musician uses the musical scale. But the analogy be-

tween nature and the keyboard is not a close one, for there are harmonies ready made in nature that do not exist in the musical scale. The objects of the natural world are not abstract elements like the notes of the keyboard. There is a closer analogy between abstract lines, colors, and tones, and the musical scale. The artist may use these abstract elements and produce works of art which, like architecture and pure ornamentation, are quite independent of any truth to nature in the sense that representative art is dependent on such truth.

But Ruskin in *Modern Painters*¹ deals primarily with landscape painting, and landscape painting is a representative art, and thus needs to be truthful. Recognizing this, and wishing to vindicate Turner on the score of truth, though he nowhere maintains that this truth constitutes the essential character of Turner's art, or any other art, he starts out in this first volume with an extended analysis of truth, meaning thereby, as he explains (page 20), the faithful statement of natural fact. In developing this part of his subject he may often seem to be advocating literal transcript of nature, which indeed he does as a temporary discipline, but never as a final end of art. The counsel given at the close of the first volume (page 417) to the young artist to "go to nature in all singleness of heart . . . rejecting nothing, selecting nothing, scorning nothing . . . and rejoicing always in the truth," has often been quoted as if it contained a summary of the author's whole art teaching. But an attentive reading of even this first volume will show that this is not the case. Thus on page 75 he praises the modern landscape painters for rejecting *bona fide* imitation, and seeking to convey the impression of nature. And he affirms that there is, in consequence, a greater sum of essential and impressive truth in their works. While among many other

passages to the same effect throughout the work, we find in the third volume (pages 40, 41) the following statements: "The last characteristic of great art is that it must be inventive, that is, be produced by the imagination. . . . The highest art is purely imaginative, all its materials being wrought into their form by invention." And again (vol. iv. p. 16), "Great landscape art cannot be a mere copy of any given scene." Passages like the one first referred to, and the statement (page 416) that "from young artists nothing ought to be tolerated but simple bona fide imitation of nature," are in no conflict with this. The one relates to the early training of the artist, the other to his function after he has learned the rudiments, and is prepared to exercise the freedom of art. And they are in complete accord with the teaching of all other competent authorities. Sir Joshua Reynolds, for instance, enforces the same principle where he complains² that "the students never draw exactly from the living models which they have before them." And again (vol. ii. p. 66) where he says, "Our elements are laid in gross common nature, an exact imitation of what is before us." There is thus nothing that is fundamentally peculiar in Ruskin's teaching as to the importance of truth to nature as a foundation for all representative art. He merely applies to the newer art of landscape painting the principles that have been universally enforced in the painting of the human figure.

But the question as to the truth of Turner's art is another thing. Can it be possible, it has often been asked, that those strange canvases in the National Gallery are defensible on the score of truth to nature? Ruskin's answer is emphatically affirmative. But there are, he maintains, different orders of truths with which the artist may be concerned. There are the more obvious, unessential,

¹ New York: John Wiley & Son. 1873.

² Literary Works, vol. i. p. 312.

and trivial truths of nature, and those which are more recondite, fundamental, and characteristic. It is the latter, and not the former, to which, as he teaches, Turner's art gives expression. These higher orders of visual truths are, however, not those which are generally perceived. People commonly, he tells us (page 54), recognize objects by their least important attributes. To lay hold of the more fundamental and expressive truths, in the manner of Turner, requires a high order of artistic gift, and to appreciate them requires ocular training, as well as natural aptitude. In the delineation of all objects in the landscape he finds Turner invariably true on what may be called the higher plane of truth, and if, in his later work, certain qualities of color and tone cannot always be defended on the score of likeness to nature, it is owing, he maintains, to insuperable difficulties in what he attempted.

In the chapters on the relative importance of truths, and on truth in respect to the various visual elements of nature, as of tone, of color, of chiaroscuro; and of space, of the open sky, of the conformation of the earth, etc., the works of various artists, both ancient and modern, are examined as to their truthfulness, or lack of truth. The criticism of these works is generally just in respect to the points considered, and it may be noticed that in pursuing his investigations of the truths of nature Ruskin does not lose sight of the fact that it is with visual impressions, and not with physical facts as such, that the artist is concerned. Thus (pages 380, 381) where he shows that the branches of trees do not taper he takes care to observe that to the eye they often appear to taper, and must, within certain limits which are indicated, be represented as doing so. In the analysis of mountain forms in the fourth volume, and in that of leaf and branch structure in the fifth volume, it has been said that he goes too far in the direction

of geological and botanical investigation. It should be observed, however, that here, as elsewhere, the structural forms are followed only so far as they bear upon the visual aspects of the objects examined. It is not with the internal anatomy of nature, but with the beauty of its visible anatomy, that he is concerned.

Among the most remarkable and the most valuable portions of Modern Painters are the analysis of abstract lines and the discussion of the principles of composition. These are contributions to the literature of the fine arts which are, I believe, without any parallel. The classification of curves into curves of life, and curves of inertness, the discussion of the principles on which living curves are formed, the endless varieties of such curves, and the illustrations of living curves in natural organic forms, and in various types of ornamental art, contain matter of the highest value to the student of beauty.

The first chapter on composition is entitled *The Law of Help*; and after saying that a well-composed picture is not done according to rule, because creative art is not a process that can be regulated by rule, though there are certain elementary laws of arrangement that may be traced a little way, he defines composition as "the help of everything in the picture by everything else." A truer definition could hardly be framed. The law of help is the fundamental law of composition, because it is the law of organic relationship throughout the universe. Creative design, he teaches, is the production of harmonic unity by such an adjustment of parts, from least to greatest, as will make each contribute its utmost to the total harmony. In a chapter entitled *The Task of the Least* he shows how this is in respect to least things, and in another, entitled *The Rule of the Greatest*, he considers in what the expression of magnitude consists, and how the sense of it depends on our esti-

mate of the many small things of which the greater are composed. And he shows here, also, that the qualities of largeness and breadth in a work of art result from the habit with great composers of regarding the relations of things, rather than their separate nature. Breadth, or largeness of treatment, in composition is thus seen to be independent of scale. The artist does not need a great canvas in order to work in the grand style.

In the *Elements of Drawing* we have a further analysis of composition. The sense of pleasure in rhythm and metre is here said to be happily a common possession of all orders of minds, while power of composition is rare and unteachable. Yet some simple laws of arrangement, deduced from the works of great composers, are set forth with unexampled acuteness of insight and lucidity of illustration. Among these are: The Law of Principality, which involves subordination; The Law of Repetition, by which some kind of sympathy between objects is marked, and under this law symmetry is treated; The Law of Continuity, the establishment of some orderly succession in the arrangement of objects more or less similar; The Law of Curvature, which includes the modulations of curves. Under each head the principles are discussed in a clearly intelligible manner, and in such a way as to stimulate enjoyment of some of those qualities which, more than all others, make a work of art to be a work of art. This is very rare. Most writers on composition give us little more than arbitrary rules and vague generalities. The subject is a difficult one, even in respect to the more obvious principles involved, while the more subtle laws of design are too fine to be grasped by the intellect alone, and are apprehended only by the artistic imagination. The more competent writers on the fine arts feel the difficulty, and say little about composition. Thus Sir Joshua Reynolds, through all his writings, has almost nothing spe-

cific to tell us about it; his most explicit direction to the student on this head being, "to put all things in a beautiful order and harmony, that the whole may be of a piece."¹

Ruskin's artistic apprehensions were of wide range. He understood the essential oneness of the arts; and thus he was led to consider the principles of architecture, sculpture, and the so-called minor arts, as well as of painting. His interest in architecture was awakened early. An admiration for the picturesque drawings of Samuel Prout had led him, as we have seen, to verify Prout in the cities of Flanders and Germany, as he had verified Turner in the Alps; and his architectural interest appears always to have been governed primarily by the painters' point of view. It was thus natural that the architecture of Italy should appeal to him with a special attraction; for in Italian building of all epochs, the painters' habits of conception and treatment are strongly emphasized. The structural logic of the best northern building is not found in Italy; and in Ruskin's time the true Gothic of the north was not yet understood. The light, the warmth, and the color of the broadly walled Italian art gave him the keenest delight, and called out his most ardent efforts in analysis, description, and graphic illustration.

His monumental architectural work, *The Stones of Venice*, has probably done more than any other book to awaken admiration for the beauty of the enchanting city of the sea. In an earlier essay, *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, he had already formulated what he regarded as the fundamental principles of architectural design. Under the first of these, *The Lamp of Sacrifice*, he affirms that all noble architecture is produced in a spirit of ardor which prompts the builders to do their utmost, to spend rather than to save, both in labor and materials, that the monument may be-

¹ Discourses, vol. ii. p. 403.

come a worthy embodiment of noble aspirations. In the chapter entitled *The Lamp of Truth* he discusses the question of architectural deceits, supporting his conclusions by cogent reasonings; and throughout the book he spares no pains to fortify his positions by carefully reasoned arguments. The charge of dogmatic arrogance, which is sometimes brought against him, is therefore hardly warranted. Yet mistaken affirmations are frequent, and are sometimes made with vexatious assurance, as, for instance, where (page 55) he states that the decline of Gothic art is marked by the "substitution of the line for the mass." But Gothic architecture is essentially an architecture of line, rather than of mass. He makes this statement in connection with a discussion of the development of window tracery, and this whole discussion is erroneous because he mistakes the late survivals of plate-tracery in Norman Gothic for examples of early Gothic work.

No right theory of Gothic development, or any branch of it, can be drawn from the pointed architecture of Normandy in any period, and least of all from the later Gothic of that province. Ruskin was, however, true here according to his lights. The early Gothic of France was practically unknown when he was writing. And there is, indeed, a sense in which his statement is true. In the Gothic skeleton of the best period, the lines were not attenuated, or accented with painful sharpness, or excessively multiplied. The piers and shafts had a full-rounded breadth and even massiveness, as compared with those of the decadent Gothic; and lines were not used ornamentally in needless tracery and panelings, as they were in the flamboyant Gothic style. True Gothic art, like all other good art, had a monumental simplicity and severity which, as contrasted with the flamboyant linear complexity, may rightly enough be characterized as massive. But this is not the

sense in which Ruskin here supposes Gothic to be massive, as an examination of the passage will show. A truer statement of the cause of Gothic decline is given on page 61 where he says, "It was because it had lost its own strength, and disobeyed its own laws." The law laid down in the chapter on *Beauty* that everything is ornamental that is imitative of nature, and the converse, that what is not thus imitative is unfit for ornament, can hardly be accepted, though the qualifying considerations added greatly modify the bald statement. The emphatic condemnation (page 97) of the Greek fret, and other kindred forms of ornamentation, must be regarded as shortsighted and indefensible, while on page 129 the doubtful conclusion is reached that "all arrangements of color, for its own sake, in graceful forms, are barbarous; and that, to paint a color pattern with the lovely lines of a Greek leaf moulding, is an utterly savage procedure." Yet we now know that the Greeks themselves painted the leaf moulding, and Ruskin has himself¹ illustrated the subtle beauty of the lines of French misal illuminations, in which the exquisiteness of abstract color arrangements constitute an equal charm.

The *Stones of Venice* abounds in misconceptions and mistaken affirmations; but these are largely due to the state of ideas and understanding in respect to mediæval architecture half a century ago. I have said that Ruskin's interest in architecture was primarily pictorial. I do not, however, mean that he was wholly wanting in apprehension of its structural basis. To a limited extent he felt this strongly. He has, in many parts of the work, shown a just, and even an acute, sense of the elementary structural principles of ordinary wall, column, and arch construction. But beyond this he has hardly understood the more important types of mediæval building on their structural side. What he recognized was

¹ *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. pp. 281, 282.

enough for his purpose in respect to those forms of architecture in which the basilican elements predominate; but it was not enough to enable him to appreciate the very different structural character of the Byzantine architecture of St. Mark's, much less was it adequate to an understanding of the organic Romanesque and Gothic art. The structural character of a given monument was not what primarily impressed him, and in consequence he is often led into error. Thus when, after his eloquent general description of the church of St. Mark (vol. ii. p. 70) — which has the beauty of a poem — he comes to what he calls a sketch of the principles exemplified in the building, the pictorial feeling promptly asserts itself, and he declares (page 74) that “the first broad characteristic of the building, and the root nearly of every other important peculiarity in it, is its confessed *incrustation*.” The great Byzantine structural system of the dome on pendentives, so magnificently carried out here, which is the essential governing characteristic of the edifice, is wholly overlooked. The incrustation is but a superficial adornment, which this building shares with many others of various types, as notably the basilican churches of southern Italy and Sicily.

It is a splendid and appropriate mode of adornment for such a building; but it is not an integral characteristic of the architecture itself. Further misapprehension, and even confusion of thought, are shown on page 80, where it is laid down as a “law” that “science of inner structure is to be abandoned” in architecture like this, for since “the body of the structure is confessedly of inferior, and comparatively incoherent materials, it would be absurd to attempt in it any expression of the higher refinements of construction.” But what higher refinements of construction could be attempted in any case? The inner structure proper to a system of domes on pendentives being fully, and grandly, carried out, any-

thing more would be superfluous. The broad expanses of wall and pier were not sought by the designer as a field for the mosaic incrustation. He did not have to abandon anything in order to obtain them. These expanses are natural to the structural system employed, and must have been the same (as they are in the similar church of St. Front of Périgueux) had the body of the edifice been of solid stone, instead of brick. And again, on page 98, it is affirmed of the church architecture of the Middle Ages, that what we now regard in it with wonder and delight was then the natural continuation, in the principal edifice of the city, of a style which was already familiar in domestic building. “Let the reader,” he says, “fix this great fact well in his mind.” And, he continues, “I would desire here clearly and forcibly to assert, that wherever Christian church architecture has been good and lovely, it has been merely the perfect development of the common dwelling-house architecture of the period.” And still further: “No style of noble architecture can be exclusively ecclesiastical. It must be practiced in the dwelling before it is perfected in the church.”

This is not the place for discussion of this point; but it would be more true to say that all great architectural styles have been primarily ecclesiastical, extending the term ecclesiastical to include every form of religious monument from the Egyptian temple down. But we need not pursue these things further. We are not reviewing Ruskin's works, we are merely gathering from them some illustrations of his general teaching on the fine arts. His equipment as a critic was, in respect to architecture, inadequate. His strongest work is *Modern Painters*. The *Seven Lamps* and *The Stones of Venice* contain much that is fine and enduring. They are, in fact, in many ways monumental works; but his theory of architecture is not so sound as his theory of painting. Yet his inter-

est in architecture was strong, and his imagination and eloquence enable him to impart to the reader of his architectural works something of his own noble enthusiasm. The value of these works consists chiefly in this, and in this they are unlike most other books.

His main interest was in painting. He had himself a painter's genius of no common order, and a brief consideration of the character of his artistic work will help us to understand better his qualifications as a critic of painting. Through all his life the practice of drawing with the lead pencil, the pen, and in water colors, formed usually a large part, and often the best part, of each day's occupation. He was in no sense a mere amateur, except that he did not make his art a means of livelihood. Few men who have practiced the art of painting as a profession have had so fine and so thorough a technical training. His skill of hand was remarkable, and nearly all of the vast numbers of his drawings exhibit rare subtleties of expressive execution. His sense of form was keen, and his feeling for color was exquisite. His work was not only refined in respect to both of these qualities, it was also strong. He worked with a clearly understood aim, and he knew well how to suit his method, in any given case, to the most direct and economical accomplishment of this aim. When his subject was an extended scene, fine in composition, and subtle in proportions, he would generally, in his mature period, limit himself to lead-pencil outline. The line, in such cases, was a soft and broken one, wonderfully suggestive of the mystery and fullness of nature, as well as true in its course; and the outline was more or less supplemented with expressive, though hasty, markings, suggestive of details as well as of solid masses.

I have before me such a drawing made in 1876. It is a view near Brieg looking toward the Simplon. A winding reach of the Simplon road, with a high

retaining wall above, and another wall with an undulating parapet below, is seen in perspective on the left. To the right the mountains fall away into a vast hollow. In the middle ground is a grandly composed group of buildings with towers, whose masses mate finely with the natural features of the scene; and beyond the great hills close in on either side, leaving a vista through which the eye catches a more distant range. It contains but an hour's work, yet the sublimity and the poetry of the Alps are in it. In other instances, where the subject called for it, he would add a rapid suggestion of *chiaroscuro*, laying broad shades with the side of the lead, sometimes, in haste, rubbing in finer tones with his finger, and deftly painting, as it were, with the pencil point. In still other cases, a broad color scheme is washed in with water colors; and often an interesting passage is more fully worked out in detail.

His eye was quick to discover a good subject, and in all such work he had a quite Turnerian power of seizing the expressive lines. To understand the source of this power we must look back to his earlier work, of which, also, a good example is before me. It represents a shoot of hawthorn, outlined with lead pencil, and faintly tinted with water-color wash. This drawing must have been executed about the year 1850. The delicate precision of this outline and the frank skill with which the color wash is struck are consummate. The whole character of the beautiful thing is set forth with marvelous expression of its vigorous energy and tender elasticity of growth. The aim is limited to the rendering of these essential qualities, and the means are at once simple and adequate. This drawing is engraved in plate 52 of the fifth volume of *Modern Painters*. Ruskin made vast numbers of such drawings, and it is, I think, safe to say that no other man has delineated plant forms with such tender feeling,

and such masterly power. The line, in these earlier drawings, is firm and even, like the line of Raphael and da Vinci. The sureness of his hand is wonderful.

In the later work he slowly developed a style in which the firm even line gave place to a freer and more broken treatment expressive of mass and mystery, rather than of keenly marked contours. An example of this later manner of rendering leafage represents a group of dried autumnal oak leaves. Here the qualities to be set forth were the beauty of organic structure, and of surface flexures, ruling the torn raggedness of the shriveled, wind-blown spray. It is wrought broadly with the water-color pencil, in purple and brown, with loaded body-color in the lights. No lead-pencil outline is visible, and no minute elaboration of contours occurs; but the forms are rapidly swept in with marvelous skill and with subtle sense of action. I know nothing comparable to it but the more sketchy work of Tintoretto and the larger handling of Turner.

Of architectural drawing he also did much, at first in the manner of Prout, but with a superior refinement and beauty. In preparation for *The Seven Lamps*, and *The Stones of Venice*, he made many drawings, and in these he developed a manner which was his own. The economical methods of lead pencil and wash, or pen and wash, were generally employed; but occasionally he went further, and made large and elaborate water-color drawings of architecture. Among the most beautiful of these is one of the south porch of St. Mark's, made in 1876, and now in the possession of Professor Norton. In its massive structure and opalescent color this drawing is most noteworthy. In all renderings of architecture he gives the entire visual aspect of a building as it stands to-day, with the marks of time and the softening touches of nature.

He sets forth the total pictorial charm, rather than the purely architectural char-

acter, of a given monument, or detail. In addition to such drawings from nature and from architecture Ruskin made large numbers of drawings and color notes from the works of great masters of painting. He did this as a means of study, and as for this end complete copying is generally not so useful as the making of abstracts in line and color, he rarely made complete copies; but from nearly all of the great Italian masters, from Giotto to Titian, he made studies in outline, or simple renderings of color schemes. Less frequently he made more finished studies of parts of works that particularly interested him, and among such studies is the remarkable one of the head of Carpaccio's sleeping St. Ursula, now in the Sheffield Museum. While in these copies he strove hard in each case to be faithful to his original, and rarely failed to secure a trustworthy record of it, he was yet unable to efface himself. He could not make a mechanical copy. He naturally emphasized the qualities which chiefly appealed to him, and his own genius is delightfully recognizable in every such study.

An essential feature of Ruskin's philosophy of art is the affirmation of the influence upon art of moral conditions, and the reaction of art itself upon moral character. It is this which constitutes the chief peculiarity of his teaching; and it is on this point that this teaching has of late, in some quarters, been most energetically opposed. Of the proposition that moral conditions influence the arts, and determine their quality, there can, however, be no serious question. The works of man inevitably reflect his character, moral or immoral, as the case may be. And the fine arts are always man's fullest expression of himself. It does not, however, follow that a great artist is always a man of the highest moral principle. It is undeniable that many great artists have had grave moral weaknesses. Individuals are not wholly responsible for their moral tendencies (though they

are for their moral conduct). But a man's work is not a reflection of himself as an individual alone. Where great art exists there must have been fine moral fibre somewhere back of it, if not in the individual producer, at least in his predecessors. The artistic power of a person, or of a people, is largely a matter of inheritance. If an artistic race, actuated by high ideals, develops like the Greeks a noble art, the artistic power will not instantly fail when the ideals are forsaken; but it will not long survive in its integrity. The relaxed moral restraints and the coarser sentiments of the later Greek civilization are mirrored in the later art of Greece.

As to the influence of art upon moral character, it has been thought that Ruskin has formulated some questionable conclusions on this head, as where in the opening of the Oxford lecture on *The Relation of Art to Morals*, he states that one of the functions of the fine arts is that of "perfecting the morality or ethical state of men." It has been denied that art has any power to exert a moral influence. History, it has been said, shows that familiarity with the greatest works of art has not availed to strengthen morals in times of moral weakness. But the same may be said of all moral forces. They are always powerless against determined resistance. It is only where some favorable disposition exists that any moral influence avails; and where this does exist it is impossible to believe that all forms of expression of the beautiful have not their influence in quickening the moral sense.

From the time when he began to write on social matters his art teaching has been involved with theories which have met with not wholly unmerited opposition. His ideas on social and political order, while springing from a noble heart, and containing a vast amount of wholesome truth set forth with matchless eloquence and prophetic fervor, are

weakened by fundamental misconceptions, and even by temperamental perverseness. His doctrine of authority, as laid down in *Time and Tide* (pages 72-79), has in it too much of the arbitrary element; and the impossibility of enforcing it under existing conditions does not seem to occur to him. He presupposes an entirely wise and incorruptible central authority, with a system of oversight, guidance, and discipline, from which no individual in the state could escape.

For a social reformer he was not well equipped, either by nature or by education. He did not see that men must be led in freedom. He did not respect freedom. He did not see that character can be formed only by voluntary conformity with the divine laws of life. Repression and compulsion, while necessary, under existing conditions, for the maintenance of outward order, have no potency to reform human nature. He desired to enforce principles of right living, and the slowness of men to conform to such principles made him impatient. But a reformer needs vast patience. Impatience, anxiety, irritability, and excitability are weaknesses which unfit a man to help his fellows; and with all his genius and all his nobility of soul, Ruskin had these weaknesses in large measure. He also had a large share of the common weakness of egotism. Into his teaching on social order he put himself too much. In his later years his self-confidence became almost a mania, which greatly impaired his power for good. He suffered acutely during these years. What seemed to him the reckless pursuit of commonplace material ends in the world around him kept his mind in a state of hot indignation. He could see nothing hopeful in the signs of the times, and he became incapable of faith in ultimate good. The disfigurement of the landscape by the inroads of mechanical works, and the wanton destruction of great monuments of the past, pained him

to the quick. He felt that everything was going hopelessly to the bad. Thus his later writings are often weakened by querulousness, and vitiated by fallacies. Yet even in these the generosity of his nature, the tenderness of his sympathies, and the noble elevation of his aims are always manifest. But his work as a teacher and critic of art was substantially

done before he began to preach on social reform, and before his infirmities had broken him down. This work is, in the main, sound and illuminating. It is on the highest plane of thought and feeling; and no criticism can rob it of its enduring value. It is full of inspiration which lifts the mind continually into the realm of the ideal.

Charles H. Moore.

THE QUEST AFTER MUSIC.

A VOICE, a voice is calling through the night.
Sleepers, awaken! Get each one his light,
His woodman's axe to cleave the undergrowth
Of clasped boughs to human entry loath,
His keen-wrought sword to fight with savage foe,
His fair-rigged skiff to cross where rivers flow.

'T were like the rush of feet from diverse ways
Where men have seen a distant city blaze.

A voice, a voice is calling through the night.
Some being calls! Our fathers judged aright
Who peopled sound of wave and song of wind
With multitudinous things of spirit kind.
Some being calls! Some being hides within
The magic tuning of the violin,
The glad rejoicing of the golden horn,
The hautboys mournful as a ghost forlorn,
The cymbal's sweep that mocks a wild typhoon,
The gentle flute, the harp, the deep bassoon.

Some being calls! and they, the called, are blest
Who yield their lives unto a fruitless quest,
Who still pursuing have not cried "Too late!"
Till Music finds them dead beside her gate.

Mary Boole Hinton.

THE CAPTURE OF A SLAVER.

FROM 1830 to 1850 both Great Britain and the United States, by joint convention, kept on the coast of Africa at least eighty guns afloat for the suppression of the slave trade. Most of the vessels so employed were small corvettes, brigs, or schooners; steam at that time was just being introduced into the navies of the world.

Nearly fifty years ago I was midshipman on the United States brig Porpoise, of ten guns. Some of my readers may remember these little ten-gun coffins, as many of them proved to be to their crews. The Porpoise was a fair sample of the type; a full-rigged brig of one hundred and thirty tons, heavily sparred, deep waisted, and carrying a battery of eight twenty-four-pound caronades and two long chasers; so wet that even in a moderate breeze or sea it was necessary to batten down; and so tender that she required careful watching; only five feet between decks, her quarters were necessarily cramped and uncomfortable, and, as far as possible, we lived on deck. With a crew of eighty all told, Lieutenant Thompson was in command, Lieutenant Bukett executive officer, and two midshipmen were the line officers. She was so slow that we could hardly hope for a prize except by a fluke. Repeatedly we had chased suspicious craft, only to be out-sailed.

At this time the traffic in slaves was very brisk; the demand in the Brazils, in Cuba, and in other Spanish West Indies was urgent, and the profit of the business so great that two or three successful ventures would enrich any one. The slavers were generally small, handy craft; fast, of course; usually schooner-rigged, and carrying flying topsails and forecourse. Many were built in England or elsewhere purposely for the busi-

ness, without, of course, the knowledge of the builders, ostensibly as yachts or traders. The Spaniards and Portuguese were the principal offenders, with occasionally an English-speaking renegade.

The slave depots, or barracoons, were generally located some miles up a river. Here the slaver was secure from capture and could embark his live cargo at his leisure. Keeping a sharp lookout on the coast, the dealers were able to follow the movements of the cruisers, and by means of smoke, or in other ways, signal when the coast was clear for the coming down the river and sailing of the loaded craft. Before taking in the cargoes they were always fortified with all the necessary papers and documents to show they were engaged in legitimate commerce, so it was only when caught in *flagrante delicto* that we could hold them.

We had been cruising off the coast of Liberia doing nothing, when we were ordered to the Gulf of Guinea to watch the Bonny and Cameroons mouths of the great Niger River. Our consort was H. M. schooner Bright, a beautiful craft about our tonnage, but with half our crew, and able to sail three miles to our two. She was an old slaver, captured and adapted as a cruiser. She had been very successful, making several important captures of full cargoes, and twice or thrice her commanding officer and others had been promoted. Working our way slowly down the coast in company with the Bright, we would occasionally send a boat on shore to reconnoitre or gather any information we could from the natives through our Krooman interpreter. A few glasses of rum or a string of beads would loosen the tongue of almost any one. At Little Bonny we heard that two vessels were some miles up the river, ready to sail,

and were only waiting until the coast was clear. Captain James, of the *Bright*, thought that one, if not both, would sail from another outlet of the river, about thirty miles to the southward, and determined to watch it.

We both stood to that direction. Of course we were watched from the shore, and the slavers were kept posted as to our movements. They supposed we had both gone to the Cameroons, leaving *Little Bonny* open; but after dark, with a light land breeze, we wore round and stood to the northward, keeping offshore some distance, so that captains leaving the river might have sufficient offing to prevent their reaching port again or beaching their craft. At daybreak, as far as we could judge, we were about twenty miles offshore to the northward and westward of *Little Bonny*, in the track of any vessel bound for the *West Indies*. The night was dark with occasional rain squalls, when the heavens would open and the water come down in a flood. Anxiously we all watched for daylight, which comes under the equator with a suddenness very different from the prolonged twilight of higher latitudes. At the first glimmer in the east every eye was strained on the horizon, all eager, all anxious to be the first to sight anything within our vision. The darkness soon gave way to gray morn. Day was dawning, when suddenly a *Krooman* by my side seized my hand and, without saying a word, pointed inshore. I looked, but could see nothing. All eyes were focused in that direction, and in a few minutes the faint outline of a vessel appeared against the sky. She was some miles inshore of us, and as the day brightened we made her out to be a brigantine (an uncommon rig in those days), standing across our bows, with all studding sails set on the starboard side, indeed everything that could pull, including water sails and save-all. We were on the same tack heading to the northward. We set

everything that would draw, and kept off two points, bringing the wind abeam so as to head her off.

The breeze was light and off the land. We had not yet been seen against the darker western horizon, but we knew it could only be a few minutes longer before their sharp eyes would make us out. Soon we saw the studding sails and all kites come down by the run and her yards braced up sharp on the same tack as ours. We also hauled by the wind. At sunrise she was four points on our weather bow, distant about four miles. We soon perceived that she could out-sail our brig and if the wind held would escape. Gradually she drew away from us until she was hull down. Our only hope now was that the land breeze would cease and the sea breeze come in. As the sun rose we gladly noticed the wind lessening, until at eleven o'clock it was calm. Not a breath ruffled the surface of the sea; the sun's rays in the zenith were reflected as from a mirror; the waters seemed like molten lead.

I know of nothing more depressing than a calm in the tropics, — a raging sun overhead, around an endless expanse of dead sea, and a feeling of utter helplessness that is overpowering. What if this should last? what a fate! The *Rime of the Ancient Mariner* comes to our mind. Come storm and tempest, come hurricanes and blizzards, anything but an endless stagnation. For some hours we watched earnestly the horizon to the westward, looking for the first dark break on the smooth sea. Not a cloud was in the heavens. The brig appeared to be leaving us either by towing or by sweeps; only her topgallant sail was above the horizon. It looked as if the sea breeze would desert us. It usually came in about one o'clock, but that hour and another had passed and yet we watched for the first change. Without a breeze our chances of overhauling the stranger were gone. Only a white speck like the wing of a gull

now marked her whereabouts on the edge of the horizon, and in another hour she would be invisible even from the masthead.

When we were about to despair, our head Krooman drew the captain's attention to the westward and said the breeze was coming. We saw no signs of it, but his quick eye had noticed light feathery clouds rising to the westward, a sure indication of the coming breeze. Soon we could see the glassy surface ruffled at different points as the breeze danced over it, coming on like an advancing line of skirmishers; and as we felt its first gentle movement on our parched faces, it was welcome indeed, putting new life into all of us. The crew needed no encouragement to spring to their work. As the little brig felt the breeze and gathered steerageway, she was headed for the chase, bringing the wind on her starboard quarter. In less than five minutes all the studding sails that would draw were set, as well as everything that would pull. The best quartermaster was sent to the wheel, with orders to keep the chase directly over the weather end of the spritsail yard. The captain ordered the sails wet, an expedient I never had much faith in, unless the sails are very old. But as if to recompense us for the delay, the breeze came in strong and steady. Our one hope now was to follow it up close and to carry it within gunshot of the brig, for if she caught it before we were within range she would certainly escape. All hands were piped to quarters, and the long eighteen-pounder on the fore-castle was loaded with a full service charge; on this piece we relied to cripple the chase. We were now rapidly raising her, and I was sent aloft on the fore topsail yard, with a good glass to watch her movements. Her hull was in sight and she was still becalmed, though her head was pointed in the right direction, and everything was set to catch the coming breeze. She carried

a boat on each side at the davits like a man-of-war, and I reported that I could make out men securing them. They had been towing her, and only stopped when they saw us drawing near.

Anxiously we watched the breeze on the water as it narrowed the sheen between us, and we were yet two miles or more distant when she first felt the breeze. As she did so we hoisted the English blue ensign, — for the fleet at this time was under a Rear Admiral of the Blue, — and fired a weather gun, but no response was made. Fortunately the wind continued to freshen and the Porpoise was doing wonderfully well. We were rapidly closing the distance between us. We fired another gun, but no attention was paid to it. I noticed from the movements of the crew of the brig that they were getting ready for some manœuvre, and reported to the captain. He divined at once what the manœuvre would be, and ordered that the braces be led along, hands by the studding-sail halyards and tacks, and everything ready to haul by the wind. We felt certain now of the character of our friend, and the men were already calculating the amount of their prize money. We were now within range, and must clip her wings if possible.

The first lieutenant was ordered to open fire with the eighteen-pounder. Carefully the gun was laid, and as the order "fire" was given, down came our English flag, and the stop of the Stars and Stripes was broken at the gaff. The first shot touched the water abeam of the chase and ricocheted ahead of her. She showed the Spanish flag. The captain of the gun was ordered to elevate a little more and try again. The second shot let daylight through her fore topsail, but the third was wide again.

Then the sharp, quick order of the captain, "Fore topsail yard there, come down on deck, sir!" brought me down on the run. "Have both cutters cleared away and ready for lowering," were my

orders as I reached the quarter-deck. Practice from the bow chasers continued, but the smoke that drifted ahead of us interfered with the accuracy of the firing, and no vital part was touched, though a number of shots went through her sails. The captain in the main rigging never took his eye from the Spaniard, evidently expecting that as a fox when hard pressed doubles on the hounds, the chase would attempt the same thing. And he was not disappointed, for when we had come within easy range of her, the smoke hid her from view for a few minutes, and as it dispersed the first glimpse showed the captain that her studding sails had all gone, and that she had hauled by the wind, standing across our weather bow. Her captain had lost no time in taking in his studding sails; halyards, tacks, and sheets had all been cut together and dropped overboard.

It was a bold and well-executed manœuvre, and we could not help admiring the skill with which she was handled. However, we had been prepared for this move. "Ease down your helm." "Lower away. Haul down the studding sails." "Ease away the weather braces. Brace up." "Trim down the head sheets," were the orders which followed in rapid succession, and were as quickly executed. The Spaniard was now broad on our lee bow, distant not more than half a mile, but as she felt the wind which we brought down she fairly spun through the water, exposing her bright copper. She was both head-reaching and out-sailing us; in half an hour she would have been right ahead of us, and in an hour the sun would be down. It was now or never. We could bring nothing to bear except the gun on the forecastle. Fortunately it continued smooth, and we were no longer troubled with smoke. Shot after shot went hissing through the air after her; a number tore through the sails or rigging, but not a spar was touched nor an important rope cut. We could see some of her crew aloft

reeving and stopping braces and ready to repair any damage done, working as coolly under fire as old man-of-war's men. But while we were looking, down came the gaff of her mainsail, and the gaff-topsail fell all adrift; a lucky shot had cut her peak halyards. Our crew cheered with a will. "Well done, Hobson, try it again!" called the captain to the boatswain's mate, who was captain of the gun.

After the next shot, the topgallant yard swayed for a few minutes and fell forward. The order was given to cease firing; she was at our mercy. We were rapidly nearing the chase, when she backed her topsail. We kept off, and when within easy range of the carronades "hove to" to windward. Lieutenant Bukett was ordered to board her in the first cutter and take charge. I followed in the second cutter, with orders to bring the captain on board with his papers. A few strokes sent us alongside of a brig about our tonnage, but with a low rail and a flush deck. The crew, some eighteen or twenty fine-looking seamen, were forward eagerly discussing the situation of affairs. The captain was aft with his two officers, talking to Lieutenant Bukett. He was fair, with light hair curling all over his head, beard cut short, about forty years of age, well set up, with a frame like a Roman wrestler, evidently a tough customer in a rough-and-ready scrimmage.

He spoke fairly good English, and was violently denouncing the outrage done to his flag; his government would demand instant satisfaction for firing upon a legitimate trader on the high seas. I gave the lieutenant Captain Thompson's orders, to bring the captain and his papers on board at once. His harangue was cut short by orders to get on board my boat. He swore with a terrible oath that he would never leave his vessel. "Come on board, men," said I, and twenty of our crew were on deck in a jiffy. I stationed my coxswain, Parker,

at the cabin companion way with orders to allow no one to pass. "Now," said Lieutenant Bukett to the Spaniard, "I will take you on board in irons unless you go quietly." He hesitated a moment, then said he would come as soon as he had gone below to bring up his papers. "No, never mind your papers; I will find them," said the lieutenant, for he saw the devil in the Spaniard's eyes, and knew he meant mischief. Our captive made one bound for the companion way, however, and seizing Parker by the throat hurled him into the water ways as if he had been a rag baby. But fortunately he slipped on a small grating and fell on his knees, and before he could recover himself two of our men threw themselves upon him.

I closed the companion way. The struggle was desperate for a few minutes, for the Spaniard seemed possessed of the furies, and his efforts were almost superhuman. Twice he threw the men from him across the deck, but they were reinforced by Parker, who, smarting under his discomfiture, rushed in, determined to down him. I was anxious to end it with my pistol, but Lieutenant Bukett would not consent. The Spaniard's officers and men made some demonstration to assist, but they were quickly disposed of: his two mates were put in irons and the crew driven forward. Struggling, fighting, every limb and every muscle at work, the captain was overpowered; a piece of the signal halyards brought his hands together, and handcuffs were slipped on his wrists. Only then he succumbed, and begged Lieutenant Bukett to blow out his brains, for he had been treated like a pirate.

Without doubt if he had reached the cabin he would have blown up the vessel, for in a locker over the transom were two open kegs of powder. I led him to my boat, assisted him in, and returned to the Porpoise. As soon as the Spaniard reached the deck the cap-

tain ordered his irons removed, and expressed his regret that it had been necessary to use force. The prisoner only bowed and said nothing. The captain asked him what his cargo consisted of. He replied, "About four hundred blacks bound to the Brazils."

I was then ordered to return to the brig, bring on board her crew, leaving only the cook and steward, and to take charge of the prize as Lieutenant Bukett, our first lieutenant, was not yet wholly recovered from an attack of African fever. The crew of twenty men, when brought on board, consisted of Spaniards, Greeks, Malays, Arabs, white and black, but had not one Anglo-Saxon. They were ironed in pairs and put under guard.

From the time we first got on board we had heard moans, cries, and rumblings coming from below, and as soon as the captain and crew were removed, the hatches had been taken off, when there arose a hot blast as from a charnel house, sickening and overpowering. In the hold were three or four hundred human beings, gasping, struggling for breath, dying; their bodies, limbs, faces, all expressing terrible suffering. In their agonizing fight for life, some had torn or wounded themselves or their neighbors dreadfully; some were stiffened in the most unnatural positions. As soon as I knew the condition of things I sent the boat back for the doctor and some whiskey. It returned bringing Captain Thompson, and for an hour or more we were all hard at work lifting and helping the poor creatures on deck, where they were laid out in rows. A little water and stimulant revived most of them; some, however, were dead or too far gone to be resuscitated. The doctor worked earnestly over each one, but seventeen were beyond human skill. As fast as he pronounced them dead they were quickly dropped overboard.

Night closed in with our decks covered so thickly with the ebony bodies that with difficulty we could move about;

fortunately they were as quiet as so many snakes. In the meantime the first officer, Mr. Block, was sending up a new topgallant yard, reeving new rigging, repairing the sails, and getting everything ataunto aloft. The Kroomen were busy washing out and fumi-gating the hold, getting ready for our cargo again. It would have been a very anxious night, except that I felt relieved by the presence of the brig which kept within hail. Soon after daybreak Captain Thompson came on board again, and we made a count of the captives as they were sent below; 188 men and boys, and 166 women and girls. Seeing everything snug and in order the captain returned to the brig, giving me final orders to proceed with all possible dispatch to Monrovia, Liberia, land the negroes, then sail for Porto Praya, Cape de Verde Islands, and report to the commodore. As the brig hauled to the wind and stood to the southward and eastward I dipped my colors, when her crew jumped into the rigging and gave us three cheers, which we returned.

As she drew away from us I began to realize my position and responsibility: a young midshipman, yet in my teens, commanding a prize, with three hundred and fifty prisoners on board, two or three weeks' sail from port, with only a small crew. From the first I kept all hands aft except two men on the lookout, and the weather was so warm that we could all sleep on deck. I also ordered the men never to lay aside their pistols or cutlasses, except when working aloft, but my chief reliance was in my knowledge of the negro, — of his patient, docile disposition. Born and bred a slave he never thought of any other condition, and he accepted the situation without a murmur. I had never heard of blacks rising or attempting to gain their freedom on board a slaver.

My charges were all of a deep black; from fifteen to twenty-five years of age, and, with a few exceptions, nude, unless

copper or brass rings on their ankles or necklaces of cowries can be described as articles of dress. All were slashed, or had the scars of branding on their foreheads and cheeks; these marks were the distinguishing features of different tribes or families. The men's hair had been cut short, and their heads looked in some cases as if they had been shaven. The women, on the contrary, wore their hair "à la pompadour;" the coarse kinky locks were sometimes a foot or more above their heads, and trained square or round like a boxwood bush. Their features were of the pronounced African type, but, notwithstanding this disfigurement, were not unpleasing in appearance. The figures of all were good, straight, well developed, some of the young men having bodies that would have graced a Mercury or an Apollo. Their hands were small, showing no evidences of work, only the cruel marks of shackles. These in some cases had worn deep furrows on their wrists or ankles.

They were obedient to all orders as far as they understood them, and would, I believe, have jumped overboard if told to do so. I forbade the men to treat them harshly or cruelly. I had the sick separated from the others, and allowed them to remain on deck all the time, and in this way I partly gained their confidence. I was anxious to learn their story. Fortunately one of the Kroomen found among the prisoners a native of a tribe living near the coast, and with him as interpreter was able to make himself understood. After a good deal of questioning I learned that most of them were from a long distance in the interior, some having been one and some two moons on the way, traveling partly by land and partly by river until they reached the coast. They had been sold by their kings or by their parents to the Arab trader for firearms or for rum. Once at the depots near the coast, they were sold by the Arabs or other traders to the slave captains for from twenty-

five to fifty dollars a head. In the Brazils or West Indies they were worth from two to five hundred dollars. This wide margin, of course, attracted unscrupulous and greedy adventurers, who if they succeeded in running a few cargoes would enrich themselves.

Our daily routine was simple. At six in the morning the rope netting over the main hatch which admitted light and air was taken off, and twenty-five of each sex were brought up, and seated in two circles, one on each side of the deck. A large pan of boiled paddy was then placed in the centre by the cook and all went to work with their hands. A few minutes sufficed to dispose of every grain; then one of the Kroomen gave each of them a cup of water from a bucket. For half an hour after the meal they had the liberty of the deck, except the poop, for exercise, to wash and to sun themselves; for sunshine to a negro is meat and drink. At the end of this time they were sent below, and another fifty brought up, and so on until all had been fed and watered. Paddy or rice was the staple article of food. At dinner boiled yams were given with the rice. Our passengers were quartered on a flying deck extending from the foremast to a point twenty feet abaft the main hatch from which came light and air. The height was about five feet; the men had one side and the women the other. Of course there was no furnishing of any kind, but all lay prone upon the bare deck in rows.

Every morning after breakfast the Kroomen would rig the force pump, screw on the hose and drench them all, washing out thoroughly between decks. They appeared to enjoy this, and it was cooling, for be it remembered we were close under the equator, the thermometer dancing about 90° . As the water was sluiced over them they would rub and scrub each other. Only the girls would try not to get their hair wet, for they were at all times particular about their

headdress. It may be that this was the only part of their toilet that gave them any concern.

The winds were baffling and light, so we made but slow progress. Fortunately frequent rains, with sometimes a genuine tropical downpour or cloud-burst, gave us an opportunity of replenishing our water casks, and by spreading the awnings we were able to get a good supply. I found on inspection that there were at least thirty days' provisions on board, so on this score and that of water I felt easy. I lived on deck, seldom using the cabin, which was a veritable arsenal, with racks of muskets and cutlasses on two sides, many more than the captain needed to arm his crew, evidently intended for barter. Two or three prints of his favorite saints, ornamented with sharks' teeth, hung on one bulkhead. A well-thrummed mandolin and a number of French novels proved him to be a musical and literary fellow, who could probably play a bolero while making a troublesome slave walk a plank. I found also some choice vintages from the Douro and Bordeaux snugly stowed in his spirit locker, which proved good medicines for some of our captives, who required stimulants. Several of the girls were much reduced, refused nearly all food, and were only kept alive by a little wine and water. Two finally died of mere inanition. Their death did not in the least affect their fellows, who appeared perfectly indifferent and callous to all their surroundings, showing not the least sympathy or desire to help or wait on one another.

The fifth day after parting from the brig we encountered a tropical storm. The sun rose red and angry, and owing to the great refraction appeared three times its natural size. It climbed lazily to the zenith, and at noon we were shadowless. The sky was as calm as a vault, and the surface of the water was like burnished steel. The heat became so stifling that even the Africans were

gasping for breath, and we envied them their freedom from all impedimenta. The least exertion was irksome, and attended with extreme lassitude. During the afternoon thin cirri clouds, flying very high, spread out over the western heavens like a fan. As the day lengthened they thickened to resemble the scales of a fish, bringing to mind the old saying, "A mackerel sky and a mare's tail," etc. The signs were all unmistakable, and even the gulls recognized a change, and, screaming, sought shelter on our spars. Mr. Block was ordered to send down all the light yards and sails; to take in and furl everything, using storm gaskets, except on the fore and main storm staysails; to lash everything on deck; to batten down the hatches, except one square of the main; see all the shifting boards in place, so that our living cargo would not be thrown to leeward higgledy-piggledy, and to take four or five of the worst cases of the sick into the cabin and lay them on the floor.

The sun disappeared behind a mountainous mass of leaden-colored clouds which rose rapidly in the southern and western quarters. To the eastward, also, the signs were threatening. Night came on suddenly as it does in the tropics. Soon the darkness enveloped us, a palpable veil. A noise like the march of a mighty host was heard, which proved to be the approach of a tropical flood, heralded by drops as large as marbles. It churned the still waters into a phosphorescent foam which rendered the darkness only more oppressive. The rain came down as it can come only in the Bight of Benin. The avalanche cooled us, reducing the temperature ten or fifteen degrees, giving us new life, and relieving our fevered blood. I told Mr. Block to throw back the tarpaulin over the main hatch and let our dusky friends get some benefit of it. In half an hour the rain ceased, but it was as calm and ominous as ever.

I knew this was but the forerunner of

something worse to follow, and we had not long to wait, for suddenly a blinding flash of lightning darted through the gloom from east to west, followed by one in the opposite direction. Without intermission, one blaze after another and thunder crashing until our eyes were blinded and our ears deafened, a thousand times ten thousand pieces of artillery thundered away. We seemed utterly helpless and insignificant. "How wonderful are Thy works," came to my mind. Still no wind; the brig lay helpless.

Suddenly, as a slap in the face, the wind struck us, — on the starboard quarter, fortunately. "Hard-a-starboard." "Haul aft port fore staysail sheet," I called. But before she could gather way she was thrown down by the wind like a reed. She was "coming to" instead of "going off," and I tried to get the main storm staysail down but could not make myself heard. She was lying on her broadside. Luckily the water was smooth as yet. The main staysail shot out of the boltropes with a report like a twelve-pounder, and this eased her so that if the fore staysail would only hold she would go off. For a few minutes all we could do was to hold on, our lee rail in the water; but the plucky little brig rallied a little, her head went off inch by inch, and as she gathered way she righted, and catching the wind on our quarter we were off like a shot out of a gun. I knew we were too near the vortex of the disturbance for the wind to hang long in one quarter, so watched anxiously for a change. The sea rose rapidly while we were running to the northward on her course, and after a lull of a few minutes the wind opened from the eastward, butt end foremost, a change of eight points. Nothing was to be done but heave to, and this in a cross sea where pitch, weather roll, lee lurch, followed one another in such earnest that it was a wonder her masts were not switched out of her.

I passed an anxious night, most con-

cerned about the poor creatures under hatches, whose sufferings must have been terrible. To prevent their suffocating I kept two men at the main hatch with orders to lift one corner of the tarpaulin whenever possible, even if some water did go below. Toward morning the wind and the sea went down rapidly, and as the sun rose it chased the clouds off, giving us the promise of a fine day. When the cook brought me a cup of coffee, I do not know that I ever enjoyed anything more. Hatches off, I jumped down into the hold to look after my prisoners. Battered and bruised they lay around in heaps. Only the shifting boards had kept them from being beaten into an indistinguishable mass. As fast as possible they were sent on deck, and the sun's rays, with a few buckets of water that were thrown over them, accomplished wonders in bringing them to life and starting them to care for their sore limbs and bruises.

One boy, when I motioned for him to go on deck, pointed quietly to his leg, and upon examination I found a fracture just above the knee. Swelling had already commenced. I had seen limbs set, and had some rough idea how it should be done. So while getting some splints of keg staves and bandages ready, I kept a stream of water pouring on the fracture, and then ordered two men to pull the limb in place, and it took all their strength. That done I put on the splints and wrapped the bandages tightly. Three weeks later I landed him in a fair way of recovery.

Gradually I allowed a larger number of the blacks to remain on deck, a privilege which they greatly enjoyed. To lie basking in the sun like saurians, half sleeping, half waking, appeared to satisfy all their wishes. They were perfectly docile and obedient, and not by word, gesture, or look did they express any dissatisfaction with orders given them. But again for any little acts of kindness they expressed no kind of appreciation or gratitude. Physically they were men and

women, but otherwise as far removed from the Anglo-Saxon as the oyster from the baboon, or the mole from the horse.

On the fourteenth day from parting with the brig we made the palms on Cape Mesurado, the entrance to Monrovia Harbor. A light sea breath wafted us to the anchorage, a mile from the town, and when the anchor dropped from the bows and the chain ran through the hawse pipe, it was sweet music to my ears; for the strain had been great, and I felt years older than when I parted from my messmates. A great responsibility seemed lifted from my shoulders, and I enjoyed a long and refreshing sleep for the first time in a fortnight. At nine the next morning I went on shore and reported to the authorities, the officials of Liberia, of which Monrovia is the capital.

This part of the African coast had been selected by the United States government as the home of emancipated slaves; for prior to the abolition excitement which culminated in the war, numbers of slaves in the South had been manumitted by their masters with the understanding that they should be deported to Liberia, and the Colonization Society, an influential body, comprising some of the leading men, like Madison, Webster, and Clay, had assisted in the same work. The passages of the negroes were paid; each family was given a tract of land and sufficient means to build a house. Several thousand had been sent out, most of whom had settled at Monrovia, and a few at other places on the coast. They had made no impression on the natives. On the contrary, many of them had intermarried with the natives, and the offspring of these unions had lost the use of the English tongue, and had even gone back to the life and customs of their ancestors, sans clothing, sans habitations, and worship of a fetich.

Of course there were some notable exceptions, especially President Roberts, who proved himself a safe and prudent ruler, taking into consideration his sur-

roundings and the material with which he had to work. The form of government was modeled after that of the United States, but it was top-heavy. Honorables, colonels, and judges were thicker than in Georgia. Only privates were scarce; for nothing delights a negro more than a little show or a gaudy uniform. On landing I was met by a dark mulatto, dressed in a straw hat, blue tail coat, silver epaulettes, linen trousers, with bare feet, and a heavy cavalry sabre hanging by his side. With him were three or four others in the same rig, except the epaulettes. He introduced himself as Colonel Harrison, chief of police. I asked to be directed to the custom house.

The collector proved to be an old negro from Raleigh, N. C., gray as a badger, spectacled, with manners of Lord Grandison and language of Mrs. Malaprop. I reported my arrival, and asked permission to land my cargo as soon as possible. He replied that in a matter of so much importance, devolving questions of momentous interest, it would be obligatory on him to consult the Secretary of the Treasury. I said I trusted he would so facilitate affairs that I might at an early hour disembarass myself of my involuntary prisoners. I returned on board, and the day passed without any answer. The next morning I determined to go at once to headquarters and find out the cause of the delay by calling on the President.

He received me without any formality. I made my case as strong as possible, and pressed for an immediate answer. In reply he assured me he would consult with other members of his cabinet, and give me a final answer the next morning. That evening I dined with him *en famille*, and recognized some old Virginia dishes on the table. The next morning I waited impatiently for his decision, having made up my mind however, if it was unfavorable, to land my poor captives, be the consequences what they might.

About eleven o'clock a boat came off with an officer in full uniform, who in-

troduced himself as Colonel Royal, bearer of dispatches from his Excellency the President. He handed me a letter, couched in diplomatic language, as long as some of his brother presidents' messages on this side of the Atlantic. I had hardly patience to read it. The gist of it was, I might not land the captives at Monrovia, but might land them at Grand Bassa, about a hundred and fifty miles to the eastward; that Colonel Royal would accompany me with orders to the governor there to receive them. This was something I had not anticipated, and outside of my instructions. However, I thought it best to comply with the wishes of the government of our only colony.

Getting under way we stood to the southward and eastward, taking advantage of the light land and sea breeze, keeping the coast close aboard. The colonel had come on board without any impedimenta, and I wondered if he intended to make the voyage in his cocked hat, epaulettes, sword, etc. But soon after we had started he disappeared and emerged from the cabin bareheaded, barefooted, and without clothing except a blue dungaree shirt and trousers. Like a provident negro, having stowed away all his trappings, he appeared as a roustabout on a Western steamer. But he had not laid aside with his toggery any of his important and consequential airs. He ran foul of Mr. Block, who called him Mr. Cuffy, and ordered him to give him a pull with the main sheet. The colonel complained to me that he was not addressed by his name or title, and that he was not treated as a representative of his government should be. I reprimanded Mr. Block, and told him to give the visitor all his title. "All right, sir, but the colonel must keep off the weather side of the deck," growled the officer. The cook, the crew, and even the Kroomen, all took their cue from the first officer, and the colonel's lot was made most unhappy.

On the third day we reached Grand

Bassa, and anchored off the beach about two miles, along which the surf was breaking so high that any attempt to land would be hazardous. Toward evening it moderated, and a canoe with three naked natives came off. One I found could speak a little English. I told him to say to the governor that I would come on shore in the morning and see him, and land my cargo at the same time.

The next morning at sunrise we were boarded by a party of natives headed by one wearing a black hat half covered with a tarnished silver band, an old navy frock coat, much too small, between the buttons of which his well-oiled skin showed clearly. A pair of blue flannel trousers completed his outfit. An interpreter introduced him as King George of Grand Bassa. With him were about a dozen followers, each one wearing a different sort of garment — and seldom more than a single one — representing old uniforms of many countries. Two coats I noticed were buttoned up the back.

The king began by saying that he was and always had been a friend of the Americans; that he was a big man, had plenty of men and five wives, etc. While he was speaking, a white-bearded old colored gentleman came over the gangway, dressed in a linen roundabout and trousers, with a wide-brimmed straw hat. At the same time Colonel Royal came up from the cabin in *grande tenue* and introduced us to the Hon. Mr. Marshall, governor of Bassa, formerly of Kentucky.

In a few minutes he explained the situation. With a few settlers he was located at this place, on the frontier of the colony, and they were there on sufferance only from the natives. I told him Colonel Royal would explain my mission to him and the king. The colonel, bowing low to the king, the governor, and myself, and bringing his sword down with a thud on the deck, drew from between the bursting buttons of his coat the formidable document I had seen at Monrovia, and with most impressive voice and ges-

ture commenced to read it. The king listened for a few minutes, and then interrupted him. I asked the interpreter what he said. He replied, "King say he fool nigger; if he come on shore he give him to Voodoo women." Then turning his back he walked forward. The colonel dropped his paper, and drawing his sword, in the most dramatic manner claimed protection in the name of the government, declaring that he had been insulted. I told him to keep cool, since he was certainly safe as long as he was on board my ship. He grumbled and muttered terrible things, but subsided gradually like the departing thunder of a summer storm.

I arranged the landing of the passengers with Governor Marshall, whom I found a sensible, clear-headed old man, ready to coöperate in every way. But he suggested that I had better consult the king before doing anything. I did so, and he at once said they could not land. I told the interpreter to say they would be landed at once and put under the protection of the governor; that if the king or his people hurt them or ran them off I would report it to our commodore, who would certainly punish him severely. Finding me determined, he began to temporize, and asked that the landing be put off until the next day, that he might consult with his head people, for if I sent them on shore before he had done so they would kill them. "If that is the case," I replied, "I will hold you on board as a hostage for their good behavior." This threat surprised him, and he changed his tactics. After a little powwow with some of his followers, he said that if I would give him fifty muskets, twenty pounds of powder, the colonel's sword, and some red cloth for his wives, I might land them. I replied that I had not a musket to spare nor an ounce of powder, that the colonel was a high officer of his government, and that he of course would not give up his uniform. Fortunately the colonel had retired to

the cabin and did not hear this modest demand, or he would have been as much outraged as if his sable Majesty had asked for him to be served "roti à l'Ashantee." However, I told the king I would send his wives some cloth and buttons. He grunted his approval but returned again to the charge, and asked that he might choose a few of the captives for his own use, before landing. "Certainly not," I answered, "neither on board nor on shore," and added that he would be held accountable for their good treatment as free men and women. He left thoroughly disappointed and bent on mischief.

In the meantime Mr. Block had made all preparations for landing, and had the boats lowered and ranged alongside, with sufficient rice to last the blacks a week or ten days. The men and boys were sent first. When they were called up from the hold and ordered into the boats not one of them moved. They evidently divined what had been going on and dreaded leaving the vessel, though our Kroomen tried to explain that they would be safe and free on shore. The explanation was without effect, however, and they refused to move. They could only understand that they were changing masters, and they preferred the present ones. Sending three or four men down, I told them to pass up the negroes one at a time. Only a passive resistance was offered, such as one often sees exhibited by cattle being loaded on the cars or on a steamer, and were silent, not uttering a word of complaint. By noon the men were all on shore, and then we began with the girls. They were more demonstrative than the men, and by their looks and gestures begged not to be taken out of the vessel. I was much moved, for it was a painful duty, and I had become interested in these beings, so utterly helpless, so childlike in their dependence on those around them. And I could not help thinking what their fate would be, thrown upon the shore hundreds of miles

from their homes, and among a people strange to them in language.

Even Mr. Block was deeply stirred. "He had not shipped," he said, "for such work." I went to my cabin and left him in charge. In the course of an hour he reported, "All ashore, sir." I told him to have the gig manned and I would go on shore with Colonel Royal, and get a receipt from Governor Marshall for my late cargo. The colonel declined to accompany me, alleging sickness and requesting me to get the necessary papers signed. No doubt he felt safer on board than within reach of King George.

We landed through the surf on a sandy beach, on which the waves of the Atlantic were fretting. Near by was a thick grove of cocoanut trees, under which in groups of four and five were those who had just been landed. They were seated on the ground, their heads resting on their knees, in a position of utter abnegation, surrounded by three or four hundred chattering savages of all ages, headed by the king. With the exception of him and a few of his head men, the clothing of the company would not have covered a rag baby. They were no doubt discussing the appearance of the strangers and making their selections.

I found the governor's house and the houses of the few settlers some distance back on a slight elevation. The governor was comfortably, though plainly situated, with a large family around him. He gave me a receipt for the number of blacks landed, but said it would be impossible for him to prevent the natives from taking and enslaving them. I agreed with him, and said he must repeat to the king what I had told him. Then bidding him good-by I returned on board, sad and weary, as one often feels after being relieved of a great burden. At the same time I wondered whether the fate of these people would have been any worse if the captain of the slaver had succeeded in landing them in the Brazils or the West Indies. Sierra Leone

being a crown colony, the English could land all their captives there and provide for them until they were able to work for themselves. In this respect they had a great advantage over us.

Getting under way, I proceeded to Monrovia to land Colonel Royal, and

then to Porto Praya, our squadron's headquarters. There I found Commodore Gregory in the flagship corvette Portsmouth, and reported to him. Soon after the Porpoise came in, and I joined my old craft, giving up my command of the captured slaver rather reluctantly.

J. Taylor Wood.

SOME OLD-FASHIONED DOUBTS ABOUT NEW-FASHIONED EDUCATION.

"DOUBTS" is my title, not "Views;" and, as this title indicates, my paper is the expression of a mood rather than of a conviction. A mere observer of educational methods is often bothered by doubts as to the relative value of the old educational product and of the new. The new product, the educated man of to-day, is in some measure the necessity of the time. The demands of a special calling require preparation so early and so long that the all-round man—that invaluable species which has leavened and civilized all society—bids fair to be soon as extinct as the dodo. No one denies that the rare being who, in spite of the elective principle, persists in getting a general education first and a special one later, is a man of more power than if he had been driven through a general education by some other will than his own; yet with the kindergarten at one end of our education and with the elective system at the other, we see, or seem to see, a falling off in the vigor with which men attack distasteful but useful things,—a shrinking from the old, resolute education.

The new education has made three discoveries:—

1. Education should always recognize the fitness of different minds for different work.

2. The process of education need not be, and should not be, forbidding.

3. In earlier systems of education, natural science had not a fair place.

No wonder that the new education seems to some men a proclamation of freedom. The elective system, with its branches and connections, is the natural reaction from the unintelligently rigid ignoring of mental difference in individuals. Its fundamental idea is practical, and at times inspiring. When there are so many more things worth knowing than anybody can master, to force everybody through a limited number of definite tasks before calling him educated, to make him give years to studies in which he may be a dunce, without a glimpse (except stolen glimpses) of other studies for which he may have peculiar aptitude, seems flying in the face of Providence. A classmate of mine earned (so he says) three hundred dollars in teaching a boy, who is now a distinguished physician, to spell "biscuit;" and another classmate taught a boy Greek for three months, at the end of which time the boy's knowledge of that language was summed up in the words "iota scrubscript." In the first of these cases, not much may be said for forcing spelling on the pupil; in the second, not much for forcing Greek. Again, people are more interesting for being different,—for not being put through the same mill. Uneducated country people, for example, are far

more interesting, far more individual, than meagrely educated city people (such as most of the salesmen in a large shop), or than semi-educated school-teachers who are graduates of some one inferior normal school. (We do not want men to be alike.) We cannot make them alike; why do we try? If we wish to raise cranberries and beans, and own a peat swamp and a sand hill, we give up the swamp to the berries and the hill to the beans, and make no effort to raise both things in both kinds of soil. (Why not let each man do what nature says he was made for?) Why beat his head on a stone wall, — a process that cannot be good for his mind? The old plan of learning the whole Latin grammar by heart was to some minds torture. Why should the early exercise of our powers and the training of those powers to higher service be repellent or even austere? Life is hard enough without our wantonly making it harder; let us suffer our boys and girls to *enjoy* education. Again, here is the earth we live on; here are the birds and the flowers: why shut out the study of these for Greek, Latin, and mathematics? Are the humanities human? Is mathematics either so agreeable or so useful as botany or zoölogy?

Every one of these questions is emancipatory; but the emancipation may be carried too far. Look, for example, at the elective system. No persons lay themselves open more recklessly to *reductio ad absurdum* than advocates of the elective system. Everybody believes in the elective system at some stage of education; the question is where to begin: yet extension after extension is advocated on general grounds of liberty (such liberty, by the way, as nobody has in active life); and propositions are brought forward which, if we accept them, give the elective system no logical end. Down it goes, through college, high school, and grammar school, till not even the alphabet can stop it.

Doubt I. Are we sure that we do not begin the elective system too early, or that we shall not soon begin it too early?

The attempt to make education less forbidding has called forth various devices, among them the method of teaching children to read without teaching them to spell; and the kindergarten is responsible for various attempts to make children believe they are playing games when they are, or should be, studying. Here, for example, is an extract from a book designed to teach children harmony, but entitled *The Story of Major C and his Relatives*: —

“We will stop a moment and play a game or two of scale with these flat Majors, and then go on to the other families waiting for us. Major F and his children play in just the same way as his next-door neighbor, Major G, and he also has one sign or mark; but instead of its being a sharp, it is a flat, and he too has one dark-haired child, which he calls B Flat. You see how easy it really is to play a scale, if you only remember this rule about No. Four and No. Eight, which is always the same in all the Major families.

“All the other Majors excepting Major C Flat live on the second floor, and all call themselves flats; so you may begin anywhere on any of these black keys and play a scale. Before you leave these Majors, you must notice that Major C Flat and Major B have to enter by the same door, but when they are once inside, each has a home and a family of his own.

“There is a reason for this, and some day, when you are a little older, I hope that I may explain it to you.

“If you will go to the piano, and play a game of scale with Major F and his children, you will probably find them jumping and frisking about like little kittens, but at a word from the Major they take their places in the same way as the other children, — all Major sec-

onds apart, except this cuddling little No. Four and No. Eight, who are always minors, whether in a Sharp or a Flat family."

A modern text-book on the study of language remarks that in walking out we see various kinds of birds, — sparrows, robins, hens, and what not; and that just as there are various kinds of birds, so there are various kinds of words, — nouns, verbs, adjectives. I see signs of a reaction from these debilitated methods, — in particular from the method which teaches children reading without spelling; but the effect of these methods is with us still.

Doubt II. Are we sure that the enjoyment which we wish to put into education is sufficiently robust?

I may teach a boy to saw wood by suggesting that we play "Education in Cuba." We may imagine ourselves a committee for supplying the island with as many teachers as possible, both men and women. Oak sticks will furnish men, and pine sticks women (the softer sex); every sawing will make one more teacher, and every sawing through a knot a superintendent. This clever scheme has at least the merit of an undisguised attempt to make a hard job less disagreeable, and does not interfere with the clear understanding on the boy's part that he is sawing wood to help the family; just as Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy, when they called the four hemis Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and talked about each continent as they went along, knew perfectly well that they were working. No imaginative device, however feeble, will take away the manliness of a boy who knows that work is work, and makes play of it when he honestly can; but nothing debilitates a boy more effectively than the notion that teachers exist for his amusement, and that if education does not allure him so much the worse for education.

As to natural science, I admit that it

had not in the old-fashioned programmes a dignified place — such a place as would be given to it by the Committee of Ten; yet natural science may not even now have proved its equality with classics and mathematics as a disciplinary subject for boys and girls. The Committee of Ten maintained the proposition that all studies are born free and equal, — possibly with an inkling that the new studies are, so to speak, freer and more equal than the old. Any one who clings to the old studies as a better foundation for training is told that his doctrine contradicts the principles of the Committee of Ten: but even this does not satisfy him; for he may not be sure of the basis for the committee's conclusions. If the earth rests on an elephant, and the elephant rests on a tortoise, the tortoise is a good tortoise, but still we need to know what the tortoise rests on.

Again, we are told — and if I am not mistaken, we are told by enthusiastic advocates of new methods — that the object of education is not knowledge so much as power; in Greek, for example, we no longer ask a boy to know three books of the *Iliad*, "omitting the Catalogue of the Ships," — we ask him to translate Homer at sight: yet modern doctrine fails to see, except in glimpses, that no better way of gaining power has yet been discovered than the overcoming of difficulties. The fear old-fashioned people have about new-fashioned education is that too much depends on whim, and that whim may be born of indolence.

Take the old system in its most monstrous form, — take learning Latin grammar by heart before translating any Latin author; nobody now defends a practice so stupid: yet that wonderful feat of memory strengthened many a memory for other wonderful feats. The boy who mastered Andrews and Stoddard knew the power of patient effort, the strength of drudgery well done. Through a natural reaction, memory is underrated now. Education at the time

when memory is trained easiest and best must be saved from the barrenness of memory work and must be "enriched." Even the multiplication table is threatened with banishment. | We leave the strait and narrow way, and wobble all over the flowery meadows. We are held down to accuracy so little that it is next to impossible to find a youth who can copy a list of printed names without misspelling. We have boys who cannot spell, men who cannot spell, teachers who cannot spell, teachers of English who cannot spell, college professors who cannot spell and who have a mean opinion of spelling. †

If there is one set of phrases more threadbare than another, it is "along the lines," "broader lines," "developing along these lines," and the like; and in education I seem to hear, with wearisome iteration, "along the lines of least resistance." The theory is taking at first sight, and looks eminently practical. In dealing with lifeless things, such as machinery, it is the only sensible theory, — more work done by the machine, more obstacles overcome by the contriver; but it is an extraordinarily inadequate theory for the education of man. We see parents — possibly we are parents — who bring up children "along the lines of least resistance;" and we know what the children are. Is it illogical to infer that children taught at school "along the lines of least resistance" are intellectually spoiled children, flabby of mind and will? For any responsible work we want men of character — not men who from childhood up have been personally conducted and have had their education warped to the indolence of their minds. It is necessary to treat people as individuals; but it does them a world of good sometimes to treat a great many of them together, and to let them get used to it as best they may. The first lesson of life, as Lowell reminds us, is to burn our own smoke; that is, not to inflict on outsiders our per-

sonal sorrows and petty morbidnesses, not to keep thinking of ourselves as "exceptional cases." The sons of our wealthiest citizens may be educated in either of two ways: they may be sent to school, or they may be turned over to governesses and private tutors. Any one who has observed them in college knows how much better educated those are who have gone to school, — how the very wealth which enables a parent to treat his son as in all ways exceptional and to give him the most costly and carefully adjusted education which he can devise defeats its own end. With due allowance for the occasional boy who is so backward and so eccentric that he can do nothing in a class, I believe that nine out of ten of these pampered youths would do better at a good school than under a private tutor. The reason why they would do better, the reason why their playmates who have gone to school do better, lies largely in the ignoring of individual peculiarities, — in the very thing to prevent which they are kept out of school. If it is true that God made no two men alike, it is equally true that He sends His rain on the just and on the unjust, and rules His universe with inexorable laws. The world cannot be our intimate friend, patient with our eccentricities, smoothing our paths. We must learn this just as we learn not to pick up a live wire and not to fool with the buzz saw. The world is full of buzz saws; and whether we like them or not, they keep right on. Here I may cite Mr. W. S. Gilbert: —

TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE.

BY A MISERABLE WRETCH.

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!

Through pathless realms of Space
Roll on!

What, though I'm in a sorry case?

What, though I cannot meet my bills?

What, though I suffer toothache's ills?

What, though I swallow countless pills?

Never you mind!

Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!

Through seas of inky air

Roll on!

It's true I've got no shirts to wear;

It's true my butcher's bill is due;

It's true my prospects all look blue —

But don't let that unsettle you!

Never you mind!

Roll on!

[It rolls on.

In practical life the job has to be done, and the man must adapt himself to it or lose it; and in practical life everybody but the trained man, the man who has gained power through training, is going to have a hard time. Education should first and foremost train; and training has for its very substance the overcoming of obstacles: furthermore, every specialty is better mastered, better understood in its relation to human life and achievement, by the man who has worked hard in other subjects. I believe that the *ἔργον*, or job, is the better for the *πάρεργον*, or side-job. Even now, one difference between a college and a polytechnic school is that the college provides a basis of general culture for the specialist to build on, whereas the polytechnic school aims rather to put a man into a self-supporting specialty with no "frills." There is something the same difference between a man of science and a mechanic.

"In his own early youth," says Dr. Martineau, as cited by the Boston Herald, "education was thought of use more to correct the weak side of one's nature than to develop its strong side, and so he gave double time to the studies he disliked. This he admits to have been too ascetic a rule, and yet preferable, on the whole, to the emasculate extreme of doing nothing but what one likes to do, so prevalent to-day. Power to drudge at distasteful tasks he considers the test of faculty, the price of knowledge, and the matter of duty, and that without this the stuff is in no man that will make him either the true scholar or the true Christian. At present the tendency is largely

the other way. To choose none but studies agreeable and attractive from the start is what young people are more and more disposed to insist on. Virtually, the student comes to the professor with a bill of rights in his hands, and says, 'Mind, you must not be dull, or I will go to sleep; you must attract me, or I shall not get on an inch; you must rivet my attention, or my thoughts will wander.' Very well, then, if such be your mood, go to sleep, do not get on an inch, and let your attention wander, is Dr. Martineau's justly contemptuous feeling at such sort of inanity. 'I warn you,' he says, 'that this enervated mood is the canker of manly thought and action.' Now there is something tonic and bracing in this attitude of rebuff to the half-weakly, half-insolent tone of so many of the young people of to-day. If you want us to be virtuous, heroic, learned, and accomplished, they practically say to the church, the school, the college, to their parents, you will have to exert yourselves. We want to gratify you, but will tolerate nothing dry, nothing hard, nothing ascetic. The duty of the preacher or of the professor is to waft us to Heaven or Parnassus on gentle zephyrs; otherwise each must endure the pain of seeing us conclude to go somewhere else."

So far what I have said is chiefly theory; but the *a priori* reasoning is supported by painful signs, — by crude specialists that one shudders to think of as educated men (learned men doubtless, but not educated men); by hundreds of students who lack the very underpinning of education, who are so far from knowing the first lesson of training — namely, that to be happy and successful they must get interested in what they have to do, and that doing it regularly and earnestly means getting interested — so far from knowing this, that they sit in front of a book helpless to effect any useful transfer of the author's mind to theirs. Brought up to feel that the

teacher must interest them, they have become so reduced that they would like, as it were, to lie in bed and have their studies sent up to them. Unwittingly the new-fashioned education encourages their indolence. I remember talking some years ago with a student who was fond of chemistry, but whose habits of work, as I saw them in another subject, were shiftless and slack. I tried to show him the necessity, even for his chemistry, of habitual accuracy in thought and expression; and at last I told him that, though the position he took might do for a genius, it would not do for ordinary men like himself and me. He replied that he had rather be anything than an ordinary man. What he is now, I do not know. Another student refused to take pains with his English because, as he said, he had been brought up among people who spoke English well "by intuition." This intuitive English is often picturesque and winning; but it is seldom capable of difficult work.

How many boys know what will best develop their minds? How many parents, even if themselves educated, can resist the combined pressure of boys and plausible new-fashioned educators? Even the youth who wants the old prescribed curriculum cannot get it; he may choose the old studies, but not the old instruction. (Instruction under an elective system is aimed at the specialist.) In elective mathematics, for example, the non-mathematical student who takes the study for self-discipline finds the instruction too high for him; indeed, he finds no encouragement for electing mathematics at all. The new system holds that the study should follow the bent of the mind rather than that the mind should bend itself to follow the study. As a result, prescribed work, so far as it exists under an elective system, is regarded by many students as folly, and if difficult, as persecution. When the writing of forensics — argumentative work which involved hard thinking —

was prescribed in Harvard College, no work in the College was done less honestly. Students would often defend themselves for cheating in this study because it was "really too hard for a prescribed subject." I know I am using a two-edged argument: does it show how the new system weakens mental fibre, or how the old system encourages dishonesty? Different men will give different answers. As to forensics, we may contrast with the spirit of the students the spirit of the man who did most for the study. A trained instructor, whose peculiar interest lay elsewhere, was asked to undertake the difficult and repellent task of teaching prescribed argumentative composition. What resulted is what always results when a trained man makes up his mind to do a piece of work as well as he can, — genuine enthusiasm for the subject; and the instructor who expected to feel only a forced interest in argumentative composition has become an authority in it.

I know that often the idler bestirs himself, fired by enthusiasm in his chosen subject; and that then he sees the meaning, and even the beauty, of drudgery: but the drudgery is less easy, because he has never before learned to drudge with enthusiasm, or even with the fidelity which may in time beget enthusiasm; because he never trained his memory in childhood, when memory is trained best; because he has always, from kindergarten to college, been treated deferentially; because he has transferred the elective system from studies to life. "I see in the new system," said a father the other day, "nothing to establish the habit of application — the most valuable habit of all." "There is nothing," said the teacher with whom he was talking, "unless the student gets interested in some study." "Yes," said the father, "he may strike something that interests him; but it seems dreadfully unscientific to leave it all to chance."

Doubt III, related to Doubt I. Do

we not see in the men educated according to modern methods, such a weakness in attacking difficulties as may indicate that we should be slow to let the secondary school march in the path of the college and the grammar school follow close behind?

Another doubt about new-fashioned education I have been glad to see expressed in recent numbers of *The Nation*. It concerns what is expected of teachers; it concerns the abnormal value set on text-books, and, I may add, the abnormal value set by some institutions on the higher degrees. We frequently hear it said of a teacher that he has taught for many years but has "produced" nothing; and this often means that he has never written a text-book. I would not undervalue text-books as a practical result of experience in teaching: but the teacher's first business is to teach, — writing is a secondary affair; and, as a rule, the best part of a teacher's production is what he produces in the minds and in the characters of his pupils. Few of the great teachers, whether of schools or of colleges, are remembered through their text-books. Dr. Arnold of Rugby wrote text-books (some of them bad ones); but it was not text-books that gave Dr. Arnold his hold on English boys. The late Dr. Henry Coit had, we hear, marvelous insight into a boy's character, and marvelous power over every boy who was near him; but we never hear of his text-books, — if, indeed, he wrote any. Nor is it through text-books that we know Dr. Bancroft of Andover, Mr. Amen of Exeter, and Mr. Peabody of Groton. The new education lays so much stress on writing and on investigation, and on theses as the result of investigation, and on originality in these theses, that it seems sometimes to encourage a young man in maintaining a proposition of which the sole value lies in its novelty (no one having been unwise enough to maintain it be-

fore), and in defending that proposition by a Germanized thesis, —

"*Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.*"

Such theses, I suspect, have more than once been accepted for higher degrees; yet higher degrees won through them leave the winner farther from the best qualities of a teacher, remote from men and still more remote from boys. It was a relief the other day to hear a headmaster say, "I am looking for an under teacher. I want first a *man*, and next a man to teach." It is a relief, also, to see the marked success of several schoolmasters whose preparation for teaching consists first in manliness, and secondly in only a moderate amount of learning. That a teacher should know his subject is obvious; nothing, not even new-fashioned instruction in methods of teaching, will make up for ignorance of the subject itself: but the man of intelligence and self-sacrifice who bends his energy to teaching boys will soon get enough scholarship for the purpose; whereas no amount of scholarship can make up for the want of intelligence and self-sacrifice.

Doubt IV. While fitting the study to the boy, have we been unfitting the teacher for him?

Obviously the new education throws a tremendous responsibility on teachers. We see why it should; and all of us who are familiar with the inner working of a modern school or a modern college know that it does. How is it training the new generation for this responsibility? In some ways admirably. It tries to show that teaching is not a haphazard affair, but a subject for investigation and study; it tries to show how libraries should be used, and how original investigation should be conducted: but old-fashioned people doubt whether it gives due weight to the maxim that Professor Bowen used to repeat so often, "The foundation must be stronger than the superstructure." They doubt

whether teachers, themselves educated "along the lines of least resistance," can stand the strain of modern teaching. As a relief from wooden teaching and wooden learning, the new education deserves all gratitude. No one is so conservative as to prefer a dull teacher to an interesting one because the dull teacher offers more obstacles to learning. In this matter, as in all other matters of education, the question is not whether we should be altogether old-fashioned or altogether new-fashioned (we may be "alike fantastic if too new or old"): the question is where the old should stop and the new begin.

Doubt V. In emancipation from the evils of the old, may we not be rushing into another servitude almost or quite as dangerous as the first?

I have often used the word "training." Now what is training, and what is the peculiar characteristic of the trained mind? Training is the discipline that teaches a man to set labor above whim; to develop the less promising parts of his mind as well as the more promising; to make five talents ten and two five; to see that in his specialty he shall work better and enjoy more for knowing something outside of his specialty; to recognize the connection between present toil and future attainment, so that the hope of future attainment creates pleasure in present toil; to understand that nothing can be mastered without drudgery, and that drudgery in preparation for service is not only respectable but beautiful; to be interested in every study, no matter how forbidding; to work steadily and resolutely until, through long practice, — and, it may be, after many failures, — he is trusted to do the right thing, or something near it, mechanically, just as the trained pianist instinctively touches the right note. Training is all this and more. Why should we be content to let so many of our boys get their best discipline not from study but from athletics?

"But the new education," you say, "is in some ways more general than the old. From the start it opens to eager eyes all the beautiful world of science; little children get glimpses into subjects of which old-fashioned little children never heard." This is too true. Old-fashioned people have old-fashioned doubts about what seems to them a showy, all-round substitute for education, — a sort of bluff at general culture, such as we see when children, at great expense to their schools (the new education is almost ruinously expensive), dissipate their minds by studying a little of everything. I was delighted to hear Professor Grandgent say not long ago, "The curse of modern education is multiplication of subjects and painless methods." I suspect that in another generation we may even overdo the "enriching" of the grammar school. I do not undervalue the pleasure and the profit of what is called "a bowing acquaintance" with a variety of subjects: the mistake is to accept such an acquaintance as education.

The early specialization as to which I have expressed doubt is made almost necessary by the advance of learning, the shortness of life, and the leanness of pocketbooks. The false general education is never necessary. People call it broad; but there is a big fallacy in the word "broad." A horizontal line is no broader than a perpendicular one. Just so the line of study may stretch across many subjects, and be quite as narrow as if it really penetrated one. I still doubt whether we can do better for our children than, first, to drill them in a few subjects, mostly old ones: then to give them a modest general education in college, or in all but the last year or two of college; then to let them specialize as energetically as they can (but not exclusively), — and throughout to keep in their minds not pleasure only, but the stern Lawgiver who wears the Godhead's most benignant grace.

L. B. R. Briggs.

TO HOMER.

BLIND singer of the world's desire,
Thy world is ours. Thy song Troy town
Built, burned; and then thy lyre
Burst in a blaze of fire
Seas shall not drown.

First kindled in a woman's eyes,
Fire burned high Troy; and beckoned men
From home; and from the skies
The gods; those flames yet rise,
Yea, now as then.

Yea, now as then, the world's desire,
Though hidden from us, still doth dwell
In Helen's heart of fire,
And breathes upon thy lyre
Her mighty spell.

Against new gods we wage our wars,
New cities build or burn with fire;
And still, beneath the stars,
We beat against the bars
Of blind desire.

Our world is thine. New wars we wage,
Under old skies. Our richest wine
Hath savor of thine age:
We write on life's last page
The book is thine.

Of life's brave book the leaves are turned,
And as we read we wonder how
Thy blinded eyes discerned
Life's hidden fires, — that burned
Even then as now.

Oh thou who first, when earth was young,
Sang fate defied and mortals slain,
Upon that honeyed tongue,
How sweet thy songs, though sung
Of mortal pain.

What songs have we thou dost not sing,
What fates thy heart hath not foretold!
Breathe thou the songs we bring;
Bees on thy mouth still cling,
Now, as of old.

Alexander Blair Thaw.

"HEARTSEASE."

I.

AN old-fashioned, low-bodied carriage wound slowly uphill between the spreading cotton fields of Heartsease plantation. On the backward-facing seat were Judge Courteney and his daughter Joyce; opposite to them sat his wife and his sister-in-law, Miss Mathilde Dabney. The older ladies were dressed in dimly flowered lawns, according with the Indian summer of their years, and with the warm, hazy, autumn sunshine. Joyce — Joy, they called her — was in white, a thin white through which her rounded arms showed as through a mist, and above which her face rose clear, dark, impatient, touched with suffering, and out of all keeping with her name.

Mrs. Courteney smoothed her soft mauve and smoke-colored draperies, and let her hand stray across and rest for a moment on her daughter's knee, just as a plump, timid brown bird settles tentatively upon a twig in full view of the world, and then flutters away again.

"Joy, daughter," she ventured, "you must try to be cheerful. It must be very hard for Robert to give this dinner. Don't you reckon you might possibly act just — just as usual?"

The girl withdrew her troubled gaze from the cotton fields, and looked at her mother with a curious blending of petulance and curiosity, as if she realized that this good woman's mental processes would be interesting if they had presented themselves more opportunely.

Mrs. Courteney flushed and took away her hand. "I know," she apologized, "it's just as hard for you as it is for Robert, but — but you must try."

"Why does Robert give this dinner if it is so hard for him?" the girl asked. "Is n't it bad enough for him to lose Heartsease without giving a dinner?"

"Now — er — Joyce," the judge said, fanning his broad red face with his Panama, "it strikes me that Robert intends the dinner as — er — a palliation."

One of the girl's slippered feet kept tapping on the carriage floor. "Palliation!" she echoed. "Why could n't he have come to us simply and said, 'Heartsease is gone,' — without dragging us all to a dinner on the ashes?"

"Why, Joy!" Mrs. Courteney's dismay was almost querulous. "I — I hope you'll not speak like this to Robert or — or to any one. If a stranger were to hear you he would never surmise that you and Robert had been engaged six years."

"And do I care what a stranger would surmise?" the girl asked sharply. She turned and met her aunt's gaze fixed upon her. "Well?" she challenged, as if inviting Miss Mathilde to take a turn at harrying her.

Miss Mathilde was slender and sallow, and haunted by the shadow of lost beauty. Her dark hair, just turning to gray, was drawn back severely, scorning any effort to hide the ravages of time about her sunken temples, and her eyes had a look of unerring insight as if something in their physical clearness helped her intuitions. She smiled and shook her head, but did not withdraw her gaze.

Joyce flushed slowly. "Well?" she demanded a second time.

"I was wondering," Miss Mathilde said, "if I shall ever forgive this Eliot Rand for taking Heartsease away from Robert."

More quickly than the color had risen in the girl's cheeks it paled, leaving only her eyes wonderfully afire. She caught her breath. "And I," she said, "am wondering if I can ever forgive Robert for *losing* Heartsease to Mr. Rand."

She turned toward the broad white cotton fields, while silence took possession of the carriage, and her father and mother questioned each other uneasily, without words. Mrs. Courteney opened her lips, and closed them again in alarm, but silence and the judge were sworn enemies.

He looked all around him for a subject, and finally out of the carriage window past his daughter. "Robert has — er — an unusually fine yield of cotton this fall," he commented.

Miss Mathilde leaned back against the cushions and closed her eyes. "You forget," she said wearily; "this is not Robert's yield of cotton now; this is Mr. Rand's."

"Why — er — yes, I did forget," the judge acknowledged. He gave a side glance at Joyce, shifted his position, and yielded to the wisdom of saying nothing for the remainder of the drive.

Sunlight and the shadow of vine leaves played over the red brick walls of the house at the summit of the hill, and over the white columns of its gallery. "Heartsease," — the name had come down with the plantation from owner to owner, and, according to the man and to his mood, it had expressed or mocked at his feeling toward the broad fields. The first Robert Linson, embittered, and seeking for comfort in the wilderness, but failing to find it, had christened his disappointment ironically, pleased to think that the word "Heartsease" would at some time turn and taunt each one of his successors. And now, through various Robert Linsons, the place had reached one who had backed a speculation with it and lost, and, if he found its losing as bitter as his ancestor had found its acquisition, he had too much of the old ironist's spirit to complain.

As he stood on the gallery steps, waiting for the carriage, he showed to its occupants as a tall, broad-shouldered young fellow, with restless, laughing eyes, set in a memorable face. Every feature was

rugged with daring. To know the world, to play high with it and brazen out his disappointments, to love passionately, yet to stand ready for risking his love or his life as lightly as he had risked the home which had been Heartsease to him in more than name, — such were his longings and his possibilities. A man to win a girl's soul, he had been called, and to hold it through the strangest vicissitudes, and yet, as he helped his guests from their carriage, it was the eyes of the older women which met his with unquestioning fondness, while Joyce, with her face softened from its impatience, greeted him with such gently reserved solicitude that he laughed outright to cover his discomfort.

Judge Courteney did not notice that the laugh was harsh with escaping bitterness. His large troubled face relaxed. "Robert sets us a good example in gayety," he said, looking pointedly at Joyce. "Such an example is — er — most well timed."

The dinner was a bad hour. Linson had insisted on giving many dinners to the Courteneys during the six years of his engagement to Joyce, and he would not even acknowledge, on her challenge, that they bored him; they were part of the bravado with which he courted the full consequence of everything he undertook. Joyce might rebel and ridicule him, threatening to refuse his invitations, but he held to the custom doggedly; the old judge and Mrs. Courteney and Miss Mathilde loved him for it, although in the third year Miss Mathilde told him, with lurking humor in her dark eyes, that he had already earned his way into the kingdom of heaven and could afford to give one dinner a year instead of one a month for the rest of his life. Miss Mathilde enjoyed the dinners, as she did everything else that was human, in the capacity of acute spectator, — a capacity which does not prevent the heart from being warmed by the very attention to which the mind

is giving impartial analysis; but Judge and Mrs. Courteney took their pleasure without ulterior thoughts. The judge was the chief figure of the occasions, overbearing any general conversation with endless political and agricultural discussions. He monopolized Linson shamelessly, leaving the ladies of the party only such crumbs of attention as their host could fling them over his shoulder while firmly held by the actual buttonhole if necessary. Mrs. Courteney accepted the situation as natural, and talked to her sister in soft, unobtrusive tones about domestic matters; she wished no greater excitement than a furtive discussion of the methods of aunt Tempy, Linson's cook, as compared with those of aunt Candicia, her own. Miss Mathilde lent herself with apparent enthusiasm to these interests, but Joyce remained silent and remote, eating her dinner as if it were sawdust, and escaping out of doors from the parlor or the gallery where the others settled themselves for further discussion at its close.

Being able to formulate her convictions as to soups and pastry, and yet have mind for other things, Miss Mathilde often glanced across at Linson and saw his eyes following Joy's white figure down the garden path, with the look in them which marks the great love in a man's life; but the judge never heeded that look and never relaxed his tenure. And Miss Mathilde's heart misgave her. Quixotic generosity is not the surest means of keeping a girl's fancy, and she questioned if all Linson's daring and headlong charm, if his unfailing devotion during twenty-nine days of every month, could atone for this recurrent sacrifice of the monthly dinner. If there had been other people to vary its monotony there would have been less danger in it, but Heartsease and Oak Hall, the Courteney place, were the only congenially occupied plantations within convenient reach of each other, so there was seldom a new face

at the table. This had been going on for six years. Linson and Joyce had been engaged since Joyce was fourteen, and Judge Courteney had decreed that they should not marry until she was twenty-one.

"A woman rarely knows her own mind before that age," he announced steadfastly, and so the uneventful time passed, marked by its dinners, and all the seven years of probation had gone by but one, when Linson, speculating wildly out of restlessness and to afford new luxuries for Joyce after their marriage, lost Heartsease. He talked lightly of regaining it within the year, but nobody expected him to do so, and, as he was too proud to marry until he had regained it or its equivalent, the time of waiting appeared to stretch indefinitely forward.

On this last day, before Linson gave up the plantation and went North to try his fortune, every one, even Mrs. Courteney, thought that the judge would relinquish him to the company at dinner and to Joyce afterwards. Probably the judge himself looked forward to some such course, but a question of finance happened to come up, and if there was one thing on which Linson needed to have sound ideas to take away with him, it was finance. The judge's views proved not only sound but broad, at least in the amount of time which they covered. The party entered the dining room and came out on to the gallery again before he had half expressed himself, and the golden peace of approaching sunset found him barely beginning to recapitulate.

Joyce had wandered into the garden long before; her face was still inscrutable in the gentleness which had come to it when she met Linson, and her head drooped a little, as if she were a flower on which the sun had shone too long. For a while she walked between the flower beds, where nearly everything looked a trifle weary of the sunshine,

but finally she passed round the house and out of view.

Some time afterward, Miss Mathilde caught the gleam of a white dress entering a bit of distant woodland which stood untouched between the cultivated fields. For a half hour she waited to catch sight of it again; then she crossed the gallery and interrupted the judge's discourse.

"Robert," she said, "it will soon be time for us to start home, and Joy has roamed clear off into your woods. Unless you bring her back, she'll delay us."

Linson jumped to his feet. "If you'll excuse me," he began, and was off down the gallery steps before the older man could put out a ponderous hand to detain him.

"Why — er — really!" the judge exclaimed. He looked at his sister-in-law with slowly gathering offense and surprise. "Er — really, Mathilde, you seem to forget that this is Robert's last day with us. You might have sent a servant for Joy."

II.

In spite of omens and premonitions, a man's real disaster usually falls out of a clear sky. It comes swiftly, wasting no time in explanations, sent thus, perhaps, to give the rest of his life the comfortless, unfailling interest of thinking out its cause. If he tells you of it while his hurt is sharpest he will use few words.

Linson's disaster was not the loss of Heartsease. It was something that happened in the bit of woods where he went for Joyce, and to the end of his life he knew no more of its causes than he would have known if it had been a dream. For months, unknown to him, events had been preparing for it. He was ignorant of them; it happened, and in the wreck of his love he asked no questions. Night found him, as he had planned, on his way to try new fortunes in the North.

Pine needles are soft under the feet, but it was more a foolish, lover-like impulse to come upon Joyce unaware that made his steps so light as he hurried between the trees. He might have called to her; instead, he peered to right and left for the glint of her white dress. The level sunlight passed between the tree trunks with him, searching for her; it touched her first and gleamed back, giving him a strange thrill and elation. He almost called out, but checked himself and drew back.

She was not alone. Eliot Rand, the new owner of Heartsease, stood beside her, looking down into her face.

Linson found himself trembling so that the stiff leaves of the gaulberry bushes around him rattled, but neither of them heard him.

Joyce was almost as white as her dress. "Don't!" she said. "If it were not for Heartsease — if you had not taken his place away. Ah, can't you see that you are cruel to me as well as to him?"

"The place has nothing to do with us," Rand declared. "It did not come to me from him, but from others to whom he had lost it. I had nothing to do with his losses — you understand that?"

"I understand nothing except my promise to him!" she cried hopelessly. "God knows what I should do if he were not in trouble, but now when he has lost everything — to do him such a wrong" — She raised her hand slowly to her heart and pressed it there, taking a deep breath. "He has loved me for six years — since we were children," she went on. "I must keep my promise. I — I must forget."

As if to beg his help or to bid him farewell, she put out her hand to him, but he disregarded it. "*Can* you forget?" he asked. "Or is the wrong already done?"

For a moment her eyes met his in a desperate endeavor as if she were trying to blind them to his face. He drew her close to him and kissed her.

It was then that Linson came forward. He had squared his shoulders, his eyes were sparkling, and there was a futile effect of gayety in his voice. "It is scarcely necessary to wish you joy," he said, "but I can bid you good-by."

III.

Rand was the opposite of Linson in almost every way, and, at first glance, that was the only explanation of Joyce's preference for him, — or at least so her people thought, — realizing that even change for the worse may fascinate. Yet Rand was not inferior to Linson, and was far from the typical usurper. Gentle, reserved, and in the main almost over-scrupulous, he lacked vivacity and outward fire, but gradually gave an impression of a strong nature well controlled. Indeed, he seemed so considerate, and at the same time so cool, that it was hard to give credit to the underlying forces of his nature, or to understand that in his quieter way he was as bent as Linson upon following events to their full consequence. More slender in figure, fairer and less noticeable in face than his predecessor, he had deep-set blue eyes which showed a steadiness and a gleam of assertion, proclaiming him very much a man. Where Linson threw back his head and laughed in the world's face, Rand seemed unaware that a world was in sight. Those who once took account of him grew more and more certain that he would never be a pawn in any game where he figured, but any one with a good eye for the future might have seen that he was entering a game in which he could scarcely be looked on as the player.

Joyce was married to him on her twenty-first birthday. She would have delayed her wedding or hastened it, to avoid a date which had been tacitly set seven years before, but her father had had it fixed in his mind too long to

think of changing it without graver cause. Here was Joyce, and here was a man eager to marry her, and here was the appointed hour; he held, too, that it was just as unwise for a girl to enter matrimony after twenty-one as before, and perhaps he was influenced by the fact that the year of the new engagement had been a dull one. Joyce had been moody, Rand was always quiet, and the Courteney's had not been invited to Heartsease. Considering how frankly Joyce had condemned the family dinners, there would have been small cause for wonder if she had never given one, yet she insisted on reinstating the old custom after her marriage.

"Child," Miss Mathilde said when the first invitation was given, "you don't want us."

"Yes," Joyce declared, "I do want you."

And Mrs. Courteney added with a touch of her husband's manner, "It would be very unnatural, sister, if she did not wish to entertain her own family."

Miss Mathilde gave one of those cruelly clear looks of which she had been prodigal since the broken engagement. "Have you ordered your sackcloth gown?" she asked.

Joyce was learning to meet her aunt's eyes without a change of color. "It is not necessary," she said. "Papa will be there."

"Papa will be there!" Mrs. Courteney echoed. "Why, daughter, papa would be the last to decline."

It was true that the judge had made no secret of a desire for all the old manifestations of good feeling. After expressing much surprise and displeasure, he had accepted Rand as an alternate for Linson, and was beginning to grow fond of him, discovering that Rand, too, had a listening ear.

"Let there be no — er — stiffness," he admonished his wife and his sister-in-law as they drove up the hill to the first dinner of the new series. "Robert — I

mean — er — Eliot is going to find this a very trying day."

"I'm afraid he will," Miss Mathilde assented. She had not forgiven Rand.

When they reached the top of the hill, although Joyce was on the gallery waiting for them, as she had not been of old, it seemed oddly natural to be alighting there from the carriage, and to catch a whiff of aunt Tempy's soup, borne by a stray breeze through the long hall.

The judge went beaming up the steps to kiss his daughter. "This seems like the good old times," he declared genially, and, in unconscious proof of it, he called his son-in-law "Robert" almost continuously during the meal. It was useless for Miss Mathilde to dart him warning glances, or for his wife to touch him timidly under the table. If he became aware of a mistake, his effort at amends only served to lift and flaunt it. Out of sheer helplessness the older women fell back into their old way of absenting themselves by discussing household matters in an undertone. Rand captured the judge's attention and kept him from making the conversation general as he was attempting for the first time in his life, and Joyce sat out the meal isolated, her thin dark face showing none of the old-time impatience, but held in lines as unyielding as those of a mask.

When it was over, and the Courtenays had gone, Rand came to her as she stood at the edge of the gallery looking across the great broken valley in which the wealth of Heartsease lay outspread. Declining sunlight filled it to the brim with gold, through which shimmered field after field of cotton. It was autumn; all the memorable days of Heartsease fell at that time of the year.

"Joy," he said, "we must not try this again."

"Why?" she demanded, flashing the question into his eyes with a sudden light through the unrelaxed lines of her face.

"It's too hard for you and no pleasure to them."

"They'll soon be used to it. Papa enjoyed himself to-day, mamma will enjoy it next time, and aunt Mathilde, — I think aunt Mathilde likes to see me in pain."

"But why bear a needless pain? They may grow used to it, but will you? I'm afraid you are too sensitive; I'm afraid you will always need shielding" —

"Shielding!" she broke in; she looked at him with her old supercilious curiosity as she might have looked at her mother. "I wonder," she questioned, "if you think it makes a great difference to have papa here saying things when all the time we are living in Robert's house, looking at Robert's land?" She paused and controlled the impatience of her voice. "You were a stranger before the property came to you," she went on. "You can scarcely realize how everything I see speaks to me."

"Shall I sell the place?" he asked. "Shall we go away?"

She shook her head. "Not until you can sell my memory. After all, perhaps it's not the place. Aunt Mathilde asked me if I had bought my sackcloth gown. I told her there was no need. She knows I'm wearing it."

Rand was silent awhile.

"You regret our marriage?" he asked finally.

"Yes," she cried out sharply, "yes, I do!"

After all Rand did not know her very well. He did not understand that she was still a spoiled child storming at the punishment which life held over her, as she had once stormed at her mother's threats, and with a vague feeling that life, like her mother, would remit the chastisement. Linson might have understood, perhaps; at least he would have hidden his pain. Rand was too much appalled.

"Is it," he asked with difficulty, — "have you found that you care more for Linson?"

She gave him another glance of cold,

far-removed interest, and said nothing. He made an abrupt motion as if excusing her from answer, and turned away.

Through the silence, from some distant plantation, came the peaceful ringing of a bell. The bell of Heartsease clanged out near at hand, full-toned and sweet, but too insistent. The negroes came trooping from the fields, happy at leaving their work and unconcerned by yesterday or to-morrow. For them, each day had its account apart, or its lack of account; each night gave them absolute.

Joyce started to follow her husband. "Eliot," she began, "if I could only feel forgiven, — if I could only stop remembering" —

Rand did not turn back. Her outspoken regret had raised a barrier between them which it would be hard to cross. Joyce followed him as far as the gallery steps, then suddenly she sat down and buried her face in her hands. It had occurred to her that she had no right to cross it, no right to a stolen happiness. The idea of penance was new, and she caught it to her heart in a passion. The old, old road of forfeiture opened before her as a new way by which she could escape from pain.

IV.

For the fourteenth time since Robert Linson bade them good-by the fields of Heartsease glimmered white. It was exactly thirteen years since Rand had married Joyce, and, as usual on all epoch-marking days at the plantation, the Courteneyes were coming to dinner.

Joyce stood on the gallery waiting for them. The sunlight shone full into her face, showing deep lines of brooding and morbid resolution. It had been said of her that she looked as if she saw sorrow over her shoulder all the while. Rand stood by, realizing the change in her the more clearly because of the day. He had

changed also. Though his expression had still greater reserve and strength, his features fell easily into lines of harshness; but as he looked at his wife they were full of yearning. The years of their marriage passed before him, years of widening estrangement in which Linson had seemed to walk between them, holding their happiness and giving them, in exchange for it, only memories. For his part Rand could not tell whether his wife loved Linson or loved him or had lost her love of both in morbidness. At times he was full of pity for her, at times bitter, at times jealous, and now that so many years had passed without changing her, he reproached himself for not having sold Heartsease in the beginning and taken her away.

"Joyce," he said at last.

"I caught a glimpse of the carriage," she answered, without looking at him.

He went nearer to her and put his hand on hers. "Joyce," he said again.

Her glance ranged across the white fields which billowed in every direction from the house. The plantation was all in cultivation now; there was not a foot of woodland left on it. "I have heard that the first owner of this place named it in bitterness," she murmured. The words seemed irrelevant, but she gave him a glance as if warning him, and a smile such as the first Robert Linson must have foreseen stirred her lips.

Rand's thought was too single for irony. "Are we to go on so till we die?" he asked.

She only answered by a slight motion such as one uses in staying an impatient child. "Yes, there is the carriage," she announced. "Papa will have ransacked the garden to bring me roses, — a great bunch of red roses with his regrets that they're not white."

"Wait," he begged almost under his breath. "You were standing down yonder, and I rode up beside you and jumped down from my horse" —

"Let us forget it," she broke in.

"Wait," he repeated. His hand clasped hers in petition. She could not refuse to turn toward him.

Tears rose in her eyes and she tried to withdraw. For a long moment they gazed at each other, then he released her hand and turned away.

"Can't you feel that it is wrong?" she said at last. "We have no right to love each other."

"We are man and wife."

"We have no right to be."

"If we have no right," he began slowly, "there is but one reason" — He paused, choking back what he had meant to say. "Is the past never to end?" he asked in another tone. "Is n't there such a thing as forgiveness, as beginning over, as making the best of a mistake?"

"I — I have been trying to do that," she said.

He sighed, looking out over the shimmering fields. She had been engaged to Linson for six years, but now for thirteen years she had been Rand's wife. He wondered if his own sense of proportion was as strange as hers. Had she felt but one duty in the world? To him the past seemed something upon which to build the present, a foundation defective and unchangeable, yet never too poor to support a better structure than remorse. Was it remorse, or was it love for Linson that estranged them? The carriage came in sight again, winding between the snowy knolls, and he wondered what new tale of his predecessor it was bringing up the hill. Usually the tale was a recollection; once in a long while it was a rumor. Linson had prospered, rumor declared once, and Rand had been obliged to listen while the judge reiterated, "Robert — er — deserves it. I have always looked upon Robert as — as a son." Linson had married, — such tidings should have given peace to Joyce if her trouble were remorse. Mrs. Courteney had gazed at her daughter wistfully while wondering

if Robert's wife were dark or fair. And, also, Linson had a son who was named for him. Rand had no child. It scarcely seemed that Linson had been dealt with unfairly, after all. Rand's eyes narrowed. He could see Linson, somewhere in the shadowy environment of his unknown home, smiling into his wife's eyes and meeting an answering smile, — perhaps tossing up his boy. "Poor Robert," they all said in speaking of him, — poor Robert with the gay laugh and the fond wife and the boy to hand down his name. "Poor Robert — er — Eliot," fate may have said.

"They are bringing some one with them!" Joyce exclaimed. "I see a child looking out of the carriage window. Who can it be?"

"I'm sure I can't tell." He straightened himself. The coming of the Courteney was like the falling of the drop of water in the old torment, a small thing, but so sure never to miss; and they were almost up the hill. Their having a child with them mattered very little to Rand.

"I don't understand it," Joyce said nervously. "Where can they have found a child?"

The carriage stopped and Joyce and Rand went to meet it. The judge stepped out and helped his wife. Miss Mathilde followed leading a travel-stained little boy who looked about him and gripped a dog-eared letter in his hand. He resembled no one whom Joyce or Rand had ever seen.

The Courteney had changed little, but their manner was unusual. Miss Mathilde had been weeping, and Mrs. Courteney's eyes were still wet.

"Joyce — daughter," she fluttered, coming ahead of the others and stretching out her plump, timid hands.

"What is it?" Joyce asked. Her breath was short, though there seemed little material in her life for ill news.

The older woman's lips began to quiver, and she turned back toward her husband.

"Let me — er — break it," the judge offered. "Er — Joyce, daughter, Robert Linson has passed away."

Joyce turned sharply and went up the steps. The others stood looking after her.

"And this child?" Rand inquired.

"This is — er little Robert. We found him at the station as we passed. The agent called us in. It seems — er — that Robert directed him to be sent here with a letter to you."

The boy came forward, wide-eyed, but pathetically prompt, as if this were an interview long arranged.

Rand took the letter from him and opened it.

SIR [The simplicity of the address was like a challenge. He drew back a little from the curious group and read], — In your enjoyment of my home and of the love of the woman who had promised to be my wife, perhaps you will have charity to extend to a dying man. I am leaving a little boy whose mother is already dead, and as the end comes near my heart turns back with torturing desire toward my old home. I have not been a happy man. You took my happiness, but I have been too busy to think all the while. Now, in this terrible leisure while I wait to die, I do nothing but think. I see the old house with its white columns and the bricks, sunny warm, and the open hall door, and the vista of light through the shadow of the hall. "Heartsease!" what a perfect name for it. I see the sunshine brooding over the cotton fields, and the boles opening, oh, so much whiter than this Northern snow which has killed me. And Rand, I see her, — God! man, I've never stopped seeing her, though she is not the mother of my boy. They are all I have, these memories. I should have died sooner than this without them; I fight death still for fear I shall forget, and my heart almost bursts with pity when I think of my poor little boy who

knows nothing of it all. Why should I have brought him into the world if he cannot have what is best in it? And for him to be left — here away from home — Rand, take this letter to her and take the boy to her. Let her look at him and read the letter. Then look in each other's eyes, you two in your great happiness, and you will not refuse to let my son grow up under your care in the home I loved.

Yours, with a trust which outweighs all I have suffered through you,

ROBERT LINSON.

The sheets of the letter rattled together as Rand folded it. He opened it again and looked at the date. It had been written nine months before. He refolded it in silence, although he felt the eyes of the others upon him, waiting for an explanation. He had scarcely been conscious of reading, the words seemed to enter his consciousness in Robert Linson's voice. They had been written with a dying man's license of free speech, and yet he found it impossible to realize that the hand which had written them, the voice which might have spoken them, were no longer alive. He reached down to the little boy.

"Come," he said.

"Er — Eliot," the judge began, but Miss Mathilde laid her hand on his shoulder. In her clear eyes lurked the shadow of more than one lost joy. "Stop," she said. "We will stay outside. This is for them, alone."

In the house, in her own room, Joyce sat by an open window with locked hands. Rand brought the boy in to her. "Look at him," he said simply, "and read the letter."

Joyce drew the child toward her and looked at him a long time. The little fellow flushed under her gaze and stood by her, expectant, docile, grave. He was one of those wan children who seem to hide the subtlest wisdom behind their innocence, yet are not eager to show it

to the world. "There is nothing in his face to remember," she said at last.

Then she opened the letter. Rand crossed the room while she read it, but the little boy stood close beside her, like a conscious suppliant, watching her with his wide blue eyes. Suddenly a tear splashed on the paper.

She rose and went across to Rand.

"Is this forgiveness?" she asked.

He looked at her white face, marveling at the tenacity of her thought. "If trust is forgiveness" — he began.

But she had outstripped him. "Robert would not have sent him if he had

thought we were unhappy," she broke in. "A child could not be happy in — in a cheerless home. He says, 'in your great happiness.'" She turned and held out her arms to the boy; but when he came to her and she lifted him, she looked into her husband's face. Her eyes held their old love for him.

"You two, in your great happiness," she repeated tremulously. For a moment their hearts spoke together, pledging the unappalled endeavor which life asks.

Then Rand took the wondering boy out of her arms.

Mary Tracy Earle.

FINDING THE 1ST DYNASTY KINGS.

TRAVELERS up Nile, after steaming 341 miles, pass the town of Girgeh, said to be the site of ancient This. They are naturally enough taken back in thought to those shadowy kings of the 1st dynasty of Egypt, and their immediate predecessors, who are supposed to have had their royal place of abode there till they conceived the idea of dominating the Delta, and of founding "the City of the White Wall," Memphis, — "The Haven of the Good." But somehow or other they forget all about the 1st dynasty. Henceforth up to Assouan, the kings that assert themselves are the Pharaohs of the XVIIIth, XIXth dynasties, and it is of Thothmes, Amenhotep, of Seti and Rameses II., or some of the Ptolemies that their minds are full as they go south to the First Cataract.

If they are under the guiding star of Cook & Sons, they will be sure to have pointed out to them, a few miles south of Girgeh on the west bank, a low cluster of buildings, and a great mound, beyond the wide green plain of "bersim" and corn. They will be told that there is Abydos; that there stand the beautiful alabas-

ter temples of Seti and Rameses II.; that there is the burial place of the head of Osiris; but they will also be told that they will not land till their return journey, and that then, while some of them go and examine the famous tablet of Abydos, which gives in their cartouches the names of the seventy-six kings of Egypt, from Mena to Seti I., others interested in later Egyptian history may visit the quaint Coptic monastery of Amba-Musas hard by. I shall be much astonished if Messrs. Cook & Sons are able in the coming years to postpone the visit to Abydos till the return journey. Abydos has suddenly become, to all lovers of ancient Egyptian history, the most interesting spot in the valley of the Nile. For whilst war and rumors of war were heard all round the world, the patient, peace-loving Professor Petrie was quietly digging away at a rubbish heap that had been, it was supposed, thoroughly searched; and he has done his scientific scavenger work so thoroughly, that he has virtually redated Greek civilization, and made the misty half-mythic kings of the 1st dynasty a reality to all the world.

The old temples of Abydos refused to listen to the sound of harper or flute player in the days when Osirian mysteries went forward, but there is an older burial ground beyond the temples, where to-day the triumphant song of the explorer is loud, and the mysteries of the resurrection of Egypt's oldest kings go forward to such historic harmonies as were seldom before heard.

We have all heard of Mena and thought of him as a bare possibility. Was not his name written large in the stone tables of the kings adored by Seti I. and Ramesses II. at Abydos, and on the walls of the tomb of Thunury at Sakkarah? was it not guessed at in the fragmentary Turin papyrus? Did not the scribe priest of the Ptolemies, Manetho, write down for our learning the names of eight kings in that Ist dynasty? But the monuments were absolutely silent about this and the next two dynasties, and, after all, the Egyptian chronicling was the result of a kind of order in council, a bit of statecraft in the XIXth dynasty 3400 years after the event. The Ptolemaic scribe when he compiled his list did but go to the existing stone documents at Abydos, and such papyri as he could lay hands on, none probably more than 1000 years old, and Manetho compiled his list more than 1000 years after the first shrewd guesses of the sculptor at Abydos.

All this was unsatisfactory to the soul of the hunter after truth. The man who wanted to speak with Mena face to face was not content with being told that he was the first king who built temples in the land and enjoined divine worship; that he was the great engineer who, coming from This, founded the city of Memphis and turned aside the Nile, by constructing a mighty dam, to give a pleasant suburb and open spaces and a milk supply to his fellow townsmen some years before 4500 B. C.; that he whose name meant "The Constant One" remained true to his name in works for the blessing of the land, till a crocodile

took him, and he vanished from among men.

For the readers of history, the cloud of doubt was always on the page. Did Mena or Menes ever exist at all, or was the Ist dynasty of kings of flesh and blood in Egypt only an unsubstantial figment to fade at the touch of inquiry into thin air, and,

"like the baseless fabric of this vision . . .
Leave not a rack behind"?

I confess that as I used to stroll along the great rampart wall beneath the palms of Memphis, or busy myself with visits to the tombs of the great prince farmers of the Vth dynasty, I was always wishing that the dumb sands would speak and tell me of the man who came from This, to bend the great Nile flood with the might of his arm, and to rear such temples to the gods that the people who came after spoke of him as the first king who turned his people to holy worship. But the sands were silent. Then came the startling message from the graveyards of Ballas that a new race, earlier than any known of, had peopled the land of Nile, and one began to expect that Professor Flinders Petrie would yet be able to report of a chapter in Egyptian history which would make the Ist dynasty king a kind of comparatively modern being, whose ways of life and worship, and whose coming in and going out, would all be as surely known to us as the ways and life of the Pyramid builders, or the doings of the Ramessid period were clear and sure.

What one hoped for has come to pass: that Ist shadowy dynasty has become a fact, and any one who cares to visit the University Museum in Gower Street may make personal acquaintance with the eight kings who ruled the land of Nile between 4715 and 4514¹ B. C.; may in imagination stand face to face with two of the ten kings who preceded

¹ It should be understood that the dates given are only approximate.

them, Zeser and Narmer, and two of those who followed them, Perabsen and Khasekhemui; may see something of the chairs they sat in, the jewelry they wore, the coin they paid their workmen, the dishes they drank from, the sceptres they held, the ivories they valued, the games of chance they played; may even get an idea of the way they came to appear before their God; may understand what dandies they were, how careful of eye paint and facial decoration; may realize what lovers of sport they were, and know how they shot the gazelle, and how they harpooned the dragons of the slime; what warriors they were, and how with stone battle-axe and diorite-headed mace and knives and arrows of flint they went to the battle; and how on the feast day they drank their wine, and ate their barley bread and their fig-tree fruit as any king of the Ist dynasty had a right to do, when after war he took his royal ease.

All this is now known to us, and all this knowledge has come by clever scavenging from a refuse heap, which had been cast "as worthless rubbish to the void" by former Egyptian explorers in the plain beneath the Libyan hills about half an hour's donkey ride from the temples of Seti and Rameses at Abydos. Any one standing on the top of Kom-es-Sultan hard by those temples, and looking beyond the old fort in a west-southwesterly direction toward the yellow-gray hills, would see that the plain half a mile away was rolled up into waves of purple light and shadow, and would perceive that that place must have been a place of graves. But it is not to this burial place of the XVIIIth dynasty we look; far beyond it and nearer to the roots of the hills, making a kind of dark blot of shadow in the burning flint-strewn field of utter desolation, lies another burial ground.

That is the burial ground of the Ist dynasty kings. There lay unremembered, all down the centuries, each in his tomb-chamber, surrounded by small chambers

of offerings, or as in some cases with smaller tomb-chambers for the servants of the household, the mighty kings, Aha better known as Mena, Zer or Teta, Zet or Ateth, Merneit or Ata, Den or Setui, Azab or Merpaba, Mersekha or Sememtah, Qa or Sen; protected probably from harm by reason of the fact that as yet the raised "mastaba," as known to us in the Pyramid age, was unused. Hence when the seat of government was shifted from This to Abydos, the desert sands may have sealed from sight the exact whereabouts of the royal resting place of the Ist dynasty. Afterwards, when the cult of Osiris was revived and the Egyptian dead were brought for burial round the tomb beneath the mound where the head of the god was buried, or later, when, more than 3000 years after Mena had been carried to his House of Eternity, the kings of the XIXth dynasty built their white marble temples at Abydos, the exact whereabouts of the royal burial ground of the Ist dynasty may have been forgotten, and so these ancient kings had rest.

But the story of this wondrous resurrection of Aha-Mena and his seven successors from the desert dust of oblivion after the lapse of sixty-six centuries reads like a fairy tale. During the past four years a French exploration party, under the direction of M. Amélineau, had been digging away at the place where the Ist dynasty kings were buried; had indeed opened all the tombs but one, and it was quite clear from the finds that they belonged to the earliest historical age; but M. Amélineau was, it would seem, not well served by his workmen, and he considered that the rubbish mounds he searched had yielded up all the secrets they possessed. Indeed, so sure was he that he had exhausted his ground, that though he had another year of his concession yet to run, he did not think it worth while to return to Egypt, and gave Professor Flinders Petrie to understand that he considered his work

was at an end. This was all Professor Petrie wanted, and he at once determined to take the workmen he had in past years carefully trained to use their eyes, and as carefully encouraged by generous backshish to bring all their eyes could light on to him for examination, and set himself and his plucky wife, who was his comrade, to go over the exhausted rubbish heaps the Frenchmen had left, and see what they could do to bring order out of chaos, and find the historic links with recorded history that were wanting.

It was a master stroke of genius, this determined making of research among the already explored rubbish mounds of the Abydos plain. How far it was rewarded may be guessed from the fact that the throne homes of four kings of the Ist dynasty have been recovered, and that the whole course of the Ist dynasty is now made plain, while there is proof positive that before them other kings, as Manetho stated, reigned in Egypt.

Let us enter the temporary museum at the London University, pass beneath the blue-lettered portal of the tomb of Amenemhat, son of Hor-hotap and his mother Erdus, who passed from the sunshine of Abydos about 2400 years before Christ. That exquisitely incised door portal now serves for the doorway to the room where what remains to us of the Ist dynasty kings lies unveiled. To pass through the grave door that was placed in position more than 4300 years ago is a fit preparation for our eyes that would behold the relics of the kings who ruled between 4800 and 4514 B. C. The tables to the right and left of the door are covered with the remains of the new race.

These prehistoric folk knew nothing about the potter's wheel or the turner's lathe, and pottery and stone jar alike were moulded and hollowed by hand. One can externally feel the handmarks of the men who smoothed their vases ere they went to the kiln. But pottery was expensive in those days, and housewives

were careful, so at least one jar testifies. It has been broken and a number of drill holes have been most carefully made all round the edge at the break, so that by some system of lacing with green hide, the broken vase may again be made whole. These men knew nothing of bronze or iron, but they could sharpen axe heads of hard limestone for the tomahawking of their foes, could make fine lances of flint as may here be seen. What interested one most in these remains of the new race was the fact that even the prehistoric babe needed toys. Here were the animals rudely made of clay with which the baby of the prehistoric nursery played at farmyard.

Next one was astonished at the evident love of ornament that already had hold of the people. Here was a dainty little jewel box of pottery, six inches by two in length, carefully ornamented with drawings of fishes at the end and drawings of gazelles or ibexes at the sides; whilst a little dish has its ornament in red paint that seems to remind one of the quaint conventionalizing of the bamboo on rough Japanese pottery. There is another bowl of black pottery, whose imitation string pattern has been incised and filled with white paint that has a sort of mid-African look. But one is struck most with the evidence of face-painting extraordinary which must have been in vogue in that dim dawn. Palettes of slate, some in shape of fish, some in shape of birds, some rhomboidal, seem to have been the necessary toilet accompaniments of the dead and therefore of the living; and that green paint was the rage is evidenced by tiny fragments of it still adhering to the palettes.

The centre of interest for us to-day, however, is the Ist dynasty time; and how far advanced in the arts of life were the men of that age may be seen by the beauty of the shape of the stone and alabaster vases now brought to view, and the exquisite workmanship of a little toilet-nard or eye-paint box carved out of

a single block of ivory, and made in the shape of a couple of ducks whose tails are twisted together to form, as it were, the hinge of the box. The great gentleman who owned this was buried with thirty jars of offerings in his brick tomb, whilst sixteen stone vases were near his body. He had as pillow stone a sandstone block for corn-grinding, and a beautifully shaped tazza of slate had been apparently placed at his head. This had fallen over it, and the weight of earth above had at a future time crushed in the cranium. There among his vases had lain this mighty man for his 6400 years when Professor Flinders Petrie and Mr. John Garstang brought his skull bones and his funeral furniture to the light of day.

But it is to the table in the centre of the room that we turn, where are placed contemporary carvings in wood and ivory, weapons and pieces of the royal drinking bowls and furniture of seven of the eight kings of the Ist dynasty, and the work of two that preceded Aha-Mena. Here is a fragment of a slate bowl that the lips of Zeser, the pre-Menite king, perhaps have touched. Here is a fragment of an alabaster jar that bears upon it the name of Narmer, the succeeding sovereign; but my eyes went at once to the little bit of crystal vase which bore the name of Mena; for now I seemed to feel myth fade away, and the real king, who drank from a crystal goblet to the success of the city of Memphis, the city he had built in fair fields, from which he had turned the great Nile flood, seemed to stand before me.

I saw nothing that belonged to the second king Zer or Teta, but from the tomb of the next king in succession Zet-Ateth, who reigned between 4658 and 4627 B. C., there were ivory castanets, part of a mace-head of diorite, a wooden sceptre in shape of a hand, carnelian beads and purple glaze, and wood ornamented with the same sun-worship rings we may still see upon the vulture leg-bones the Bedouins use for powder flasks.

King Zet lived at a time when men worked in gold, and gold foil was evidently for royal ornament at the time he lived among his craftsmen. Zet was a hunter; there are his ivory arrowheads dyed with henna, which were laid by his side for hunting in the fields of Heaven. The king, too, had his physicians; how else could one account for the doctor Aukh's name upon a piece of pottery? The king was also a man of business, and saw that his workmen should keep strict accounts, for here before one lies a piece of pottery with the workman's account written upon it in square and triangle and dot, and as I looked upon it, the voice of one of Professor Petrie's staff said, "That is probably the oldest piece of cursive writing yet discovered in the world." But the king had ideas of splendor such as none before him had, or he would scarcely have insisted that the ivory castanets, which were used by him when he came to appear before his God with a dance, should have been so incrustated with gems as were the ones that have been discovered in his tomb; and the king had dealings with merchants from beyond the sea, how else can one account for the piece of Ægean pottery found buried with him.

After Zet-Ateth, reigned, between 4627 and 4604 B. C., Merneit-Ata, and one is not surprised to hear that the king, whose name indicates that he had put his trust in the goddess Neith, should have been entombed with a large limestone stele five feet high whereon were carven the emblems of the goddess, — two arrows crossed upon an upright distaff. Those of us who are interested in reviving the uses of handmade linen are grateful to the explorer for giving back from the darkness of so many centuries the honor due to the distaff as being the chosen symbol of the goddess of the woven shroud, and the protectress of the dead. It was a royal chair, — that one with the legs carved to represent the legs of a bull, in which the king

sat; and that he loved the emblems of strength that the Britisher still delights in may be seen from the fact that another bull's leg carved in ivory was found in his tomb. Slate appears to have been the favorite or perhaps the fashionable substance for the king's dishes, but he seems to have been specially proud of some water jars wrought from serpentine and most daintily ornamented with a string or small cord pattern carved all over in low relief. The reeds of the Nile were evidently a motive for carvers and graven ornament in the days when Merneit was king.

After Merneit had been laid to rest among his bull-leg furniture and his reeded ornaments, there came to the throne a certain Den-Setui. He probably reigned between 4604 and 4584 B. C. Ebony appears to have been as much sought after in his reign as ivory, and copper is evidently wrought. As for recreation the king cared for hunting with the spear, and when he rested from the chase we may, from the bunch of sycamore figs, and the clay cylinder of the wine vase, and the fragments of crystal cup that bear his royal name, conjecture that he drank his wine from crystal and did not despise the fig of the country. He honored the god, and with a joyous worship, too, if one may judge from the number of tablets that were found with him that speak of the temple festivals.

The king that reigned when Den-Setui slept with his fathers was Azab-Merpaba. He dwelt in two palaces, one called Qed-hotep, the other Dua-Khat-Hor; and he drank from bowls of pink gneiss and black-and-white syenite, and he honored the goddess Hathor. So at least we may gather from the bowls that were found inscribed with his name, and the ivory plaque that was buried with him. In his day the workers had grown cunning in the art of inlaying; in his day the carpenters had improved the shape of their adze handles; in his time the

workers of ornament seemed to have grown tired of the everlasting use of the reed or offering mat for motive, and developed a chain or loop ornament of which they seem to have been proud. But it would appear that his tomb-chamber was too well furnished to escape the envious eyes of Mersekha, who in the year 4558 B. C. succeeded him. For in Mersekha's tomb were found many vases from which Azab's name had been removed, and which had been appropriated by Mersekha.

It was in the tomb of this king Mersekha-Semenptah that the most astonishing find was made. This is none other than a collection of Ægean pottery that will probably oblige us all to correct our notions as to the age of Greek civilization. For here is yellowish pottery evidently of Mycenæan clay, yellow ornamented with red coloring of semi-amphoræ shape. Coming from a tomb whose date is 4500 B. C. it puts back the Grecian potter's art to a time as far anterior to Mycenæ and its craft as the golden age of the potter of Mycenæ is anterior to our own. This was evidently a treasure in the time of Mersekha the king, and so far is a unique one. No other pottery of the kind, except a fragment in the tomb of Zet and Den, has been found at Abydos. This pottery is proof that the Grecian merchants sailed the seas in 4500, and this does not astonish us, seeing that on the prehistoric memorials of the new race there have been seen pictures of vessels with sixty oarsmen, vessels quite large enough for crossing the Middle Sea.

It is clear from the other finds in the tomb of Mersekha that the arts had made considerable progress in his time. A strong and well-made pair of copper tweezers is seen, copper nails are found in woodwork, copper needles, a copper *rymer*, and a well-shaped copper dish with the hammer marks still upon it. We might have expected this, seeing the king must have held in special honor the

god of the forge, the Vulcan of his day, or he would hardly have been called Semenptah. Flint knives of beautiful workmanship and bowls of crystal are evidence that the workers in stone were as clever as workers of metal. Mersekha, too, has evidently found that the burden of the state is too heavy for him to bear. He has a vizier, Henuka by name, and that he keeps an eye upon the foodless in time of famine may be guessed by one of his titles found inscribed upon a bowl fragment. Mersekha, the Rekhyt, "Lord of the House of Life," though it is but right to say that this may refer only to the dead king in his tomb. If it does, we have evidence here that in 4558 men believed in a life beyond the bounds of this mortality, and thought of the dead, as in after ages they spoke of them, as "The Everlasting Ones."

One of the objects that would strike any one who cares about delicate workmanship was a bull-leg ornament carven from ivory; so delicately had the veining of the leg been conventionalized as to make one think it might well have been a bit of Italian Renaissance work, and this nearly one thousand years before the Pyramids.

There were found in Mersekha's tomb several references to the "Sed festival," and it is clear from these references that the old kings of the Ist dynasty knew all about leap year, had a year of 365 days, and regulated their calendar as we do still. When Mersekha-Semenptah entered his abode of eternity in 4540 B. C. the eighth king, Qa-Sen by name, came to the throne and appears to have sat upon that throne for the next twenty-six years. His palace was called Hathor-pa-ua, his tomb was spoken of as Hat-sa-ha-neb; that he built a temple we know from a vase of volcanic ash inscribed for "the priest of the temple of King Qa." That he was a mighty hunter before the Lord we may guess from the splendid harpoon that was placed in his grave. The workers of

gold were probably encouraged in his day, and if one may judge by pieces of ribbed ivory with dovetail tenons, the hands of the cabinetmakers had not lost their cunning, whilst as for wood-carving, nothing more delicate in the whole collection may be seen than a bit of wood carved to represent the feathers of a bird, — it is Japanese for nicety of craftsmanship.

A kind of calling card was in fashion. When friends sent offerings to the tomb they tied up their little tablets of ivory as one to-day sees calling cards tied to the wreaths that are sent to a friend's funeral. The servants of the king were evidently had in honor; in the earlier tombs they had only had their bare names given; now though it is considered that imitation stone vases, that is, solid stones painted to look like marble, unhollowed and only roughly hewn into vase shape, are generally good enough for the domestic, their titles and office are given. In one instance, at least, the domestic is a man of such worth and substance as to be buried with tall alabaster jar and exquisite alabaster and slate bowl. Both the jar and bowl give one the idea that they have been turned in a lathe; their workmanship is very good.

It is clear that the little people — the dwarfs — were held in high esteem. There is on one of the limestone stele a representation of them, and their little bones were found at the foot of the stele. But the stele of greatest importance in connection with King Qa is a great black quartzose stele that bears his name. The time of cartouches is not yet; the names of the kings of the Ist dynasty are in simple squares.

As to worship, one thing is plain. The worship of animals or of gods, or the attributes of gods under animal forms, has not yet begun. One god, and he Osiris, the Ist dynasty kings seem to acknowledge. In these days of a revived interest in the dance, as being

able to express the inner meaning of a musician's composition, it may be of interest to know that as David danced before his God, so did Mena and his successors appear with a dance before their deity. One of the most instructive and interesting little illustrations of the king at prayers, which Professor Petrie and his workers have brought from the refuse heap at Abydos, shows the king in a curtained inclosure, — hid from common eyes, dancing his dance of prayer before the god Osiris. But this is the more remarkable, this early dancing worship of the Ist dynasty, when one remembers that those who in Ramessid times came to appear before Osiris at Abydos were forbidden the sound of the harp and pipe, and presumably forwent the dance. Yet there must have been a tragic side to the burial of a king of the Ist dynasty. It can hardly be doubted, after seeing the little cells or "loculi"

for tomb-chambers of the servants that surround the larger tomb of the king and its store places of offerings for the use of the royal dead, that when a king died and was buried a number of his retainers were sacrificed and sent into the shadow world with their master.

We leave the quietroom with its signs of the life and the art and the worship and the reverence for the dead men who lived by the banks of Nile more than 4500 years before Christ, and go out into the roar of London life and art, so young, so modern, we scarce can feel it has any interest for the student of history and lover of the days of yore. But as we go, Memphis with its palm and meadows, its palaces and rampart walls, goes with us, and we are grateful to that prince of scientific dust-heap scavengers and his lynx-eyed fellahin for bringing back the half-mythic kings of Memphis from their graves at Abydos.

H. D. Rawnsley.

ROBERT GOULD SHAW.

WHY was it that the thunder voice of Fate
Should call thee, studious, from the classic groves,
Where calm-eyed Pallas with still footstep roves,
And charge thee seek the turmoil of the state?
What bade thee hear the voice and rise elate,
Leave home and kindred and thy spicy loaves
To lead th' unlettered and despised droves
To manhood's home and thunder at the gate?

Far better the slow blaze of Learning's light,
The cool and quiet of her dearer fane,
Than this hot terror of a hopeless fight,
This bold endurance of the final pain;
Since thou and those who with thee died for right
Have died, the Present teaches, but in vain!

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

SOME LETTERS OF MARTINEAU.

THE letters here given were written by Martineau to Mr. B. B. Wiley, of Chicago, a friend whom he never saw, yet into whose life he entered with rare sympathy and understanding. The two men, although separated by four thousand miles of sea and land, formed a close relation by means of the correspondence of which these letters are part, and which extended over thirty years.

The first letter, written in the time of the civil war, throws an interesting side light on the more intelligent and elevated English opinion of that struggle.

DUNDONNELL OLD HOUSE,
Little Loch Broom near Ullapool,
Ropshire, Scotland, *September 20, 1862.*

DEAR FRIEND, — In trusting me with so much of your inner life, you have said not enough of the outer to protect me from mistake about your proper style and title. I ask myself, as I look at your touching words and eyes so full of sorrowful wonder, "Does he preach? does any one lay the Divine humanities so much to heart, who has not to speak of them, and bring them from their depths?" And yet again I think, "No, there is the free hand here, — the flowing soul, — that is *not* professional:" and to this my hope inclines: for sympathy of lives dissimilar gives the deeper witness to their common truth and love: and I am always inclined — perversely enough I dare say — to suspect my own thought, if none but the parsons say "Amen." Plainly however, whether you are secular or whether you are spiritual, you have the Manhood that unites and transcends them both: and so the old-fashioned "Mr." that symbolizes this will do.

Moved as I was by your letter, I would not answer it in the racket of a London June, but would first let its joy and sorrow sink into me here amid the silence

of great mountains and lonely lakes. Then I wanted to answer, not the letter only, but the portrait too: and it is not till after a most unexpected delay that the inclosed card has been sent to me. You will say it bears the same relation to the engraving that the Studies bear to the Endeavors. And perhaps it does: for, resist as we may, lapse of life and length of habit will leave their mark upon us: and in the interval not only have I grown elderly, but an increasing engagement with severe academic studies has worked the logical part of me too hard, and possibly turned it to the outside, both of the person and the speech. The inward identity, I believe, persists: in none of us does it really change: but to bring it freely and without measure to the surface may come to cost us more. It may be partly from this cause that I now wonder at my rashness in half promising a volume on the Ministry of Christ. But it is more, I think, because that divine life — like all things divine — cannot, to my present feeling, be truly rendered in treatment so regular and analytic as a book implies. It gleams on our purified vision in hints and streaks of beauty: and though these flow together into fragments of form not only distinct but unique, yet every attempt to complete them disappoints one, and produces a whole quite inadequate to the glory of its elements. So I begin to suppose that his personality is better left as one of those tender and holy mysteries that have power over us just because they represent, with the sweetest harmonies of our life, also the infinite silence in it that cannot be broken. With Paul, it is quite different: and as he worked out his thought into explicit form, constructing it into something complex, grand, and perishable, I can approach him as a human not a divine phenomenon, and treat

his doctrine as the philosophy of a spirit just redeemed. Fain would I work out into distinct shape my reverence and love for him. But since my entrance on college duties in London, I have necessarily been withdrawn from theology a good deal, and absorbed in the work of my ethical and metaphysical department. But still I indulge in the dream of hope, that toward the end of life a few years may be rescued for tranquil retirement; when I may gather up the fruits of past thought and experience, and find here and there something riper than I have yet been able to give.

Emerson himself I love and honor more than his books: though they, too, report a sweet and noble nature, that has cleared itself into a light serene and sublime by pure force of inward fidelity. I have been reading his *Conduct of Life*, and am quite offended at the little justice done to it by the critics. It seems to me rich in wisdom. Still, I regret his way of reaching the balance of truth, by giving an *over-balance* to each side of it by turns, and trusting to one extravagance for the correction of another. It is a habit that demands too much comprehensiveness in his reader, — whose nature may get a twist from some strong thrust of thought, from which the counter pressure fails to recover him. The symmetries of Nature are better, which are careful to show themselves in every part as well as in the whole. I fancy this method of his may be the lingering consequence of Carlyle's early influence upon him. But the over-statement native to Carlyle's intense, deep, but somewhat fierce and narrow genius, is less congenial with the serene and lofty breadth of Emerson's wisdom and sympathy. There is, however, something in Emerson which I am disqualified for apprehending, for his *poetry* is to me a complete enigma, which neither in form nor in substance speaks to me at all. Doubtless he is wider than I am; and the defect is in me.

But how can you have patience with

me for speaking of these tranquil interests of thought, when you are in all the agony of a great national crisis? I never take up a paper of American news without thinking, "If Parker had still been here, what would he have done and suffered for his country?" Few are the voices that can make themselves heard above the sounds of war: but his was one; and it could utter nothing but what would ennoble the spirit of the struggle, and keep uppermost its highest ideas. Probably he would have thrown himself into Wendell Phillips's view: which certainly supplies the contest with an object the most awakening to righteous men. The question with distant European on-lookers is, whether the object is really and rightly attainable by such means as the war supplies; and whether the responsibility of coercive liberation and servile insurrection is not too serious to be considerably encountered. Depend upon it, it is this scruple, and not any indifference or (as Cassius Clay says) "hypocrisy" on the slavery question, that has prevented Englishmen from treating this war as if emancipation were at issue. At the outset, so long as the *rights* of the original quarrel were the uppermost consideration, the universal feeling here was against the South. But soon, to the practical English mind, the *possibilities* of the case became the chief element of judgment; and the task of reversing the Revolution and reconstituting the Union being deemed (rightly or wrongly) too gigantic for the resources of any state or any army, the conclusion was drawn that a result apparently inevitable at last were better accepted with as little expenditure of suffering as possible. This matter-of-fact way of thinking into which our people fall is often very provoking, especially to those who are in all the heat and enthusiasm of a great strife. But it has not a grain of ill will in it, or anything but sorrow for suffering which it fancies unavailing: and when the storm has passed away and

the air is clear, it will be seen, I trust, that between your country and ours there is no cause for the slightest mutual reproach or distrust. I wonder what Channing is doing, — whether he is still in Washington. I never hear of him. I return to London in a day or two.

Believe me always, dear Mr. W., your faithful friend,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

A period of thirteen years separates this letter from the first; a period during which the correspondence had become established, and, as this letter shows, had taken a personal as well as a theological turn.

5 GORDON STREET, LONDON, W. C.,

June 14, 1875.

DEAR MR. W., — Though I had the pleasure of seeing your friend Mr. H. only for a few minutes, I was very glad to welcome him as your representative who could tell me more about you than I can expect to learn from your own letters, interesting as they are to me. Your report of Mr. B. Herford's first lectures in Chicago was particularly acceptable; showing as it did that his reception was generous and hearty, and that full justice would be done to his admirable qualities of head, heart, and hand. Mr. Laird Collier tells me that you mean to keep B. H. at Chicago: and I really believe that he is one of the few men amongst us who would equally suit the conditions of the New World or the Old. But then in all fair play, you ought to have left us Laird Collier in exchange. He has greatly endeared himself to all who have come within his influence. I only hope that his nervous system has not been too much overwrought to recover its healthy tone again.

I owe you many thanks for your friendly attentions to my great-nephew, Mr. Lupton. I have not seen him since his return; but shall shortly fall in with him in Yorkshire, where I am going to

spend the summer months with wife and family. I shall call him to account for telling you "that I do no work now." The cessation of preaching seems, I dare say, to the outward observer, a disappearance from active life. But my chief work in London has always been my college duty as professor and principal: and in this capacity I have done more during the session now closing than in any previous year with one exception. Indeed, as my term of natural life narrows, the impulse of diligence — to press nearer to accomplishment some of the unfinished designs — grows upon me, and makes what is called "the repose of age" less and less possible. I am about to retire from one half of my academic work: and when my successors have been fairly launched on their career and had time to win a little public confidence, I shall withdraw altogether.

Old and New having come to a disastrous end, the papers which I was writing for it are, I believe, to be continued in the Unitarian Review, as soon as I can resume them, and finished in about six numbers. The original project has expanded as I have advanced: but I hope to shape it into a moderate volume still. I cannot hope to do much toward arresting the tendency in the age to materialistic or idealistic skepticism: but it is something to put on record a different type of thought in readiness for a time when the tide shall turn. I am more and more struck with the fact, that it is not *new beliefs or unbeliefs* which a modern age advances into; but a *new generation of men* that is born into a recurring drift towards old beliefs or unbeliefs. There is, as far as I can see, *absolutely nothing* in our present scientific knowledge, which weakens or changes, unless for the better, the philosophical grounds of religion. To-day's fear will assuredly pass away.

Believe me ever,

Yours most truly,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

This letter, two years later than that which precedes it, strikes the deepest note in the correspondence.

5 GORDON STREET, LONDON, W. C.,

December 20, 1877.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — On its own account your letter of true sympathy is most welcome to my heart; and warmly do I thank you for this fresh gleam upon my sorrow. But it also relieves the distress I had felt at having first neglected to answer your former letter before the date of your intended departure for Mexico, and then being without an address to which I could write. The truth is that for two months I was so absorbed in anxieties and duties arising out of my beloved wife's very trying illness, that it was a struggle to meet the mere daily obligations of my college work; and my correspondence fell into inevitable arrears. When I recurred to your letter to answer it, to my dismay I found I was too late.

The passages from your Virginia friend's letters touched me deeply; and I longed to send you some practical aid towards your expression of sympathy for her lot. But I have not found it possible to do so. In better times it would have been otherwise. But we are all straitened. Business is stagnant. Investments pay reduced dividends. Living is dear. Public charges are high. Professional services — in Law, in Art, even in Medicine — are dispensed with, wherever possible. And whilst we are all earning little and costing much, distress is crowding on us which we are at our wits' end to relieve. The peculiarity of the time seems to be that all countries are simultaneously feeling the same depression. The latest blow to confidence has been the silver movement in your country; by which I and my family are already considerable sufferers. I am very sorry to gather from your recent letters that you are personally feeling the severe pressure of the times.

For myself, I have nearly relinquished my college salary, by successive surrenders as my duties have become lighter, and am almost wholly dependent on my moderate investments, the revenues on which — where there are any — have sunk to a low percentage. My wants, however, are fewer than they were; and as they are adequately provided for, I give myself no care.

The year that is closing has been the saddest of my life, and leaves me the survivor of a companionship most entire in thought and affection from betrothal in 1822 to death last month. A blessing thus prolonged I cannot be so faithless as to turn from gratitude into complaint. If I step into a darkened path, I carry with me a blessed light of memory which gives at least a "gloaming" though the sun is set, and promises a dawn when the night is gone. The short vigil will soon be over: and while it lasts, neither the departed nor the lingerer can quit the keeping of the Everlasting Love.

Believe me ever, dear friend,

Yours most truly,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

The note that follows seems to be worth preserving for its felicitous mingling of indulgence and reproof.

5 GORDON STREET, LONDON, W. C.,

January 17, 1878.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — Your supplementary letter reminds me that, in writing to you, I lost sight of your message about an autograph. I remedy the omission by inclosing for your young friend a photograph with my name subscribed. I am sorry that it is not a very good one: but I have not a better at present obtainable.

As for Tennyson's autograph, I should feel it an improper liberty to ask for one: for I know that such applications are very unwelcome to him. And indeed I cannot but wish these collectors of autographs a worthier employment

for their industry and zeal. With half the time and pains they spend upon their barren pursuit of ugly scrawls, they might master a new language or a new science, and double their own wealth of mind. Believe me, always,

Faithfully yours,
JAMES MARTINEAU.

It is pleasant to note the elasticity and vigor of mind in this letter, written when Martineau was seventy-eight years old.

35 GORDON SQUARE, LONDON, W. C.,
March 29, 1883.

DEAR MR. W., — It is too true that I am but an idle correspondent. Sometimes I am tempted to say to myself, "It is because I am idle in so little else." But it is a vain excuse: for I know men, quite as hard plied, who are never behindhand with a letter. So let it stand as my infirmity, and appeal for your forgiveness. My mother used to complain of it when I was a boy at school: I suppose therefore it is the ineradicable form in which original sin crops up in me, and which will not die out till I reach a world where post offices are no more.

The shortening span of my working life prescribes to me a concentration of attention to the few partially executed projects which I can hope to finish, and makes me jealous of everything which withdraws me from them. For the last two years I have committed myself, with this purpose, to the writing of two college lectures (an hour each) per week: and as the subjects involve much reading and reflection, this task is a pretty close fit to my executive power, and compels me to reserve my evenings for the study, and go very little into society. In this way, courses of lectures which have long been only fragments are gradually approaching completion, and being brought up to date. It is late in the day to be at this work, near the close of my seventy-eighth year. But the little Spinoza

book — undertaken at the request of my friend, Professor Knight, for his series of Philosophical Classics — interposed an episode that occupied two years apart from my main design.

I have read with much interest the lecture of Mr. Batchelor's of which you kindly sent me the report. I admire his statement of the modern scientific doctrine, and I sympathize with his religious conclusion. But, in passing from the one to the other, I cannot help feeling that all his intellectual strength goes into the former, and that the dependence of the latter is on his emotional fervor and justness of intuitive sentiment. The links of reasoned connection between the two appear to me not neatly forged and firmly welded. I experience the same insecurity in almost all the pulpit attempts to deal with this subject: so that in spite of the strong support which they have from my personal feeling, the total effect of them is rather skeptical than conservative. I suppose the simple truth is that we preachers have too rhetorical a habit of mind, and too little of the severe scientific exactitude, for the effective treatment of such an argument. Till we go deeper than the scientists, and get to the back of their premisses, instead of coming to the front to divert their conclusions, they will occupy a vantage ground from which we cannot dislodge them. Yet, rightly assailed, their atheistic position is absolutely untenable.

I hope you have come across a recent volume of sermons, — *Laws of Life*, after the *Mind of Christ*, by my dear friend, Rev. J. H. Thom, of Liverpool; — a book belonging to the very highest rank of religious literature, and, in my judgment, as much superior to all that this age has produced of that kind as the Gospel is superior to the Law. For depth of moral insight, tenderness of affection, purity of devotion, and just courage of rebuke to wrong and sin, with delicate freedom from exaggeration and from one-sided sympathy, it seems to me to stand alone.

And it is as graceful and charming in form as it is rare and rich in its contents. For years I have been pressing him to publish : and at last we have prevailed against his modest reluctance.

I was very sorry last summer to miss seeing Dr. Putnam and Mr. E. E. Hale. This spring I am more fortunate with American friends ; General Fairchild, Mr. Fiske, and Mr. and Mrs. Gustafson, having all of them spared me an afternoon or evening. Brooke Herford, I hear, is coming over on a visit this summer ; — not, I am afraid, till I have removed to my Scotch cottage, to which we betake ourselves at Whitsuntide. I rejoice to know that you are emerging from the period of anxiety into more prosperous times. In this country I do not remember so long a term of depression as the last six years : and the indications of improvement are still not marked or general. Our Irish troubles need not have been so serious if rightly handled at the first. They will be got under control ; but at what cost of further ruinous agrarian confiscation it is difficult to foresee. It is painful to speak of politics. The party with which I have always acted seems to me struck with infatuation, under Gladstone's fatal impulsiveness.

Believe me always,

Yours very cordially,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

There is in this letter an excellent bit of criticism of Henry Georgeism.

35 GORDON SQUARE, LONDON, W. C.,
January 31, 1884.

DEAR MR. W., — During the two months since my receipt of your welcome letter you have been a wanderer in lands so far as to scare our small insular imagination ; but may now, I suppose, receive my thanks at home ; and not mine alone, but my daughters', too, who were delighted to see the reproduced photographs which you kindly sent. They grumble at my refusal to

sit to the photographers again. But old men should know their place : and if Art does not remember to fly from them, they should have the good sense to fly from her, and compel her to stay where some trace of beauty may be found.

Your news of Mr. Alger was delightful to me, and seemed to be the natural continuation of the old days of pleasant intercourse which have so bright a place in my memory. Under the pressure of life, my correspondence with him, as with several other friends, flags and dies away : but the silence makes no difference in the inward relations of mind and heart ; which, under favoring conditions, would just resume themselves from the point of suspense.

I felt sure from the first that Mr. Thom's volume, *The Laws of Life*, would find a just appreciation with the best part of your reading public ; and the longer it is known, the higher will be its place. To me it seems almost a unique book in religious literature, and one which opens precisely the vein of thought and affection most needed to develop the best possibilities and evade the greatest dangers of character in our age. It has come to a second edition here ; and has elicited the promise of another volume.

It is curious to contrast the humble fate of such a book with the astounding circulation of Mr. George's *Progress and Poverty* ; which, I am ashamed to say, has dizzied the heads of not a few men here from whom more clearness and stability might have been expected. This is largely due to an excellent and hopeful characteristic of the time, — an intense compassion for the lot of the lowest class of our population, — the feeble in body and character who are beaten in the race of life and drop by the wayside. The sense of something wrong in the sufferings and sins of this class is so deep and disturbing to many minds that they lose the power of calmly studying the real relations of cause and

effect in the life of society, and are ready to fling themselves, like a patient tired out by a chronic malady, into the hands of any plausible quack who is loud enough in his confidence and large enough in promises for his panacea. Mr. George's personal presence, however, has apparently gone far to neutralize the influence of his book; and I think his day is nearly over here. The Socialistic tendency which has favored him still remains, and fosters, I must think, very dangerous illusions with which, unhappily, party leaders are willing to play for political ends.

Though I look with near expectation to retreat into private life, I keep my harness on at present, and continue "pegging away" at my pledged work.

Believe me, dear Mr. W.,

Always faithfully yours,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

This letter, written during the first Home Rule campaign, discloses the deep disruption Gladstone's position on that issue produced, and the profound regret with which his old friends drew away from him.

THE POLCHAR,

Rothiemurhus, Aviemore, Scotland,

October 31, 1885.

DEAR MR. W., — Your welcome letter of the 2d inst. brings you most pleasantly into view again, and gives me the additional stimulus I needed to thank you for the occasional glimpses you afford me by newspaper of your social and religious life at Chicago. Mr. Alger was not only faithful to his promise of writing to me, but came over to England in the spring of this year; and, as you may imagine, was the occasion of several long and interesting interchanges of thought. His visit, however, was during the week of my farewell to the college which has supplied me with my chief life work for nearly half a century: and the preoccupation of head and heart and time at such a crisis inevitably lim-

ited my opportunities of intercourse with him more than I could wish. Both of us have undergone some mental changes since last we met: and it was pleasant to find that they had brought us rather nearer to each other than we were at the time of his semi-captivity to Herbert Spencer. The equilibrium of his judgment appeared to me far more steady than in his years of less comprehensive enthusiasm. We have had the privilege, during the past winter, of making friends with another very accomplished young Bostonian, J. G. B., who, with his charming wife and two children, was winding up a two years' European sojourn by some months' residence in London. After seven years' ministry in Massachusetts, he had been studying in Germany, with a special view to a History of Ethics, on which he is at work. As I had just brought out a book entitled *Types of Ethical Theory*, our lines of thought were naturally pretty near each other. Not that I presume to claim his assent to my doctrines: but as conversant with the same literature, and aiming at the same kind of truth, we could not but be drawn together by many common admirations and the consciousness of the same unremedied defects. If ever you should come across him in your visits to New England, I am sure you will find his acquaintance very rewarding. I hope he may go back into the ministry: but I am not without fear that he may be withheld from it by too unsettled a state of faith. I did not myself perceive this: but on others, who perhaps saw more of him, an impression of this kind seems to have been left.

The cessation of my academic duties would seem to leave me without function in life, and to throw me into the idleness which is falsely called "*rest*." In truth, however (unless I am unfaithful and turn lazy for want of pledged necessity), the same tasks will engage me, only in my private study instead of in the public lecture room: and, while any faculty re-

mains to me, more unfinished projects will press their claims upon me than I can reasonably hope to complete. Gently as old age deals with me, it slackens the *speed* of my work; so that I need more time, the less of it I have before me. However, this life is but a fragment; and no man has any right to expect that he shall round it off, and leave no ragged edge to show where for him time is torn off from eternity.

On our public affairs I dare not enter. The crisis on which we have been thrown is to me very unwelcome, and if not alarming, at least anxious. I have always been what is called a *Liberal*: but the measures contemplated by the party now bearing that name appear to me utterly at variance with the principles, social, constitutional, economical, international, which gave a rational cohesion to the reformers of an earlier generation. And the secret consciousness of this, suppressed by cowardice and partisan ambition, is eating like a canker into the sincerity of our public life, and lowering its temper and its standard of honor. The humiliating story of Gladstone's ministry will not prevent its return to power: and we shall have to suffer more from political incapacity and passion, before any repentant reaction sets in. Political ambition is vastly more diffused than hitherto: oratory has more influence than character and wisdom: and to promise the impossible is a surer game than to counsel the best practicable. Under these conditions, parliamentary government is not hopeful. I wish this may be only the croaking of old age. We return to London in a day or two. I remain, always,

Yours very sincerely,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

Martineau's critical faculty, always the strongest of his intellectual powers, appears in the brief but penetrating criticism of the Ethical Societies in the following letter.

35 GORDON SQUARE, LONDON, W. C.,
January 13, 1888.

DEAR MR. W., — It is never too late to grow wise; and though I must say you have been pretty long about it, I will not doubt that the product is all the nearer to perfection for the duration of its growth. So that it is with confidence as well as good faith that I heartily congratulate both you and Miss D. on the near prospect of your completing the true conditions of human life. The innocent skepticism of your Chicago friends, to whom you have become a model old bachelor, will only add piquancy to the wonderful change, and put all the rationalists to shame by proving the possibility of instantaneous conversion. Let the single men laugh as they may, there are no more blessed angels of repentance in heaven or earth, than the dear souls that carry us out of ourselves and make our homes. God bless you, dear friends; for I cannot part you or deem either strange to me, — and help you, in your union, to realize the noblest end of life.

I seem to be outliving most of the closer relations which once bound me to a whole host of American friends. Channing, the Wares, Colman, Pierpont, Gilman, Follen, Dewey, Norton, Ripley, Gannett, Starr King, Parker, Dall, all are gone; and in looking over a former list of presentations, to guide me in regard to a new book just published, the only remaining names to which I had to beg that copies might be sent were Dr. Furness, James Freeman Clarke, and W. R. Alger; though I added one or two *new* literary men, whom I had criticised and felt bound to invest with the power of reply. But I was deeply touched by recently receiving a long, vigorous, and most friendly letter from *Dr. Farley*, who had visited me in Liverpool more than forty years ago, but of whom I had so long heard nothing that I had supposed him no longer with us. But it seems he still

occasionally preaches; and his letter shows no mark of decline. He is my senior by three or four years.

I cannot but greatly regret this "Ethical" movement which is dividing the Unitarian Societies of the West. Not that I have any feeling but that of respect for the *men* who represent and lead it: or that I can look with the slightest disapproval on a Society of persons constituted for purely moral ends and encouraging each other in the improvement of character. Such organizations are legitimate. But they are not, in being *Ethical*, on that account *Religious*; still less are they *Unitarian*, — a name which is absolutely unmeaning, except as denoting a particular type, not simply of Religion, but of Theology. To play tricks with these well-understood words is, in my opinion, a heinous immorality. In an *Ethical* body of persons insensible to this I can never have any confidence. The manly and simple course is to sever the old connection, and build up a new organization on their new basis. I do not myself believe in the efficacy of purely Ethical communions: short of the enthusiasm of Personal affection between the spirit of man and Spirit of God, the blending of Religion is not reached: and no permanent cohesion can be expected on the mere ethical ground of relations between man and men. But those who do not share this opinion are altogether in the right to try the experiment.

I go on in my old ways of habitual studious work, though at a somewhat slackened pace. Being clear of one book, I have struck into the preparation of another, perhaps to remain unaccomplished. But one must not drop the tools of industry till they fall from one's hand. Believe me, always,

Yours very sincerely,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

self for signs of the failings of old age and the quite justifiable pride he had in the long-continued endurance of his powers.

THE POLCHAR,

Rothiemurhus, Aviemore, Scotland,

August 16, 1889.

DEAR MR. W., — I thank you heartily for so pleasantly filling up the blank in my record of your inward life, and enabling me to picture to myself also its external features and surroundings, so far as can be expected from an imagination unexpanded by familiarity with the vast scale of Nature and Human Society in your New World. Your letter finds me when I am in the middle of Professor James Bryce's instructive book on the American Commonwealth; which so thoroughly transports me into your circle of public problems and private sympathies, as to enhance the interest and meaning of every word that reaches me thence. I have not observed what impression his three volumes have left upon your literary men and jurists: but it strikes me as by far the most judicial and comprehensive, as well as sympathetic estimate yet presented by a European writer of your wonderful political and social world. Bryce is an highly accomplished and interesting, as well as excellent man, marked out for eminence within our small class of true statesmen. Greatly as I personally like and admire him, he is too radical — too much a *man of the future* perhaps — for me, an old lingerer from the *past*. I think him too good and wide in his essential self to be entangled as he is in Gladstone's train.

Your mention of Mrs. G. and her daughter set me thinking over the series of friends from your side of the water whom we have had the privilege of seeing on their visits to Europe: and as the name and corresponding image did not turn up, I said to myself, "Well, then, at last my memory is evidently failing."

The second half of this letter reveals the jealous eye Martineau kept upon him-

I believe, however, that my search was misdirected. For I learn that these friends of yours and Mrs. W. are *English*, settled among you from Southport, Lancashire, and known to my sister, who lives there. From her must be their knowledge of me. My Lancashire life ought perhaps to give me some directer clue: but as it came to an end thirty-two years ago, the thread has escaped my hand.

I hear now and then from one or two of the dear veterans still spared to your churches and keeping up the old traditions of the Buckminster and Channing days, — in particular from Dr. Furness and Dr. Farley, — both some years beyond my reckoning, — of 84; Dr. Furness still able to reoccupy his old pulpit during the absence, on sick leave, of his young successor, Mr. May; and still writing without spectacles, and with hand as firm as thirty years ago. So far he puts me to shame. Yet I have to own that old age treats me gently as yet. I no longer attempt the mountaineering feats which I continued till about two years ago: nor do I venture on the excitement of preaching and public speaking. But I work on at my desk and with my books as in earlier years, and am within a few months of completing my last considerable book, not mainly philosophical this time, but theological, — an attempt to resurvey the old problems of natural, historical, and scriptural faith, as modified by the new conditions of knowledge. But my *rate* of achievement slackens; and this both makes me a niggard of my time, and prepares me, if so the better Will should determine, to lay down my tools, and leave my task undone.

I pray you to give my warm acknowledgments to Mrs. W. for her kind thought in writing to me, and my full leave to administer a good scolding to you for losing the letter. I would give it you myself, only it will be so much more effectual from her that I put the

duty out on commission. With kindest regards and best wishes, I am,

Ever sincerely yours,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

This last letter dips toward the horizon. Martineau was approaching the bourne of his days and much of his remaining activity was to be given to the pleasant task of receiving honors and recognitions of his long service.

THE POLCHAR,
Rothiemurhus, Aviemore, Scotland,
October 18, 1892.

DEAR MR. W., — Glad as I was to receive touch with you by your welcome letter of August 20th, I have not been so prompt as I could wish in my word of thanks for it. When you are well on in your octogenarian years, you will feel *with* as well as *for* the old man's procrastinating ways, — which you already treat with so benevolent an indulgence. My tardiness, however, is due, not wholly to the habits of old age, but in part to the even course of a life withdrawn from the ferment of the world, and rather listening to its voices than adding to them. You are on the stage: I do but sit among the audience. In that capacity I delight to be still a learner and a sympathizer, and hope to remain so till the curtain drops and the footlights go out. I have recently been tempted to revisit, with my eldest resident daughter, the scene of my first married home and the grave of my first child, — in Dublin, where I worked and taught and preached from 1828 to 1832, and gained an experience, inward and outward, which has infiltrated through all the succeeding years. The University authorities there, having, on occasion of their Tercentenary celebration, placed me on their list for Honorary Degrees and invited me to their festive week, I ventured to mingle in the splendid academic crowd and look round once more upon the Halls into which, more than

sixty years ago, I had introduced several students, — candidates for the distinction now conferred on me. The particular degree, indeed (Litt. D.), is new since then; a wise discrimination having been introduced into the graduate classification. It was an impressive week which we spent there among the élite of not only our insular dignitaries of Science and Letters, but of their representatives from all parts of Europe. A few of the guests went, by invitation of Lord Rosse, Chancellor of the University, to spend a day at his beautiful estate, — Birr Castle, — and be introduced to the wonders of his great reflecting telescope, and the workshops in which every new invention is made available for it by which its reports may gain in accuracy or range. This was one of those rare days when one may honestly feel a little wiser in the evening than in the morning.

As Commissioner for the British section of your World's Fair in its department of philanthropic work, and more especially *Women's work*, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts applied to me for information respecting English Unitarian institutions and labors under these heads. The very inquiry is a satire upon our intensely sectarian life; assuming as it does that all our charities are done denominationally; and that to survey them all without counting any twice over, you must find an enumerator for every kind of Church, and add up all the lists delivered in. I could only reply that it was the inherited and the personal habit of our people to look on the social compassions and Christian sympathies which give birth to hospitals, schools, reformatories, rescue missions, and every form of philanthropic effort, as of universal obligation, civic and human: we never thought of going apart and setting up for ourselves, as an exclusive theological

party, spheres of action equally open and equally congenial to the conscience and affections of others. On the contrary, we worked with our fellow citizens, irrespective of creed, wherever we could; and did nothing alone, except where we must. The result of this catholicity necessarily is that, while our fellow worshipers contribute probably their fair proportion of labor, thought, and revenue to the philanthropic total of English life, we have little to show in the way of *sect* benevolences, and should be wrongfully judged by their statistics. And so of *women's work*. With small exception, there is no difference between men and women in the incidence of charitable duty; and *joint action* in it is, in our opinion, essential to its best spirit and efficiency. On these grounds I declined to act as reporter for the Unitarian beneficences.

The year is closing solemnly upon us. Your beloved Whittier has left the world whose sins he so boldly rebuked, and whose sorrows he so sweetly soothed. And now our noble Tennyson has taken his wealth of soul away from us; and no one remains who can tell us how its pathetic griefs and doubts and faith have risen into a majestic joy. I spent two delightful days in May with his good son Hallam and his wife, at Balliol College. My absence here prevented my attendance at the Abbey funeral. We return to town on the 31st inst. With kindest regards to Mrs. W. and best wishes, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

The closing paragraph with its *requiem* sound seems to presage Martineau's own end, but though it is the last of the letters to the friend in Chicago, the writer was to survive seven years longer.

THE DRAXON DINNERS.

It was the last sentence of the notice sent out by Buffum, the secretary of the Vagabond Club, in which the members took the greatest interest.

"The next dinner of the Vagabond Club will come off, wind, wave, and weather permitting, on Thursday, November 14.

"The special lion will be Mr. Edgar S. Northrop. Members are assured that he is good-tempered, well-trained, and will not bite if treated kindly.

"Congratulations and condolences will also be in order on the engagement of whom the newspapers misguidedly call 'the eminent lawyer,' our Benedict brother, Draxon."

Although Northrop was a distinguished actor, and had always been a favorite guest at the club, it was on account of Draxon that the members were looking forward eagerly to the dinner. Draxon's hand was already numb from the vigorous grasp of his friends; but the true good wishes of Vagabondian comradeship had not yet been given to him in genuine Vagabondian fashion.

Harry Draxon was, without question, the most popular man in the club. There were many members wittier, jollier, and more talented; but Draxon's modesty, his hearty good-fellowship, the quiet charm of his manner, combined with his undoubted ability, had won for him from his friends a degree of love almost equal to that which a man ordinarily reserves for the woman of his heart. And they all were sure that this girl who had stolen him away from them was in no way worthy of him. It is probable, however, that they would have held the same opinion regarding any girl whom Draxon might have chosen to place ahead of his friends. But many of them had in addition an uneasy feeling that the whole affair had been too sudden, too impetu-

ous, too youthful almost; that it lacked the necessary firm foundation on which the joy of a man's whole life should be built.

It was at a house party given by Mrs. Lawrence that Draxon, Holcombe, and Leland had met Ethel Hollister. She was not more than twenty years old, small, fair, and graceful, with an airy, inconsequential way of treating men and things which came from a knowledge of the world confined to that circumscribed portion within which she had blossomed for two years.

Loving Draxon as they did, Holcombe and Leland were not at all surprised that Miss Hollister should be instantly and powerfully attracted by him. But they had felt a distinct shock when they perceived that almost from the outset Draxon's own heart seemed to be captured by this slip of a girl. Mrs. Lawrence herself had regarded the affair with some astonishment; for she knew that Ethel Hollister was reputed to be engaged already to young Lester Framleigh, who was also one of her guests. And the morose aspect of Framleigh, as he watched the older man monopolizing Miss Hollister's attention more and more, certainly gave authority to the report. Then one November afternoon, hardly a month from his first meeting with Ethel Hollister, Harry Draxon had come up to a little knot of men sitting at the club, and had announced with an air that was a combination of shamefacedness and assumed bravado, "Well, boys, I'm engaged."

Whether the girl was worthy of him or not, there could be no doubt that she had made him happy, happier than they had ever seen him. That achievement alone almost redeemed her in the estimation of his friends. For Draxon walked, talked, and did his business with

such a glorified air; there emanated from him such an atmosphere of complete bliss, that, notwithstanding the monotony of subject in his conversation, his mere bodily presence with them seemed almost to solve the whole problem of life. His face wore such a perpetual smile that they longed to catch him asleep in order to see if it vanished even then. The attitude which he took toward his own condition would have led one to suppose that engagements were a new invention of his own, and now patented by him for his sole use. And yet, notwithstanding all this, his friends were not entirely satisfied that she was the girl for him. One thing in particular made Leland nervously apprehensive. He spoke of it to Holcombe as they walked home after a call upon her.

"She appreciates him," he had said; "she appreciates him, but not in the right way. She's proud of him and all that; but she's proud of him in just the same way she glories in her new engagement ring. She sees that she's got possession of the brilliant genius, that she's the envy of most other women, but she does n't know the man himself yet. He's a new, and glorious, and expensive toy; and she's a child who is playing with it until she gets tired."

"Oh, you're pessimistic," Holcombe had replied.

"No," Leland had said seriously, "you mark my words, she does n't care for him yet in the right way, — not in the way Draxon cares for her. I don't say that she will not do so in time. But she does n't now. There's something that is n't there in her; and that worries me."

Leland had not known that Draxon was contemplating a trip to Europe until he met Holcombe on the street on the day when Buffum's notice of the dinner was sent out. "Yes, he's been called over on business. Poor man, he feels like the devil about going. He'd give

up almost anything of his own to stay here; but this has something to do with one of his trust estates. He sails on the *Galatea* early Saturday morning. He's going over to New York on Friday noon after the dinner. Did you know that they've fixed upon the wedding immediately upon his return in January? This will be his last bachelor dinner at the Vagabond."

"The wedding in January? He *is* in a hurry, is n't he? But after all I'm glad there's to be no delay. By the way," Leland had replied, "I was walking up past the Hollister house the other day, and I saw that young Framleigh coming out."

"Framleigh; who's he?"

"Why, don't you remember the sombre youth we met down at Mrs. Lawrence's, — the man whom Ethel Hollister was supposed to have thrown over in favor of old Harry?"

"Oh, that man! What do you suppose he's doing around there now? It's like a ghost haunting the scene of his murder, is n't it? There must be little satisfaction in that practice for an unsuccessful lover," Holcombe had said. And then as he turned to leave, "Don't forget, we three lunch together the day Draxon leaves."

"All right," Leland had answered, "I'll be there."

The dinner had certainly been a glorious success, so far, — one of the most brilliant that the many old members who were present could remember. The newer members sat with mouths agape at the jests and the repartee flung up and down and across the table. Old Joshua Manningly, the president, was in his best form that night; and no one had escaped from his incisive sarcasm and his double-edged flattery. All had sat down with riotous enthusiasm; and the confusion had increased in mathematical ratio as each new course came upon the table. The sole rule of the

club was that there should be no rules, — the Vagabondian paradox. Its boast was that it had no constitution. Therefore, speaking began or left off at any period in the dinner when fancy dictated; and any unlucky guest who imagined that time would be afforded to him, at least until the coffee was served, in which to think up his "impromptu" speech, was generally disconcerted by being called to his feet in the middle of the entrées.

That night Northrop, the actor, was introduced during the fish course; but he had been the club's guest several times, and he was not taken unawares. His speech, delivered in his peculiar, jerky, and very emphatic style, had been appropriate to the occasion, containing no sentence which required even one quarter of a second to digest.

"I am going to talk only a minute" —

"Thank God!" came from somewhere.

"On the evanescence" —

"Spell it," shouted Buffum. "Shoot him in cold blood," called another. "Disgusting display of vocabulary," came from another direction.

"On the evanescence" —

"Second and last offense," Manningly said threateningly.

"Evanescence, — I can't use that word when I'm in Delaware. It's so long it goes over the state boundary and has to be extradited," continued Northrop, unabashed, — "evanescence of human pride and happiness." And then he told a little story of his theatrical experience.

"There's a moral in that for you, too, Draxon, my boy, you proud and happy youngster," a member called across the table. Draxon's ever present smile, however, continued to light up his face.

Then De Forest rose and made his ninth speech of the evening on — no one knew exactly what.

"No one asked you to talk," a member said; and another rose and moved that De Forest be expelled from the

club. The motion was put and unanimously carried; and De Forest bowed and uttered his heartfelt, solemn thanks for the honor.

"Mr. President and gentlemen," shouted Holcombe above the uproar.

"Sir, I dislike the discrimination implied in your remarks," said the president.

"Mr. President and other gentlemen," renewed Holcombe.

The president bowed. "The amendment is accepted."

"I move you, sir" —

"You can't do it." "You're not strong enough," came the interruptions.

— "that we now proceed to the business of the evening."

"Mr. Holcombe offers to pay for free champagne," said the president turning to the head waiter. "That is the business, I believe."

— "of the evening, referring to the present enraptured condition of our brother Vagabondian, Harry Draxon."

At the mention of the name the whole club rose to its feet, and cheers came from all sides. Every man's glass was raised. "Dear old Harry." "Harry, old man." "Here's to you." "Now with me." "God bless you, old fellow." Draxon sat motionless, as if dazed at the tumult. Then, for the first time, his face became grave and he seemed overwhelmed at the heartiness of the good will which shone in every one's eyes. When the noise subsided and they sat down, some began singing, and all joined in the old, "For he's a jolly good fellow;" and they sang it as only men who mean every word of it can sing.

Then Holcombe rose, tall and gaunt, out of the tangled mass of men, and began to speak in a sober voice. The hall was as still as a sick room. With great seriousness, with no idle jest, and with the most perfect aptness and sympathy, he told Draxon how much he was to each of them and to the whole club. He told him how they all rejoiced at the fact of

his happiness, and envied him the joy that had come into his life, how they all cursed themselves that they had n't been able to bring as much to him, and that it had remained for a helpless girl to do that. He told him how they knew that the club would never have the same hold upon him that it had before, how something else far better and higher would now have first place in his heart. "But then," he said, "Harry, old man, there'll be some night when perhaps *she* won't be with you, and when perhaps you'll feel just a little lonely, and then you'll look in on us and you'll find us just the same — no, not just the same — even more glad to see you and have you with us than we are now. And so," his voice trembled a little, "Draxon, dear, good, old Draxon, we drink to you now. We don't wish you happiness because you've got all of that you can hold. But we wish you a continuance of that happiness all your life, every day, and every hour, and every minute of it, and — and — well, I guess that's all. Now — Harry — you old fool, get up and say something, can't you?"

With this rather confused and lame ending, Holcombe sat down and every one said it was the best speech he had ever made. And they all rose again, and drank, and hammered the table, until the plates and glasses jumped up and down, clinking and clattering.

Draxon was pushed, and shoved, and hoisted to his feet by his neighbors beside him, and stood silent, nervously tearing his dinner card. He took a glass of water and still remained silent, while they could see his face twitch as he tried to regain control of himself. Finally he said with his old-time drawl, but in a half-smothered voice: —

"Brothers of the Vagabond — I — I don't know what to say. And yet I ought to say something. I can't thank you. You see I can't, as I want to."

"Go ahead; you're doing first-rate," called out a man across the table; but

his interruption was greeted with frowns and admonitions to "shut up."

"I don't know whether you all have met my — my heart's desire."

"Good, good!" they cried.

"But I think you'll take my word for it when I say that I am the luckiest man that ever lived, and to-night the happiest. I don't deserve it all; God knows, I don't deserve her."

Holcombe and Leland exchanged glances. They felt that the luck and the unworthiness were all on the other side.

"But I've got her. By God's help I'll try and make myself what I ought to be, for her. You fellows remember Van Ness's poem that he read here last spring about Vagabondian Loves. You recall that he described how unlucky all of us seemed to have been in love, judging from the attitude and tone of the love ditties read at this table, — how almost all our poems dwelt on the unfaithfulness of some fairy female, or on the jilting of some woe-begone swain, or were Lays to Lost Loves. Well, I'm the beginning of a new era; but though now I can't write a poem of woe or of hard luck in love, I can't guarantee that my love is n't unlucky in loving me."

"Oh, oh, false modesty thy name is Draxon!" "Never, never," flew the interjections.

"And so," continued Draxon, his old smile returning, "perhaps you won't think me too presumptuous and too one-ideaed if I ask you to drink a return toast with me, a toast which ought to be appropriate for each one of you; and if it does not fit, the sooner you, each one of you, imitate my good example and put yourself in a position where it will fit, the better man you'll each of you be. I ask you all, brethren, to rise and drink, 'To the Girl who loves a Vagabondian.'"

They all jumped up with a cheer, and the wine slopped over their glasses as they drank with a zest, and cheered, and then drank again, and cheered. And all the while Draxon sat back in his chair

with his smile of perfect joy and delight.

Then Northrop rose again, although informed that he had "already spoken once," and that "children should be seen, not heard," and said that he hoped Mr. Draxon would not subject himself, in making love, to the comment made upon him, Northrop. He told how he had received a letter complaining that, when on the stage, he always addressed his proposals to the lady behind her back, and made love to her back hair. On thinking over his plays, he found out that unconsciously this had been his habit. His female correspondent objected bitterly to this mode of procedure as being unfair on the girl who was thus prevented from seeing his face, and from judging whether he was in earnest.

After Northrop had sat down, amid a deathly silence and audibly querulous questionings among the members where the joke lay in his remarks, a popular but very grave judge of the Supreme Court rose, and said the occasion reminded him of a burlesque love poem. Unfortunately it only reminded him of the first four lines. At the fifth line his memory gave out.

"And close by stood an ancient inn,"

he repeated three times. "The bench seems to have difficulty in getting by the bar of that inn," De Forest said in a low and musing tone. A shout went up around the table, and the judge resumed his seat, which action was greeted by a burst of handclapping. Then Grantham set off a bunch of his crackling aphorisms, more or less appropriate to the occasion, — among them, "Where singleness is bliss, 't is folly to have wives," and, "A little widow is a dangerous thing." Some one told a story, regarding which the best comment was made by Van Ness, that it was "received with that cordiality with which we always greet an old friend."

And so the evening passed by. Salters

sang a rollicking song with his delightful tenor voice; and the loving cup was brought on. The famous old toast, "Here's to one another — and to one other," was drunk. Then, after a few stories, the dinner broke up, without formal motion, but by the gradual drifting away of members in congenial groups.

"Good-by, Harry, old man." "Good luck to you." "Hope you'll have a pleasant trip." "Good-by, Harry." They crowded up to shake his hand; and then the room became empty.

Holcombe, Draxon, and Leland strolled down the street together. Draxon seemed like a man in a dream, so saturated was he with pleasure at the good comradeship and the hearty wishes of the evening. The three stood under an arc lamp in front of Leland's quarters, chatting. "Won't you come in Harry, just for a minute, and have a final stirrup cup?" Leland asked.

"You forget," Holcombe said, "we're all three going to lunch to-morrow."

"Oh, by the way, Holcombe," Draxon broke out, "I entirely forgot to tell you fellows, I can't lunch with you to-morrow, because I'm going to New York to-night, in just half an hour." He looked at his watch.

"Look here, that's too bad," said Holcombe. "What are you going to do that for?"

"Why, I find that I must be in New York to-morrow to attend to some important business. I sail, you know, at four o'clock in the morning, Saturday. I thought that I could fix it up by going on to-morrow noon, but I need more time so I've changed my plans."

"How did Miss Hollister like your going on to New York this way a day earlier, and leaving her before you meant to?" Leland said laughingly.

"She does n't know anything about it. You know she was obliged to go off to Washington herself yesterday to see her mother, who's sick. I said good-by to her then."

"Do you mean to say that you stayed back here away from her for this dinner?" asked Holcombe.

"Well, not wholly. I really could n't get away from here a minute sooner. It was pretty hard though, I can tell you, letting her go off on Wednesday when I was n't to sail until Saturday."

"You're a real hero, Harry," Leland said. "You'll write her to-night about your change of plans, and all about the dinner?"

"Oh yes, of course."

"Well, don't forget to put in all the nice things that were said. Don't be too modest, old fellow. Those are the things that will please her."

Leland looked at his watch.

"Are you going over to your rooms, Harry?" he asked; "because if you are, you have n't got any extra time to spare."

"Oh no," he said, "I locked everything up over there this afternoon and cleared out. I had my baggage sent over to the station early, so that I could meet Manningly and Northrop at the Arnold Club before we went down to the dinner. What time is it?"

"Eleven thirty-five."

"So late? Well, I suppose I ought to be going." There was great reluctance and regret in his voice. "Good-by, old men — until January 2d."

Leland gripped his hand. "Good-by and all kinds of good luck, Harry, and hurry back home," he said.

Holcombe took his hand. "Harry," he said, "I meant what I said to-night, you know. It was n't a speech. I meant it. You understand?"

"Oh, that's all right. Of course — and thank you, old man; you know how much," answered Draxon. "Good-by," — "Good-by," — "Good-by," came from them all; and then Harry Draxon walked off.

As he turned, they could see his eyes; and they felt they had never seen a more completely happy man.

That was Thursday night, November the 14th. It was on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 20th, that the usual little coterie of men had gathered in the lounging room of the Arnold Club. The tinkle of the clock on the wall over the blazing wood fire announced half past five. With drinks on tables at their side, they were lazily watching the stream of business men and belated shoppers returning home through the twilight. They saw Buffum come down the street and up the steps of the club, and there was a curious look on his face. He joined them amid casual and jovial greetings. He held up his hand to quell the noise.

"You have n't heard the news, then?" he said, with a choking voice.

"What news? What's the matter, Buff?"

He paused, and there was the complete stillness of anticipation in the room. Then he said without further preliminary, —

"The Galatea has gone down — only one boatload of passengers saved."

"Great God!" some one cried. The rest sat, silent and chilled.

"And Harry Draxon?" It was Holcombe's voice, but one would hardly have recognized it.

"His name is not among those saved."

A sound of laughter drifted in from the hallway. Then they began to talk together in strained whispers.

Later bulletins confirmed the horrible report. The Galatea, two days out from New York, had collided with a large iceberg in the nighttime, and had gone straight to the bottom. The second mate, the purser, and a dozen passengers had escaped in one boat. All the rest, officers, crew, and passengers, were lost, and Harry Draxon was dead.

"Do you remember, Roger, how the dear old fellow looked that night when we said 'good-by'?" Holcombe said to Leland, three days afterwards, when the truth of the news was absolutely estab-

lished. "Did you ever see a happier being in your life?"

Holcombe was the executor named in Draxon's will, and he had asked Leland, as one of Harry's most intimate friends, to go up to Draxon's room with him, when he started to take charge of his papers and effects. It was a painful thing to do, but Leland had felt that possibly he might be of some service, and so he had accompanied him. The old house-keeper had met them, and said with a sob: "Ye'll find everything of Mr. Harry's just as he left it, the blessed soul; and there is two letters on his desk that came for him the evening he left, which I was going to forward to Europe for him. Ye know he changed his plans and went over to New York earlier, and he did n't leave me any address. They'll be there all right on his desk."

They entered his room as if they were entering a church, — that room in which they had passed so many confidential, careless, jovial evenings. It looked the same, but it never would be the same again. They talked in whispers as Holcombe unlocked the desk drawers and looked over the papers. Everywhere around the room, on the table, the mantelpiece, the desk, were photographs of Ethel Hollister.

Leland gave a start as the thought suddenly occurred to him that, in the intensity of his personal grief, he had not attempted to call upon her. He wondered whether she was in town or still in Washington. As he stood by the fireplace looking painfully at the last picture which Harry had had taken, a photograph of himself and Miss Hollister together, he heard Holcombe utter a violent exclamation followed by a groan. Turning around, he saw him staring vacantly at an open letter, one of the two upon the desk.

"What's the matter?" Leland said. "Anything serious?" Holcombe seemed about to offer the letter to him, then he drew back, folded it up, and returning

it to the envelope, placed it in his pocket. His face was white, almost as if from anger.

"What is it?" Leland repeated.

"It's a letter," Holcombe said, "which I found here for Draxon, and which — well, which I think perhaps I'd better not show you, at least not now."

Leland was surprised at the confusion and emotion in his manner. But he saw on looking intently at Holcombe's rigid face that it would be wiser not to press the matter further at present. He retained, however, considerable curiosity to know what it could have been that had stirred Holcombe so deeply.

The funeral was held a few days after that. The church was crowded with men, and although Draxon was comparatively young in his profession, there were judges of the Supreme Court, clerks of the courts, leaders of the Bar, and, what was more significant, elevator men from his office building and from the court house, minor court-room officials, tradesmen with whom he dealt, and his club associates, all mingled together. Never had Leland and Holcombe understood so perfectly his lovable character as during that hour when they sat in the dimly lighted church and watched all those men in diverse walks of life assembled to show their personal affection for him. And Ethel Hollister was there, not dressed in the deepest of mourning, but very pale and stricken in her look.

About two weeks later the members received a notice containing simply the bare announcement that the next dinner of the Vagabond Club would be held on Thursday, December 12. With the recollection of the last dinner vivid in him, Leland had been unable to bring himself to the point of deciding to go, until he had met Frank Holcombe on the day before the dinner. "You ought to go, Roger. We all ought to go, because Harry would have wished it. You

know how he loved the club, and how he would have disliked the thought that his death should in any way break up our meetings. The club must show its appreciation of his feelings." Leland knew that he was right, and so they went together on the evening of the 12th. But on looking round the room where they were accustomed to assemble, he shivered as if a cold wind had swept in through it from the sea; for it seemed so empty without him there to squeeze their hands with unaffected gladness at seeing them again. Each member as he arrived appeared to have a subdued air of wanting to say something and yet of suppressing his real thought by force of will. A few mentioned openly Harry Draxon's name. But those who knew him best kept ominously silent in respect to him. The fact was, that the place was so full of association that no one of them dared trust his own emotions.

As they went into the dining hall they noticed halfway down the table a chair, in front of which stood a battered pewter beer mug. It was the place where he had sat last November. The mug was his, well remembered for years back. Tonight they left the chair unoccupied. When they all were seated at the board and touched elbows, when each felt the helpful presence of his neighbor, a little of the true Vagabondian cheer gradually returned. The jokes began to be flung about again wildly. Good-natured abuse and cutting quips met each man who ventured to speak a few words loud enough to be heard by the others. A new member was initiated; and his initial attempt at literary production was received with all the old-time opprobrium, insults, and derision. As Van Ness said in mock flattery, "I congratulate Mr. Pentthrow on dipping into poetry and emerging still conscious, although only partly intelligible." One of the club bores read a lengthy and didactic essay, evidently intended to be humorous, which was received in discouraging and stony silence.

The merriment seemed to rise to even a higher pitch than on many previous evenings. But those who knew the men intimately felt that it was all feverish, almost strained, that each was vying with his neighbor, as if afraid lest the one and only topic of which all were thinking should be mentioned. De Forest had risen and was speaking rather wildly and disconnectedly when suddenly — crash — crash! ! ! The president's gavel fell on the table with so tremendous force that a bottle by his side toppled over. Unheeding, Manningly rose with a very serious face. "Brethren," he said, — "Excuse me, De Forest, will you not please sit down?" — This unwonted courtesy so confused De Forest that he dropped heavily into his chair. — "Brethren, why keep up this ghastly farce of pretense? We have watched one another trying in vain by joke or jest to drive out of his mind the one thought which holds us all to-night. But why avoid it? Why not be honest? We are here because we loved Harry Draxon."

The men breathed deep all along the table. Leland saw Holcombe and Buffum wipe the perspiration from their foreheads. Others pushed their chairs back, and there was absolute attention. "And we are here, too," the president continued, "because Harry Draxon loved the club, and because by coming here and behaving just as we always have done, in closest and cheeriest fellowship, we shall be doing just what Harry Draxon would have wished that we should do." Holcombe and Leland exchanged glances and nodded to each other. Leland felt that he had never heard old Manningly speak with more perfect feeling and insight.

"Boys, I can call you so, because I am so much older than most of you, I loved him like a son; you, like a brother. This is no place for formal eulogy on our loss. That has been said in other surroundings. Harry needs no eulogy. Besides, the Vagabond never

loses a member in this way. He is still our Harry, still a Vagabondian, — but now non-resident." There was a murmur of appreciation of the phrase. "I want you men to sit here to-night, and tell of him and talk of him, and repeat his stories and his doings, just as if he had simply gone over to Boston or New York to live, and as if we were some time to see him again — as, God willing, we shall."

He sat down quickly, trying hard to smile; and a great cheer went up from all round the table, springing out of the feeling of relief from the artificial strain.

Then the stories began, as each man recalled some little event, some quiet joke, some kind act, or thoughtful present, or helping word in Harry Draxon's life. Gradually the tone of gloom died away as they chatted together about him; for each one of them wanted to make his contribution, wanted to add his tribute. It was certainly a remarkable life of a Christian gentleman that was unrolled there that night. The minutes fled by; and still some one would call back a well-remembered story that he had told them, a witty bit of repartee that had made a red-letter night of a jolly past dinner. And as the clock was striking eleven, — and they found themselves amazed at the lateness of the hour, so great had been their solemn enjoyment of this unique tribute of affection, — Stanley Armstrong rose and there was great clapping of hands. For Armstrong was a sculptor, well beloved of the club, who combined with his artistic talent the power of dashing off the most delicate verse, both grave and gay, always short, but full of the choicest phrases.

He took from his inside pocket a sheet of letter paper and began to read. A hush came over all, as he spoke the beautiful lines in the firmest and softest of voices. It was a poem of four stanzas to Harry Draxon's memory; and each stanza ended with the line, —

"Sit closer, friends."

He finished and sat down. No one spoke a word. A man opposite Armstrong silently leaned over the table and gripped his hand.

Then De Forest rose, — no longer flippant. "Mr. President," he said, "I think that Armstrong has spoken the last word to be said. But this club should do one thing more. I move, sir, that the Vagabond Club have the report of these stories of Draxon's life and Armstrong's perfect poem got together in some appropriate form, and one copy placed in our library, one copy sent to Harry's sister, and one to Miss Hollister."

The president bowed. "It will not be necessary, I think, to put that to a vote," he said, and he was leaning over toward the secretary, when suddenly Holcombe rose and said in a strained and harsh voice, —

"I regret, brethren, that I must oppose that motion in one respect."

Leland looked at him in great surprise, and the others seemed startled as well.

"I must ask," he continued, "that the part of the motion relating to Miss Hollister be stricken out, and that a copy be sent merely to Draxon's sister."

There was a confused murmur of protest. Holcombe looked round the table with a half-sad, half-angry start.

"I must ask you, brethren of the Vagabond, to trust me, to rely on the absolute validity of my reasons for making this request, — a request which it is most hard, most unpleasant for me to make, — and to believe that I would not make it if I did not feel compelled to do so from the most urgent motive."

"Do you care to say why you make this certainly extraordinary suggestion?" asked Manningly.

"I cannot tell you," Holcombe replied; "but I assure you on my honor as a gentleman that it would be needlessly cruel, and I will say improper, to send a copy of this to Miss Hollister."

Manningly remained a moment silently thinking. Then he said, —

“Frank Holcombe’s suggestion will be accepted if there is no objection. We rely, however, Holcombe, on your pledge that there is some valid reason why the copies should not be sent as first proposed.”

Holcombe bowed gravely. “I thank you, Mr. President; I thank all of you fellows.”

The episode, however, made an unpleasant impression on them all; and it seemed as if the dinner was to end as unfortunately as it had begun. But Manningly, noticing the look on the men’s faces, beckoned to the head waiter, and the loving cup was brought in and placed in front of him. Raising the cup he spoke the toast.

There were two toasts which were always drunk at the Vagabond Club. One they had drunk at their November dinner. The other they drank that night. And each man, as the cup came round to him, solemnly lifted it high and said before he drank, “To our brothers, living and dead.” As the cup was passed into Holcombe’s hands, he held it out motionless for a moment, and looking off beyond the man opposite, off beyond the wall of the room, and out far, far into space, he said, with a choking break in his voice, “Good-by, Harry, old man.”

At the end of their walk back together up the avenue, Holcombe, who had been silent for some time, suddenly said to Leland, “Roger, I think you, at least, of Harry’s friends have a right to know why I acted so strangely to-night. Come up to my rooms for a minute.” Leland followed him upstairs, and threw himself into a chair in front of the fire, while Holcombe unlocked his desk and took out an envelope. Leland recognized it as the one he had seen him open in Draxon’s room. Holcombe handed the inclosed letter to him, saying, “You’d better read it now. No one else will

ever see it. I found that unopened, you remember, on Harry’s desk. It arrived, thank God, after he left Philadelphia, and was never forwarded to New York.”

This was the letter which Leland read.

WASHINGTON, November 14.

When we said good-by yesterday, I did not have the courage to tell you what I must write in this letter. Perhaps now that I am away from you, you will not take it so hard. You will get this, I know, before you leave for New York, for you told me you were going there on Friday; but there will be no use in your coming on to Washington when you receive it, for I have made up my mind and nothing can change it. I have thought it over and over, oh so hard, so long, — you cannot know, — and I know now that I can never marry you. I do not love you in the way that you love me. I thought I could deceive myself; and I did. I have for a little time. I was so proud that you should love me. But I do not, I never have loved you that way. It would be wrong for me to say I do, and so you must see I cannot be your wife. I don’t want to be a coward or deceive you in any way, for I think too highly of you; I honor you too much to do so. You will understand everything when I tell you that Lester Framleigh has asked me to marry him, and I have consented. For I love him. Please, please don’t make it any harder than it is for me, — and so don’t try to see me here.

ETHEL HOLLISTER.

The letter dropped from Leland’s hand as he watched the crackling fire in benumbed distress.

“And he never knew,” he said at last.

“Thank God, he never knew,” Holcombe repeated.

“And he died happy.”

“The happiest man I ever saw.”

“You were right to-night, Holcombe, in what you did,” Leland said, when he

finally realized the whole situation. "There was no need of our being as cruel to her as she would have been to him. I think the receipt of that record would have been the bitterest thing in her life. I could wish no harder thing for her."

Two months later Leland met Buffum going into the Arnold Club. "Have you heard the news about Ethel Hollister?"

"No," he said.

"She's engaged to young Lester Framleigh."

"I am not astonished," he answered, to Buffum's marked surprise.

"Poor Harry!" Buffum exclaimed thoughtfully.

"No, old man, happy Harry — always that, in our remembrance."

And Leland knew that he spoke the truth.

Charles Warren.

THE SEVEN LEAN YEARS.

"And there shall arise after them seven years of famine; and all the plenty shall be forgotten in the land of Egypt." — GENESIS xli. 30.

If the X-rays had been discovered a decade ago, and one could have turned them upon the contents of any of the leather mail bags that the East was sending to the West, he would have found therein a number of appeals for mortgages bearing a higher rate of interest than six per cent; for at that time the ratio of the supply to the demand had become such that it was *appeals* for, and not simply orders for, seven per cents that the Eastern investors were sending. The East wanted seven per cent mortgages, and, having money to pay for them, there could be but one result, — it got them.

Five or six years later the X-rays would have shown a striking difference in the letters that filled the west-bound mail bags. They would have shown the word "Receiver" prefixed to the addresses of a majority of the loan and trust companies in the Missouri valley, and that instead of cries for more, the Eastern money lenders were clamoring for their money back on what they had. There were angry demands, and pathetic appeals and pitiful tales of woe, which the various receivers were unable to

satisfy or alleviate. Verily, the lot of those who were charged with the winding up of the affairs of the defunct investment companies was not a happy one. Being human, they were not insensible to the hardships of the small investors, to whom the non-receipt of their interest was a serious affair and the impairment of their principal a calamity, nor to the inconveniences of the larger investors; but being *only* human they were powerless to change conditions that made so many Western farms unproductive, and so many mortgages no longer a source of revenue to their holders.

All over the East, from the Potomac to the Penobscot, locked up in safe deposit vaults, and buried in trunks and bureau drawers, are innumerable Western farm mortgages and debentures of Western loan and trust companies upon which their holders have received nothing for the past five years. Now and again they are taken out and looked at with varying degrees of regret. The owner of the strong box or a drawer in a safe deposit vault no doubt often thinks he might as well drop them into the waste basket as to lock them up again with his more valuable papers; the owner of the trunk or bureau drawer thinks of the hard-earned dollars those yellowing

papers represent; of the rigid economy and pinching self-denial it took to get the little hoard together; or perhaps of the proceeds of a life insurance policy, or a small legacy, that was laid away to educate the children or provide for old age, and invested this way to get a higher rate of interest than the local savings bank would pay; and now there is left not even the memory of the pleasure of spending it, — only this poor, flimsy protection for a rainy day.

Despite the many letters of explanation that have been written, most of the owners of these papers do not even yet quite understand what has become of their money, or how the papers that represent it have come to be of so little value while the land that is pledged for security is still there, just as many acres and just as good soil, and the validity of the papers is unquestioned.

Ten or twelve years ago there were so many Western investment companies offering seven per cent mortgages, that it was becoming increasingly difficult for the older and more conservative companies to market mortgages bearing only six per cent, the average investor being unable to discern any important difference save the additional one per cent, and that the mortgages bearing the higher rate of interest were of smaller amounts. Both of these differences appeared to him greatly in favor of the seven per cent loans; they would bring in ten dollars a year more on every thousand, and would enable him to scatter his funds more, avoid the necessity of putting all of his eggs, or so many of them, into one basket, of which the small investor is ever fearful. As to any difference in security, the property pledged for the payment of the seven per cents was usually valued by the owners and appraisers at a higher figure in proportion to the amount of the loans than the land which was behind the six per cents. For example, the application accompanying a four-hundred-dollar seven per cent

loan in Box Butte County, Nebraska, would show the owner's value to be, land sixteen hundred, buildings one hundred and forty-five dollars; and the appraisers' value, land fifteen hundred, buildings one hundred and fifty, or a little in excess of four times the amount of the loan; while the application with a one-thousand-dollar six per cent loan in Saunders County, in the same state, would show a valuation of about twenty-eight hundred to three thousand dollars, making it *appear* that the difference was in favor of the former class of loans. The names of the counties meant little to him, — one looked about as well as another on the map. He would therefore invest his thousand dollars in two small loans bearing seven per cent, rather than in one large loan bearing six, serene in the belief that the advice of the investment company to do otherwise (and such advice was often given) was actuated by regard for its own profit account.

Investment companies that had hitherto confined their operations to the territory in which nobody was making loans that bore over six per cent — east of the ninety-ninth meridian — were everywhere confronted with this state of affairs. All their Eastern agents and most of their clients were clamoring for seven per cents; some correspondents who could sell six per cents would no longer purchase of them, but transferred their business to companies that were supplying them with seven per cents also; and clients and Eastern stockholders were continually asking, "Why cannot you also get seven per cents?" In this manner, many concerns that would not otherwise have done so were virtually coerced into entering the newer and uncertain territory in the western and northern portion of Nebraska, western Kansas and northeastern Colorado, comprising what has been known as "the great American desert" and "the plains," the former pasture of the buffalo.

There had been one or two phenome-

nal harvests where the land was cultivated, — there was no question about the fertility of the soil in this new country, — and while it was known that there had been droughts, it was believed that with extensive cultivation of the soil the weather conditions would change and there would be greater rainfall, — that rain would follow the plough, as was apparently the case farther east. And so, not without misgivings on the part of their officers, most companies began loaning beyond the zone of certain safety, in the region of conjecture, of which only the Indian and cattleman could speak from extensive experience.

The loans made there sold readily, faster even than they could be made; sometimes there were two purchasers ready with their money for every loan that was applied for; it became a question of finding borrowers rather than purchasers of loans, and the competition between rival loan companies was no longer in connection with the selling of their loans in the East, but with the making of them in the West, — a condition that boded ill for the purchasers thereof, but which they were themselves chiefly instrumental in bringing about.

Every little town in the new territory was filled with loan agents, correspondents of the various companies, and all over these "outside" counties men were driving about looking for farmers and settlers who would borrow money, each one endeavoring to close a loan before the representative of a rival concern came along and cut him out by offering to lend a larger amount on the security, or making some concession in the matter of commission.

These loans ranged from about four hundred to seven or eight hundred dollars per quarter-section (one hundred and sixty acres) of land, sometimes running over these amounts, sometimes under, according to the borrower's prudence or need of money, or the competition for the loan, and were made for a

term of five years. They were mostly made on the "stuffed" plan at first; that is, the difference between the interest the borrower was to pay and the seven per cent per annum the purchaser of the loan was to receive was added to the sum loaned and the bond and mortgage written for that amount. In other words, the borrower received the amount of the mortgage less the difference between the total interest he was to pay and the amount the loan bore for five years. If he wished to borrow five hundred dollars at ten per cent, the usual rate, the papers were written at seven per cent, and the remaining three per cent, which for five years on five hundred dollars would amount to seventy-five dollars, would be added to the amount borrowed; he would sign a mortgage for five hundred and seventy-five dollars and pay seven per cent semi-annual interest on that.

As this method made loans of an uneven amount, it was usually figured so the borrower would apply for a five-hundred-dollar loan and receive about four hundred and thirty-five dollars, or for a six-hundred-dollar loan and receive about five hundred and twenty-two dollars. From which it will readily be seen that the immediate effect of this business on the profit account of the investment company making the loans was considerable, though of course the procurer and seller had to be compensated.

After a time the borrowers demurred at this method, which is not to be wondered at, and it was necessary to take a second mortgage for the three per cent, securing notes payable in two or three years, or concurrently with the interest coupons on the first mortgage bond.

Most of the people to whom these loans were made were without any means whatever, the expense of their journey from some more eastern state having consumed what little they may have had; for even if the journey had

been made by wagon, there were bridge tolls to be paid and provisions to be bought, and there was no possibility of their meeting interest payments save from the proceeds of what they raised on the land or any unexpended portion of the money loaned them. As they must have title to the land before a valid mortgage could be given, and this could only be obtained by proof of a residence thereon of so many years, or the payment to the government of two hundred dollars, the latter method had to be adopted to get the loan, and of course materially decreased the sum they received therefrom, and almost eliminated the chance of there being anything left when the first interest payment fell due, even in the case of the best disposed and most thrifty; for they must eat while the first crop was maturing, and perhaps a horse or two must be bought to aid in putting in the first planting.

If all went well, if there was a sufficiency of rainfall, and at the right time, if the grasshoppers kept away and no hail beat down their crops, there was no trouble. But sometimes, instead of the needed rains, there came scorching winds, as if from the ovens of Hades, that burned up the thirsty stalks; or with the rain came hail that pounded the grain into the earth; or the locusts came and ate every green thing. Then was there trouble and despair, interest became delinquent, and the team and plough were mortgaged to fill hungry mouths. Another good season would set matters right again, for, given moisture and no hail or "hoppers," the land yielded abundantly; but the lean years, the dry years, came so much more frequently than the fat ones, that farming was a losing game in many of these Western counties, and the farmers finally left their claims to the coyote and the sheriff and the cattlemen.

Some held on for a number of years; some, in the better counties, or where they

could irrigate, managed to make their claims pay and gradually wipe out the mortgages; but these cases have been extremely rare. Many were ne'er-dowells who, having failed in everything else, of course failed at farming; some were burdened with the curse of the wandering foot, — had never remained anywhere long, — and pulled up and were off to Oklahoma, or Oregon, or Texas, or anywhere else, at the first setback. Some came simply for the money they could raise on a loan on their claim; for where they had title it was often possible to borrow more on the land than it could be sold for, and the discouraged or speculative could more profitably mortgage their farms and leave them to the mortgagees than sell them outright, the average borrower in this part of the country caring little for his promises to pay.

The writer has been in the office of an investment company when a mail bringing applications for loans of this sort, in bundles, from Custer and Box Butte counties in Nebraska, and Sherman County, Kansas, came in, and has seen everything else dropped and the clerks kept after office hours in order that papers might be written up to go out at the soonest possible moment, it being known that the loans could be sold without question as soon as completed and sent East. That was in 1888, and this sort of thing was going on in the office of a large majority of the investment companies throughout Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa, and Missouri, where investment companies chiefly flourished at that time, and to which companies, their loans, and field of operations, this paper refers. The mails were heavy with these loans going East, and with checks in payment for them, and appeals for more, coming West.

So many Western mortgages were pouring into the Eastern states that about 1888-89 the legislatures of many of them deemed it incumbent upon them-

selves to pass laws that would safeguard the purchasers. So it was decreed that no Western investment company should do business in their state unless placed under the supervision of, and annually examined by, an officer of the state, who was known by different titles in different states, such as "Commissioner of Foreign Mortgage Corporations," "Inspector of Finance," or "Banking Commissioner." That is to say, they could not open offices in these states or personally offer their securities there, but from their home offices in Kansas City, or Omaha, or Topeka, they might by letter solicit business anywhere. There was nothing to prevent sales by mail, as of course there could not be. The inability to do this, and the carelessness or incompetency of most of the men who came West as examiners or inspectors, made these laws of no particular value.

The writer has seen one of these examiners come into the office of an investment company, copy the daily statement of the previous day, chat a little with the senior officer who happened to be in at the time, pocket his fee of fifty or seventy-five dollars, and depart in the belief that he had examined that company and was competent to say if it could be permitted to do business in his state. Sometimes the examiners went further, and checked up the ledger with the statement book. There was one of them in the earlier days of these examinations and a second, from another state, a little later, who took time to check up the assets with the ledger, get statements from the various banks where funds were deposited, and look over the mortgages with trustees for debenture bonds. Perhaps there were others, but the writer never came in contact with them.

With due respect for these two men, and with the greatest admiration for the conscientious manner in which they discharged their duties, it must be said that even *they* failed to learn many things

that might have interested them. For instance, there were various expedients in vogue among investment companies for reducing their coupon accounts other than by collections, it being desirable — for the companies — to have it appear that they were carrying no great amount of delinquent interest. Sometimes they would get borrowers who were two or more coupons behind to give a note for the amount of the coupons and the ten per cent from maturity thereon, which all coupons bore, and hold the coupons as collateral for the note; a proceeding which would add to their profit account, decrease the amount of past due paper on hand, but would not materially alter the value of their assets. Or they might sell coupons in batches of a thousand dollars or more to one of their clerks, or the general manager's coachman, who would give his note for them; the coupons, of course, being held as collateral to the note. There were a number of ways of accomplishing the same result, and most of them could also be made to serve the purpose of getting past due paper, other than coupons, out of the assets. An examiner who had served an apprenticeship in the office of a Western investment company would probably have discovered that, while a company's books might show that the interest upon all the loans it had made was paid to it with reasonable promptness, such was not actually the case; but a man not versed in the intricacies of the business was not likely to do so, nor to form a very accurate idea as to what companies were not doing a safe business.

For a time all went along merrily: the holders of the mortgages received their interest twice a year, generally a day or so before it was due; the Eastern stockholders, whose names were paraded in advertising matter to show the character of the men behind the company, but who had no voice in its management and little or no knowledge of its affairs more than any outsider might have, received

their semi-annual dividends (whether they were earned or not); the wise men from the East came and inspected, and took their fees, and reported the companies sound and safe and conservative; the companies printed on their letter heads the fact that they were under the supervision of this, that, and the other officer, which was pleasing to their clients; the officers believed they were building up a business that would be a credit to them, and a continuous source of profit to the shareholders, and were proud of their achievements; borrowers saw the country round about them filling up with settlers and the prairie rapidly turning into farms, railway surveys running hither and thither, and new towns springing up here and there; and those who really meant to stay and make their homes there saw a rosy future at the end of a few years of hard work and frugal living; what the restless, thriftless ones saw does not matter; and maker, negotiator, and purchaser of the loans were all happy.

But in the early nineties the lean years came and began to consume the fat ones. The crops dried up, and there was no revenue from the land. If any money was saved toward paying off the mortgage it went for food; borrowers were unable to pay interest, and the companies were obliged to carry their coupons for them, which most of them did willingly for a time, always believing that the next season would be a fruitful one, — that every lean kine that came would be followed by a fat one. In course of time these coupons amounted to a considerable sum, and when the far Western loans began to mature about 1892-93 many of the companies were already carrying a pretty heavy load of past due paper, or its equivalent, and receipts for taxes paid as mortgagee; yet as long as they could they refrained from falling back on the two-year limit in their guarantee. They stood between the holders of the mortgages and the havoc of the

hungry years as long as possible, and it was not until they had exhausted their resources that the Eastern investor felt the teeth of the lean kine.

When the panic of 1893 came, most companies were about at the end of their rope; their incomes had all but ceased, and with paper falling due upon which there was no two-year limit to their guarantee, and no funds to meet it, there was nothing to do but lie down under the burden and ask for a receiver.

Then the weight of the ill-favored years fell upon the Eastern investors, and in many cases it was a most grievous one. The writer knows of a woman who, when the interest she needed to take care of her family stopped coming, became insane and went out and hanged herself; of a clergyman who put his savings against the rainy days of old age in debentures upon which he was unable to realize anything for five years, and then scarce one year's interest; and these are but instances of the hardships that came.

But it must be remembered that the mortgage holders were not the only sufferers from the failure of the enterprise of making farms out of the cattle ranges, though they generally seemed to think they were. Many of the mortgage makers tried hard to make farms and homes of their claims, and success or failure meant infinitely more to them than to their creditors. Even through the fat years they were working hard and living frugally because they *must*, — because there was interest to pay and stock and implements to buy; and the fields were planted all through the lean years, until the claim was abandoned, just the same as through the fruitful ones; so there was work that went for nothing and the agony of seeing promising crops burn up. Sometimes they left their places to work in the towns, the men as teamsters, the women as cooks, to earn money to try it another year, only to see their crops again die of thirst.

Those who were engaged in the making of loans did not escape either; their business was ruined, and many of them lost their homes and the savings of years and were left completely bankrupt. They have received little sympathy and many curses from both East and West. If the enterprise had succeeded, if there had been no lean-fleshed years to eat up the fat-fleshed ones, that is, if there had been rain enough, they would have been looked upon as benefactors; by the borrowers, unto whom they had brought the needed capital; by the lenders, for whose money they had found profitable use.

But there was *not* rain enough, the lean years consumed the fat ones, there was failure and distress, and the land has gone back to what it was in the beginning, — grazing land; the farmers left it, and the cattlemen came back with their herds. With the farmers the farming values left it also, and most of it is worth now only its value as grazing land. So, instead of gratitude, the investment men were showered with maledictions.

Of course they were not blameless, but if they concealed facts, and made misleading statements, it was partly from inability to make the Easterners clearly comprehend exact facts and estimate them at their true value; they believed success was possible until the last, and backed their belief with their own money.

At the time these loans were made, about 1887-90, it was believed the lands could be profitably cultivated, and this belief gave them a value that could last no longer than the belief. When it was finally admitted that they could not be tilled with profit, there were no buyers, and values fell to what stock raisers would pay. While the acres themselves have not diminished, the revenue it is possible to derive from them has, and it is the revenue that makes their value.

In some cases, where lands can be irrigated, old values will return, but even seven fat years would hardly bring them

back to lands that must depend upon natural rainfall, in the light of past experience, though of course good years would count for something.

There has been much in the papers about the prosperity of Kansas and Nebraska, where a large share of these poor loans were made, and it has been difficult for the holders of the defaulted mortgages to reconcile what they are told about the land in which they are interested with what they read of the state in general. These Western states cover large areas. Nebraska is larger than all of New England, its eastern and western boundaries are farther apart than Boston and Buffalo, and while a large portion of it is apparently fit for nothing but pasturage, there is still enough to make several Eastern states that is as fine farming country as there is on the face of the globe, where there is never a total failure of crops. This is what used to be the six per cent territory; it is five or five and a fraction per cent now, and there is no safer investment than farm mortgages therein. Here is where the prosperity is.

Roughly speaking, a line drawn from Dakota down through the counties of Knox, Antelope, Wheeler, Custer, Dawson, Phelps, and Furnas would divide the Nebraska sheep from the goats, though there would be a few goats on the sheep side and a few sheep among the goats, mostly near the fence. Eastern Nebraska is a country of productive farms, with comfortable houses and large barns and corner-ribs, a rolling prairie that is fair to look upon; western Nebraska is largely as flat as a well-laid floor, and one may ride over it for miles without seeing any signs of civilization save, perhaps, a herd of cattle or the wreck of a sod shanty, now but a mound that is gradually going back to earth again, for Nature quickly reclaims her own, and has largely covered up all traces of the buildings described in the applications of western Nebraska loans, which were but

sod. But western Nebraska is a fine pasture: it is planted with grasses that have withstood the trampling feet of countless bison, and that even the prairie fires and long droughts could never kill; there is no better cattle country anywhere than this, — that is, the best of it, for some of it is a waste of sandhills.

As to the future of these defaulted loans, it is improbable that anything will ever be paid by the borrowers on either the interest or principal of as many as one in twenty, for most of the borrowers have left the lands with no expectation of ever returning, and in most cases it would be difficult and of little avail to trace them. Sometimes, however, by starting foreclosure proceedings, a mortgagor may be found, or some one unto whom the mortgagor has sold his equity, who will make some sort of a settlement to clear the land; but such instances are extremely rare, and the probability of such an outcome is so slight that, practically, the holder of a mortgage on abandoned land can hope for no returns upon his investments save from the security itself, or the sale of his loan for what it will bring. To realize upon the security requires some additional outlay for the acquirement of title and to clear the land from taxes; to realize by sale of the loan one must sacrifice tremendously, and not expect much over five or ten cents on a dollar of the principal sum, taking no account of the interest there may be accrued. For whoever will buy must acquire title (that is, equity title; the mortgage is but a lien, and must be foreclosed to give possession), and pay off the taxes; and he can generally buy as many as he wants at that price.

If one neither sells his loan nor clears

the land of taxes, in course of time his interest in the land will be wholly cut out by a foreclosed tax lien; it is therefore desirable not to let matters run too long, for in the great majority of cases it is either take the land, sell the loan, or lose everything.

It is generally advisable to consult some person or firm making a business of caring for such loans before taking any action. There are many such in the different cities and towns where the defunct investment companies had their offices; they are familiar with local laws and conditions, and will usually advise without charge as to the probable cost of foreclosure, amount of unpaid taxes, practicability of obtaining title from present holder for a nominal sum, instead of by foreclosure, and prospects for selling land when in position to do so.

Much depends on the particular piece of land, and general statements are not universally applicable. The land securing a loan may not be worth the taxes against it, or it may be possible to sell it for enough more than the lien to make good the outlay for foreclosure costs and taxes, or even more; but this is not frequently the case.

The loans behind the debenture bonds are largely of the same class as those that now cumber strong boxes and bureau drawers, and the foregoing will perhaps help holders thereof to a better understanding of the difficulties of the various trustees, and the tardiness and smallness of the first dividends thereon, as well as explain to the holders of the mortgages themselves how the loans came to be made, and how they came to lose their value, or so much of it, for which purpose this article has been written.

Referee.

THE THOUGHT OF THE LITTLE BROTHER.

MATTHEW, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on.

Matthew's clothes shine like the sun ;
He guards me well and he is one.
Mark is two, and Luke is three,
And dear St. John smiles down on me.

(Brother Berthold that cannot rest,
For the cross of thorns pierced in his breast,
Walks all night with haggard eyes
And "Lord have mercy, mercy!" cries.)

Crimson and blue and green have they,
But I must go in stuff of gray ;
Blue and green and red and gold,
Their warm robes shut me from the cold.
They all bend over and talk and sing,
And I can tell them everything.

Brother Benedictus says
A good child should be filled with praise
From morning-song till even-song,
And holy dreams the whole night long.
For if you dream of Jesus, then
You will be blessed among men.

So at night I shut my eyes
When the dear Lord walks in Paradise,
Saying "Christ, Christ, Christ!" to bring him near.
If he were little, would he hear?
And would his mother tell him nay
If I should ask him out to play?
If I could dream of Jesus, then
I should be blessed among men!

*But—the thorn has a flower by the old gray wall,
Ursyne throws me her scarlet ball,
The blind priest says, "Did an apple fall?"
I cannot dream of Christ at all!*

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on.

Once Mark leaned down to me and smiled :
"The Child Christ dreamed such dreams, dear child!"

Brother Benedictus says
There is no life save only praise;
He says the poppies red as flame
Grew so to mind me of my shame.
"It was thy thought that had Him die,
Thyself unborn did crucify."
And then I cannot help but cry —
That let the dear Lord Jesus die.

But Luke has a garment all of red.
He hugged and kissed me, and he said,
"He loves not that his child should weep,
Sleep, little Brother," — and I sleep.

Once Ursyne on a cloth of blue
Must stitch, as all girl children do.
She pricked her finger, and the thread
That was so white was turned to red.
The mother would not let her cry,
Nor break the thread and lay it by: —
"For Christ will love thy work," she said,
"And bless it where the blood was shed."

(Out in the cold Brother Berthold
Walks through the night, so haggard and old;
If a cock should crow I should hear him call, —
"Peter and Paul — pray for us all —
Pray for us all!")

Brother Benedictus says
That if we walk the paths of praise
We may meet angels there! I know
For my own self that this is so.
To-day I lost my ball, and where
My eyes might search it was not there;
But since we should give praise for all,
I praised God that I lost my ball.
And then a lovely angel came,
With long green wings and locks of flame.
Out of the grass where I'd searched an hour
He plucked it like a scarlet flower;
And then I kissed him, and his wings
Drooped round me like dear living things.

Brother Berthold is best of all.
He planted brambles by the wall;
He scourged himself, and every stone
In his dark cell had blood thereon;
He blinded his own eyes, to know
If he might not see visions so.

A Letter from New Zealand.

I told him all those blessed things, —
 The ball, the kiss, the darling wings.
 He cried aloud. "Child, child," said he,
 "Would those great wings might comfort me!"

(Out in the cold Brother Berthold
 Walks all night so haggard and old.
 He beats his breast, with sightless eyes,
 And "Mercy, mercy, mercy!" cries.)

Brother Benedictus says
 There is no life save only praise;
 And there is not a child too young
 To serve Him with a golden tongue.
 Be we man or beast or clod,
 Praise God — praise God!

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
 Bless the bed that I lie on.

Blue and green and red and gold,
 Their warm robes shut me from the cold.

Peter and Paul, pray for us all!
'T was a bough of ripe quinces hung over the wall!

Mark is two, and Luke is three;
 John had a rose, but he gave it to me!

*Ursyne's got a gown o' gray —
 They let her into the court to play,
 (Let me dream of Christ I pray)
 I picked her a quince to eat to-day.*

Anna Hempstead Branch.

A LETTER FROM NEW ZEALAND.

AMERICA has had, and is still having, more to do with the making of Greater Britain than is dreamed of in the world's philosophy. New Zealand, especially, may be cited as a witness in this connection, and a book might be written about what she has adapted and assimilated from the United States. For example, she has labor laws, under which a systematic effort is made to give the worker what is considered fair pay for his work, and to avert and adjust disruptive differences between workers and employers. These laws have been so distinctly beneficial in their practical operation that they have already been worked into the legislation of several other colonies, and their principles are now in process of active germination in the political soil of England. Yet what is their genesis? Of

course they were, in the first instance, called for by the conditions of life in New Zealand, and no doubt New Zealand could, from within herself, have applied a solution more or less satisfactory, for the necessity was patent to the consciousness of her thinking men. As a matter of fact, however, the guiding hand came from America; that is, the public men of New Zealand, looking all round for aids to help them out of a difficulty, found the United States ready to present them with a means to the end they had in view. As I write I have before me copies of the Massachusetts Act of 1886, to provide for a State Board of Arbitration for the settlement of differences between employers and their employees, also of the 1887 and 1888 amendments of that statute, and copies of the earlier annual reports of the State Board; and it is within my personal knowledge that these and kindred documents from the same source led to the drafting of the originals of the present labor laws of New Zealand. The Hon. T. W. Hislop, sometime colonial secretary and afterwards minister of education in the colony, was the first to take this work in hand. The bills projected by him did not reach the statute book, for the ministry of which he was a member went out of office, but what had been assimilated from America was not lost, for Mr. Hislop's successor, the Hon. W. P. Reeves, with a happy talent for progressive statecraft, caught up Mr. Hislop's work and carried it on to the goal of definitive legislation.

The change thus being brought about is one of the very greatest importance in the mutual sphere of capital and labor, employer and employee. It rests on the principle of vital partnership, and involves the ultimate expression of that principle in practice. Probably neither in America nor England nor New Zealand is the point of realization yet within measurable distance, but the leaven is at work, and there is no reason to believe that it will

not spread throughout the whole lump. This result is likely to be reached much sooner in New Zealand than in either America or England, because the colonial lump is not only smaller, but less compacted than it is in either of the other instances of prejudice, vested interest, millionairism, monopoly, and other complicating ingredients of time and individualistic trade on the grand scale. It may be that America herself will in the end gain by the working of her own example in New Zealand, for the colony's geographical limitations and social and racial homogeneousness are probably more favorable to the early and symmetrical development of vital changes than the contrary conditions which prevail in the United States; and these very states may have to come for their full vitalizing impulse of progress to the country which in the first instance obtained its corresponding impulse from them. Then the parable of the mustard seed will be realized in the sphere of economics.

America has in other things played a considerable part in connection with democratic development in New Zealand. In New Zealand's labor laws, modeled on those of Massachusetts, a distinct step is taken toward a real partnership of labor and capital. In a minor degree an attempt has also been made to make labor independent of capital, and this, too, is traceable to the United States. In this instance, however, the journalism of New York, and not the legislation of any state, has been the intermediary agent, and Italy the land of the example. Some years ago the Milanese correspondent of a New York newspaper described the manner in which public works in Italy were occasionally carried on by workingmen organized on principles of coöperation. It was shown that capitalist contractors were not necessary for certain undertakings, and that, in effect, the profits which would have gone to such contractors remained among the

workers themselves, or were, in consequence of lessened cost, never drawn from the state or public body. New Zealand journalists, reading these articles, reproduced their gist, and suggested the application of the principles and the methods they disclosed to public works in New Zealand. Alert and sympathetic politicians caught at the idea, which was reduced to practice, with the result that one of the recognized institutions of the colony is what is now known as its co-operative works system.

This method of carrying on public works is still on its trial in New Zealand. In some instances it has failed, especially in connection with buildings where skilled and unskilled workmen have been employed. To make it a success in such cases, careful, almost scientific, classification of the workers is necessary to begin with, and then there must be the coördination of all under a management, the authority of which must be all pervading and all prevailing; resting in the consent of all, and receiving the submission of all. So far coöperative workers in New Zealand have not proved themselves to be equal on a large scale to these complex requirements; but in ordinary road or railway work, in connection with which mere manual labor and physical strength are the chief factors, where the supervision is intrusted to a government engineer, and the majority of the workers are unskilled laborers, the coöperative system has been a substantial success.

The scale of pay per foot, or yard, or chain, is fixed by a government department, just as it would be officially in the department's own interest in regard to any other public work to be contracted for by any person or persons; but in the case of coöperative work, this scale is made known to the whole country, and the works to which it applies are practically open to all who choose to earn money by them. At first the classification of the workers was very rough, al-

most non-existent in fact, and there were many complaints, that old, or weak, or inexperienced, or otherwise inefficient men received dividends not earned by them, to the detriment and loss of the better workers. However, a method of classification, which practically does away with complaint on this score, has now been in force for some time, and there are indications that the experience thus gained will enable the system to be applied successfully to works where skilled and unskilled labor have to go on side by side, and where all must be coördinated under a central authority which is supreme, and must not be questioned for the time being.

When this comes to pass, the other colonies which have been closely watching the experiment so far as it has gone will be certain to follow suit, for in all these countries the democratic principle is not only paramount, but the workers make common cause with, and follow one another; and whatever they ask with a show of good sense and sound reason is readily given to them. And by the time Australia has learned from New Zealand, perhaps America will be ready to learn from Australia this important lesson in the evolution of a system of labor under which the worker and community are brought into cordial relations, in which the capitalist has no part. In any case, the genesis of coöperative works in New Zealand is worth noticing as an illustration of the leavening power and interaction of democratic ideas, and as an instance of that colony's aptness at assimilation in such matters, and of what she, in one way or another, owes to the United States in that connection.

New Zealand has caught up from Massachusetts, not only popularly but legislatively, deliverances made in respect to the relations between employers and workers, and her popular arenas have now for some years rung with the gospel of Maine in respect to the sale and use of alcoholic liquors. Indeed, this under-

states the case, for with the liquor law of Maine as their guiding example, the temperance party of New Zealand years ago succeeded in placing the principle of local option on the statute book, and every electorate in the colony can now, if it chooses to vote by a three-fifths majority for No License, close every public house in the licensing district. In one extensive electorate this has been carried into effect, and this success, like the proverbial taste of blood, has added to the eagerness and energy of the temperance people, who, with every adult woman in the colony enfranchised, hope to return at each parliamentary election an ever increasing number of members favorable, not merely to local option, but to national prohibition by an absolute majority.

In these days of reading the literary factor is, however, probably even more potent than the political; and in this connection, too, it is America that gives New Zealanders their most congenial comrades and educators. Of recent writers in English none have a greater influence with assimilative minds here than Walt Whitman, Lowell, and Emerson. Whitman is intellectual meat and drink to large numbers of New Zealand men and women. A few days after his death in March, 1892, one of the smallest newspapers in the colony said that "Whitman and America were in a remarkable degree the counterparts of each other—large, live, full of power, and teeming with wonderful potentialities. People, when they go to America, find that it takes them long to get into sympathetic adjustment with the country, and so, too, it is, as a rule, with the reader when he or she first makes acquaintance with Walt Whitman. But once get into adjustment with him, and what in modern literature is found to be so invigorating, so expanding, so dispersive of trumpery or despondent views of life, as Whitman's poetry, or even the prose of his *Democratic Vistas* and *Specimen Days*?" Nor was this an isolated or a transient opinion,

for only a month or two ago one of the chief morning journals of the colony had a leading article on American literature, the writer of which said that "Walt Whitman interpreted the true underlying spirit of American democracy as faithfully as Goethe represented the German and Shakespeare the English aristocracy.

"In Whitman, with all his crudities, his coarseness, and even his absurdities, we find a comprehensive view of life, so great that it could only have been produced among the magnitudes of the American continent, so free that it could not have drawn breath under a monarchy, and so strong that it shows at once the vigor of a new race and the aspirations of a new time. His outlook is on to 'the fathomless universe.' Raised above either optimism or pessimism, his spirit accepts life and death, not with Oriental fatalism, but with the calm intelligence of one who plays his active part in the world as one unit in a mighty system. In this spirit of intelligence, in the faith and love of humanity, he sees the commonest objects, the meanest of his fellows, with an almost childlike interest. He sings not only of 'growing spring and farms and home,' but also of 'the city at hand with dwellings so dense,' and of 'the workmen homeward returning.' In him, at all events, there is passion and power in the expression of his nation's inner and outer life. Whitman could never have grown to spiritual maturity in an English village or an English city. What Tolstoi is to Russia, Whitman is to America,—its heart and its voice. Even if he stood alone, he would constitute a national literature."

Lowell is hardly less a favorite. In fact, his better sense of form, his satiric humor, and his more conventional methods of expression make him more easily understood by many than Whitman is, and both his prose and verse are very generally read and loved in New Zealand, for the sake of the wholesomely

democratic manhood and womanhood portrayed and nourished by the author's genius. Emerson's vogue is narrower in itself, but his influence is great upon those whose influence is very considerable over many to whom he is merely a name, but who have, nevertheless, minds more or less ready to receive his teaching. This, it is true, is not infrequently misunderstood or misapplied by the Emersonians themselves, who are generally active members of associations devoted to the cultivation of intellectual interests and the liberalization of thought and sentiment. Naturally enough, perhaps, the disciples, being persons of Saxon and Teutonic stock, try to squeeze matter-of-fact systems of thought and life out of their master's philosophy. But time and Emerson himself will probably teach them the futility of this, and they will get into the true rhythmic relation with the Sage of Concord when they come to regard and use him chiefly as a perennial fountain head of moral and mental stimulation. In the meantime it must be a matter of some satisfaction to many in America to know that their genial Platonist is the guide, philosopher, and friend of numerous active intelligences among the Maorilanders.

This is not said in a diletante spirit, but because it comes naturally within the scope of an article designed to show that democratic principles which have been nurtured in America have had a great deal to do with developments in Greater Britain, which is also considerably indebted to America for lessons in that constitutional federalism which gives the utmost scope to individuality in the political unit, not only without endangering the integrity of the whole, but with the best guarantee for its continuance, — that very scope itself. As the teachers of so great a lesson as this, Americans should take a wholesome pleasure in that national self-respect which is as different from provincial self-sufficiency as the assurance of manhood is from the con-

ceitedness of boyhood. Similarly, a sense of gratitude for the lesson taught should draw England and Englishmen closer and closer in the truest spirit of friendship to America and Americans. But, indeed, this is inevitable, for the leavening process is still going on, especially in colonies like New Zealand, which adapt and assimilate much from America, in a way which influences the further democratization of England with a tendency to react also on America itself.

"Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."

Surely it is not to be a dreamer of dreams to indulge in a hope that a knowledge of what is thus going on may enter intelligently into the national consciousness of both peoples, and remain there not as a sedimentary sentiment, but as an active principle of human fraternity and international comradeship.

There are, doubtless, many qualifying details that sober hope and moderate expectation, and also give the wholesome flavoring of humor to the consideration of the subject. It may be said of New Zealand, for example, that it is not only on the greater plane of democratic character and experience that she adapts and assimilates from America. There are, at any rate, quick-witted, keen-eyed persons in the colony who say that their countrymen have even transplanted from New York the upas tree of Tammanyism, which, they aver, threatens to interpenetrate and overshadow the country's political and civic life with its roots and branches. But that is an exaggeration. Tammanyism itself we may have on a small scale, but we are not indebted to America for its presence among us. It is a fungoid growth, due to conditions always more or less present where the people fail to think and act in the true spirit of manhood and democracy, and where there are adventurous self-seekers with the means and the unscrupulousness to turn the elements of that failure to their own account. Hence Tammanyism is

not a thing which one country owes to another, but which grows spontaneously everywhere in proportion to the presence and power of unscrupulous schemers, and of people so deficient in the spirit of democratic citizenship as to become their timeservers. It is, therefore, an evil in respect to which every community stands in need of learning from its neighbors as to the means for getting rid of it, and if America cares to observe, she may now study the lesson which New Zealand is, it may be more or less unconsciously, teaching herself in the matter, not only by developing, through the ordinary processes of civilization, personal, political, and civic morality in the citizens, but by giving scope to socializing schemes which have a tendency to eliminate individualist capitalists and capitalism from the economic life of the country.

However, to revert to those minor matters in regard to which some may say that New Zealand is undesirably akin to America, what are they, after all, in comparison to those larger leavenings which are really destined to grow with the growth and strengthen with the strength of the young democracy? Tammanyism has been mentioned, and probably sundry other things should be brought into the catalogue. It is said that Americans greedily devour praise, however ignorant and inconsequential may be its bestowers; that they pant for flattery as the hart pants for the water brooks; and are petulantly impatient of anything in the nature of criticism on their manners, customs, or institutions. These two characteristics taken together appear to indicate, on the one hand, a want of honest self-respect, and, on the other, a superabundance of morbid sensibility. Are they common in America? They certainly are in New Zealand, where an absurd importance is attached to the opinion of strangers who give themselves the slightest air of distinction. If such per-

sons praise the colonists, be it with ever so little discrimination, they are readily praised in return out of all proportion to their attributes. But to the stranger who ventures to criticise them, however justly, the colonists' behavior is strikingly different; him they are certain to depreciate and disparage with a ferocity which is sometimes little less than wolfish. All this shows, surely, that whatever else may have come to stay where it is manifest, the spirit of cosmopolitanism in matters of opinion still lingers in the distance.

Then in America as in New Zealand there would seem to be an identical juvenile tendency to run into extremes in regard to such matters as literary criticism. It is said that in America "the critics suggest the idea of a community of monthly nurses cooing and cackling over a succession of incomparable literary births; in New Zealand, the comparison suggested is that of a pack of incorrigible terriers watching for so many rats or rabbits to leave their holes." If this is a true bill, then, apparently both countries exhibit, under different aspects, a singularly similar want of artistic insight and judicial discrimination; on the one hand, childishness, on the other, savagery.

Yet what, after all, are these exuberances but the froth on the fringe of the ocean, the spray of the wave? They surely are but as dust in the balance against the fact that principles prevalent in the greatest of all democracies have been, and still are, leavening social and political development in the most radical British colony in the southern hemisphere, and that the process is cordially recognized as a factor in the promotion of international brotherhood and democratic comradeship between the mighty people of America and the kindred races inhabiting the Australasian colonies and all British lands.

John Christie.

THE PRODIGAL.

II.

THE British tramp steamer, Sumbawa, had been signaled as off the Heads. Day rushed down for Clunie and the boat, for it was altogether desirable that he should meet her before the customs officers came aboard. She was consigned to the Bradshaws, from Hong-Kong, with a chowchow cargo (which is Chinese for mixed, but not mixed pickles), and she had fifteen hundred coolies between decks.

There were points in maritime law on which the coolie-trade in those days considered itself forced to jibe a little. The law, it was claimed, having been made for the Western Ocean, did not fit the Asiatic. A coolie-ship's bunks were put in athwart ships, which is a thing no customs officer must see. "But the heathen likes to sleep that way," argued the trade. "He battens on bad air, and he does n't mind how close he stows if he can get his passage cheaper."

Day took the second pair of sculls and they pulled out beyond Point Lobos where he met his steamer and climbed aboard of her. While he was below, watching the carpenters knock out the bunks, a case of smallpox was uncovered, which the heathen had been hiding, hoping to smuggle it ashore, and so keep the patient out of the clutches of the foreign devils' doctors.

Day was overside like a shot. He discussed the matter at long range with the captain, who had known nothing of it, of course, and was wild.

But the Sumbawa got her sixty days in quarantine, with seventeen hundred persons, white, brown, and yellow, on board. And the cost of that case of smallpox to the consignees was fifty-eight thousand dollars.

Every day the two young men rowed

out to quarantine grounds to inquire after the ship's health, and superintend the unloading of fresh cases for the pest-house. They would pull to windward of her, dropping astern under her cabin ports, to heave a bundle of newspapers aboard and condole with the raging captain. He was one of the old stripe, with little by way of education, but such as is got at a rope's end, aboard of a "hot" ship; but Heaven had sent him a good little wife, — a pretty one, too, — and she was the only woman on board. Often her little white face would look down from a porthole next the one that framed the captain's red chaps. Their two heads, against the ship's black, blistered side, were a curious contrast, — the extremes of a union made of spirit and flesh. Her eyebrows and eyelashes were as black as a bayadere's, but her eyes were true Northern gray.

She grew pinched in the face and paler, day by day, for the foul sickness was spreading, and that ship was a floating hell. The coolies forward were in open mutiny, as far as uproar and intention went, resisting vaccination and fighting like demons when they were carried off the ship.

The captain became confidential, and sounded the young men, when his wife was not by, on a scheme for smuggling her ashore, in which he was frankly counting on their assistance. He was not delicate of speech, but in his rough way he felt her situation keenly.

"She's a countrywoman of yours, boys," he began diplomatically. "She's an American. I found her in Hong-Kong teaching."

"I'm not an American!" sang out Clunie from the boat.

The captain changed his quid and touched his cap to Clunie. "I thought ye were born under the old rag. The

less you cares for the laws of a foreign port, eh?"

"Quarantine laws are the laws of civilization," Day warned him.

"Grant you that! Ain't we a-keeping them? But my wife don't come into this case. What has she got to do with them pigtailed down below? 'Ere she is in a home port, the first time in seven years, and caught in this infernal plague-trap. . . . And every day," he lowered his voice, "brings her nearer to her time, when a woman needs a woman's help. Whoever comes aboard of us stays in hell with us to the end. Where's the female who'll do that, I ask you? The wife's sister might, but she ain't here. She's up in one o' the Puget Sound ports. And I would n't allow it, anyhow. It ain't justifiable. But something, I say, has got to be done. You're not family men yourselves, but you may be. And every man is the woman's brother in a case like this. Come, boys, for the sake of the mother that was, — for the sake of the wife that will be!"

It was strong talk, and the tone of the captain's eloquence was very strong of whiskey. The combined effect, with other considerations, was decidedly repellent to Day. They were not the men for the emergency, he told the captain; it was work for their betters.

The captain recognized the excuse, and it angered him. "Where *are* your betters? The best man for me is him that 'elps me now! She can't afford to wait, if you was to charter us an angel."

"Had he spoken to the doctors?" Day asked. "To the devil with doctors! Did they know by chance what a coolie-ship doctor would be?"

The quarantine doctor? He cursed him as well. *He* was a part of their blankety-blanked political machine. "E would n't risk 'is job to save every life on board. 'E farms us out, — so many vaccinations at a dollar the 'ead, — and a sweet time they 'as with some of us! You 'ear those devils now?"

The coolies were confined behind the iron bulkheads forward; they were banging on their prison walls and howling like the damned.

Clunie dipped his oars softly, to keep the boat off her proper length from the ship. The ten feet of water that divided them was the Gulf of Common Sense. Day, for his part, had no mission to cross it.

The captain's angry, troubled eye fixed itself suddenly on a point behind Day's head. Turning, the latter caught a lightning wink pass from Clunie to Captain Speke, who dropped his eyes and pretended that some one had called him.

Clunie gave his partner a forcible hint in the back, for just then the quarantine watch strolled over to the side, and warned them not to come too near.

Nothing was said in the boat going home. Clunie knew that Day must know of his tacit offer to the captain. He also knew that Day would neither argue with him nor interfere.

When the misty August nights grew darker by the absence of a moon, Clunie informed his partner that he need not look for him on his beat for a day or two — or three. He brought him the Missus, and requested him to care for her, with obliging particulars as to the diet best suited to the period of canine dentition.

"Have you found your second man?" asked Day.

"I shall have to make it alone," said Clunie. "Too many in the secret now. Speke has fixed it up with Black Jake, one of the stevedores, for a place on shore. A shady outfit they are. The house has been empty a year. It is up Petaluma Creek, a little this side of Vallejo."

"Forty miles, if it's one!" said Day. "And you will have to start with the tide against you, or you won't get high water in the creek; and you can't get up it without. It is full of nasty shoals and eelgrass. You need another man, Clunie."

"Dare say I do. I need a steam launch! But it's this way: the sort of help you could hire for a job like this might sell you out to the harbor police. Blest if I know any man we could trust. Why won't you come, yourself? 'Fraid of the smallpox?"

"Well, *yes*," said Day, though Clunie knew this was not his reason. "Are n't you? But I'm a good deal more afraid of the pesthouse. If you catch it, old man, shoot yourself, — drop yourself into the bay, but don't go there!"

"It's no barge picnic," Clunie admitted. "But they will do the proper thing about disinfecting, of course. That's understood."

"They think they will. But who ever does, — unless it's done under orders? You can't persuade a woman to burn her clothes. She will make some doting exception, and that will fix you."

"Hang it! There is the bay, then! If I turn up missing, you needn't inquire for me at the bourn whence no traveler returns."

Missing he was, and still absent, when, four days later, Day rowed out alone to quarantine for a quiet word with the captain. In the interval he had avoided speech with him, not feeling entitled to seek his confidence, having refused him his help.

The captain was on deck, pacing back and forth against the one low strip of color in the west. The quarantine flag was at half-mast. He did not perceive Day — the surface of the water being muffled in light fog — until the customary signal had been given. Then he stopped, looked toward the boat without replying to her hail, and went below. Directly his head appeared at the more confidential level of his cabin windows.

Outwardly the man was changed for the worse in the brief interval since Day had seen him near. His unshaven dewlap hung over a soiled collar; his flesh looked flabby and old. Yet there was an effect of dumb dignity about him

which Day, out of an uneasy consciousness, mistook at first for resentment.

He began to question him cautiously.

"Have you seen anything of Robert, captain? He has n't been around lately."

The captain cleared his throat. "'Ave n't you 'eard, then? Bad news, they say, travels fast."

"Not a word, captain. Sorry it's bad news." Day was thinking only of Clunie, persuaded that he had made a mess of his heroics, somehow.

"Come in closer — fetch 'er in! You've no more to fear from us. We've 'ad our last case. It takes the best you've got, and then it quits."

"Captain, you don't mean — your wife, she has n't *got it*?" The sickness they always spoke of as "it."

"Naw, naw!" the captain groaned. "She's past all that. It's all in the same bill o' goods, though. A piece o' foul mismanagement from the start. I've no wish to be 'ard on Robert. 'E's pretty much a fool; but 'e done the work, — 'e got her there, Lord knows how! Forty mile inside of eight hours. You can tell 'em that when you 'ears 'em throwin' off on Clunie."

"Captain, it's impossible!" said Day. And though the outside man has told this story in select company many times since, he invariably balks at the distance when he tells it to any one who happens to know that course: the tide rip off Alcatraz and the eight or ten miles of heavy work above. Then, when you have reached your bottom reserve, when you have settled to your stroke and can just hold it, if nothing jars you or throws you out, — when every change of course, or slightest motion in the boat, is pure, utter agony, — then to wash into the weeds and shoals and maddening windings of the creek! The perspiration started as he thought of it.

"Captain, why did he make it a race? Were they chased?"

"A race it was — *for the life of the*

child. Her time was come, — unexpected, mind. I would n't 'ave played that trick on no man. But it was more than nature could bear, what we undertook to do, with such 'elp as the Lord allowed us. You may say it was work for our betters!

"If we 'ad rigged a bo'sun's chair and sent her down comfortable an' handy — The watch would 'ave seen her, you say! They're men: they 'ad to wink at the job as it was; they might 'ave winked a little 'arder. But we lowered her — damn fools! — from one o' the lumber ports, away aft. We 'ad to put her in the sling, and she was frightened going overside."

"Don't talk of it, captain." Day tried to spare him. But he went on, like a man transfixed, tugging at the shaft in his breast. His speech was hot with pain.

"Talk! What's left but talk? *She* 'ad the bearin' of it! If you're too damn delicate to listen, why sheer off, in God's name! I know the sort you are!" he raved. "You left 'er to Providence and the doctors! If you 'ad a stood by Clunie as he stood by her — as he tried to — she might be a livin', 'appy mother now. Arsk Clunie! It has taken his blood down.

"The house was back, a cable's length from the creek, and up a hill. 'E 'ad to carry her, and 'e said 'e could n't 'ardly see. His underlip was draggin' in the sand. But 'e fetched her in. Then he lay down in the porch, for there was no more in him. He remembers the black woman telling him he must up and go for help, and 'e says, 'Give me a drink, — anything at all, — and maybe I can start.' He gives her the credit for denying him, but 'ave it 'e would, and more than 'e needed. And that night, that *next* night — all that time, and *yet for want of help!* But the woman could n't leave her; and she was ignorant as a horse. She was n't for that work. And Clunie sleepin' off his liquor!

"He's doin' now what the law won't let me do for my own flesh and blood. Did I tell you she left me a fine boy? But I don't wish to see his face nor 'ave 'im come anigh this cursed ship. We 'ave sent for the little sister, and if she's true to the breed she'll do. I want to find a berth for her here in the city, if she'll bide and keep the child and bring him up right and proper, as his mother would. But everything is out o' my reach. I'm chained up 'ere like a house dog. I can bark till I burst; it won't help nor hinder.

"Well, give a grip of my 'and to Robert, and bid him quit calling of himself a beast, — the more as I count on him now to take my place ashore. He says the black woman has froze onto that baby: let 'er tie up, then, alongside the little sister. But you look her up, and see what sort she is."

Day accepted this humble trust as a proof of the captain's forgiveness, and silently pulled off from the ship. A night of fog cloaked the water; he rowed home slowly, piloted by red and green lanterns that pricked through the murk from invisible docks and ferry slips alongshore and from ghostly vessels in the harbor. The city's crown of lights arched upward in the distance like an announcement of moonrise in some dream country where mists take the shape of mountains and the mountains are like brooding mists.

He thought of that house up Petaluma Creek, where the young mother lay among strangers; and he thought of Clunie, sleeping his brutish sleep at the door of the holy of holies, while the great angels of Life and Death fairly brushed him with their wings. His absence, his reticence when he did appear, his loss of flesh and averted eye seemed to promise some approach to seriousness in the Prodigal; but whether the change in him would outlast the shock of his failure, the shame of it in the very hour of triumph, there were none who knew

him or his forbears well enough to prophesy.

The Sumbawa had cleared for Hong-Kong, and the captain's son was left in charge of the maiden aunt. She had come up to everybody's expectations of her in all possible ways, Day learned — from hearsay ; he was offered no opportunity of judging for himself. Clunie appeared to be taking full and jealous advantage of the responsibility magnanimously conferred upon him by the captain, and was by no means as generous in sharing it.

"About what age is she?" Day inquired. "Is she a suitable age for an aunt?"

That question Clunie put beneath his feet.

"Is she pretty?"

This also was ignored ; but the boy's face answered for him, chiefly in a forced stolidity which did not deceive. Day pleaded with him to introduce him — to the baby, at least.

"It's a house of mourning, you blasphemer! Do you think I go there to amuse myself? I am their striker. When she is ready to make acquaintances — if you want to know how old she is — she is old enough to choose them for herself."

About this time it became evident that Clunie was "making a deal with himself" on the question of drink. Naturally, his best friends were incredulous that it would come to anything. Bets were exchanged as to the issue. But, seeing him tested on one or two occasions, with no sign of his weakening, Day challenged an explanation, "Whence and how is this?"

Clunie turned a fighting red on the instant, — a color that showed the heart of his endeavor, for which he blushed before the eyes of men. That it had a heart was all Day asked to know.

One evening he met him again at Lotta's Fountain, and again the flower

sellers were besieging him, but he was not standing them off, as before. Morton waylaid him, and the friends walked uptown together, Clunie ostentatiously explaining that his violets were for the captain's baby. At Marteau's he stopped for a box of confectionery ordered, evidently, and waiting for him.

"Also for the baby?" Day inquired.

He gave a short laugh, an irrepressible crow, as if the question had touched him under the short ribs of recollection or pleased reminiscence. "These for the baby!" he chuckled. "She thinks that sweet stuff for that infant is the sum of all earthly wickedness."

"And eats it herself to save him the temptation, I suppose?"

"You are to remember that she takes these things seriously. It's quite the greatest thing out to hear them argue."

"Them! Does that boy argue with his aunt already?"

"She argues with old — Egypt, the nurse, whatever her shady title is."

"Is 'she' carrying the gospel into Egypt?"

"Quite so!" said Clunie. "She has the latest advices on the food question. Remarkably sound she is, too. But the old mammy kicks like a steer. 'Honey knows what he wants,' she says, 'an' he knows *when* he wants it. Talk 'bout hours! All hours is his hours, and he ought to have it, too.'

"But he does n't get it, all the same. She has him down to the fraction of a minute, and he does n't get it any sooner by howling. What am I talking about? His bottle, of course!"

Day said that he blushed for him, but Clunie, insensible to the obligation, continued to revel in details the most ignoble, declaring it was his own doctrine long ago applied in the training of thoroughbred pups.

"'Just little creatures of habit,' she says they are; and they might as well be learning good habits as bad. You educate their stomachs first because that

is the seat of their ideas; that's where the tussle between will and appetite begins. She claims that a four-months babe can be taught self-control. He can learn to have faith that his grub basket's going to be filled when the time comes, and it won't come a minute sooner for his yelling.

"It's great to see them when feed-time is almost up! He gets nasty in his temper; he stuffs his fists into his mouth; he breaks out into howls. He digs his gums into her cheek — he bites, by Jove! And she hauls him around where she can look him in the eye, and she appeals to his higher faculties. She shows him things; she interests him. He forgets the old Adam in his belly."

"Ethics of the Nursing Bottle!" said Day, in high derision. "The doctrine may be sound, but it has chosen a weird mouthpiece."

"I'm telling you a thing which you ought to respect. If you don't, so much the worse for you. I was brought up on the plan of give him whatever he howls for. I can appreciate what she is doing for him!"

"Just give me the key to that feminine pronoun, once for all, will you? Does 'she' invariably stand for Miss Dunstan?"

"Oh, be blowed!" said Clunie parenthetically. "The method you might get out of books," he went on, infatuated with his subject, or with some train of associations born of it; "but the practice, mind you, is another thing. The patience, the cleverness, the jolly little dodges by way of passing the time, and the downright, on-the-square way she treats him, when the time won't pass and all the dodges fail.

"Now, hold on to yourself, sonny," she says when he's raging mad for his bottle, and the old darky waltzes round as if she'd like to kill anybody that kept it from him. 'Hold on to yourself!' she says. And she shows him how to do it! She is building up his digestion

and his manners and his character generally on the basis of that bottle."

"You ought to go on the lecture tour, you and your Bottle; with lantern views of the subject Being Educated to Wait: his appearance and behavior during the first hour; the second, — second and a half. Perhaps Miss Dunstan would consent to accompany you, and furnish illustrations with a living subject."

"Have you heard of a certain kind of person that came to scoff and stayed to pray? You'll get there if you keep on!" Clunie retorted, not altogether displeased with this badinage. "You see she has to fight against old Egypt all the time. The old girl tries to undermine his morals with poking things into him forbidden goodies that make him wink his eyes and look thoughtful.

"I don' know noffin' 'bout books," she says, 'an' I don' b'liebe much in doctahs, but I'se *had* ten chillen, and buried seven of 'em! Books can't larn me noffin'."

"Then — a — Miss Dunstan lets down her eyelashes, for fear she'd smile. She's awfully nice to that old beast, on account of her saving the boy's life at the start, perhaps. It's well she saved something!"

"Has '*she*' got eyelashes, too?" Day inquired.

"Has she got what?"

"Do you remember what wonderful eyelashes the sister had?"

"Do you want me to chuck you out of that window? You'll be good enough to listen to what I'm saying, or keep your unsightly thoughts to yourself."

"You have told me all I want to know," laughed Day, rising, "and more than I ever expected to know, without seeing the lady herself. She'll have a bib tucked under your chin, my son, and be teaching you to wait, before you know it!"

"By the Lord, I wish she could!" said Clunie devoutly.

But, profane jesting aside, Day was immensely interested to see how simply the Prodigal — of a civilization both older and younger than ours — took himself in this phase of what might have been called driveling innocence. He longed to have Mr. Felix hear Clunie hold forth. That he should set up as a gospeler of the nursery, and preach sermons on the Bottle, as unembarrassed as the day he related his adventures at the Cape! His moral naïveté was delicious.

So the irrepressible conflict went on between the powers of light and of darkness; and Day learned from that awe-struck disciple, Clunie, that “she” was now reaping her reward. The proof of the pudding had come, and the four-months babe was a Christian philosopher wonderful to see. The hour for refreshment arrived on wings of balmy expectation. He never lost hold of himself now. He had succumbed to the law, and was safe in the arms of a faith that had never yet deceived him.

“I don’t believe she has forgotten him once!” said Clunie, as if speaking of miracles. “She keeps the watches herself. Old Egypt has no sense of time or anything else.”

Day had observed the insulting harshness with which Clunie invariably spoke of his former associate in a certain dark night’s work of distressful memory. The sore spot had not healed with time and the compensations time had brought. It might also imply that he was sensitive in a new quarter; as well he might be, for the negress held his reputation, such as it was, at the mercy of her coarse and rambling tongue. And Miss Dunstan was no doubt a frequent if an unwilling listener.

Clunie remarked, one day, with an absent half smile on his features, that “she” had a will “as fine and soft as steel; but there’s no let go.”

And Day, being in a mood to spare him, merely added that “she” seemed to be on the whole a good deal of a per-

son, — to have come out of “one of the Puget Sound ports.”

Clunie sat up at that. “The captain’s boy will have reason to think so! It’s the safest port he’ll ever make. Luckiest little beggar I know!”

“One would hardly have said so four months ago!” Day reminded him. It struck them both, in silence, the awful and condign way life has of getting on without us, — any one of us, the most necessary and dear. Nature has always a stopgap ready. She gets her work done at any cost, and out of destruction and waste new issues are framed which she adopts as calmly as if they had been part of the original plan.

Poor little Mrs. Speke, wiped out of existence at the moment it would seem of her supreme usefulness, had bequeathed to that tropical infant, Clunie Robert, his one effective spiritual opportunity, — while her own child had never missed her, was better off perhaps without her; and her husband was consoling himself, after the manner of his species, in a foreign port.

The fool had rushed in, but the angels were not far behind him.

“What is the young gentleman’s schedule at present? Is he on for dog-watches still?” Morton asked one day.

“I believe he has to go three hours now,” said Clunie gravely. He was so perfect in their “nursery patter,” as Day called it, that it was “sickening” to hear him.

“Then what do you say; if ‘she’ can be off duty three hours at a stretch, suppose we get tickets for A Scrap of Paper?”

“Scrap of your aunt!” said Clunie roughly.

“Be careful, my son! There is an aunt whose name may not be taken in vain. Such, at least, was my impression. It might do ‘your aunt’ good to have a little change from the society of infants and — What is the old colored female’s name? Has she got a name?”

"Dare say she has, but it does n't matter. Miss Dunstan would n't go, anyhow, on account of her mourning."

"Of course." Day admitted he should have remembered that. He then proposed that they take the boat and the "whole outfit," — baby, bottle, and all, and go up — Here he came near to making a second blunder on his friend's account.

"No, thanks," said Clunie. "No barge picnics for me — in *that* direction."

"Well, what will you do? You ought to celebrate Washington's Birthday in some way, you off-sided alien!"

"She has an engagement on for G. W.'s Birthday," said Clunie, looking almost too indifferent.

"Well, you and I, then. What do you say to Ingleside?"

"I — a — I shall be busy part of the day."

"You — sinner!"

Clunie met the laughter in his friend's eyes, and then he fell upon him and hurled him all over the place. When he was through with him, temporarily, Day rose and dusted himself off. "You — sinner!" he repeated. Clunie looked down at him through narrowed eyelids, breathing short. He was flushed and white about the mouth and nostrils with the clearness of his ridiculous health, and those unexceptionable habits which he was acquiring through association with the higher ethical training for infants.

"I wish," he said simply, dropping his guard, "I wish I had never been more of a sinner than I hope to be next Thursday come Washington's Birthday."

"Our institutions are having their effect," Day remarked, not to take advantage.

On the morning before the legal holiday, Mr. Bradshaw had requested that Day get word to Clunie that he was wanted at the office. He reported himself the same afternoon with Missus

treading on his shadow as usual. But Missus was not invited, like her master, to step into the private office; she sat on her heels outside with her keen little head on a slue. When chairs were moved within, and her master appeared, she executed the double manœuvre of throwing herself at his feet and avoiding their advancing stride.

He came down the long room, neither seeing nor hearing. All the clerical rank and file knew that that tingling half hour with the chief meant no less than the sword touch on the shoulder for the late vagabond. He was one of them, now.

It might be said that the firm had its tricks, like others of the trade; it had its code as well. Its house flag was known in the ends of the earth; and the lowest and latest incumbent, the office boy hired the day before, used the commercial "we," and thought the more of himself for being able to do so.

In front of Morton's desk Clunie halted. "How long is it since the morning I stood here, and you asked me, 'What can I do for *you*?' and I wanted to kick you for the way you said it?"

"Two years ago last August," Day answered, on reflection.

"Well, Mort, you have done several things for me: one thing you have left me alone. I am to have Weeks's place," he added. "Do you know how he lost it?"

Day could have guessed, and so could Clunie.

"Well, shall we sell the Lassie?"

Day said that he was in no particular hurry. Was it best to burn their bridges?

"You think I won't stick," said Clunie. "I say that we sell her. I want some clothes, and I want them now!"

So they sold the Salvation Lassie, and Clunie bought what he called a "rattling good suit" and accessories with his and Day's share of the proceeds, intimating that it was the last time he intended to honor their friendship in that way.

On Thursday, the holiday, Morton

dined early with friends at Oakland, and crossed the ferry, coming home, at the hour when suburban trains discharge their loads of excursionists, — not the cream of the cream, but just Nobodies and their wives and sweethearts. Nobody is a lucky dog, sometimes. Day caught sight of Clunie, half a head above the procession, with a light in his face as if Happiness had made him her color-bearer. Day knew, as well as if he had seen her, whom it was that his comrade was convoying through the press. He looked suffused with pride and consciousness, as a man looks who feels for the first time on his arm the thrill of a little hand, — the hand that can lead him, or send him, to the world's end; that will quietly bind him to his proper work in life and make the yoke easy and the burden light, or gall and chafe and fetter him to his grave.

As the crowd dispersed in search of seats, there was the truant pair with every appearance of the surfeited picnicker; and behind them rolled the transport, mother Egypt, with the captain's boy asleep in her arms.

Day was surprised to see that the paragon who had worked such a change in Clunie was but a small, plain-faced woman, older than he, apparently; with no adventitious charm of coloring or coquetry likely to catch the fancy of a south sea prodigal.

It is the real thing this time, thought Day; and conscience rebuked him for

his many and flippant allusions to the maiden aunt in his intercourse with Clunie.

The nurse had dropped into her seat with a sigh, and began wagging her knees to hush the stirring sleeper. They piled their lunch basket and their faded wild flowers into the vacant place beside her, while Clunie helped Miss Dunstan with her jacket. Sleeves were tight, as well as skirts, in those days; she slid into hers, and hurriedly busied herself with the buttons, and he gave her the ends of her boa to cross beneath her chin. Then, with one swift look into each other's eyes — which she disclaimed by looking away again severely — they walked forward to the bow.

Clunie's hands were in his pockets, his knees were braced against the rail; but she leaned in a plastic attitude, her fingers loosely clasped, her eyes fixed on the boat's progress in the dark. Morton hastily revised his first judgment on her appearance, for a sweeter side face no woman ever owned. She had her sister's low feminine forehead and deep black lashes, but a stronger, finer mouth and chin.

Now, why does n't the idiot speak, he wondered. Perhaps he had spoken; but no, there was as yet no definite understanding between them, — only a nebulous consciousness on her part; and Clunie was holding on to himself as he never had done in his life before. He knew his reasons best.

Mary Hallock Foote.

TWO SONNETS.

MAN AND CRAFTSMAN.

WHAT use are words to tell you of my love?
 It is my trade to make words do my will,
 To change my mood and passion like a glove
 And feign the utter scope of good and ill.

And if truth speak out clear in every tone
You will applaud and say it is my art;
So have I all men's voices but my own
And to serve them I leave unserved my heart.
I who am speech for all men's hopes and fears
Must leave my love unspoken in its need
Until the whim of the disdainful years
Toss me a test to answer with a deed.
And if that golden chance I never know
And die unproved — then Fate will have it so.

HIS REVOLT.

OH! stab me with denial of your love,
But do not torture me in this slow hell
Of thoughts I dare not tell the stars above,
Of fears I dare not hear the night winds tell!
If this be truth, oh! tell me any lie,
And I will wear my heart upon my sleeve,
Build me an altar where the words may lie
And make it my religion to believe!
But let it not be truth that you should give
Accustomed kisses lest a robber lack,
Nor filch from Love his high prerogative
That Mercy wear false ermine on her back!
Let him be starved — and starve me if you will —
But not for less than love smite love and kill!

Richard Hovey.

OUR IMMIGRANTS AND OURSELVES.

SINCE it is one of the strongest instincts of human nature to dislike what is unlike one's self, or what one is not familiar with, and since another, hardly less powerful, is to blame some one else for one's own troubles, it is not surprising that, almost from the very day we, the so-called "native Americans," arrived here as immigrants, we have objected to the coming of other immigrants, and have attributed mainly to them the various complications that have arisen from time to time in our industrial, political, and social machinery.

Each day's budget of news affords us

some item that falls in with our prepossession, to strengthen and confirm it. Now a great strike, now a row in a tenement house in which some heads are broken, now the turning of an election against our party and candidate, is one more bit of evidence to our minds that the foreigner is the root of all evil.

Is a crowned head struck down by the assassin's hand, as the result of an anarchist plot hatched by foreigners in one of our cities? How plain to us seems the lesson that we should shut out of our boundaries the race producing such miscreants; while at the very moment we

are indulging in such reflections, the wires are hot with fast-crowding news of our own Judge Lynch and his exploits, of native riots, midnight mobs, wild outbursts of murderous frenzy, that are tokens of a state of anarchy brought about by our own people, as serious, it would seem, as any that the foreign agitator could plan for.

And so the long account against the foreigner is made up in the popular mind. The main items, as they have been thrown into relief through years of complaint and criticism, are familiar, — poverty, vice, crime, dirt, ignorance, superstition, political corruptibility, anarchical tendency, and, more serious than all, a constant change for the worse in all of these respects in the character of immigration as it pours in upon us decade after decade. Paradoxical as it may seem, in this last and apparently gravest charge is to be found the most encouraging sign for the future, and a key to the whole question of immigration. That we think the later comers inferior in quality to their predecessors may be because they really are inferior. But it may be because a gradual change to a better opinion of the earlier comers has been going on within us unobserved, due partly to familiarity with them and their especial traits, partly to an actual improvement on their part which has made us forget what they once were.

Familiarity has certainly had much to do with our general acceptance of the Germans, — one great half of the earlier immigration with which later comers are so unfavorably compared. This people, whom we rely upon to-day as among our most valued citizens for their social stability and true attachment to their adopted country, our grandfathers thought of as all that was dangerous and bad. Atheist, Sabbath-breaker, drunkard, social outlaw, — these were a few of the choice epithets lavished upon the Germans when they first came among us; and the revolutionist of '48, that mild-mannered ex-

ponent of moderate principles, created as much consternation in the minds of the people as the anarchist or communist of to-day, and was described in as heated popular language. But a general improvement in the condition of our early immigrants accounts in greater part for our change of feeling toward them. This is especially noticeable in the case of the Irish, — the other half of our early immigration. It is an instructive and wholesome exercise to look back for a moment and see what these people really were at the time they began to come to our country in large numbers. A German traveler in Ireland about the time of the famine depicts the people as a "nation of beggars," of a "wretchedness without a parallel on the globe." He says, comparing them, interestingly enough, with some of the very peoples we are regarding to-day as far lower in the scale: —

"I remember when I saw the poor Letts in Livonia I used to pity them for having to live in huts built of the unhewn logs of trees, the crevices being stopped with moss. . . . Well, Heaven pardon my ignorance! Now that I have seen Ireland, it seems to me that the Letts, the Esthonians, and the Finlanders, lead a life of comparative comfort, and poor Paddy would feel like a king with their houses, their habiliments, and their daily fare. . . . A French author, Beaumont, who had seen the Irish peasant in his cabin, and the North American Indian in his wigwam, has assured us that the savage is better provided for than the poor man in Ireland. . . . A Russian peasant, no doubt, is the slave of a harder master, but still he is fed and housed to his content, and no trace of mendicancy is to be seen in him. The Hungarians are certainly not among the best-used people in the world, still, what fine wheaten bread, and what wine, has even the humblest among them for his daily fare. . . . Servia and Bosnia are reckoned among the most wretched

countries of Europe, . . . but at least the people, if badly housed, are well clad. We look not for much luxury among the Tartars of the Crimea, we call them poor and barbarous, but good heavens! they look at least like human creatures. . . . An Irishman has nothing national about him but his rags, his habitation is without a plan, his domestic economy without rule or law. We have beggars and paupers among us (in Germany), but they form at least an exception, whereas in Ireland, beggary or abject poverty is the prevailing rule. . . . There is not the least trace left to show that the country has ever been better cultivated, or that a happier race ever dwelt in it. It seems as if wretchedness had prevailed there from time immemorial,—as if rags had succeeded rags, bog formed over bog, ruins given birth to ruins, and beggars had begotten beggars for a long series of centuries.”

The famine was merely the climax of a long history of misery. In a *Doré*-like sketch a Dublin newspaper of the period portrays the prevalent social physiognomy of that terrible time:—

“The famine and the landlords have actually created a new race in Ireland. . . . Yahoos . . . gray-haired old men, whose faces had hardened into a settled leer of mendicancy, simious and semi-human, and women filthier and more frightful than harpies, who, at the jingle of a coin on the pavement, swarmed in myriads from unseen places, struggling, screaming, shrieking for their prey, like some monstrous, unclean animals. . . . Girls with faces gray and shriveled, the grave stamped upon them in a decree which could not be recalled, . . . and among these terrible realities imposture shaking in pretended fits, to add the last touch of horrible grotesqueness.”

This was what met the eye in crowded city streets; in the country it was as bad, if not worse:—

“Groups and troops of lunatic-looking paupers wandered over the fields, alarm-

ing the traveler by their wild and ferocious appearance, . . . and . . . if he penetrate into a cabin, and can distinguish objects among filth and darkness, of which an ordinary pigsty affords but a faint image, he will probably discover from a dozen to twenty inmates in the hut,—the ejected cotters,—clustering together and breeding a pestilence. What kind of creatures men and women become, living in this dunghheap! What kind of children are reared here to grow up into a generation I have no words to paint!”

From this normally miserable and now famine-distorted population, our first great Irish immigration was drawn. Could our newest comers be pictured in any darker colors than these?

The seaboard cities, notably New York, felt the greatest burden of this invasion. Immigrant ships by the hundred dumped upon our wharves their loads of the poor, the helpless, and the friendless, who did not know where to go or what to do. Many came with one sole trade,—beggary,—which they proceeded to practice on the day of their arrival, seeking the watch-house for their first night's shelter. A noticeable increase of pauperism and crime followed, and was attributed directly to the immigrants. New York was said to exceed in crime not merely any one of the great English cities,—London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds,—crowded with the ignorant and vicious classes of the population as they were, but all of them put together. Then was the beginning of the city slum. In New York the old Five Points came into being as a centre of dirt, disease, immorality, and violence, never since surpassed, or even equaled. Political corruption struck the notice of people as never before. As the immigrants poured in they were fraudulently naturalized in squads; their votes were openly bought and sold like any merchandise, and were cast in any quantities

desired. These were genuine evils, but the greater part of this mass of poverty and ignorance in a very short time became absorbed in the labor force of the country, accomplished a work in developing its resources of a magnitude hard to realize, and prospered in so doing. To-day the Irish element — both foreign and native born — has arisen, as a whole, almost entirely from the low social and industrial grade it entered on its first arrival, and is now to be found in all grades above, up to the very highest. Is there any reason to suppose that newer comers will not assimilate as readily? There are not wanting indications that they will succeed even better.

In the later immigration attention has been especially called to two great general groups, made by a rough-and-ready classification; one, the Hebrews, coming from Russia, Poland, Hungary, Austria, Roumania, and elsewhere; the other, what is known to political and social controversy as "the scum of southern Europe," that unpleasant term covering the Italians, Bohemians, non-Jewish Hungarians, Poles, Austrians, and others.

The Jew has stood for centuries as the butt of an almost universal dislike. Perhaps, in the last analysis, such a feeling is the best warrant for getting rid of the people that excites it, but rational thought retreats in shame from admitting this, in the face of the strong considerations to be urged in favor of the Jew. A study of even the most poverty-stricken and forlorn of the recent Jewish immigrants shows them to be a temperate, moral, and industrious people. If the life and health of a nation depend largely, as some philosophers of history claim that they do, on the physical vitality of its individual citizens, the Hebrew race certainly adds an element of value to the community that cannot be despised. Notwithstanding the crowded conditions in which they live, notwithstanding the unwholesome tenements, the low damp

ground of the quarter, and the universal filth, Jewish dwellers on the East Side in New York have a far lower death rate than is shown by any other foreign element in the city, and, strange as it may seem, a perceptibly lower death rate than even that of the well-to-do native dwellers in wholesome uptown wards. So far as analysis can account for it, this vitality seems to be founded on moral habits, a most useful ingredient in a modern state.

Family affection is strong among them. Reverence for parents is taught and practiced. They are not found in the police courts and prisons in any noticeable proportion, and, remarkable indeed in view of their extreme poverty, they do not come habitually upon charity. A striking characteristic among them is a desire for improvement. The adults among them, devitalized by long years in an atmosphere of repression, may themselves trudge along for a while in the treadmill of the sweatshop, but they have other ambitions for their children. Even within so short a time as has passed since their coming here one may note a remarkable advancement. The casual visitor to the East Side to-day will see apparently the same old patriarchs with side curls and velvet caps, the same mothers in Israel, with wigs awry and infants multitudinous, that he saw yesterday. But this is a human stream in which, while it looks the same, the individual elements are always changing. The old man in the gabardine one saw last week has now put on the garb of America and moved uptown with his family. This one that you took for him has just landed from the emigrant ship. Next week he, too, will be gone. The rate of change, of course, is not literally so rapid as this, but it is sufficiently so as to be astonishing. It is only sixteen years since this people began to come here at all; it is only eight years since Jewish immigration reached high-water mark with sixty thousand arrivals

from Russia alone at the port of New York. But they have already learned the principles of industrial combination, have sent their children to and through the schools and even the colleges, and are seeing these children almost without exception advance to an industrial and social grade higher than their own. Significant testimony to the scope and rapidity of the change is the complaint of workers in the different social settlements that they cannot keep their hold on individuals from year to year on account of the many removals. The University Settlement, in the heart of the Ghetto, makes up its classes with a practically new membership each year, and the College Settlement near by has the same experience.

As a type of the southern Europeans that are coming among us the Italians may be taken, though of course, strictly speaking, no one race can represent another in all details. Those who know them familiarly as they are found in large cities — workers for the charities, the missions, and the settlements — say that they are a much misunderstood people. As a class, and when in normal family relations, they are gentle, industrious, frugal, and temperate; but they are looked upon by the public generally as a lot of idle, dissipated cutthroats. On our records of crime they do not, it is true, make a good showing, but there is a special reason for that, as will be indicated presently, which removes a great part of the blame from them as a race. There is little pauperism among the Italians. It is a matter of every-day observation among charity agents that in the so-called "Italian quarters" in great cities most of the applicants for relief are Irish. The poorest Italian family manages in some way to make provision for a rainy day, and it is seldom indeed that it is found a habitual dependent on charity. The Italians, like the Jews, are eager for improvement, although not, perhaps, in so striking a

degree. They have been reproached with denying advantages to their children for the sake of the money to be got by the children's labor, but a special investigation made some years ago by a committee of sociological specialists shows that this charge, when made a general one, is without foundation. The committee testified in the plainest terms to the fact that the Italian family, even in circumstances of the greatest destitution, showed at least the normal amount of interest in the education of their children, and in many cases made especial sacrifices to secure it.

So far as individual race traits are concerned, it would seem that there is no especial trouble to be apprehended from the mass of our newest immigrants. But beyond race traits we must look at certain general processes at work, as they are to be seen in the history of immigration as a whole, to understand the question more fully, and to judge more fairly as to the good or evil of immigration.

These processes may be depicted something in this fashion: We must regard our country as a land traversed by successive waves of population passing from east to west, each marking in its progress an ever advancing coast line, which, in the case of the first great wave, we have known as the frontier. The crest of such a wave is made up of the most mobile elements in a population, drawing after them, in due proportion of time and distance, the less and less mobile elements. First to get in motion in any normally developing community are the men, in an age period roughly to be defined as between early youth on the one hand and later middle life on the other, who proceed on their way unencumbered by wives and children, either having none, or leaving them behind. So there is to be found, or until recently was to be found, on our frontier, as the crest of the first great wave of immigration, — the movement of the American branch

of the Anglo-Saxon race to the Pacific, — a predominantly male population, young, active, unfettered by family ties, fired with energy, driven to the necessity of self-help, cast loose from all the bonds of society, from all law, religion, and morality as a long-established social body understands these things; on the eastern edge of the wave a population containing more women than men, a settled family life, quiet, order, and the sway of public opinion. On the western edge are poverty for the day, enriched by unlimited hopes of wealth on the morrow, a freedom that has not as yet developed into inequality, and a general simplicity of life; on the eastern edge, more wealth but less hope, more training but less versatility, greater inequality but greater possibilities through coöperation and control, — in short, the complexities of civilization instead of the simplicities of a primitive life.

The immigration of the fifties may be regarded as a second great wave, repeating the processes of the first, modified by the fact that it did not pour in on dry ground, like the first, but upon the heels of another. It, as well as the other, pushed before it a "frontier."

It may seem a little strange to call our great cities, with their crowds of people, their masses of buildings, their various paraphernalia of a modern civilization, in any sense a frontier. But such they are in certain vital respects for the immigrant, when he arrives on these shores. The movement across the sea to us is headed by the same class that led our own march across the plains, and, like the early frontiersman, the later immigrant, on arriving at the end of his journey, finds himself freed from the restraint of a public opinion that he has felt in the community where he was known. This may be as strictly the case in the crowded city as on the wide plains. Nowhere can one be more really alone than among strangers. The sudden relaxation of effort to keep up to a

standard, moral or otherwise, when social boundaries are changed, is a familiar sensation to every one. And this is especially true when no great effort is made by the environing strangers to impress themselves and their opinions on the newcomers. To the immigrant, then, our people, with their thoughts and ideas, their social and governmental schemes, are, at first, of as little pertinence as the thoughts and institutions of the Indian or the buffalo are to the cowboy. So it is not surprising to see in him some of the characteristics of the cowboy, — the brawling, swearing, and drunkenness, the violence and profligacy that naturally arise when a male population is herded together, and all of those outbursts that keep police magistrates busy and swell the records of crime. These records, indeed, presenting on their face, as they do, a bad showing against the foreign born, and especially against certain race groups among them, must be corrected with regard to the circumstances just indicated. In any population, whether under conditions of normal social restraint or not, the bulk of the crimes recorded are committed by one sex and age class, — that of the adult males. It would be expected, then, that the native born — a group containing a larger proportion of women and children — would show a lower proportion of criminals than the foreign born, with a larger proportion of adult men; and that the newer immigrants, like the Italians, for instance, would show a higher crime rate than older comers, who have had time to gather families about them. And this would be quite apart from any question of innate race tendency to crime.

Several detailed statistical studies recently made confirm our expectations on this point, and agree in showing, pretty conclusively, that when like sex and age classes are made the bases for comparison in the different race groups, the rate of crime for the foreign-born white popu-

lation of all races is no higher, to say the least, than that of the native white population of native parentage; and that the difference in crime rate still remaining after sex and age have been allowed for, between the different race groups, to be attributed to race tendency, is so slight as to be negligible as a social factor. Notwithstanding this explanation of the crime rate, however, a positive, if not a relative, increase in crime remains as a result of immigration, and if the foreign population were to remain predominantly of the class that furnishes criminals, there would still be serious ground of complaint. But it will not, as all experience up to this time abundantly shows. Just as our frontier groups have grown into settled communities, so do theirs. As soon as a good start is made, the "birds of passage" call their mates from over sea, and the normal life of a settled society begins. This is easily seen to be the case with the Irish, the Germans, and the Scandinavians; while the Hebrews, for the most part, came from the first in family groups. The Italians, it is true, may seem to form an exception to the above rule. So many of them are seen, yearly or monthly, turning back to the old home with their little earnings, that it is no wonder they are generally regarded as a floating population with no permanent interests here. But the net result of all this ebbing and flowing is a steady current setting this way. The Italian, it would seem, after a period of oscillation between the new country and the old, — a movement of adjustment which is, indeed, no bad preliminary for the new life, — ends, like his brother immigrants, a permanent settler in our country. Statistics of population indicate this. Every-day observation, if sharp enough, shows the same thing. A significant trifle, just lately noticed, was that the great mass of applicants for naturalization papers in New York city this year, during the rush that always comes just before a presidential

election, were Russian Jews and Italians. And it was said by the court officers that applicants of the latter race were more numerous than ever before.

Once the family is established, subsequent progress is rapid. The fast-coming children are not only at the same time so many sharp little goads to industry, and silken but strong bridles to passion, in the parent, but they are, in and of themselves, the most active and effective of agents in the process of assimilating the immigrant family to its surroundings. The barrier of language, so often said to be the one great obstacle in the way of our newer immigrants, these children leap so rapidly that it practically ceases to exist. Almost before one can realize it they are speaking the tongue of their adopted country, if not with Attic purity, at least with Attic fluency, and boldly disclaim acquaintance with any other. A class of forty boys in an East Side school was asked the other day how many of them spoke English at home. Fully half the hands were raised. How many spoke German? A few hesitatingly confessed to that. How many spoke Yiddish, or any other foreign tongue? One or two faltering hands went halfway up, then down, a mute expression of conflict between the ideal and reality. As a matter of fact, about ninety-five per cent of these children were Russian Jews; nearly all had been in the country for short periods ranging from one year to four or five; probably all could, and did to some extent, speak either German or Yiddish at home, and in many cases were obliged to do so. In these children the sense of American nationality springs up with astonishing rapidity. They are "Americans" in their own estimation, and nothing else. They are thoroughly imbued with that first brute instinct of citizenship which takes shape in onslaughts on "foreigners," — meaning for them those who are not "Americans," — and are firm in the determination to uphold "our flag," —

which for them is always the American flag, — right or wrong. They discuss in their debating societies such questions as “Shall the Ignorant Foreigner be admitted to Free Participation in the Advantages of Our Country?” and find difficulty in getting speakers on the affirmative side. It would, in fact, be hard to find any set of children of a more conscious and expressed loyalty to the country than these little immigrants. In a school for Russian children, which takes them, on their first arrival here, to prepare them for the public schools, — which, by the way, it does with entire success inside of four months for each child, — a special effort is made to give encouragement to the growth of this spirit of new nationality. Patriotic songs are taught, the flag is saluted, the blessings and obligations of freedom are pointed out. On an exhibition day it is affecting to see the rows upon rows of eager little faces alive with enthusiasm in songs of loyalty to the new country. “Land where *our fathers* died,” shrill forth the young voices, and the looker-on is caught by the rapt countenance, the exalted eye, the thrilling tone of one small dark-skinned maiden, who stepped from the immigrant ship just six weeks ago. Remembering where and how their real fathers after the flesh have died, and suffered before they died, the generous heart must feel a reckless impulse to share “our fathers” freely with them, with all that this implies, and risk the passing discomfort that the critics warn us will follow.

So far the process of immigration has been described mainly in terms of the normal development of the immigrant group, without consideration of the special influences exerted on them by the surrounding community. This latter influence must next be considered, — in this case a most important one. To return to the figure employed before, the crests of the oncoming waves are modified in force and direction by the back

stretches of former ones on which they fall. The immigrant must, of course, go through a more or less lengthy process of adjustment on his own account, but this process may be hastened or hindered materially by conditions in the environment social group.

When the great wave of the fifties rolled over the country, although the native population had pushed its frontier well to the westward, on the eastern coast many frontier traits still lingered. The social group as a whole — the American people of that time — had reached the stage of development in which a body marks itself off from other bodies, gathering its own particles within a definite circumference, and repelling other particles; but it had not yet reached the stage in which all the particles so marked off have arranged themselves into the harmoniously interacting combinations of unlike elements, obedient to a common law, and turned to a common end, that we recognize as a high grade of organization, both in individual and social life. The American people of the fifties could grumble at the entrance of foreigners, but were most feeble in dealing with them after they were in, nor was any great amount of control exercised over any part of the population. The community was outgrowing its institutions. Cities were struggling along under village ordinances and appliances, with worse and worse results as time went on. A large part of the trouble from our early immigration was plainly due to this fact. A New York newspaper of the time, commenting on the increase of crime, vice, and disorder, says that of its causes “the most important are, doubtless, the comparative inefficiency of our police in preventing crime, the comparative uncertainty of our courts in punishing crime, the neglect of our young vagrant population, and the vast number of disorderly groggeries, licensed and unlicensed, that have, all the while, without restraint been stimulating the passions

and bad propensities of all the lower classes."

The general social system was one of individual freedom without individual responsibility. This is plainly a habit of the frontier. Widely scattered groups of individuals, removed from the control of public opinion, driven by necessity to act, on the spur of the moment, for and by themselves, naturally develop an impatience of restraint, social, legal, or moral, that is handed down to later generations as a social tradition. For this reason the reign of law has never been thoroughly and fully established in this country. Popular feelings of indignation or prejudice against certain classes of offenders, of compassion for certain others, are always pressing upon the framework of law to bend it from its fixed pattern, or even to break it altogether, as in the numerous cases of lynching reported to us year after year. It need not be shown in detail how demoralizing such a system as this is to incoming peoples. Not only law but morals have suffered as a result of this general impatience of restraint. Where each man depends on himself wholly to say what is right and wrong, where he is so separated from others as not to know or care what they think of him, personal interest is very apt to lead him, even without his own knowledge, into bad ways. This cause is seen at work all through our history, and to it may be attributed some of the evils we are so ready to ascribe to the immigrant.

One of the most serious charges made against him has been that through him has come a strain of corruption in our political system that has gone far to overbalance, if not to destroy, the good handed down to us by our native American ancestors. But those who consider the immigrant the beginning and end of political corruption in this country have surely never read its history carefully. Legislative and administrative blackmail and speculation are a time-honored inheritance from earliest colonial days.

Bribery and violence at elections are found as early as the elections themselves. The spoils system was inaugurated before the beginning of the century, and owes to native talent the long and loving elaboration that has brought it to its present intricacy and comprehensive completeness. The two figures at once called up before the mind as especially associated with the development of that system may stand as particularly clear types of the native American, in contrasting but equally genuine aspects of his nature: Martin Van Buren, suave, kindly, courteous, born on the land taken by his ancestors a generation or so before, well bred, ill educated, but with every show of acquirement, nimble of tongue, persuasive, ingenious, adaptable to all sorts and conditions of men; and Andrew Jackson, the frontiersman, himself his only ancestor, without pretense of education himself, and without respect for it in others, unadaptable, because he failed to see any complexities of life and character beyond the narrow range of his own, gaining his ends not by persuasion, but by the sheer force of self-will, in defiance of all obstacles, animate and inanimate.

The incoming foreigner has proved to be a ready instrument in the hands of the bosses. In cities the great mass of the foreign population is to be found, and the government of our cities is notoriously corrupt. But corruption in cities does not by any means vary with the proportion of the foreign born in their populations, nor is corruption by any means confined to the cities. In one great state of the Union a city party largely supported by foreigners, or the native born of foreign parentage, works in the most complete inner harmony — though in apparent opposition — with a country party, manned and officered by native Americans, in furtherance of ends the most remote from the best principles of our government. It must, indeed, be said by the impartial observer

that the native branch of the combination is the bolder, more unscrupulous, and more comprehensive in evil designs of the two. In another large state a city government has for years been in the hands of bandits of strictly native origin, who have outdone anything that the foreign city party in the other state have ever attempted. In national politics there is an undoubted predominance of the native element, and there is an undoubtedly large element of corruption. Look for a moment at one important branch of political action in this country, — that dealing with the currency. An unprejudiced observer following the course of our legislation on currency and banking from colonial times down would be driven to conclude that an inextinguishable impulse of our nature was to avoid paying our debts. This tendency is to be explained in large part by the temptations of rapid development, in circumstances that made a constant call for capital; but the fault is a fault, nevertheless, and must be taken home to ourselves. The most American periods of our history — the colonial, the Revolutionary, the period of Western expansion — are the periods of the worst financial vagaries; and the most American parts of our country to-day are those the most tainted with financial heresy. The foreign vote, taking it all in all, has always been fairly sound on financial questions, and has more than once, in doubtful crises, saved us from the consequences of our own mistaken theories.

The fact is that the evil as well as the good in our political and social system has been inherent in it from the beginning. The first wave of population, overspreading the country, has moulded it into the general outlines that it retains to-day, which subsequent waves were unable to wash out. It is impossible to point to a single important modification of our institutions by foreigners, unless, indeed, we have to thank them, by the

mere fact of their presence, for a growth of religious toleration that our ancestors praised in theory, but in practice knew very little about.

The immigrant has shown no lack of capacity to assimilate with us politically. In coming under the boss system he has "assimilated" only too well. But assimilation has not all taken place along this undesirable line. It can no longer be said that all foreigners belong to one political party; nor can it be said that any race group holds together for any considerable period as a workable political unit. There is much talk before elections of the delivery of this or that "element" to this or that candidate, but figures fail to show the general success of such predictions. A further and most encouraging token of political assimilability on the part of our immigrants is that no race element, but one, of all those who have come over here, — and that, curiously enough, the one we think has assimilated with us the best, the Irish, — has ever made foreign questions an issue in American politics.

But the political aspect of the case is, after all, of secondary importance, although, like other superficial phenomena, it is among the first to catch the eye. The political system of a country is only the outward expression of inner social forces; and among these forces probably the most important in shaping political institutions is that complicated interplay of activities generally grouped under the name of economic life. That there is a growing realization of this truth is shown by many tokens, among them, the fact that the latest discussions of immigration, popular as well as scientific, turn almost wholly upon the industrial possibilities of the immigrant. The assumption is that if he is found desirable industrially, politically he will take care of himself. It is pretty generally admitted that, up to the present time, the immigrant has filled a useful, and perhaps necessary, place in our industrial system. What

would have happened if we had been content to develop our resources more slowly, confiding that development wholly to American hands, nobody can say; but we were not content to do so, and it cannot be denied that practically all the labor force so far supplied by the immigrants has been eagerly demanded and quickly absorbed. A large part of our immigration, indeed, has come from a direct demand by native-born employers, who must bear their share of blame for any troubles that may have arisen in consequence. The immigrant has then been useful, and has prospered; but with the further development of our industrial system, will his usefulness and prosperity be as great as they have been in the past?

The taking up of the last considerable tracts of government land marks the end of an era in our economic history. The impending change from extensive to intensive agriculture that this circumstance foreshadows is itself but one aspect, and may be regarded as a type of a general change even now to be seen at work in the industrial system. Business competition to-day is everywhere giving the victory to care over carelessness, economy over wastefulness, skill and training over ignorance. In short, a period seems to be opening in which the cardinal industrial principle is thrift, in the most comprehensive sense of the term. And thrift is a quality that especially distinguishes our newer immigrants. It may take some mistaken forms at first; but the quality is there, to be turned in the right direction by the teachings of experience if in no other way. Thrift has, indeed, been made a special item of complaint against the immigrant, partly because our own ideas have been shaped to extravagance by our easily acquired wealth, partly because of the mistaken methods seen to be employed by the immigrant in his endeavor to be thrifty. But there need be no fear of permanent evil consequences even from these. A people

starting at a low point in the scale of living, restricting themselves to a degree of expenditure that brings poor food, insufficient clothing, unwholesome shelter, will probably struggle above that point just as rapidly as circumstances will permit; but even if they did not, they could not enter into competition with, or lower the standard of life for, those above them. There is no competition between the well-clad, well-fed, intelligent workingman and the half-starved, sickly, and dull one. The former will always command higher wages than the latter, because his work is better worth it, and because the latter cannot take his place. This truth has been shown again and again in the history of industry in this country. Low wages most often mean high labor cost. Failure in competition usually reduces itself not to a question of money wages, but to a lack of the broader thrift implied in using the most economical methods of production and distribution. In general it may be said that whatever makes a better man — that is, raises the real standard of life — makes a better workman, and raises the standard of wages.

At present the immigrant is, for the most part, an unskilled laborer, and at the lower grade of wages and living that this sort of labor provides. There is, however, still need of such labor, and of the class that can furnish it. The assistant commissioner of immigration at the port of New York has testified that since the recent revival of business, the bureau of immigration has received, within a period of three or four months, applications for ten thousand unskilled workmen whom it could not furnish. Such places as these neither the native American nor the immigrant of earlier arrival is willing to occupy. Both of these classes are able to secure work of a higher grade, and naturally prefer it. The immigrant is needed to take a vacant place in our industrial scheme, and his ability to make a living on the wages this grade of labor

receives is in his favor. There is no reason to fear, moreover, that his ability to live at a low cost will keep the immigrant from following the general human tendency to better one's condition the first moment one sees an opportunity for doing so. Experience already shows that none of our immigrants so far are preparing to content themselves with anything less than the best the country has to offer. Just as soon as they have gained a foothold, they begin the pressure for something more and better. Opinion may be divided as to the industrial value of the strike, but its use is an unmistakable evidence of a desire to advance, and this instrument is resorted to by every people that we have so far had among us at a very early stage of their sojourn here. As straws show which way the wind blows, the trifles of daily life afford striking testimony to the same thing. A little journey through the East Side or the Italian quarter on a holiday cannot fail to impress the observer with hundreds of such trifles, all pointing one way. The gay garments, imitating with wonderful success of superficial effect the attire of the well-to-do, the general display of ornament, the prevailing air of leisure and enjoyment, all indicate that the natural desires of humanity — the "wants," which economists tell us are among the first essentials to progress — are springing and burgeoning at a most satisfactory rate.

A further quality characterizing the newer immigrant, and also (like thrift) made a ground of reproach against him, is also likely to be found especially useful in the new order of things, — that is, docility. As the country fills up, there is increasing pressure of population not only upon resources, but upon itself. For lack of elbowroom, men are less and less able to act independently, and must more and more take into account one another's motions. Work must go on in harmony with other work, and under some common general plan, if it is not

to be stopped altogether, in a tangle of cross purposes. In the growing competition of a more crowded society, the man working alone will have less and less chance against the group of men working together, and the group with an inefficient leader will have less and less chance against the group with an efficient leader. Whether we like it or not, the characteristic of the future community will be its arrangement into groups composed of leaders and followers. The original and inventive mind, the strong will, the natural leader, finds in a loyal and well-disciplined following his only opportunity to carry out his plans. On the other hand, the best chance for prosperity of the average man will be in placing himself under the guidance of a strong and honest leader.

The native American is certainly, for the moment, the natural leader here on his own soil. He has had the advantage of two centuries of prosperity. He has always had the instinct of management, as is shown in his clever direction of his own individual activities and in the exploitation of natural resources.

And the immigrant is, for the moment, the natural follower. To those of us who are in the habit of regarding the foreign anarchist as the type of the foreign immigrant in general, this would seem the most unlikely function we could assign him. But nothing could be more unfair than this view.

When half a dozen immigrant Italians had succeeded in slaying their former king, the hundreds of thousands of their compatriots packed in the foreign quarters of our great cities gave themselves up to the same execration and lamentation of such deeds that any quiet, law-abiding citizens would give utterance to. In New York, in the Italian quarter, emblems of mourning on all sides showed how the mass of the Italian population there, at least, regarded the anarchist and his works.

But the one anarchist impresses the

popular mind, because he makes a noise ; while the many orderly, peaceful representatives of his race are unnoticed, as they follow their daily round of quiet faithful toil, just because they have fitted themselves so thoroughly into the established order of things.

Every-day acquaintance with the mass of our immigrants shows them to be, indeed, a notably conservative class. The old and highly organized communities from which they are for the most part drawn have, through generations, drilled their citizens into habits of obedience, respect for law, for authority, for knowledge, for the leader. And although, as we have remarked, these habits are relaxed somewhat by the circumstances of change to a new country, and the special circumstances of our own slack social control, they have been too deeply ingrained to be entirely lost so soon, and still remain as the foundation of character in the immigrant.

In these habits, then, we have at hand a most valuable form of social capital, to be brought out and made much of by careful treatment, or to be wasted and altogether destroyed by our neglect.

As the native American's best chance for prosperity to-day lies in his power to gather about him efficient and docile followers, so the immigrant's best beginning is to find good leadership, coming here as he does with nothing of his own but the power of service and the desire for improvement. No permanent race line need be drawn in consequence between leaders and followers. It is a matter of fitness only, and when the immigrant reaches the point where he, too, will be effective as a leader, there is nothing to prevent his taking his place as such. If his present disposition to follow a leader has in too many cases driven him into bad hands, it is our duty to remedy this evil by supplying leadership of a better kind.

This changing of bad leadership into good is, indeed, the only way out from

other evils that are besetting us, aside from the perils of immigration. It is growing more and more plain that no machinery of laws, of votes, of theories, or of constitutions can make men equal or safeguard the weak. The general welfare, when all is said, is in the hands of the strong. But the strong are, in their turn, subject to a certain restraint, impalpable but powerful, — the force of public opinion, which, if it be once educated up to an appreciation of the true functions and obligations of leadership, can bring to bear a pressure toward a better state of things that the leader will find it hard to withstand.

The problem of immigration does not, then, seem a hopeless, or even a very discouraging one, if it is dealt with properly. In the first place, it must be realized that any laws restrictive of immigration which it would be possible to pass would shut off the merest rivulets of the stream. Notwithstanding popular prejudice against the immigrant, the actual pressure from within to keep an open way for him is nearly as strong as that from without. Our people, even while, as a whole, they are cherishing a conscious dislike to foreigners, and a theoretical objection to their incoming, are constantly, as individual employers, calling them here, either by name and expressly, or through the great general clamor for labor of all kinds that is always going up. Here is a half-worked country in need of a larger labor force ; across the sea is a labor force in need of employment. It will be as impossible to keep these apart, under modern conditions of intercommunication, as to shut out a rising tide with a board fence ; the water will force its way in, either over, or under, or through the cracks. The fact of immigration in considerable bulk must, then, be accepted, and far better results will follow if it is accepted good-naturedly than if an ineffectual nagging is kept up against those who are sure to come in anyway. When they are in,

the best means of dealing with them are simply those that a higher development of the social organism will make both more natural and more necessary for ourselves, — impartial justice in the courts, honesty in government, especially in municipal government, the suppression of all forms of privilege that mock the law, a more thorough, practical, and flexible system of education, and a stricter social control.

The broad means, including all of these, is a frank and honest acceptance on our part of the obligations as well as the privileges of leadership. This is in accordance with the growing thought of the time. Whether for better or for worse, the Anglo-Saxon race has taken up the mission of schoolmaster and protector to the whole world. Whatever meaner motives lurk beneath our expeditions and conquests, this is the pretext that must be offered to meet the general expectation, — a common benefit to leaders and led, to be wrought out by them together, and unattainable by either separately. To correspond with this thought,

a conception of citizenship is gaining ground, based, not like those of widest acceptance at present, on birth from a given stock or on a given patch of soil, but upon allegiance to a common leader, for the furtherance of common ends. Why may we not call to this citizenship our aliens at home as well as those abroad in our new colonies?

This is, indeed, but another application of the principle of thrift already seen to be so necessary in the industrial world, soon to be recognized as equally useful in wider social relations. The conversion of human material wherever it may be found, and whatever it may be, from lower to higher social values, is coming to be recognized as a work not simply of philanthropy, but of the plainest sort of social economy. In the care of our immigrants we have the opportunity of engaging in this work under the most favorable circumstances, and with the fairest prospect of success ever offered to a people. It would seem a token of ignorance or weakness on our part if we were to throw it away.

Kate Holladay Claghorn.

PIAZZA PHILOSOPHY.

THERE is an old story, with which everybody is familiar, of a man who said that the proper way to construct a house was to build a piazza first and then tack the house on to it. That was not the way our piazza came into being. The house itself had been built many years before it became our house. When we entered into possession it was already memory-haunted, full of delightful traditional shadows which we have never wished to displace, although I do bethink me now of one bad quarter of an hour which was inflicted on me by an estimable old lady, one of my earliest callers in the days of my young housekeeping.

"My dear," she inquired placidly, "would it trouble you to know that somebody has died in every room in your house?"

I repeated this question to my husband, who at once took the sting out of it.

"Well, what more do you want?" he asked. "Don't you see that they have n't left us any room to die in?"

It was owing to this cheerful view of the matter that when we built the piazza, and so annexed a new joy, we made the ghosts as free of it as ourselves, and it is perhaps through their presence and influence that it became at once a place for dreaming dreams and seeing visions.

It is, as to architecture, a Colonial-Grecian piazza. I know it is colonial because the man who designed it was especially bidden to make it so, and I am equally sure that it is Grecian because a college professor referred to it in an art lecture as a "Grecian portico."

It is a long and wide piazza, with airy spaces and groups of slender columns, and if it seems to my fancy both ampler and more romantic than it really is, it is because since it grew up into the world of piazzas it has taken in (in the mind of one woman at least) the whole material universe, — the green earth and blue vault of heaven, sun, moon, and stars, — and has added thereto the Garden of Eden, the Age of Pericles, all the state-liest features of our own colonial era, and some very satisfactory bits of the present century, with here and there a background borrowed from Chaos and Old Night. I hardly know what more one need ask of a mere sublunary nineteenth-century piazza! I could give the actual dimensions, but I am not one of those commonplace beings who measure everything by feet and inches; it is wider than a church door, and not so deep as a well, — that is, a very deep well, — and that suffices.

On this piazza I have entertained many a wonderful guest. Indeed at the very first, just after the art lecture in which the piazza began to masquerade as a Grecian portico, there came — on one of the fairest of summer mornings, I remember — a certain squat, snub-nosed, barefooted philosopher, whom I recognized at a glance. He was a man whose silver tongue had in the old days made many an Athenian youth forget the lapse of time, but I did not encourage him to speak, because I did not know whether it would be one of his good or bad days. He might, indeed, discourse of immortality in language of serene and noble beauty, or he might spend hours on end splitting hairs.

"Come, Parmenides," I seemed to hear him say, "let us go to the Ilissus, and sit down in some quiet spot, and discuss freely as to whether things begin at both ends, or in the middle, or upside down, or inside out. And if a part is equal to the whole, as we have sometimes argued that it might be, why is not a quarter of a dollar just as good as a whole one and a little better?"

And Parmenides might reply, even as of old, —

"But if one is to remain one, it will not be a whole, and will not have parts."

It is patent to the feeblest imagination that this sort of conversation, though it may be Greek, is not in the least colonial and, therefore, not suited to a Colonial-Grecian piazza; but on that moonlight night when the young Alcibiades, wine-flushed, rose-wreathed, beautiful as a god, sat just where the great elm tree casts its moving shadow between the twin groups of slender pillars, the words which fell from his lips were neither Grecian nor colonial, but spoke the innermost language of the hearts of men in all times. What the message of Socrates could be when he chose, I learned from this imperishably beautiful young drunkard.

"If I were not afraid that you would think me drunk I would have sworn as well as spoken to the influence which they [the words of Socrates] have always had and still have over me. For my heart leaps within me more than that of any Corybantian reveler, and my eyes rain tears when I hear them. . . . This man has often brought me to such a pass that I have felt that I could hardly endure the life which I am leading. . . . For he makes me confess that I ought not to live as I do, neglecting the wants of my own soul and busying myself with the concerns of the Athenians, therefore I hold my ears and tear myself away from him. He is the only person who ever made me feel ashamed, which you might think not to

be in my nature, and there is no one else who does the same. . . .

"For, although I forgot to mention this before, his words are ridiculous when you first hear them, — he clothes himself in language that is as the skin of the wanton satyr, — but he who pierces the mask, and sees what is within, will find that they are the only words that have a meaning in them, and also the most divine, abounding in fair examples of virtue and of the largest discourse, or rather extending to the whole duty of a good and honorable man."

I told the story of this vision to a real young man who sat on the piazza the next morning, — a nineteenth-century young man with all the modern improvements, — and I went on to remark to him — very reprehensibly, no doubt — that it would be a good thing for every young man to get drunk once if he could receive such an accession of divine common sense in the process as Alcibiades seems to have done.

He answered me soberly enough, looking vaguely at my daimon, which had just then lighted on the arm of his chair, "Oh, well! I suppose there are times in every fellow's life when he hears the Voices — don't you?"

So I knew that the miracle performed for Alcibiades was not a solitary one.

Socrates had a daimon and so have I. I do not know whether the Grecian portico had anything to do with the appearance of my familiar, or if the fact of Socrates's possession bears any relation to my own. I know that his daimon was a divinity within his own breast, and that mine — differentiated perhaps by his semi-colonial environment — is an outward and visible devil's darning-needle. He is not a painted dragon-fly, but a long, angular, loose-jointed, interfering, meddling devil's darning-needle, and, so far as I have any reason to know, he was built simultaneously with the piazza. At any rate, he appeared soon after we took possession of our new territory, and has

reappeared there with each succeeding summer.

I know nothing about the average length of days which is granted to creatures of his kind; it matters not in his case, because he is a supernatural insect, one of the few, the immortal devil's darning-needles, who were not born to die. In the early days of his sojourn with us, I had an instinctive habit of jumping whenever he came near in that swooping, waggle-tailed manner which characterizes his methods of approach, but the wisdom of the poet has been verified in this case as in many another, — I first endured, then pitied, then embraced. Gradually he became my guide, philosopher, and friend. He has taught me a good deal and I have taught him a good deal, and that means, as it generally does when such is the case, that first and last there has been an appreciable amount of disagreeableness between us. He is an insect of violent prejudices, and I can usually tell at once whether or not he approves of the callers who frequent the piazza. He has, I am sadly aware, two settled antipathies, — tramps and nervous women.

How well I remember the first tramp who made my daimon's acquaintance! He was a care-free, happy-go-lucky fellow, who had seen better days which he was contented to forget. With a deferential "Allow me," he sank into a piazza chair, removed his shabby hat, wiped the perspiration from his brow, and from that moment, despite the wildest efforts to dislodge him, the darning-needle sat like black care on the bald spot on that hobo's crown. I had not supposed that a professional wanderer, used to living near to Nature's heart and resting his head upon the lap of earth, would have minded a trivial creature like a devil's darning-needle so much, but I confess that I have never personally been in a position to judge just how ticklish a thing a long and active insect nestling on one's bald spot can make itself.

He paused — my hobo guest — in the midst of an eloquent and lucid exposition of the duty of every human being to help every other human being, passing good deeds on from one to another, apropos of the fact that the world, in my person, owed him a dinner, to remark suddenly and with violence, "Oh, the Dev—il's darning-needle, I mean!" And just at that moment his tormentor soared into the air and thus — apparently — preserved himself from battle, murder, and sudden death. When my visitor was about to go, after a square meal, eaten under cover and far from the haunts of harassing insects, I asked him, —

"To whom are you going to pass this good deed on? — if it is a good deed, of which I am not sure."

He replied airily: "Oh, I may find a chance to help some other poor devil. But, madam, if I don't, it's all one. When I took to the road, I freed myself from all my previous responsibilities."

The darning-needle flew down and perched on the arm of my chair, and I said to him, as I watched the departing figure of the wanderer, "I begin to wish I was a tramp myself. My responsibilities are always hanging like a millstone around my neck. How absolutely delightful it would be to shed them all and be free!"

"Somebody," remarked my ungrateful daimon, "said on this very piazza the other day, 'The people who talk most about their responsibilities are the ones who feel them least.'"

Since I have allowed myself to keep a daimon I know how politicians feel when the newspapers begin to look up their records. I live constantly under the shadow of a hereafter. Why, prithee, should a mere, ignorant devil's darning-needle be continually hoisting me with my own petard? Must I, forsooth, live up to all my smart sayings?

I never knew by just what underhand — or perhaps I should say underfoot —

method my daimon insinuated himself into the pocket of the female book agent, the black and yawning pocket under her dress skirt wherein she carried the book which she intended to spring upon the unwary.

This work, whose merits she was advocating to a needy world, was one of those compiled with the purpose of enabling the unlearned to appear wise without the trouble of being so, and as she restored the volume to its mysterious receptacle she remarked pleasantly to me, —

"Of course you are aware, madam, that no matter what your other advantages may be, unless you are able to appear cultured you can never expect to enter the best society."

It is a disheartening thing to know that one's lack of culture is such as to be apparent at a moment's glance to the meanest observer, and it was while I was watching with saddened vision the yawning pocket, into whose depths all my hopes of good society were disappearing, that my friend, the devil's darning-needle, flew suddenly forth and dashed himself against the prophetic forehead of Cassandra. At that moment, too, he and Cassandra rose simultaneously into the air and flapped their wings.

When peace had been restored within our borders and I saw my daimon gleefully gyrating to and fro in the sun, I said to him with some asperity, —

"May I ask what that devil's dance is intended to indicate?"

"I am rejoicing," he answered, "because I am only a plain devil's darning-needle" —

"Plain enough, if that is what you want," I interrupted maliciously.

"I heard you telling somebody the other day that I was not so black as I had been painted. However, that's neither here nor there; I was rejoicing that, as a mere insect without brains, I am not called upon to pretend to know what I don't know. I would rather be

a sincere devil's darning-needle than a foolish virgin shining in the best society on the strength of borrowed oil."

"You're always giving thanks for doubtful mercies," I suggested spitefully. There is something so exasperating in the appearance of a devil's darning-needle putting on airs. "The other day you were jubilating because you had no soul, and yet, to the ordinary judgment, there is nothing so very enviable in the lot of a creature with neither mind nor soul."

"I said," he remarked loftily, "and I stand to it, that if I were unfortunate enough to possess a soul I should have to spend my whole time 'saving' it. As it is, I am at liberty to do something more useful." With the words he swung himself airily away, passing with apparent heedlessness as he did so through the meshes of a cobweb in which a struggling fly had just been entangled, and restoring the poor insect to life and liberty.

Generally speaking, my daimon does not put himself very strongly in evidence when I have callers of my own sex. He knows their tricks and their manners, their constitutional tendency to scream at the approach of a harmless insect, as if he were a midnight invader with a dark lantern instead of an innocent devil's darning-needle clad in his customary suit of solemn black.

Frequently, however, I am grieved to know that he is perched on some point of vantage near by, looking at the weary countenance of my visitor, and listening while she explains that she has been waiting for weeks to snatch an opportunity to pay this call, but one duty follows another so rapidly in modern life that one never gets time to do what one most desires.

"What are these duties that they all wear themselves out with?" my officious daimon inquires when the caller has departed. "Why is every one of them afflicted with 'that tired feeling'? Did n't you tell me that the woman who just went away had a small family and a

comfortable income, and did n't 'do her own work,' as the phrase is?"

"Well," I explained, "when she does n't do her own work she does some other person's. They all do. There are the demands of housekeeping, the demands of the family, the social demands, entertainments to get up for the support of all kinds of benevolences, for the current expenses of the church" —

"Then," this troublesome insect interrupted rudely, "the home is really an incubus and not a joy, and all the stuff I have heard you read aloud on this piazza about the larger life and conscientious giving is impractical nonsense. One really eats and drinks one's way into the kingdom of heaven at twenty-five or fifty cents a ticket, as the case may be. Do you suppose," he went on with increasing flippancy, "that when you get there, you will find the angels giving a pink tea for the support of the heavenly choir, or will it be only a musicale 'with local talent'?"

"If you were a human being instead of an irresponsible devil's darning-needle," I assured him severely, "you would know that it is often a serious problem to decide whether it is best to adapt one's work to the world as it is, or the world as it should be. Ideal work belongs to an ideal world."

This sentiment sounded well, and had a practical ring to it, so why should this irritating daimon go on to remark musingly, —

"Of course one can hardly be expected to know the result of experiments which one has never tried!"

How can he be so sure that I have never essayed the ideal life? And even if I have not, — which, of course, is a libel, — how does it concern him? If I were going to maintain an embodied conscience, do you suppose I would paint it black?

I asked him this latter question. "Perhaps you would n't need to," quoth he.

For an insect who professes such joy

in the knowledge that he is soulless, my daimon displays a remarkable degree of interest in everything pertaining to theology. It was only his overweening curiosity on this subject which induced him to linger around the piazza on the day when the Foolish Woman was talking with the Contrary Young Man. Ordinarily he would have disappeared at the first hint of the Foolish Woman's approach, but when I saw him perch on the window cornice and settle down without even a flip of the tail, I knew the topic of conversation must be one of those which command his serious attention. The Man of the World was there, too, I remember, sitting a little apart, alternately reading the newspaper and looking critically at the creases in his trousers. When the Man of the World indulges himself in any ethical theories, I feel sure that they have reference to the moral necessity of having one's trousers creased properly, and always wearing the right clothes at the right time of day. If the sun ever *was* darkened at noon-day, — which the Man of the World does not in the least credit, — it was because some vandal had been paying a morning call with the wrong coat on, or dining at an hour when he should have just begun to think about lunch. On this occasion he was, apparently, paying no attention to the conversation between the Foolish Woman and the Contrary Young Man, which happened to be on the subject of amusements. His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart in a world where the thought of correct neckwear assumes its proper importance.

"I am so glad," the Foolish Woman was saying with that pretty smile which is, according to Emerson, her excuse for being, "that nowadays nothing is wrong."

The Contrary Young Man raised his eyebrows inquiringly; it is one of the disagreeable ways he has.

The Foolish Woman fell into a charming confusion, — and confusion punctu-

ated with a dimple can be very charming. "Oh," she explained, "of course I did n't exactly mean that — that — nothing is wrong. I meant, don't you see, that I'm so glad that everything is right. It's so different, you know, from what it used to be when one had to give up all sorts of things if one was religious."

"'Renouncing the world, the flesh, and the devil,' they used to call it, I believe," the Contrary Young Man suggested politely.

The Foolish Woman pouted, — a pout is becoming to her. "Oh, well, you know well enough what I mean, only you want to be horrid, as usual. When I was a child people used to have all sorts of gloomy notions, about hell, you know, and endless damnation, — really, it seems like swearing just to talk about such things! — and I used to be frightened to death when I was left alone a minute in the dark. I'm sure I don't see how anybody can help feeling glad that they've discovered a nice, cheerful religion instead of those frightful old creeds, and that we don't have to go moping round all the time thinking about our souls. I should think," the speaker added virtuously, throwing grammar to the winds, "that every unselfish person would be glad that everybody's going to heaven when they die."

"There used to be something said in the Good Book about excluding 'dogs and sorcerers and' " —

The Foolish Woman raised her finger beseechingly. "*Please* don't!" she pleaded. "I think some of those quotations are just as improper as they can be."

"I've wiped it off the slate," the Young Man assented cheerfully. "I just wanted to say, mum, if there's nothing unspeakable about doing so, that I suppose under the present dispensation all those old categories have been called in."

"Well, are n't you glad of it?" the Foolish Woman inquired intelligently. "Do you want to go to the bad place?"

There was at this point a murmur, scarcely intelligible, from that part of the piazza where the Man of the World sat, still, to all intents and purposes, absorbed in the contemplation of his nether garments. "To the eye of vulgar Logic, what is man? An omnivorous Biped that wears Breeches," — that is what one would have expected him to say. What he really did say — with a wink at the Contrary Young Man — was this, —

"Is thy servant a dog, that you should ask him such questions?"

The Foolish Woman looked innocently puzzled. "I don't see what that's got to do with it."

"Nothing at all," the Contrary Young Man assured her. "He was simply putting me in my own category. As for wanting to go to the bad place, I don't know that I am especially anxious for that privilege. What I do want, if anything, is the same freedom of choice in the matter that my forefathers had. I think there ought from the foundation of the world to have been some stability of arrangement about this business; and after all the preceding generations have been allowed a degree of choice about their final destination, I call it a little rough on us, that all property qualifications, educational clauses, and civil service examinations should be abolished in our day, and we poor chaps just swooped into heaven without even having had the benefit of trial by jury."

"I don't feel sure that I understand what you mean," the Foolish Woman remarked, with a reproving air, "but I'm sure it sounds wicked. You can't possibly want all those awfully frightful old doctrines back, — foreordination, and free will, and those old things that nobody ever dreamed of understanding?"

"They're simple enough," the Young Man assured her, "if they are only presented in the right light. It's just like this; did you ever see a man fishing for pickerel? Well, you know he baits

his hook with a live minnow and throws him into the water. The little minnow seems to be swimming gayly about at his own free will, but just the moment he attempts to move out of his appointed course, he begins to realize that there is a hook in his back. That's just what we find out, you see, when we try to swim against the stream of destiny. We all have hooks in our backs. You can call it by whatever name you like, but that's the whole business in a nutshell."

"I won't listen to you another minute," the Foolish Woman protested, rising as she spoke. "You grow positively irreligious. Now there's Mr. Blank, sitting there so quietly all the while. I've no doubt he's thinking of something really worth speaking of."

"I am, indeed," the Man of the World said seriously. "I'm thinking that I won't keep these trousers. This is the first time I've had them on, don't you see, and the longer I look at them the more I think there's something crude about the color. I don't see how a woman ever selects her clothes without going crazy. A man has certain definite rules which guide him to an extent, but a woman has to choose from such a wilderness of styles. My heart aches for you."

"And well it may," the Foolish Woman was saying as the two walked away from the piazza together. "If it was n't an absolute duty to look as well as one can, I should simply give up the struggle. Sometimes, I'm positively *wild* with it!"

The daimon flew down from his perch when the pair had disappeared, and lighted on the window sill beside which I sat.

"It is entirely beyond my comprehension, — this attitude of you human creatures toward life!" he exclaimed.

"Yes?" I said tentatively.

"Either you are immortal beings," he went on, "or you are not."

"Granted."

"If you are not, nothing matters, and if you are, everything matters."

"Exactly."

"And instead of settling the question, or even thinking about it, it would seem, you go on discussing the color of your clothes and wondering what you would better have for dinner!" Overcome by his emotions, with a tremendous swoop of the tail, the darning-needle wildly circled into the air.

The Contrary Young Man drew his chair nearer to the open window where I was sitting.

"Was it Mr. Weller who said that women were 'rum creeters'?" he inquired. "I don't remember the authority, but I can vouch for the truth of the statement. If a woman must be a fool, though, it is just as well that she should be a pretty fool. I thought I heard you talking to somebody just now."

"I thank you in the name of my sex for the complimentary tone of your remarks," I said, ignoring his last statement. "If it is the lady who has just gone away to whom you are so gracefully referring, I am not at all sure that she did n't appear quite as well as you did in the conversation which I overheard. I wonder sometimes in which religious denomination you class yourself."

"In no religious denomination at all; I belong to the biggest denomination on earth,—the denomination of civilized heathen. We're not all just alike, but we are all in the same fold. Some of us really want to know what we're here for, and some of us don't care. Some of us are interested in our souls, and some in our trousers" —

"Speaking well of the absent does n't seem to be any part of your creed," I suggested at this point.

The Young Man received this criticism cheerfully. "Good work!" he commented. "I'll tell you what church I would really like to join if I could do so with the same cheerful confidence in its efficacy which I have seen some of

its members display. I took a spin into the country on my wheel the other day and stopped at a farmhouse at noon, as I often do, for a bowl of bread and milk. While I ate, the farmer gave me the benefit of his conversation, and he could talk the bark off a log. He was n't exactly my ideal of a perfect man, and the things in his life he seemed to be proud-est of struck me as rather shady transactions, but I found that he considered he had a sure thing as far as religion was concerned. He spoke of heaven as if he had paid for a corner lot.

"'You seem pretty sure about your standing in the next world,' I said to him.

"'Well, I don't know why not,' he said. 'I was converted way back in '69.'

"Now that is just what would suit me, — to get converted once and for all, and then stay so, no matter what little vagaries I might be betrayed into afterwards."

"And yet, if I remember aright, I heard you a few minutes ago regretting that you were liable to be swooped into heaven, whether you wanted to or not."

"You did," the Young Man acknowledged; "but there are moments in a man's history when he realizes that it might make a difference — in his own self-respect, at least — whether he entered the next world with a clean conscience or a dirty one."

The daimon — who had, as usual, been listening — was all ready to put in his comment before the Young Man was fairly out of hearing. "There, but for the grace of God, goes this darning-needle!" he exclaimed, jerking his tail toward the visitor's departing form. "When I die, that is the end of me, but if I had been afflicted with a soul" —

"'To lie in cold obstruction and to rot,'" I quoted. "That does n't sound so tempting."

"I shan't care how cold it is, so long as I don't know it. Might be more comfortable than a seat too near the fire!"

I left the piazza in disgust — a mere flippant devil's darning-needle, whom I could crush with one movement of my foot! Why should I bear so much impertinence from him?

I was even more sadly impressed with the assurance of this mindless insect when he began to criticise man and his place in the universe.

"I gather from what I have heard on this piazza," he remarked, with his usual thirst for information, "that man vaunts himself as belonging to the highest order of beings, the very top-notch, the flower of evolution and civilization and all the rest."

"Certainly," I answered coldly, with the air of one who inquires, "What affair is this of yours?"

"And it is because he alone, thus far, has developed moral faculties that he spends so much of his time in fighting with the various tribes of his order, each superior moral creature endeavoring to exterminate as many other superior moral creatures as possible? When one member of the brute creation preys upon another, it is, as I understand it, simply the following out of a barbarous natural instinct; when man preys upon his fellow man it is, on the contrary, a revelation of supreme morality."

"Many of the wars to which you allude have been wars of principle," I replied severely. "Our Philippine campaign is a notable example of this. But one can hardly expect you to comprehend principles, since it is impossible for you to possess them."

"Much better not to have principles," the darning-needle commented pensively. "So far as my observation goes, it is almost invariably the people with principles who get into mischief. Look at Russia, now. She could n't live another second without a Peace Congress, and all the time she was getting one of the biggest armies on the globe ready for mobilization."

"Certainly; she wanted to be in a

position to enforce her peace principles."

"Oh," the darning-needle went on in a few minutes, "Man's a great creature! He comes both to destroy and to fulfill, and he usually accomplishes his fulfillment by destroying. That story of the little boy which somebody told here the other day is a good illustration of the whole subject, it seems to me."

Now the story of the little boy, which the darning-needle seized so maliciously with which to point his moral, was this: A gentle lady was trying to lead to higher things a dear, little, round-faced boy of hopelessly destructive instincts, so she pointed out to him the great golden moon swimming through the summer heavens, and descanted to him on its beauty and the goodness of God in creating it to light the earth. The little vandal listened unmoved to her most eloquent periods, and when she had finished announced, —

"I'm goin' to bweak that down! I'm goin' to take my big tick and bweak that all down out o' the sky!" A moment later, attacked by doubts of his own prowess, he added, "If I can't bweak that down, I'm goin' to get my faver to bweak it down for me!"

When I went into the house and slammed the door after me, it was not because I really desired to leave my daimon in the undisturbed contemplation of man in his alleged favorite occupation of breaking down all the golden moons in the universe, but because I recognized the impossibility of explaining to an insect without reasoning powers that every great question contains within itself such possibilities of expansion that in following it to its bitter end sense frequently becomes nonsense, immorality becomes morality, and everything becomes everything else.

It was the very morning after this annoying conversation that the housemaid came to me. She had been cleansing the piazza floor, actively, as her manner is.

"Honest to goodness, mum," she announced, "I come jist within one o' troddin' on that ould dar'-needle you make sich a toime about. He don't very often be puttin' himself round under feet, but he'd got a-thinkin' this mornin' so har-rd that he did n't wanst notice that I was in it — an' there he was, jist timptin' me to shtep on him. 'T would served him right, too — the ould divil!"

I asked myself whether I was most glad or sorry that my daimon had thus been preserved to me, and I did not know. Was I not happier before I be-

gan to see myself so constantly as others see me? Whether, I queried within myself, 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous darning-needles, or to take arms — or feet — against impertinent insects, and by opposing, end them?

Meanwhile, he is sitting on the arm of a piazza chair at this moment, winking his tail and inviting me to mortal combat. My spirit rises to the challenge. Come,

"Hang out our banners on the outward walls!"

Martha Baker Dunn.

A PLEA FOR AMERICAN NEEDLECRAFT.

THE action of Congress in refusing to support even negatively a philanthropist who desires to establish in the West a school for lace-making is only to be accounted for on the ground that the law-makers of that body are unaware of the expediency of the proposed effort; that they are uninformed as to the real need for a defined home industry for women in America. According to the last census, the entire number of lace-makers in the United States amounted to about twenty-one hundred, a number that includes embroiderers and machine lace-makers (of both sexes), but which represents no single handworker who would be reckoned as accomplished if placed among the lace-makers of Europe.

It has been maintained that the conditions of American life are against an industry which originated and thrived primarily in the cottage; that the European cottage in which lace-making is carried on has no counterpart in America. But this is only partially true, for though we scan with warrantable satisfaction our well-conducted factories where hours of labor and payment for the same are humanely governed, there

still remains to be considered by students of sociological problems the army of home workers in city flats, in the tenements of small towns, in country places, who, unprovided with trades, unskilled in art, deprived by pride of courage to go out and labor with others, or hindered by delicate health, are yet desperately in need of some permanent employment that is at once practicable and profitable. The limitations of the lives of small farmers' wives especially are scarcely less than those that characterize the lives of the Old World cottagers.

With certain external differences, humble home life in country places is identical in all lands. There is the same absence of diversion; long distances separate neighbors; schooling is meagre, literature scarce. Many eloquent pens have halted in an attempt truthfully to describe the deprivations, not to say miseries, of back country life in America, in the Tennessee mountain regions, the Virginia and Pennsylvania mining towns, and in the small homes hidden in the Western prairies. The story repeats itself among the New England hills and in such Southern states as Georgia, Mis-

issippi, and Texas. Everywhere may be found the woman anxious "to get work home," and thereby add some comfort or supply some need for which body or soul cries out. "Fake" advertisers, offering work (for the execution of which they sell impossible "outfits" or recipes), fatten on the contributions received from hopeful women, who scan the papers in search of employment for idle hours. These women are legion, and include all sorts and conditions of their sex. There is the reduced gentlewoman consumed with that shame of becoming a wage-earner openly, which is foreign to American principles but common enough in American practice; the young girl who, while pursuing her study or, perhaps, while caring for an invalid parent, must also earn, if possible, a portion of the family income; and there is the aged, or invalid woman herself, unable to go out and labor, yet glad, indeed, to glean at home any trifle, however small, that may come her way. There are thousands of laboring men's wives who must convert into money in some way the few hours that are left over from the day after the simple household duties have been performed. The amount of crude, coarse work done at home by untrained workers is enormous, notwithstanding legislative efforts to restrict it. Yet the sum of money gained is as pitifully small as any that may be quoted as the wages of needlewomen in foreign countries, though the labor involved has been greater and the product of an incomparably lower grade.

Available home work in cities includes the making of ties, straw-sewing, hat-making, the manufacture of garments, knitting, fringe-making, embroidery, and even painting, — of a kind. I have in mind a girl of twenty compelled to work at home because of an invalid mother whose condition necessitates the presence of a constant companion. She has picked up a knowledge of colors, and paints floral designs upon satin cush-

ions and box covers, small banners and screens. For decorating the last-named she receives twenty cents a dozen, out of which must be purchased paints and brushes. By working until late at night this breadwinner sometimes succeeds in painting two gross of screens a week. The money resulting therefrom is above the average earning of the unassisted home worker. With even this case as a generous basis of calculation, our irregular home industries (if so one may term the manufacture of such fleeting commodities) may scarcely be rated as having superior advantages over that of lace-making. Yet the chief objection that for decades has presented itself when the subject of establishing schools for lace manufacture in America has been discussed has lain in the small remuneration likely to result to the workers.

At present we are making annual recorded purchases of dress trimmings — chiefly lace — in foreign markets to the value of twenty-five million dollars, spent principally in Switzerland, Austria, the United Kingdom, France, and Germany. A large portion of this lace is machine made, but the hand product is receiving more attention than in the past century. In large part this is due to the energy of moneyed women in Italy, Austria, and England, who have set out to foster an art that may be pursued in the precincts of a home, which institution, in turn, it protects.

The instinct toward needlework may be said to be innate in the feminine nature. Little girls exhibit it with the possession of the first doll. Even women of savage tribes delight to manipulate crude threads and experiment with stitches. In the recent missionary exhibit held in New York city were specimens of lace made by the Ojibway women. They were of exquisite texture and worthy patterns, a happy exemplification of the aptitude of the sex for needlecraft.

It is an unfortunate fact that Ameri-

can women of means seldom apply their thought to the deliberate attempt to develop industries in which the poorer of their sex may engage. There is no lack of generosity in the endowing of colleges, the building of hospitals, of libraries and art schools, but there is a failure to take cognizance of the dangers of enforced idleness among women of scant means, and of the menace such idleness, especially among the very poor and often charity-fed, may become to family and community. An eloquent writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, pleading for a revival of certain hand-needlecrafts in France, describes the lack of interesting occupation among women as being inevitably "the first station along the road to alcoholism," and, therefore, above all things to be provided against.

It is a question whether the universal impulse toward club organization does not depreciate in the minds of women the value to the individual and to the nation of encouraging domestic industries. Civil rights, politics, suffrage, large philanthropies, and mental culture engage their thought, but handicrafts and industries are passed by; yet almost every problem that affects workingwomen depends for its solving on the intervention of their moneyed sisters. Socially, these emulate the fashions and manners of the women of Europe, duplicating or excelling in lavishness the extravagances that there obtain; but they fail to imitate the protecting chatelaine whose part it is to support with her patronage the workers in the cottages about her home. We are making an effort to evolve a nation of book-readers, of the intellectually cultivated, of machine manipulators, and are forgetting the part the fingers must play in the highest industrial development. As with boys and men, there are numbers of girls and women to whom "reading, writing, and ciphering" do not appeal, and for whom a needle and thimble have far more of interest than have the schoolbooks they are obliged

to con. Ever since the banishment of the spinning wheel a false estimate of handwork as such has become more and more general even by those who must live by means of it. The children of the poor, detecting the general absence of esteem for handicrafts, learn early to resent the idea of training for the trades. Especially is this the case with girls. John D. Philbrick, who in 1871 would have introduced ornamental needlework as a branch of industrial training in certain schools, found his idea denounced by two women reformers whom he consulted. These declared the needle "to be a symbol and badge of slavery and degradation, and as such unworthy of a place in school education." With this idea to-day as prevalent as it was three decades ago, it is not to be wondered at that native needlework is crude and coarse, and that our girls disdain to acquire a better knowledge of it.

Up to the present our art schools chiefly direct their attention to the teaching of drawing, painting, designing for woven or printed stuffs, wall coverings, book covers, etc. Such schools spawn half-castes in the laboring field, who are neither artists nor artisans, whose feeble output belittles art, yet who have learned to underrate good artisanship. Few of the products fostered in our art schools represent anything having permanent commercial or industrial value except to the fittest who occasionally survives. On the other hand, lace-making, though as yet neglected in this country, is the one industrial art product for which there is an unremitting demand. Lace among dress garnitures is as the diamond among precious stones. Our enormous and constantly increasing annual purchase is incontrovertible evidence of its favor. Nor has the demand varied appreciably in five hundred years, although the scene of lace manufacture has changed from the Orient to Spain, from Spain to Italy, thence to what is now

Flemish France, and to England and Ireland.

The fabrication of lace may be entered upon by children, as recreation, as an accomplishment for young women, or fondly be retained by the weak fingers of old age with equal success. It is distinctly feminine in character, devoid of drudgery; in short, a clean and gentle home occupation. Its intricacies appeal alike to the cultivated and to the uneducated mind, constantly stimulating the fancy and awakening the delicate perceptions of those engaged in making it. It was a simple Venetian girl who evolved the matchless patterns that made her city forever famous, and caused kings and cardinals to exchange fortunes for the possession of the marvelous laces produced there.

In whatsoever country lace manufacture has flourished it has been by means of the studied support of the wealthy. France's latter-day prosperity is founded on a fabric of lace. Yet because of the extravagance of the dandies in the time of Louis XIV., the country was in desperate financial straits. For a hundred years or more its treasuries had poured gold into Italy for the laces that were a passion with every follower of the Medicis and their descendants. The stream was only dammed when Colbert established schools of lace-making at home, and king and court set the fashion of wearing only the home product.

To pass quickly along to recent lace history, — Comtessa Marcello, friend and attendant of Queen Adelaide, of Italy, with her support organized a society of Venetian noblewomen, who pledged themselves to patronize the work of the schools which they proposed to found at Burano. The object was not merely to revive a lost and romantic art which at one period had made Italy famous, but also to provide an occupation for idle countrywomen who suffered for lack of employment. In Austria, at the same period (1870), serious strikes among the

workingmen threatened disaster all over the empire. Poverty, discontent, and other evils pressed one another until family peace and national safety were jeopardized. At this juncture, Austrian women, led by the Empress in person, founded lace-making schools in several cities, and provided free instruction to representatives from many towns. These, in time, returned to their homes and instructed others. The court undertook to set its own fashions, and agreed to wear only Austrian-made lace. The Chamber of Commerce at Prague took action to support the enterprise. The effect was instantaneous. Industry tranquilized the country. To-day Austria is a large producer of hand-made lace, and the leaders of fashion make it a point of honor to wear only lace of home manufacture.

Practically the same scenes were enacted in Sweden early in the seventies. The attention of Swedish women of the wealthier classes was directed to the needs of their countrywomen, and, headed by the crown princess, a society opened the way for lace-making schools and the sales of their products. England makes much of the lace manufactured by her women. Queen Victoria has been interested in the reestablishment of the industry at Honiton, and has helped, by truly regal purchases, the lace-makers of Youghal, Limerick, Donegal, Carrick, and other Irish towns. During the recent passage of the Queen through Ireland she received in person a number of these needlewomen and complimented them upon their handiwork. At present, Ireland is so actively engaged in producing lace that it is proposed to hold a great fair in New York in the near future with the definite purpose in view of diverting the attention of generous American purchasers to the fine productions of its principal towns. This enterprise, headed by Lady Aberdeen, Lady Cadogan, and others, is, by all means, laudable; but where are their

counterparts among women of corresponding position in America? For the greater part they are busy in establishing colleges, founding hospitals, debating in clubrooms; or, when irresistibly dominated by the feminine in them, competing abroad for the purchase of fine wearing apparel.

Thus, in all of the foremost countries, except the United States, the manufacture of this luxury is encouraged as a source of social good, and the ambition of the needlewomen engaged in it is stimulated by the approbation and avowed patronage of the rich. American women display sharp acumen in selecting the best examples of handiwork abroad, paying high prices to middlemen, and, added to this, the regular duties, or tariff; but the advisability, not to say necessity, of transplanting this home industry to this side of the water and here protecting it seems not to have occurred to them. Nevertheless, no nation needs more to provide an interesting and quieting occupation for its workingwomen than does this one. Not all native-born women may become school-teachers, artists, bookkeepers, stenographers, dress-makers, milliners, etc.; neither may the less well-equipped physically and mentally labor in mills, factories, or behind the counter. A trade that shall represent a more than passing value sooner or later must be transplanted or invented to meet the wants of workers not included in the classes above named; but besides these our cities and small communities are still crowding with foreign laborers, all expectant of a means of livelihood. These often take our very hospitality with suspicion and awkwardness because of their unacquaintance with our industrial avenues and habits. So long as such strangers continue to be received, the responsibility of providing them with work must be met.

The situation especially is to be deplored for the women of the poorer classes who emigrate to America; who,

from lack of some real and recognized occupation, take to peddling, organ-grinding, begging, or worse. When, happily, the husband's earnings are continuous, and sufficient to supply his family with bread, the wife still finds much unemployed time upon her hands in which to squat at her tenement-house door, and little by little to acquire habits of idleness that are distinctly hurtful to herself and to the young that are sure to be about her. It is not enough to provide such newcomers with hospitals, asylums, homes, — nor to invite all to a common education through books. Particularization is necessary. A movement among wide-minded women is imperative that shall comprehend, protect, stimulate, and support with their patronage the skilled needlewomen in the home. These exist, and everywhere.

The condition of Hebrew communities would be improved by substituting the clean craft of lace-making for the handling of cheap woolen and cotton goods in large quantities, a necessity in the manufacture of clothing, which calling is followed mostly by these workers. The success of the Jewish race as lace-makers is proverbial. Their exile from Spain in 1495 was the deathblow to the industry in that country. Scattered through the United States in every direction are colonies of Italians, known only to the public at large when heard of in the turmoil of strikes and resistance to the law. Their earnings are absurdly small. They are seen at their worst because of their strange surroundings and the makeshift occupations to which they, by circumstances, are compelled. Instructed in the art of lace-making, numbers of the unemployed women of such families might find an avocation at once natural and friendly to them.

In New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other large cities are to be found comparatively large neighborhoods (and these constantly augmenting) occupied by Syrians, the women of which display

an Eastern fondness for needlework ; but these, for lack of instruction in the lace-making methods of Europe, and with no encouragement here to invent new stitches, content themselves with the making of a kind of knotted thread lace, delicate and filmy, but not sufficiently artistic in workmanship to give it real rank among true laces. The introduction of lace-making as an industry in Cuba, and the establishment of lace classes among the trade schools that sooner or later there must be introduced, the instruction of the finer-fingered colored women of the South, would be steps directly conducive to domesticity.

Here is a distinct and untrodden field

for the women who are now devoting themselves indeterminately to the so-called amelioration of the condition of their sex, especially the poor among them. Once the enterprise is thoughtfully entered upon it is not to be conjectured that Congress will refuse admission to the qualified teachers whom it would be necessary to attract to America for a proper establishment of the industry. Let a coterie of earnest, moneyed women be formed in each large city, under pledge to support the industry by purchasing and wearing the lace locally produced, and another five years would see this gentlest of all strictly feminine occupations in a thriving condition.

Ada Sterling.

ALL THAT I KNOW OF A CERTAIN STAR.

"IDEALS are good to have, but they must be kept at a distance." It was my aunt Angelica who said this, and my aunt Angelica had gone through life keeping everything and everybody at a distance. There were stories of a lover whom my aunt had kept so successfully at a distance that he, poor gentleman, had finally left her in despair to seek contentment in a country life. How true this was I cannot tell. I once said to her, "But distance is so desolating, aunt Angelica." "Yes, dear," she replied, "but nearness is so disappointing. When you get to be as old as I am" — she was ten years older than I to a day — "you will find that it is the inaccessible and the remote which give us our most lasting peace of mind."

The inaccessible and remote ! All my life I had suffered from those two words. It was when I was a very young girl that I first began to worship people, and these were always beings of a different world from the world in which I lived, gods and goddesses moving in

a golden glamour of poesy and art, so high and far on their mountain tops that the adoring hand I reached out to them across the valley's mists could never so much as touch the hem of their garment. Perhaps the one of all who most stirred the fresh fancies in my young breast was a radiant creature whom I once saw play Lady Macbeth. She was by no means a great actress, although to me, who had never before seen a play, she seemed a very great actress indeed. She was, however, a very great beauty, in fact, the forerunner of the English professional beauties who have since her day found that their faces were their fortune. I can see her now as she posed on the stage that night, the slender figure strong and straight, with lines perhaps a trifle too rigid for perfect grace, the Latin face standing out sad and clear against the coils of dark hair. She had a low brow, where the lids hung heavy over grave deep eyes whose expression would have been too austere had it not been for her smile ; but when the light

of that enchanting smile touched the red curve of her lips her countenance was flooded with an essential loveliness such as I have never seen on face of mortal woman.

After that memorable night when I first saw Thalia, I gave myself up to maudlin and mawkish attempts to be like her. These pathetic simulations took place by candlelight in my bedroom at an hour when healthy-minded girls were getting their beauty sleep. Attired in an old white crape shawl, with my hair, which, alas, was too full of kinks to be tragic, bushing about my face, I would go through that gruesome scene. "Your nose is a pug, Miss, and hers is a Grecian, and you can't look like her, so you had better go to bed and stop making a goose of yourself." It was my aunt Angelica who had come upon me unawares long after midnight. "William," she said to my father the next day, "that girl of yours is altogether too flighty; she's trailing about every night in her grandmother's crape shawl, and howling like a banshee. The first thing you know she will be running away and making a play actress of herself. You ought to put your foot down." Which my father did to such good purpose that I was straightway packed off to boarding school.

The years which intervened between the time when I saw Thalia and the time when I met Thalia went by, and in their course brought changes to me. To her, alas, came not changes only, but reverses as well. In fact, poor Thalia had stepped down from her lofty pedestal and was giving evenings of dramatic recitations, not in cities, nor even towns, but in small New England villages. It was in one of these villages that I had spent two of the happiest months of my life. The same good fortune which had led me to the peace of that secluded spot had in addition given me the kindest of landladies, Mrs. Crowley, by name, and the best of neighbors, whose house was divided from ours by an apple

orchard. Everybody in the village loved good "Doctor Ben," as they called him, and many a time Mrs. Crowley and I had deplored the fact that so true and tender a man should be an old bachelor.

Mrs. Crowley's house was small and brown. It stood on the village street up to its window sashes in flowers and grasses. On either side there were little balconies, and these opened out from the room, long and low and one flight up, which at that time was the joy of my existence. Brimming over, as they were, with morning-glories, nasturtiums, and trumpet vines, these balconies gave the little house, with its earlike chimneys, the appearance of a donkey trapped out for a gala day with panniers of gaudy bloom. And so it came about that my summer residence was known in the village as the "donkey house." I was very happy in my donkey house, and that room, long and low, into which the light of the summer sun streamed soft and sweet through the blossoming vines, was to me a very heaven on earth. Its æsthetic charm came from articles at which an upholsterer would have turned up his nose. Not a thing there that was costly, or that had not been knocked about long enough to lose the sense of its own importance and to take on the power of assimilation. Odds and ends of dimity and chintz fished out of my landlady's ragbag, chairs picked from woodpiles where they had been thrown for kindling wood, gilt cornices bought for a sixpence at a country auction, a lounge made of a trundle-bed with a yellow nankeen covering for it and its fat cushions, and standing back of it a wonderful screen made of an old-fashioned clotheshorse with green-yellow speckled calico tacked over it with brass nails, and on shelves against the yellow walls were here and there brown stone jars and crocks which I liked to keep filled with branches from my neighbor's apple orchard. There was a Franklin stove whose logs were never lighted because

of two little brown vagabonds, crickets, who had appropriated my fireplace and turned it into a theatre where every night they gave a continuous performance. For the same reason one of the glass doors opening on to the balcony was never closed, for a huge black spider had spun his web from jamb to cornice, and not for a good deal would I have disturbed the industrious little weaver.

And here would thoughts of Thalia come, for all these years I had remained true to my youthful enthusiasm. How well she would fit in, I often thought, with my life here and its surroundings! When I heard that Thalia was coming, actually coming to the village, it compelled me to believe that after all if we remain true to them, our ideals sooner or later come to us. Fame is ephemeral, and few in the village had heard of Thalia, so that when the doors of the town hall were thrown open only a very few people presented themselves.

The first to arrive were Mrs. Crowley and myself, escorted by the doctor; after us came the rector, the notary public, and the village schoolmaster. "What a pity it is that they are all unmarried," I whispered to Mrs. Crowley; "families are so desirable from a box-office point of view." There was a desultory straggling in of villagers, but these I judged from their apathy to be deadheads. It was certainly disheartening for poor Thalia. We all sat about like islands in a dark ocean, I, perhaps, being the only one who remembered Thalia in her glory. And then once more she stood before me, the same, yet not the same. She wore the gown of white crape and the red rose was in her hair, but the years had brought sharpness to the face and figure, and not softness. I crushed back the tears, and could I believe it, Thalia was in a bad temper. We were all being berated because the printer had omitted the final "me" from the word programme. This, Thalia told us with asperity, was an affront to the pure and

undefiled English which she had striven for years to teach the American people. No one knew why she held us responsible for that wretched printer's misdeed, but she certainly made us all feel very guilty and miserable.

Then she commanded us to look more like an audience, to colonize, as it were, and to sit as near one another and her as we could. The rector made the move, and under his convoy a procession marched up the aisle and rallied its forces around Mrs. Crowley and myself. Having arranged us to suit herself, Thalia threw her head back, and with a splendid disregard of us all, delivered Lady Clara Vere de Vere, after which she gave us the May Queen and Lady Clare, and a scene from the School for Scandal, and closed by giving the sleep-walking scene from Macbeth. I forgot everything but the beautiful ideal of the days of long ago and far away. I was once more the same impulsive child reaching out adoring hands to my goddess. Only *now* my hand had found its way to her hand, and I was looking into her face and faltering out my wish that she would come to me and let me rest her and serve her and try to make her forget the world's forgetfulness, and oh, rapture beyond rapture, she had promised to come the next morning!

It was on our walk home that Mrs. Crowley confided to me that she was frightened to death at the thought of having such a great personage as her guest. "Do you think, Miss Mary, she will like to live in your simple way, with no water faucets nor gas, and nothing to cook on but a kerosene stove, and to sleep late in the morning, as you do?"

"That's just what she will like," I replied promptly. "Now, don't worry, dear Mrs. Crowley. Artists are like children, and really the greater they are the easier they are to entertain. I know she will like to live in just our way; besides, I have read somewhere she is a very domestic little woman."

"Humph," said the doctor, who had marched along at my side. "Domesticity, with a Medici's nose like that woman's, is apt to be a pretty serious affair. However, you mean for the best, Miss Mary, and I hope it will come out for the best."

Now I had always supposed that a Bohemian would be an easy kind of a person to settle, but I must confess that it took a good deal of running about, in and out, up and down, on the part of Mrs. Crowley and myself, to get Thalia and her boxes and bags and bathtub anywhere near settled, — to her own satisfaction at least, — and even then I had a sneaking suspicion that she was not altogether well pleased. The only comment she had made upon my sitting room was when she said my dimity curtains looked as if they might be full of microbes. We went to bed that night tired out with the day's work.

I woke up with a bounce the next morning. It was cockerow, and Thalia was calling for hot water. "Hot water, Mrs. Crowley, hot water for my bath, if you please!" I sank back among my pillows and groaned. The donkey house had no facilities for hot baths at five o'clock in the morning. I could hear poor Mrs. Crowley scratching matches and doing the best she could with the teakettle and the kerosene stove. After a little she crept softly upstairs, and deposited something at Thalia's door.

I had sunk into the morning sleep, which is the sweetest sleep of all, when again I was aroused by the voice of Thalia. "Mrs. Crowley, Mrs. Crowley," she cried, "I really can't take my bath in a pint pot! Pray don't dally, my good woman, and fetch me several gallons of hot water." There was nothing to do but to jump up and go to the assistance of Mrs. Crowley. We made a fire in the kitchen range, and filled the clothes' boiler with water, and when it was hot we carried it up to Thalia's room, — a proceeding which required a great deal

of dexterity if we were to keep from being scalded to death.

I fell asleep again, only to be awakened once more by Thalia's voice. She was now in the dining room directly under me, and the ceiling was thin. "Mrs. Crowley, it seems to me that this breakfast table is somewhat sparsely laid." Indeed it was, for a breakfast at seven o'clock. I breakfasted at nine, and my meal on hygienic principles was light. Poor, dear Mrs. Crowley had to go to the butcher's for ^{sau}sages, bacon, and chops, and was told for her trouble that on following mornings in addition to the substantial she must provide crumpets, muffins, toasts, and gooseberry jam.

Later in the morning an errand to the other end of the village called me away. I begged Thalia to make herself at home in my absence, and to do just as she would do if she were in her own house. When I returned what a sight met my eyes! The poor little donkey house stood bleak and bare, its grasses cut to the quick, and every vine and blossom torn from its balconies, and lying in wilted heaps on the ground. Thalia's voice — I began to hate Thalia's voice — greeted me as I mounted the stairs. "You see, I have taken you at your word; I am very literal, and I always take people at their word; besides, you know, I am utilitarian. I have found a great many useless things littering up your room, and some very useful things which you have rendered quite nonsensical by trying to make ornamental. This, for instance," pointing to the clotheshorse, stripped of its covering, and beneath it the trundle-bed, also denuded. "I shall hang my gowns on the one, and I shall sleep in the other."

I gazed about with a choking sensation. Every characteristic of the little room was gone. As I had no words Thalia continued: "I have decided to take this room for my bedchamber, because it is impossible to turn around where you put me, and so I ordered Mrs. Crowley to

fetch in my tub and also her sewing machine, and I also ordered her to remove all those unsightly stone pots to the place where they belonged in her pantry, and I have also had her hang your curtains on the clothesline to be thoroughly aired, and I assure you, my dear young lady, I was shocked to find your room in such a state of neglect that spiders had made their webs over the window, and I actually found two most objectionable little bugs — the word is vulgar, but really I can't dignify them by the name of insects — in your fireplace, and I speedily dispatched them with the heel of my slipper. I assure you I came just in time to save you from being brought up before the board of health."

Thalia was so occupied with a carpet sweeper which she had sent out and bought, together with a lawn mower, — at my expense, — that she did not observe the tears which rushed to my eyes as I left the little room where I had no heart to remain. She called after me, "By night I shall be glad to see you, for I shall be comfy then." "Comfy," that inane corruption greatly in vogue with the English, to this day falls on my spirit with the dejection it carried when I first heard it uttered by Thalia.

She went on making herself "comfy," and poor Mrs. Crowley and me more and more miserable. She never rested, and she took it as an affront if anybody in the house did. Those awful baths at screech of dawn, and those dreadful breakfasts which made the neighborhood reek of lard, and worse, those noonday dinners with bacon and greens and cannon balls of dumplings, with cheese and tarts, and all day long those vicious dishes of tea, green tea, strong enough to give nervous prostration to an ox, and when night came, with its lovely moon, Thalia sitting stiff and straight darning stockings or running Mrs. Crowley's sewing machine by an ugly oil lamp, the night shut out because she said it was malarious! This went on for a week.

Now good Mrs. Crowley had but one fault, that of absent-mindedness, and the week with Thalia had accentuated this fault to a degree. There was a certain horrid and torrid day in September when the poor creature, under the impression that they were cinnamon and sugar, filled the muffineer with which Thalia sprinkled her waffles with cayenne pepper and saleratus, and substituted "elixir pro." for Worcestershire in the sauce cruet. She confided to me on that day that her brains felt like soft custard. I made her go to bed that afternoon as I did myself, but sleep was impossible; Thalia was at the melodeon singing her favorite ballad, *They Tell Me Thou'rt the Favored Guest*. There was to be no repose that day, not even when night came and we had gone to our rooms. It was then that I heard horrible sounds coming from Thalia's room. Upon going to her I found her storming up and down with a naturalness which would have made her immortal had she ever displayed it on the stage. She was flinging her hands wildly about her head, upon which by the moonlight I saw something white and fluttering. Thoughts of owls and night birds flashed through my mind, but when I struck a light this proved to be a large piece of fly paper such as Thalia had compelled us to sprinkle the house with from top to bottom. Poor Mrs. Crowley had intended to lay it on the table, but in the shattered state of her nerves she had placed it on Thalia's pillow. This, Thalia thought, was my idea of a practical joke, — poor literal Thalia with no sense of humor whatever: in her towering rage there was no use in trying to exonerate myself or to extricate her.

So I stole down the stairs and sought the apple orchard of my good neighbor, Doctor Ben, where I flung myself down on an old green settle and burst into a torrent of tears, — the tears which wring the heart and scald the eyes when one's ideal is shattered. Presently my hand, hot and restless, lay in the clasp of a

hand cool and calm. Doctor Ben was seated by my side. "Mary," he said, calling me for the first time by my name, "this must stop. If it does n't, my dear child, — and now I am speaking as a physician, — then you will be a bigger lunatic than that domineering domestic tyrant of a play actress."

"It can't stop. I did n't tell her how long I wanted her to stay, and she means to stay forever." Then I gave the doctor a tearful history of that awful week. "But indeed, indeed, doctor, I could have stood everything if she had n't killed those poor little crickets." Here my sobs broke out afresh.

"What a tender-hearted child it is," he murmured, stroking my hair. "But now, my dear, I want you to brace up and show fight. You must get rid of that termagant, and before to-morrow night, do you hear me?"

"I can't," I repeated, "I simply can't; I am too weak to fight with her."

"Well, then, if you can't, do you know anybody who can, anybody near enough to you to come here and exercise some wholesome authority?"

"Only one person," I said faintly, "and I am ashamed to ask her."

"And who is she?"

"My aunt," I said, with a sudden rally, "my aunt Angelica Southgate."

It may have been the moonlight falling on the doctor's face that made it change and grow pale, or it may have been some association connected with the name. He sat silent as if in a reverie. I said impulsively, "I wish you knew my aunt Angelica, Doctor Ben, she is so good and clever and handsome, and she has always told me that when we really worship and love a person the only thing to do is to keep him at a distance; I wish I could send for her, but I don't like to, for she has pulled me out of too many scrapes just like this one."

The doctor sat there like one in a dream. After a little he said, "Well, dear, go to bed now; things will brighten

to-morrow, and if you don't mind, I wish you would give me your aunt's address."

Well, things did brighten the next day, for, greatly to my surprise and delight, my aunt Angelica came, and Thalia — went. There was no scene, no words. Aunt Angelica drove her over to the station, boxes and bags and bathtub, bought her a ticket, put her on the train, and sent her back to town. It was done with so much grace and dignity that I doubt if Thalia realized then or since that it was being done.

That afternoon aunt Angelica and I had a happy time making the little room look as it used to look. "How glad I am, dear," she said to me from the top of a stepladder where she was tacking up the dimity curtains, "that you sent for me."

"But I did n't," I cried, "I did n't send for you! I wanted to, but I did n't dare to."

"But if you did n't, who did? Your name was signed to the telegram."

"I know, I know!" I cried suddenly. "I know who it was! It was dear old Doctor Ben."

"And who on earth is dear old Doctor Ben?" she asked, not sufficiently interested to stop hammering.

"Doctor Ben," I replied, "is my next-door neighbor, and the very best and kindest and dearest soul in the world. Everybody calls him Doctor Ben, but his real name is Doctor Benoni Butler."

The hammer fell from the hand of my aunt Angelica, and she came down from the ladder. "When and where and how on earth did you ever find Benoni Butler?" she asked, with the soft color flying over her face. Before I could tell her, Mrs. Crowley made her appearance with an armful of apple branches from the orchard and a little box, "From the doctor for you, Miss Mary," and *there* were two dear little brown crickets. After this my aunt Angelica grew grave and I thought a little sad.

When the moon was high and warm

in the September night I said, "Come, aunt Angelica, and take a little stroll with me." For I knew that in the orchard's depths Doctor Ben was sitting on the old green settle. Aunt Angelica and I walked along in silence till we were close upon the place where I knew we should find the doctor, and sure enough there he was.

I think that my aunt Angelica did not see him, but I did, and his attitude was one of dejection, his face being buried in his arms. I touched him lightly on his shoulder, meaning to call him Doctor Ben, but with one of those slips of the tongue which take place under stress of emotion I called softly, "Uncle Ben." At hearing himself thus addressed he raised his head and rose to his feet. I saw that there were tears in his eyes,

and I think that aunt Angelica must have seen them too, for she made a little cry and stood trembling before him with outstretched hands, and then I turned away and ran as fast as I could back to my little room in the donkey house where the crickets were singing a song of home and cheer and rest.

After a time I went back to find my aunt Angelica and Doctor Ben, and when I found them on the old green settle under the apple tree with the moonlight all about them the look on their faces told me that they loved and worshiped each one the other. Their hands were locked, and the head of my aunt Angelica lay on the breast of Doctor Ben, and mine was the victory, for I knew by these tokens that there would be no more distance between them.

Justine Ingersoll.

VOTING BY MAIL.

ALMOST all the evils of our political system, almost all the abuses of municipal, state, and national government, are traceable to the neglect of civic duties by those whom — paradoxically, if this assertion be true — we term good citizens. The bad citizens are ever on the alert to storm the citadel, or to fortify, intrench, and defend themselves when in possession. They have no scruples which forbid their use of stratagem and fraud to gain or to retain power. Those who hold to the maxim that the only object of government is good government must properly deny themselves the use of such means to dislodge the bosses, and such as enter politics merely to obtain a livelihood at the public expense. It is permissible to them to win victories by the sheer force of numbers only. Inasmuch as their numerical superiority is not overwhelming in any of our large cities, and is extremely small in some of

them, it follows that constant vigilance is required of them; and since they are aroused to the full performance of their duty only occasionally and spasmodically, it also follows that many of our city and some of our state governments are usually in the possession of politicians whose aims are chiefly selfish.

So far all men are agreed save those who have brought themselves to believe that the prime object of political endeavor is to carry the next election. It is not difficult to go a step further without meeting with a disagreement of opinion on the part of any who accept the statement that our governments might almost always be good governments, if those whom we call good citizens were as active as their opponents are. The reason why they are not equally vigilant is that our political system requires too much of the individual citizen. In other countries, almost without exception, the duty

of the elector is completed when he has deposited his ballot in favor of one or more representatives in the national parliament or the municipal assembly, who are in each case chosen for a term of years. The infrequency of the recurrence of the duty not only makes easier performance by the citizen, but adds to the dignity and solemnity of his exercise of the right of suffrage. The opposite effect is produced by our system. Caucuses, conventions, and elections follow one another at intervals so brief that the citizen is wearied by them. So often is he called upon to guard the approaches to the government that he needs to be reminded of his duty on each occasion; and familiarity breeds contempt.

Now, it is impossible to change the system. Doubtless we shall continue to elect by popular vote governors, mayors, judges, coroners, and other officers, as well as state, county, and municipal representatives. An attempt is made to diminish the excessive calls upon the citizen's time and attention, by fixing upon the same day for the election of the officers of two or more of our various governments. This remedy introduces two evils of its own. It so multiplies the number of candidates whose qualifications are to be considered as to puzzle and baffle the citizen who desires to do his full duty; and it augments vastly the opportunities for trading and "log-rolling" which give the enemies of good government greater chances of success. These evils are to grow rather than to disappear as the population increases and as the political system becomes, as it surely will become, more complex.

Nevertheless it is obvious that the way to improvement of the existing system lies in the direction of rendering easier the performance of duty by the individual elector, rather than in that of lessening the duty itself. It is the purpose of this article to suggest a change in the machinery of elections which would accomplish the desired result; and to give

reasons why the probability of introducing new evils is by no means so great as it appears at first thought. The suggestion is that the requirement of the personal presence of the voter at the polls be abandoned, and that for the existing system there be substituted one of voting by mail or by personal deposit of the ballot, at the option of the elector.

It will be admitted without argument that the compulsory presence of the voter at the polls works many hardships and is productive of injustice. There is no logical reason why a man who has the misfortune to break his leg, or to contract an illness that confines him to his house, should therefore lose his right to vote. Nor is there good cause for denying the suffrage to one whose business imperatively calls him away from home on the day of election. It is not necessary to cite other similar cases, of which there are many on the occasion of every election, where voters are deprived of their privilege by a rule that every one will admit should be abolished unless it is necessary to preserve the purity of elections. Attention may be called to the fact that, so far as the deprivation is a result of business preoccupation and not of physical disability, the rule takes away the rights of those who are presumably the persons best fitted to enjoy it.

The requirement of actual presence at the polls, by reason of the inconvenience it occasions, is the chief explanation of the neglect of their political duties by many citizens; and this, which is the strongest argument for its abolition, demands hardly more than the bare statement. It is, indeed, a fact within the knowledge of every observer of the working of our political system. It is easy for a man to excuse himself from attending a caucus if the alternative is to lose an evening he wishes for himself, or from taking an hour or more of a business day to cast his ballot at a minor election. If he were permitted to pre-

pare his ballot at home or at his office and send it to the voting place a day or two days — at his pleasure — before the time of election ; if he were further permitted, in case he had forgotten or for any other reason had failed to mail his vote, to go to the polls and cast it in person, no excuse would be left him for a neglect of his duties.

The following scheme of a system to introduce the reformed method of voting has twice been presented by the writer to the Massachusetts General Court. It has not had the benefit of advocacy by trained speakers ; no one has ever been asked to argue in favor of it. That it has not commended itself to the legislative intelligence of the Commonwealth is frankly admitted ; but its failure so to do did not arise from unanswerable objections, nor did it in either case ensue upon a thorough consideration of the scheme.

It is proposed that, as now, all elections be by "Australian" ballot ; that prior to any election the ballot shall be printed a sufficient time, say one week, before the time when the votes are to be counted, to allow the operation of the system ; that one ballot, and one only, be distributed by mail or by an officer to each registered voter ; that any voter may mark and sign his ballot, inclose it in an envelope addressed to the election officers and indorsed with the signature of the voter, and that it may be sent by mail or by private messenger to the officers of the election at any time prior to the formal closing of the polls ; that on the day set for the election the polls shall be opened in the usual way, and that all voters who desire to do so may appear and deposit their ballots in person ; that the last-named privilege may be exercised by those who have as well as by those who have not already voted by mail ; that each person voting in person shall be checked upon the registry list as having voted ; that when the polls shall have been closed the election offi-

cers shall take the envelopes containing votes received by mail and shall carefully compare the indorsements with the names checked upon the registry lists, separate those votes of persons who have from those who have not afterward voted in person, open those of persons who have not appeared at the polls, count their votes with those which were cast in person, and declare the result upon the combined vote.

In order to guard against fraud it would be provided that all ballots transmitted by mail, including those superseded by personal votes, and therefore not opened, should be preserved until all contests arising out of the election have been decided ; and that immediately after the votes were counted, or on the day following, a postal card or other mail notice should be sent to each person registered as having voted by mail that he was recorded as having so voted. The object of such notice will be seen readily. It would be possible for an unscrupulous person, A, who knew or surmised that B would not vote, to take the ballot supplied to himself, mark it, forge B's signature and send in the ballot by mail, and then go himself and vote in person. The notice to B would enable B to defeat the fraud by declaring that he had not voted. Should any one obtain possession of B's blank ballot, fill it out and send it in, B would miss his ballot, would suspect wrongdoing, and would go to the polls and vote in person.

That the system here outlined would accomplish the main purpose for which it is suggested does not admit of a doubt. It gives to the citizen an additional method of casting a vote, and does not take away that which he has now ; it enables him to perform his political duties with a minimum expenditure of time and effort ; and it gives him choice of time when he shall exercise his right instead of prescribing certain hours between which he must vote if he is to vote at all.

The important question then arises whether the system would be a dangerous one, — if it would open the door to frauds that cannot now be practiced, if it would be unworkable, if there exist any insurmountable objections to adopting it. The critic would naturally make, as the first objection, the point that the proposed system involves a radical change from the present method, and one not easy to be understood by the voters. He might also object to the expense of a system which would require a great increase in the cost of printing and of postage. But his more fundamental criticisms would be these: (1) that it would destroy the secrecy of the ballot; (2) that it would increase the danger of personating voters and the number of fraudulent votes; and (3) that it would add to the power of the boss. Let us examine these objections briefly in the order mentioned.

The system does propose a radical change. But it need puzzle no voter to understand what is required of him, inasmuch as he could in the future continue to do what he has done in the past until he has mastered the difficulty of marking a ballot at home and sending it by mail to the voting place. It may be questioned if the rule that every would-be voter must appear in person at the polls would ever have been adopted if the post office had had an existence at the time when popular voting was introduced. The fact that a change proposed is contrary to all our experience is not in itself conclusive against a reform. In this case the proposition is to make use of a modern convenience not available when our voting habits and laws were framed. There are numerous societies in the country which hold their annual elections of officers wholly by mail vote. The elections are under none of the safeguards here proposed. It is frankly admitted that the evil consequences of fraudulent voting at such society elections would be as nothing to

those that would follow fraud in the choice of public officers. But at this point we are considering only the difficulty of understanding the system.

It would add to the cost of one branch of election expense, — printing and postage. It would, on the other hand, render possible the constitution of larger election districts and a saving in the pay of election officers, inasmuch as a large proportion of the votes would be cast by persons who would take none of the time of election officers during the hours when the polls were open. Although no advantage were taken of this possibility, it might fairly be contended that if the scheme were effectual the additional expense would be well incurred.

We come now to more serious objections. The secrecy of the ballot is a privilege which perhaps is not desired at all times by any man; but there are few of us who do not occasionally deem it essential. It is a necessary feature of any system of mail voting that the elector shall identify himself by his signature, and a signed ballot cannot be secret. The election officers, if no others, have an opportunity to see for whom the citizen has voted. Therefore, whoever wishes that his vote shall be secret should not vote by mail. For his benefit it is provided in the scheme here outlined that he may exercise the right of voting in exactly the same way he now exercises it. But at every election a great majority of the voters do not make a secret of their action, and for their accommodation the open vote is admitted.

With reference to the danger of fraud by the personation of voters, it may be said that that danger now exists. The scheme under consideration really diminishes rather than increases it. Under the proposed system there is, of course, no greater and no less chance than there is now of "repeating" or of ballot-box stuffing. The qualifications of voters would be ascertained in the present mode, the registry would be used,

and not more than one vote could be cast for any name registered. Moreover, since it would be necessary that every person presenting himself at the polls, who was not known to the election officers, should prove his identity, there would be no change in the amount of danger by physical personation. The danger is therefore limited to a possible unauthorized use of a voter's privilege to cast a vote by mail. Signing a vote with another person's name would be not merely the offense in law which it now is, but it would also be forgery. To defeat it we have the provision that notice shall be sent to each voter by mail that he is recorded as having so voted; and the preservation of all ballots given in that way would secure a nullification of the fraudulent vote upon proof that the ballot was a forgery.

There is no doubt that any scheme of voting by mail would augment somewhat the power of bosses and the danger of bribery. Certainly the man who attempted to buy votes could make sure that the ballots were marked, signed, and mailed as he might direct. He could thus be sure of the "delivery" of the goods he had bought. The only way to defeat him would be by a subsequent personal vote by the man who had sold his vote. It is frankly admitted that here is the weak feature of the proposed system which the writer has found no way to strengthen. If it were possible to guard the approaches to the polling place so that the corrupter would not be able to see and intercept one attempting to nullify his mail vote, that would go

far to obviate the difficulty. Probably it would be difficult if not impossible to do so. There will be those who will say that this is a fatal objection to the whole scheme. It might be at least a defensible position that a large increase of what we may term the respectable vote, induced by a considerable lightening of the duty of the citizen, would offset a corresponding increase of the purchasable vote.

But we need not take refuge in any such subterfuge as that. It is not pretended that the plan here proposed is perfect and final. It is a suggestion which may serve as the basis of a modern system of voting, adapted to the habits and to the conveniences of the close of the century. If the adoption of the mail ballot is desirable; if it would bring many people to the performance of their civic duties who now neglect them; and if the only serious objection to it is that the form in which it is first presented increases the danger of corrupting the ballot; — surely the wise statesman will not turn away from the reform as hopeless, but will seek a method of avoiding that danger. After all, the question regarding the reform under consideration resolves itself into this: Is the personal presence of electors at the polls a condition essential to the maintenance of the present degree of the purity of the ballot? If it is, there is an end to the discussion. If not, or if there be a doubt upon the subject, the invention of the necessary safeguards is worthy of most careful thought and study.

Edward Stanwood.

"IN MANUS TUAS, DOMINE!"

THE glow has faded from the west,
The splendor from the mountain's crest;
Stern Day's relentless task is done
And Nature rests at set of sun.
But ere she shuts her weary eyes
Soothed as by airs of Paradise,
She softly prays on bended knee,
 "*In manus tuas, Domine!*"

O silent hours, how dear ye are!
There is no light of moon or star;
The twilight shadows slowly creep
From rock to rock, from steep to steep;
The trees stand breathless on the hill;
The restless winds are hushed and still;
Only one prayer from land and sea,—
 "*In manus tuas, Domine!*"

And, O my soul, be sure when night,
In God's good time puts out the light,
And draws the curtains soft and dim
Round weary head and heart and limb,
You will be glad! But ere you go
To sleep that no rude dreams shall know,
Be this prayer said for you and me,—
 "*In manus tuas, Domine!*"

Julia C. R. Dorr.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THERE is a story of an anxious mother who, hearing that her daughter had lately begun the study of physiology, wrote to the child's instructor, "Please do not teach Mabel about her insides, — it is n't nice." A related instinct of delicacy sometimes stirs at the prying so rife to-day into the workings of our minds and spirits, as if in premonition of some disadvantage if not of some disaster.

The initial responsibility for the modern interest in man as man — in the

individual as distinguished from man in the mass — must be borne by the Humanists of the Renaissance, who overrode the mediæval conception that made the human creature a mere "worm," and who began to dignify him by a study of his real nature and of his place in the cosmos. Then Rousseau, as precursor of the Revolution, took the next step, that which led from a consideration of man's nature to a consideration of man's rights. But the aristocratic tradition lingered; we are still under the necessity of re-

minding ourselves that, even at the beginning of the present century, the arts found it difficult to apprehend and express the great in terms of the little, the familiar, the individualistic; only the terms of the conventionally great seemed to suffice. David remained as far afield as Metastasio ever was.

The interest in the individual, every-day man has grown with the growth of the democratic spirit, which involves a passion for biography, and with the growth of the scientific spirit, which involves a passion for *reportage*. As discovery and invention have crowded thick upon us, requiring incessant adjustments to incessantly varying conditions, our nerves have come forward and introduced us to ourselves. And as the world has shrunk with every improved means of communication, making mankind in all his varieties more accessible and more fully illustrated than ever before, our traveling agents have stepped forth and introduced us to our brothers, and curiosity, if not sympathy, prompts us to busy ourselves with the "psychology" of the Eskimo and the Tierra del Fuegan. Everything is grist to the modern mill.

Civilization brings differentiation. Among barbarians social opinion is omnipotent; the individual must conform or "go." If a Hindoo villager succumbs to the missionary and is converted, he may remain in the village on but one condition: all the other villagers must have been converted too. If no longer an "interchangeable" part of the machine, the lonely proselyte finds himself, in Roman phrase, forbidden fire and water. It is only within pretty well-defined limits of time and space — in the present century and among the dominant Teutonic races — that the liberty to be one's self and to live one's own life (assuming this desire to lead one from the beaten track) has been practicable without the risk of social embarrassment and even of social re-

proach. Elsewhere the Chinaman, the sparrow — all a good deal alike.

As civilization advances, this differentiation will continue; specialization and particularization have only begun. How far will they go? In what will they end? To what utmost bound of "spontaneous variation" and of disintegrative psychology will the acute consciousness of individuality carry us? Will our sympathies be widened or narrowed? With every man straining to understand himself and to make himself understood, all as a working basis for the assertion of individual claims, how soon will moral anarchy supervene? This is the real nub of the problem play and the problem novel, — a crux not dissociated from the Protestant doctrine of the right of private judgment. The day opens when every man shall judge himself and justify himself, and the hand on the door knob is the hand of Ibsen. But custom opposes, and law — those two laggards; and so does a conventional, inelastic morality; and so does Nature herself, with her immense indifference to the individual. Here lies the essence of twentieth-century tragedy. The individual man is becoming more acutely conscious of his personality, with its attendant rights and claims, while all the great conservative forces of the world, natural and institutional, continue to treat him as but an undistinguished atom in a general mass that is ruled in careless "by and large" fashion by some dim power impatient of pygmy self-assertion. A greater than Ibsen will be demanded by the coming century.

If there is one thing on which new countries, like the United States and Australia, justly pride themselves, it is on having removed the disabilities still attaching to women in the most civilized states of Europe. But their success in this direction has never been adequately explained by historians. Some say it is due to Chris-

The Position of Women in New Countries.

tianity, and others that it is the necessary outcome of democracy. Mr. Lecky thinks that the Mariolatry of the Catholic Church and mediæval chivalry revolutionized the male attitude toward women. Yet, though for a short period women officiated as priests in some of the early Christian churches, Catholics never seem to have perceived the tragic irony of a piety that could vent itself at once in wholesale outrage and in simultaneously setting up Madonnas at every street corner as happened in the sack of Antwerp. And mediæval chivalry in its glorification of women from a purely sexual point of view merely gilded the gingerbread.

Mr. Bryce tells us that modern democracy logically compels the modern state to intrust more power to women. But what would Rousseau, the formulator of modern democracy, have said to this? Switzerland represents probably the purest form of democracy in Europe, but what power have women there? It is clear that men will never give way until women are in a position to make their own terms. Some writers have even held that polygamy has in some cases improved the position of women, as in Borneo, by diminishing the supply and increasing the demand. Similarly women are so indispensable in pioneering societies that they can enforce their demands there better than anywhere else. They are fewer in number and harder to replace. Hence they can exact a deference and a homage which is not paid to them elsewhere. It is true that they did not get political power in the United States before this century because American society till the Revolution was closely moulded on Old World conventions; but they were ready to step into their new dignities whenever rapid communication, westward pioneering, and the adventurous spirit of a new nationality should break up the bonds of the old colonial communities. Similar causes were at work in Australia, and thus the old coun-

tries have been in a manner outstripped by their children. Yet an observer coming from an old country might feel inclined to criticise certain characteristics of the movement which are obviously due to the nature of its origin. "Your women," he might say, "have induced the state to do much for improving the 'moralities' which the Old World state does not. Women naturally dislike offenses against domesticity and against themselves, so your state greatly busies itself in the strict regulation of drink traffic and in the severe punishment of sexual offenses. But are your women inclined to inquire as closely into morality outside all this, or to consider glaring political or industrial abuses in a sufficiently serious light? Money-making interests them more in its results than in its methods. The men, having made great concessions to the consciences of their wives, do not perhaps give too much ear to their own, and public opinion becomes as lax in some matters as it is strict in others. Thus in early Californian days men thought little of manslaughter as compared with horse-stealing; they were too busy to study the refinements of moral philosophy. In new countries we hear that a municipal dignitary can face the charge of flagrant misdemeanor in public business with much more complacency than the exhumation of some youthful indiscretion. There is as much one-sidedness in leaving the moral code to be entirely settled by the women as there is in Europe where it has been left too much in the hands of the men. Moreover this one-sidedness in the moral sphere may very well be the symptom of one-sidedness in other spheres." Such a criticism might be hypercritical, but so long as sex exists, men and women will differ in their ideas of conduct, and a just balance ought to be struck between them. It is as perilous to make women the sole arbiters of the public conscience as it is to put one's soul unreservedly under the authority of a priesthood.

JUST at present there is need of a combined and resolute effort on the part of the public to discourage brilliancy and cleverness. Of late years the fondness for that sort of thing has grown to such alarming proportions, that it has become a positive nuisance to people of wholesome intellectual tastes.

A quick-witted person who frequently says an original or a bright thing is a social prize, and is to a dinner party what the mustard is to a salad; but too much of the intellectual seasoning is as ruinous to the enjoyment of conversation as the too liberal and indiscriminate use of cayenne and curry would be to that of a dinner. Cleverness has become so much the fashion that half the people one knows unconsciously attempt to comply with the demand by adopting unusual forms of expression. Perversions of words from their proper meanings, phrases whose wit lies in their inappropriateness, and all manner of extravagance of speech are so rife that simple talk, free from any effort for effect, is a rarity and a blessed relief.

Nothing is so tiresome as the habitual use of the striking or uncommon. People who essay to be sparkling in conversation seldom escape falling into certain stereotyped modes of expression, which are as familiar to their friends as their faces. These eccentricities of speech, which may have charmed us when they were spontaneous, become insufferably tedious after they have degenerated into a mannerism. A monotony of the uncommon is more tiresome than a monotony of the commonplace.

The companionship of a person who is intelligent, sympathetic, broad in his interests, and with some appreciation of humor will always be enjoyable, though he may seldom say a quotable thing. Your brilliant conversationalist, on the contrary, may be stimulating and delightful for an occasional hour, but he must have a rare balance of qualities if he is not to pall on us as a steady diet. With Mr. Le Gallienne, for daily intercourse we sigh for "simple, quiet, garden-loving" men and women.

The superabundance of cleverness in dialogue is the vice of half the modern novels. Conversation is keyed to concert pitch, and is artificial and strained in thought and manner. Isabel Carnaby, one of the most tiresome heroines of this modern school, voices the unwholesome taste of her class when she says, "Personally I prefer talking about hearts and souls and ideals, to discussing silos and reaping machines and land bills; but Wrexham dotes upon the latter." The reader's sympathies are entirely upon Wrexham's side in this differentiation. Hearts and souls and ideals are too much cheapened by being made common topics of conversation by Miss Carnaby and her like. Silos, reaping machines, and the other every-day interests of life are more to the liking of sensible people upon ordinary occasions. After all, a sound, unperverted nature must shrink from the discussion of its deepest interests except at rare and fit seasons, and a taste that is not decadent will prefer simple, straightforward expression to any conversational pyrotechnics.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXXXVI. — NOVEMBER, 1900. — No. DXVII.

A DEFENSE OF AMERICAN PARTIES.

IN every national election the American voter has three things to consider. He must make his choice among rival candidates, among contrary programmes, among embattled parties. He must take into account men, policies, and historical organizations. In most cases his choice will be determined by the third consideration. It is a liberal estimate to say that one American in five votes for a person, and that one in ten votes for a platform. The great mass of Americans vote for parties.

It is unnecessary to prove the fact, for no one denies it. Only professional agitators and implacable reformers ever disregard it. To the foreigner it is puzzling; to the independent it is baffling and perplexing; to the men who make their living by politics it is entirely satisfactory. And yet, undeniable and important as the fact is, one seldom hears a serious attempt to explain it. On the contrary, one can scarcely turn to a single recent criticism of our party system without finding some expression to the effect that our party divisions are meaningless. We are told that neither of our great parties stands for any principle whatever. If we seek a definition of the terms "Democrat" and "Republican," we learn little more than that one is a member of the party founded by Jefferson and which once stood for States' Rights, and the other of the party that saved the Union and freed the slaves.

It is noteworthy that neither de

wrote fifty years before the other, could find in America any proper party divisions. "America," said de Tocqueville, who was here in 1831-32, "has already lost the great parties which once divided the nation; and if her happiness is considerably increased, her morality has suffered by the extinction. . . . In the absence of great parties, the United States abound with lesser controversies; and public opinion is divided into a thousand minute shades of difference upon questions of very little moment." Mr. Bryce, writing in the eighties, makes his denial of the existence of party principles almost as elaborate as his analysis of party machinery. "Neither party," he declares, "has any principles, any tenets. Both have traditions. Both claim to have tendencies. Both have certainly war cries, organizations, interests, enlisted in their support. But those interests are in the main the interests of getting or keeping the patronage of the government. Tenets and policies, points of political doctrine and points of political practice, have all but vanished." He, too, believes that there was a time when the organizations were animated by principles; but now, he avers, "they continue to exist, because they have existed. The mill has been constructed, and its machinery goes on turning, even when there is no grist to grind." The only difference that is "perceptible even by a stranger" is "a difference of spirit or sentiment," less marked than the like difference be-

tween English Liberals and Conservatives.

Was the observant and fair-minded Englishman of the eighties, was the profoundly discerning Frenchman of the thirties, right in this severe arraignment of American parties? Certainly they are not without ample corroboration in the speeches and writings of American independents. Mr. John Jay Chapman, for example, whose essays seem for the moment to have the first place among independent utterances, finds that commercialism, pure and simple, has dominated both parties, and in fact the whole political life of the Republic, ever since the civil war. Mr. Schurz, who has had far more experience in public life, and whose admirable studies of Clay and Lincoln would seem to indicate that he is not without historical perspective, is nowadays almost constantly busy denouncing the leading policy, first of one party, and then of another, as the most heretical and dangerous ever proposed. Nevertheless, both parties persist in speaking of their "principles;" and these they do not merely promulgate, but "re-affirm." What is the truth of the matter? Have we, in fact, no proper and intelligible party system? Is there no real and permanent difference between Democrats and Republicans? If such is the case, then why have the organizations survived, and why have they gone on elaborating their machinery to a perfection never attained elsewhere? Are our parties to be classed with the circus factions of Byzantium, or have they any claim to be compared with the "Right" and "Left" of Continental politics, and with the Liberals and Conservatives of Great Britain? If there is an intelligible difference, then is it an affair of principles, of interests, or of sentiment? Is it based on classes, or on contrary theories of government, or on original sin? To attempt an answer that shall be other than merely negative is hazardous, no

doubt, but to one who goes about it seriously and candidly much should be forgiven; for the inquiry goes to the very root of one's faith in the Republic.

Such an attempt would best begin by admitting that a foreigner, familiar with the political systems of compact and homogeneous communities, where most questions that are debated in the legislature or submitted to the voters affect the whole mass of the people alike, where tradition and usage are stronger political forces than in America, and where classes are more clearly defined, may quite naturally expect of American parties a stability of character and a fixedness of purpose which our federal plan, our mixed and unclassified population, and our diversity of material environment conspire to prevent. Even in de Tocqueville's day, the United States were to such a country as France almost as the Roman Empire was to the Athens of a former age. France was the most homogeneous and centralized great power of Europe, while in America the remoteness, in space and in character, of the Southwestern pioneers from the New Englanders was scarcely less notable than the remoteness of the Briton and the Gaul from the impassive Roman. The triumphal entry into Washington of the Tennesseans and western Pennsylvanians, shouting for Jackson, and the discomfiture of Adams's sedate supporters, may very well have suggested one of the acutest of de Tocqueville's distinctions, — the distinction, namely, between parties which stand merely for contrary views and policies and parties which, like separate nations, are in perpetual antagonism over conflicting interests. The justice of the comparison was vindicated when the Southern Rights Associations stiffened into the military array of the Southern Confederacy. It is true that by becoming sectional American parties have sometimes lost their proper character, and taken on the character of hostile communities. That was

the true character of the New England Federalists during the war of 1812, of the Nullifiers, of the Abolitionists and the Southern Rights men. Even the Republican party, in its beginnings, had somewhat of that aspect. The Whigs and Tories of Revolutionary times, though their division was not sectional, were "rival peoples," to use de Tocqueville's phrase, and their peculiarly virulent methods have reappeared in organizations not in any sense their successors.

In more recent times, while sectional interests have seldom given rise to new parties, they have often subverted to their uses the machinery of the old. Alexander Johnston has pointed out that when the Southerners persuaded the Democratic National Convention of 1868 to declare against the enfranchisement of freedmen, they put the party on record against its cardinal tenet of manhood suffrage. For many years, and in fact to this day, the dominant party in the South has been the white man's party, and the other the black man's party. The two organizations have stood, in that quarter, for an opposition of races far more clearly than for any division of opinion on national questions. In other corners of the Union, and even in particular states, local antagonisms have often controlled conventions, nominated candidates, and written platforms. Certainly a great number, perhaps a majority, of the local contests waged by Democrats against Republicans are fought out on issues not at all related to those debated in national campaigns, though of course success or failure in local elections is often of vital importance to the national organizations. In general, the vastness of the country and the multiplicity of state and local governments operate continually to distract both the great parties from their larger purposes, to weaken the control of broad principles, to subordinate ends to means.

And these things have their effect not only directly, but also indirectly through

their effect on the personnel of the party leaders. Power gained in the politics of a state or a city, where national questions are not properly agitated at all, is exercised in the politics of the nation. National conventions are largely composed of men whose views are bounded by narrow horizons, whose very names are synonymous with faction. The prominence of such men in the newspapers is probably the circumstance most of all responsible for the widespread belief that neither party is controlled by any general views of government or by any large purposes. What reason is there, one naturally inquires, to expect that such men will entertain one theory rather than another, of the nature and scope of government? How should prominence in the Chicago board of aldermen fit a man for determining the true Democratic view of the authority of Congress over territory acquired by treaty? What is the connection between the scheme of municipal potato patches and any particular theory of constitutional limitations? Why should the leader of Tammany Hall, rather than the leader of a German orchestra, sit in consultation over a difficult question in public finance?

The rise of the professional politicians has had a similar effect on both parties. Foreign and independent critics probably exaggerate the number and the power of the class, but that there is such a class, and that it is distressingly large and dangerously powerful, can scarcely be denied. It is quite probable, too, that it is relatively larger in America than in other countries, because there are more politics in America than elsewhere. To be a professional politician — that is to say, to adopt politics as a bread-winning occupation — is of course to renounce the guidance of theories and principles. The professional may have opinions of his own concerning public questions; but his real concern is to ascertain the opinions and desires of other men and manipulate them to his profit, not to advance his

own. He favors the platform that will attract votes, the candidate whose success will enable him to dictate appointments and distribute contracts. He need not be in any positive sense a bad man or a bad citizen. It is merely that what in other men is patriotism or ambition or fanaticism is to him business. He may conform in all he does to the ordinary business standards of morality. His prominence in the party councils is not necessarily unfavorable to any particular principle; on the contrary, his skill in campaign work may be of great value whenever his party happens to be making a campaign of principle. Nevertheless, his presence is a sort of protest against principles in general, and if he and his fellows had absolute control the party would cease to have any principles whatever. It is, however, worth while to remember that no hard and fast line can be drawn between the professionals and those whom, for want of a better word, we may call the amateurs in politics. Foreigners like Mr. Bryce speak as if the classes were quite separate, but as a matter of fact few professionals live up to the professional standard of indifference to principle, any more than the ordinary amateur lives up to his standard of indifference to profit. So far, however, as professionalism prevails in either party, it tends to become a business enterprise rather than the organized expression of a political faith.

It is also true that the composition of the two parties is appreciably affected by many other circumstances that may best be set down as accidental. Men are joined to each from causes that have nothing to do with their political opinions. A capitalist, having large vested interests in a particular state, finds it advisable to connect himself with the party that rules it. A Catholic Irishman is pretty sure to be a Democrat. A German or a Swede, living in contact with Irish Democrats, is apt to be a Republican. In the South, the poor whites of

the mountain regions have usually been hostile to the party dominant among the richer planters of the neighboring lowlands, whether it chanced to be the Democratic or the Whig.

There is yet another characteristic of American politics which goes to sustain the criticisms of our party system. The rapidity of our growth, the constant development and frequent expansion of the country, the shifting of population, the new material problems that keep arising, — in a word, the changefulness of American life, — could not fail to have a marked effect on politics. Nowhere do issues appear and disappear so swiftly. The "paramount issue" of one decade is remotely historical in the next. When the polls close on one election, no man can predict what men or questions will be uppermost in the public mind when they are opened again. After the second election of President Cleveland, chiefly on the issue of tariff reform, who could foresee that four years later many of the forces that bore him into power would be arrayed behind the extremest advocate of high protective tariffs on the issue of gold and silver? Who, after the exciting campaign of 1896, dreamed that to-day we should be debating the best way to deal with two dependent islands in the Atlantic and a thousand in the Pacific? Even the most steadfast adherent of a general principle cannot apply it with infallible accuracy to new conditions so swiftly brought about, to new questions so suddenly thrust before the voters. Inevitably, from the limitations of human intelligence and the inextricable tangle of human motives, parties will hesitate, divide, advance too rapidly, halt, march backwards. The consistency possible to the exceptional few who always reason calmly and forecast shrewdly is beyond the great majority of men; and in American parties, whatever may be true of the distribution of nominations and the management of campaigns, it is the majority that in the long run

determines the main lines of the programme. The majority must frequently decide in haste, without any adequate study of new conditions or any careful comparison with the old; and superficial reasoning, no less than passion and impulse, leads it astray from the path of its political faith. Theories and principles are neglected for the practical requirements of an emergency. No party that ever existed in any country has been so exceptional in its composition or so inspired in its leadership as to apply its professed principles with perfect logic to every task it had to discharge and every question it had to meet. The test of consistency is, in America, an exceptionally hard one, and here, as elsewhere, the human nature of parties has often been unequal to it.

Let us also admit, in order that we may, so far as possible, account for the attitude of the critics, that many of the questions with which our parties attempt to deal, even when they are not local or sectional questions, do not clearly involve the principles which either was formed to maintain. They are questions of expediency alone, and sometimes of a merely temporary expediency, — of the best means to attain an end whose desirability is not questioned at all. There have been whole periods, in fact, during which the prevalence of such issues has thrown the permanent divisions of opinion into the background, — periods which Mr. Bryce characterizes as times of pause and quiescence, but which in fact have been times of great business activity and material progress. Intense political excitement, the imminence or crisis of constitutional change, revolutions, wars, — these are interruptions of a people's ordinary activities, though they bring new parties to life and transform or destroy the old. Peace, prosperity, contentment, a smooth working of the government, — these things make citizens neglectful of their differences, and may even mislead an observer into the notion that none ex-

ist. The circumstance that both Bryce and de Tocqueville happened to get their views of American society during just such periods of industrial activity and comparative political quiescence should be taken into account. It is hardly probable that either of those trained observers would have reached, say in 1860 or in 1896, the conclusion which one reached at the end of the Era of Good Feeling, and the other on the eve of those developments which led up to the extraordinary campaign of 1896. Of all the foreigners who visited America before 1860, only one, Sir Charles Lyell, seems to have foreseen the specific process by which slavery was finally rooted out. After the compromise of 1850, nine Americans out of ten were confident that Clay had really averted forever the danger that ten years later made the same men despair of the Union. It is not unreasonable to suppose that even the two most perspicacious foreign students of American institutions were misled by temporary aspects of affairs.

Bearing in mind, then, these characteristics of American politics which militate against party consistency, which tend to weaken the hold of permanent principles on party machinery and to lessen their ascendancy over party spirit, does a reasonable and broad view of our political history sustain the main criticism of our parties? On the contrary, I believe it will establish for them as good a character for adherence to their several theories of government as can be claimed, let us say, for the two historical English parties. Further, I maintain that a fair-minded examination of the present aspect of our two great parties leads to the conclusion that they still represent, with reasonable consistency, the two great ideals of government, the two great sets of interests, and the two great types of character, which in modern self-governing communities have usually lain at the base of party systems. One, I believe, has stood and still stands in the main

for an effective government, the other for a free government. One seeks an equalization of welfare and opportunity; the other bulwarks the historical rights of property. One is responsive to the changeful voice of the popular will; the other follows the intelligent guidance of successful men of affairs. One is the party of ideas and ideals, the party of liberty; the other is the party of practical achievement, the party of authority and order. Aspiration and Utopianism against purpose and opportunism, genius and eccentricity against common sense and self-interest, the universal and the visionary against the practical and the questionable, the kingdom of the air against the kingdom of the earth, — such I conceive to be the perpetual antagonism of parties; and the great lines of battle, now straight and clear, now twisted by lesser conflicts or obscured by temporary distortions of the surface of society, do yet run unceasing, if not unbroken, through the whole course of our history.

If we limit our view to the period covered by the life of the Republican party, it will be less satisfying than if we went back to the beginning, but it will exhibit with sufficient clearness those permanent and essential characteristics of both the great parties which a single brief period might not reveal. The most misleading period of all is perhaps the period covered by the birth and the swift ascendancy of the younger organization. The Democratic party had already vanquished two successive rivals, and, as usually happens in the case of a party left without an equal antagonist, it was torn asunder by the sectional interests which sought to use its power for special ends, and so a question arose as to which faction had the better right to the machinery and the name. However, when the Southern Confederacy was formed, the Southern wing ceased to be in any proper sense a party under the Constitution, and the Douglas Democrats of the North were

left in undisputed possession of the old organization. We may, therefore, with little fear of controversy, treat them as the true Democratic party throughout the period of secession and civil war.

But what better instance, the critics cry out, could anywhere be found of apostasy to principle than the platforms and the attitude of the Northern Democrats in those years? Was not liberty the very pole star of Jefferson's statesmanship, the sum and total of his political philosophy? And did not the Douglas men go for acquiescence in the Dred Scott decision, for that makeshift theory of "squatter sovereignty" which threw the territories open to slavery? Did they not to all intents and purposes stand for slavery itself? And the party which you now characterize as the party of authority and order, — did it not owe its very existence to the instinct of liberty? Was it not built up to make war on slavery?

Such is indeed the common view, and certainly, in that crisis, the party of Jefferson would seem to have abandoned one of its fundamental principles to its youthful rival. I conceive, however, that on the question then dividing the Democracy and the country it was necessary to choose between the two conceptions of freedom which together made up the Jeffersonian idea of liberty. Those were, the freedom of individuals and the freedom of communities; the right of men to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and the right of communities to self-government. In that inscription which Jefferson himself wrote for his tomb at Monticello, and which no doubt sets forth his own deliberate estimate of his life work, he mentions but one of his deeds, — the founding of the University of Virginia, — and but two of his writings, — the Declaration of Independence and the Virginia Statute of Religious Liberty. One of these famous documents applied the doctrine of liberty more especially to a community; the other ap-

plied it to individuals. In all his teaching, and throughout the history of the party he founded, these two conceptions of liberty are clearly set forth. The party of manhood suffrage was the party which asserted the right of the several states to control their own suffrage laws. The party that rebelled against the alien and sedition laws made no protest when Georgia maintained against John Marshall that she had a right to treat the Cherokees as she chose. In 1860, when nobody but a few extreme Abolitionists talked of interfering with slavery in the Southern states, when the main question was of the power and duty of Congress in reference to the territories, one set of that party's precedents and traditions pointed clearly to the squatter sovereignty position, while the other set favored, but far less clearly, the contention of the free-soilers. The former was certainly the strict construction view of the matter, it was certainly maintaining the party's ancient attitude toward the federal government, while the inconsistency involved in its attitude toward slavery was chargeable to the whole country, and not to one party alone. It was an inconsistency imbedded in the fundamental law of the Republic.

On the other hand, only a superficial view can fail to discern in the course of the Republicans the programme of a true strong government party; of a party bent on using for a perfectly specific purpose all the powers with which the most liberal construction of the Constitution could endow the national government. Hamilton himself never brushed aside the sticklings of his associates more impatiently than the early Republicans brushed aside the misgivings of the old-school public men who did not see how the great Northern majority was going to have its way in the territories. The desire of the Northern majority was for free soil, and it had been so for many years. The peculiarity about the new party was, not that it represented the

common Northern feeling about the matter, but that it went to work in a practical way to do what the old parties had not dared to undertake.

When the issue shifted from the territories to secession, and Buchanan the unready made way for Lincoln and Seward, the essential unlikeness of the two parties appeared more plainly. "No state," said Buchanan, "has a right to secede from the Union;" but he could find in the Constitution no warrant for coercing a state back into the Union, and he declared that the enforcement of the laws by the Executive had been rendered impracticable in South Carolina. The emergency, and the leadership of a man who, like Washington himself, was greater than any party, did indeed give the Republicans a position somewhat like that of the early Federalists, so that they could for a time speak of themselves with some reason as the defenders of the government, and not merely the advocates of one theory of its nature. Nevertheless, their course was quite in keeping with that view of the government which their predecessors, the Federalists and Whigs, had taken. They gave little time to academic discussions, and never did formulate their theory as the secessionists and the Douglas men formulated theirs. On the contrary, they set to work organizing regiments and building battleships. In order that the Constitution might be obeyed to the letter, the Douglas Democrats let the Union be endangered. In order that the Union might be saved, the Republican leaders did not hesitate, if occasion arose, to violate the Constitution. The immense service which they were thus enabled to render should not blind us to the fact that even Lincoln's inspired opportunism *was* opportunism, and nothing else. Nothing is plainer than that the overthrow of slavery as it actually came about was a means to the main end he was seeking, and not itself the end. The theorists in the Republican ranks, the Abolitionists and ex-

tremists generally, never did commit the party to their crusade against slavery. From first to last, during the war period, the sane, conservative, practical men of the North had the upper hand, and they felt their way, step by step, as has always been the wont of successful English and American leaders, through war and emancipation, to the rescue of the Union. They gave their party the character which it still retains, and which repels from it the fanatic and the enthusiast, and attracts to it the successful man of affairs. They made it, above all things, businesslike. The slavery controversy and the war, important as they were, appear now, nevertheless, as an episode in our history, and when the Republican party turned from them to questions of a more abiding sort it had already arrayed behind it the wealth and the business interests which in America correspond to the class interests and vested rights upon which the conservative parties of Europe have always relied. It was already the strong government party in respect of the interests it represented no less than in respect of its policies and its unformulated principles.

The Reconstruction question, while it still forced the Democrats to choose whether they would go for the freedom of individuals or the right of communities to manage their own affairs, did yet throw into a clearer light the antagonism of interests and motives which makes two parties necessary. In that period Thaddeus Stevens was the leader of the Republicans in Congress, and an expression of his concerning the status of the Southern states after the war should be set beside Buchanan's utterance concerning their status after secession. The Southern states, said Stevens in effect, are out of the Union for all the purposes for which it is necessary to consider them out of the Union. Such an emergence from the chaos of theory was not only characteristic of Republican leadership; it was a true statement of the

Republican standard of values. It was the effective party's contempt for theory when theory might stand in the way of results. In the discussion of the theory of reconstruction, Stevens and his associates were no match for the opposition. Thurman and Bayard were at home on that ground, and easily demolished every attempt to justify the reconstruction scheme from the Constitution. It so happened, moreover, that reconstruction, unlike the war, was an enterprise that imperatively demanded fidelity to the great principles of our government and of all free government, and particularly to that principle of local self-government for which the Democrats had so long neglected its twin principle of individualism. It was disregarded this time not in dealing with an emergency, but in a wrestle with conditions that have persisted, and in an experiment of governmental devices that were meant to be permanent. The party of the main chance was misled by its too practical impulses, just as, a few years before, the party of general principles had entangled itself to the point of absolute helplessness in the meshes of its theories.

No doubt we must concede to the critics that there was here more than a conflict of views and of general interests. The Republicans were not bent solely on solidifying the Union and securing the great results of the war. They also meant to make sure of negro votes, to replace those they were already losing from a reaction in the North. To that sort of expediency—to party expediency—the Democrats also were quite sufficiently alive. But for the vision, since realized, of a solidly Democratic South, they might have hesitated longer before deciding which aspect of human liberty they loved the more devotedly. In the main, however, the history of reconstruction is a good instance of the inadequacy of opportunism to the highest sort of governmental enterprises.

The period following reconstruction cannot be designated with the name of any one question or of any one event. It was characterized by a gradual subsidence of sectionalism, though many questions raised by the war and reconstruction were still debated. The issues which soon came to the top, however, were more like those to which the country turned after the second war with Great Britain. They were mainly due to the enlarged life of the Republic, to its immensely increased business activities, and to the changed and changing methods of industry. They were questions not clearly contemplated by the founders either of the government or of the parties; but the division of the two parties on them came about quite naturally, and in accordance with the character of each. The Republican party accepted the new developments with less question, adapted itself to them, and commended itself to successful business men as by far the more effective instrument for getting what they wanted from the government. The war tariff, an emergency measure, was shaped into a satisfactory protective law. Encouragement and help were freely given to the Union Pacific Railroad and other enterprises which the tariff did not aid. Declaring that, as a result of its patriotic work, the United States were now a nation, and not a league, the dominant party acted on the theory, which in the last of the legal tender decisions was formulated by the Supreme Court, that nationality meant the right of the general government to do whatever a nation ordinarily finds it necessary and proper to do. Boasting itself the party of achievement, of prosperity, of national success and well-being, it kept the control of affairs until the failure and undoing of reconstruction gave the Democrats the votes of the Southern states, and in the North the reaction against sectionalism was followed by a reaction against centralism. Then the opposition,

purified by long adversity, and at last intelligently led, came forward as the party of protest against sectionalism, centralism, and paternalism. It had more than the advantage which an opposition ordinarily derives from instances of corruption in high places. Tilden in 1876 owed his great popular majorities chiefly to the feeling in the North that the Southerners had been too harshly treated. Cleveland in 1884 was elected chiefly as a protest against the undue influence of business interests in Washington, particularly as exemplified in tariff legislation and in the public record of his opponent. The Democratic party was once more advocating both of its cardinal tenets, and for some years it continued to advocate them in such conservative ways that it acquired a character of respectability and moderation not always associated with the championship of liberty. Towards the end of the period it drew largely from an intelligent class of citizens whose political activity has been notable for a sincere but timid independence. Such was the state of parties when two swift changes of issues apparently revolutionized our whole political system.

First came an exceptionally violent outbreak of discontent, distinctly agrarian, with recent industrial and financial tendencies; then the Spanish war and the self-revelation of America as a world power. The first swept over the Democratic party like the Jacksonian wave of an earlier period, and made it more like the "Left" of Continental politics than any American party had ever been before. The second added the semblance of militarism and imperialism to those other isms — centralism and paternalism — which were already firmly established in the domestic policy of the Republican party. Nevertheless, these changes have not deprived either party of its essential characteristics. Each still maintains its historical attitude toward the government, each still represents the same set of interests, and each in its com-

position still exhibits the same type of citizenship, as before the changes came.

The *tertium quid*, the entirely human element in the characters of the two parties, is the most permanent, the least changeable, of all. It was this, no doubt, that Mr. Bryce had in mind when he spoke of "a difference of spirit or sentiment perceptible even by a stranger." To an American it is palpable: but when it comes to defining it the American is hardly in better case than the stranger. The art of the novelist, the dramatist, the student of human nature, is here more needful than the intellectual equipment of the political scientist. When all is said that can be said of principles and interests, there is still a connotation of the terms "Democrat" and "Republican" which baffles the lexicographer. Matthew Arnold succeeds in giving his reader a pretty clear notion of what he means by the great style in poetry without defining it, and perhaps it may be possible to get into words, though not into any formal definition, what we mean by the two party names applied to individuals.

The Republican party, in its composition quite as clearly as in its policies, is the true successor of the Federalist and Whig parties. It bears to-day the stamp of Hamilton's purpose, of Marshall's constructive bent, of Clay's fertility in makeshifts, even more legibly than of Lincoln's profound insight into the popular mind or of Stevens's Cromwellian thoroughness. The reason is that the men who followed Hamilton and Clay, and who listened most readily to Marshall's teaching, would to-day be in its ranks. However justly the West may claim its birthplace, its spiritual descent is from that New England party which saw with disgust the French ideas at work in the first Democratic clubs, and held a treaty of commerce with England preferable to any amount of brotherhood with the French revolutionists. The Northeast is still the fountain head of its inspiration, though

the West may be more prolific of leaders and of specific policies. Of the two historical types of American character, the New England Puritan and the Virginian, the former is by far the more prevalent among its members. The salient marks of that type are intelligence and thrift. In America, intelligence and thrift mean success and wealth even more surely than elsewhere; but it should also be said that wealth in America does not imply in its possessor the same qualities and the same attitude toward society which it does in older countries. It does not imply a stolid and phlegmatic conservatism. Stolidity is here far commoner among people of moderate means and frugal lives. Most wealthy men on this side the water have made their own fortunes, or at least are so close to the beginnings of their families' importance that they are still without any great family pride, without traditional rules of conduct and traditional views of public questions. Wealthy Americans are apt to be very practical and very alert persons. They are seldom idealists or visionaries. They look straight at actual conditions, at the immediate future. They are alive to fresh opportunities. The party which draws its leadership largely from our aristocracy of wealth can command far more executive ability, far more skill in business, far more knowledge of affairs, than its rival. For all practical enterprises of government, it has more than its share of that sort of ability which conquered this material continent.

No wonder, therefore, that it always goes before the people with a list of its practical achievements. Its orderly conventions are not unlike meetings of stockholders; its committees are like boards of directors. Here, one might say at almost any Republican gathering in the North, are American energy, American shrewdness, American business correctness, concerned with political work. These men will go at the matter directly,

they will reconcile or compromise their differences, they will waste no time with meaningless oratory, they will certainly get something done. Then each of them will go about his business. Such, for example, is the impression an observer would have got at Philadelphia in June.

At Kansas City in July, at Chicago four years ago, one would have seen a different sort of Americans going at their work in a different way. Here, one might have said, is the American idea still militant, the American character not yet smoothed out of its angularity by contact with the larger world. Here is no business association, but a debating society, and none of the most orderly at that. What was energy yonder is enthusiasm here; what was there compromise and agreement is here compromise and disagreement or a pitched battle for supremacy. Here is less work and more oratory, less forethought of to-morrow and more questioning of the coming age, less correctness and more simple honesty of purpose, less intelligence and more hospitality to great ideas. This is the political aspect, not of America the materially successful, but of America still revolutionary, still trying out the world's ideals.

In such phrases a stranger might roughly characterize almost any Democratic gathering, except in certain cities and states where professional politicians do most of the party work; and the characterization would have been true in Jackson's time or in Jefferson's. The men who at the beginning of the century distrusted the elder Adams would in Jackson's time have distrusted the younger, and the men who believed Jackson's charges against the National Bank would in our day cry out against Wall Street and the "square mile" in London. Or, to consider the Democratic character in a more positive aspect, the men who in the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions set forth their faith in free speech and their sense of

brotherhood with the alien driven to our shores, would have helped in 1824 to overthrow King Caucus and set up the American nominating convention instead. To-day the same men would look favorably on the plan of choosing Senators by popular vote, and might even attempt to reconstruct the financial system of the world in accordance with the popular conception of money.

The dominant impulse of such Americans in their relations with government is the spirit not merely of liberty, but of liberty and equality. "Give every man a chance" is the way they phrase their conception of that justice which is the health of the state. In Jefferson's time, the chance they fought for was a chance to vote and hold office whether they owned property or not. In Jackson's time, it was a chance to take the initiative by naming candidates and making platforms, — privileges until then reserved to a few trained men at Washington. Under Mr. Bryan's leadership, it seems to mean not merely more political power, but better industrial opportunities and a larger share of the fruits of prosperity.

To distrust all power that is in any wise hidden, to seek to put one's hands on the secret springs of the great machine, to set public opinion above the wisdom of the experienced and the skill of the expert, to project the common man into government, and so make it altogether human, — this is the instinct and passion of American Democracy. This is the force that has played upon our institutions and constitutions from the beginning, after the intermittent and wavelike fashion of all forces that proceed from the depths of the human nature of the multitude. It sent Jefferson, most inspired of political philosophers, least effective of public officials, to try and substitute his gunboats and his embargo for the sterner enginery of national defense which grown-up nations use, much as a child, with his toy weapons, might try to fight the battles of

grown-up men. It waned as the ministers and successors of Jefferson learned the necessities and forgot the vaster opportunities of their high station, but with a fiercer uprising it bore Jackson into the White House, to have his will upon the enemies whom he fancied to be the betrayers of the people's trust, to tear down much that had been patiently builded, and to lay the foundations of a rougher but firmer edifice of popular government. It recoiled from the immediate sharp consequences of his ignorant though essentially right-purposed use of his tremendous power, and waned again before the new issue of slavery, because only an instructed benevolence, not a primary instinct of human brotherhood, ever made the white man rebel against the Ethiopian's wrongs. Lulled by the prosperity of later years, it has seldom shown its might until, at Chicago in 1896, it again seized upon the party always readiest to accept its control and hurried it along new paths towards the same unknown goal.

So far as Bryanism is a definite programme, it is contrary to many Democratic precedents, it antagonizes many interests which have looked to the Democratic party for defense. But so far as it is a popular movement, so far as it is a matter of impulse, so far as it reflects character, it does not essentially differ from any confessedly Democratic uprising of the past. To cry out against inequalities, whether of wealth or power, and to try, by some such device as an income tax or cheap money, to shift the burden on to the shoulders of the rich; to look with suspicion upon that department of government, the judiciary, which is least responsive to popular moods; to entertain wild ideas about public finance, which of all governmental work is the hardest to make plain to the popular comprehension, — these are all genuinely Democratic impulses. They may be all dangerous, all unwise as policies, but they are all Jeffersonian and Jacksonian, they

are all manifestations of the same spirit that won us our independence as a community and our large freedom as individuals. To resist them may be a duty, but to despair because of them is apostasy to Democracy itself.

It is equally true that the present foreign and colonial policy of the Republican party, however the administration may have seemed to drift into it, is yet in keeping with its past, while the cry against imperialism and a large standing army, however naturally any opposition might have taken it up, would have rung less true from Republican lips. Democratic administrations have waged wars and annexed territory; but a vigorous foreign policy, a colonial system, is no more characteristic of the Democratic party here than it is of the Liberal party in Great Britain. It is the strong government party in both countries which most readily sins against the principle of independence in order to spread the benefits of liberty. The mass of the Northern Democrats never were in sympathy with the Southern enterprise that secured Texas and California and aimed at Cuba, and that is the only truly aggressive foreign policy for which the party can be held responsible. As to militarism, even our miniature armaments of former times were enough to arouse Democratic hostility. The Democratic partiality for the militia as against the regular military establishment is older than John Randolph's historical encounter with the soldiers in the playhouse, and it will survive its latest unfortunate champion in Congress.

On the other hand, the Republican party is no more military, no more imperialistic, than the Federalists were, or the Whigs; but it is ready, as they were ready, to employ the fittest available instrument for whatever work actual conditions and things done seem obviously to demand, and it is loath, as they were loath, to relinquish an unfinished task for fear of a remote disaster or for reverence of a vague generality. To use

military force freely, and to have no fear of it, was characteristic of Alexander Hamilton, who left the treasury and personally accompanied the army that put down the Whiskey Rebellion; and it is just as characteristic of the Hamilton party of to-day, whose candidate for the vice presidency and prospective heir to the presidency is equally at home planning a campaign of naval strategy and leading a regiment into battle. That party is never lacking in the statesmanship of the winds and the tides; the statesmanship of the compass and the stars is more apt to be Democratic.

If these things are true, then our great political parties, reckoning Populists as extreme and errant Democrats, soon to be absorbed in the greater mass their revolt has quickened, do in fact stand for a right and necessary division of the American people. That criticism, that reform, which attacks the whole system overleaps itself. Just and valuable criticism will point out faults and specific inconsistencies. Intelligent and candid reform will fight against that sordid commercialism which, though it avail itself of party loyalty, is yet utterly deadening to true party spirit. In so far as the independent movement proceeds on the notion that a different sort of party division can be deliberately accomplished, or that any future division, however brought about, will be essentially unlike the present, it can get little comfort from history. In so far, however, as it remains truly independent, emphasizing the right and duty of

every citizen to make the best possible use of his ballot, it will tend to keep each party truer to itself, to make each play better its proper part in the working out of our great experiment.

A citizen so minded to use his vote will be governed in his conscientious, patriotic trimming by a consideration not merely of the men and the questions uppermost for the time being, but also of those permanent characteristics of the two parties which a longer view discloses. He will support the strong government party when he must, the free government party when he dares. In time of peril from without, he will naturally look to the party which is readiest in emergencies. When there is merely a difficult work to do, he will again look to the party which is intelligently led and which includes so large a proportion of successful Americans in its membership. In fine, he will be wise to choose that party on all questions of immediate expediency. But whenever the essential character of the Republic is truly involved, when the question is of tendencies rather than conditions, of ideas rather than things, he will oftener turn to the teaching of Jefferson; when there is need of tearing down and building again, he will invoke the spirit of Andrew Jackson. For there be two Jinn, two slaves of the lamp, that serve the Republic. One, the nimble and the more intelligent, is best employed in the care of its material interests, its bodily welfare. The other, a turbulent, huge, and mighty demon, guards with ferocious jealousy the two-fold liberty which is its soul.

William Garrott Brown.

THE TORY LOVER.

I.

THE last day of October in 1777, Colonel Jonathan Hamilton came out of his high house on the river bank with a handsome, impatient company of guests, all Berwick gentlemen. They stood on the flagstones, watching a coming boat that was just within sight under the shadow of the pines of the farther shore, and eagerly passed from hand to hand a spyglass covered with worn red morocco leather.

The sun had just gone down; the quick-gathering dusk of the short day was already veiling the sky before they could see the steady lift and dip of the long oars, and make sure of the boat's company. While it was still a long distance away, the gentlemen turned westward and went slowly down through the terraced garden, to wait again with much formality by the gate at the garden foot.

Beside the master of the house was Judge Chadbourne, an old man of singular dignity and kindness of look, and near them stood General Goodwin, owner of the next estate, and Major Tilly Haggens of the Indian wars, a tall, heavily made person, clumsily built, but not without a certain elegance like an old bottle of Burgundy. There was a small group behind these foremost men,—a red cloak here and a touch of dark velvet on a shoulder beyond, with plenty of well-plaited white ruffles to grace the wearers. Hamilton's young associate, John Lord, merchant and gentleman, stood alone, trim-wigged and serious, with a look of discretion almost too great for his natural boyish grace. Quite the most impressive figure of all was the minister, a man of high ecclesiastical lineage, very well dressed in a three-cornered beaver hat, a large single-breasted coat sweeping down with am-

ple curves over a long waistcoat with huge pockets and lappets, and a great white stock that held his chin high in air. This was fastened behind with a silver buckle to match the buckles on his tight knee breeches, and other buckles large and flat on his square-toed shoes; somehow he looked as like a serious book with clasps as a man could look, with an outward completeness that mated with his inner equipment of fixed Arminian opinions. Here was a figure that could dignify the best occasions.

As for Colonel Hamilton, the host, a strong-looking, bright-colored man in the middle thirties, the softness of a suit of brown, and his own hair well dressed and powdered, did not lessen a certain hardness in his face, a grave determination, and maturity of appearance far beyond the due of his years. He had easily enough won the place of chief shipping merchant and prince of money-makers in that respectable group, and until these dark days of war almost every venture by land or sea had added to his fortunes. The noble house that he had built was still new enough to be the chief show and glory of a rich provincial neighborhood. With all his power of money-making,—and there were those who counted him a second William Pepperrell,—Hamilton was no easy friend-maker like that great citizen of the District of Maine, nor even like his own beautiful younger sister, the house's mistress. Some strain of good blood, which they had inherited, seemed to have been saved through generations to nourish this one lovely existence, and made her seem like the single flower upon their family tree. They had come from but a meagre childhood to live here in state and luxury beside the river.

The broad green fields of Hamilton's estate climbed a long slope behind the

house, hedged in by stately rows of elms and tufted by young orchards; at the western side a strong mountain stream came down its deep channel and over noisy falls and rapids to meet the salt tide in the bay below. This broad sea inlet and inland harborage was too well filled in an anxious year with freightless vessels both small and great: heavy seagoing craft and lateen-sailed gundelows for the river traffic; idle enough now, and careened on the mud at half tide in picturesque confusion.

The opposite shore was high, with farmhouses above the fields. There were many persons to be seen coming down toward the water, and when Colonel Hamilton and his guests appeared on the garden terraces, a loud cry went alongshore, and instantly the noise of mallets ceased in the shipyard beyond, where some carpenters were late at work. There was an eager, buzzing crowd growing fast about the boat landing and the wharf and warehouses which the gentlemen at the high-urned gateway looked down upon. The boat was coming up steadily, but in the middle distance it seemed to lag; the long stretch of the water was greater than could be measured by the eye. Two West Indian fellows in the crowd fell to scuffling, having trodden upon each other's rights, and the on-lookers, quickly diverted from their first interest, cheered them on, and wedged themselves closer together to see the fun. Old Cæsar, the majestic negro who had attended Hamilton at respectful distance, made it his welcome duty to approach the quarrel with loud rebukes; usually the authority of this great person in matters pertaining to the estate was only second to his master's, but in such a moment of high festival and gladiatorial combat all commands fell upon deaf ears. Major Tilly Haggens burst into a hearty laugh, glad of a chance to break the tiresome formalities of his associates, and being a great admirer of a skillful fight. On any

serious occasion the major always seemed a little uneasy, as if with unspoken jokes.

In the meantime the boat had taken its shoreward curve, and was now so near that even through the dusk the figures of the oarsmen, and of an officer, sitting alone at the stern in full uniform, could be plainly seen. The next moment the wrestling Tobago men sprang to their feet, forgetting their affront, and ran to the landing place with the rest.

The new flag of the Congress with its unfamiliar stripes was trailing at the boat's stern; the officer bore himself with dignity, and made his salutations with much politeness. All the gentlemen on the terrace came down together to the water's edge, without haste, but with exact deference and timeliness; the officer rose quickly in the boat, and stepped ashore with ready foot and no undignified loss of balance. He wore the pleased look of a willing guest, and was gayly dressed in a bright new uniform of blue coat and breeches, with red lapels and a red waistcoat trimmed with lace. There was a noisy cheering, and the spectators fell back on either hand and made way for this very elegant company to turn again and go their ways up the river shore.

Captain Paul Jones of the *Ranger* bowed as a well-practiced sovereign might as he walked along, a little stiffly at first, being often vexed by boat-cramp as he now explained cheerfully to his host. There was an eager restless look in his clear-cut sailor's face, with quick eyes that seemed not to notice things that were near by, but to look often and hopefully toward the horizon. He was a small man, but already bent in the shoulders from living between decks; his sword was long for his height and touched the ground as he walked, dragging along a gathered handful of fallen poplar leaves with its scabbard tip.

It was growing dark as they went up the long garden; a thin white mist was

gathering on the river, and blurred the fields where there were marshy spots or springs. The two brigs at the moorings had strung up their dull oil lanterns to the rigging, where they twinkled like setting stars, and made faint reflections below in the rippling current. The huge elms that stood along the river shore were full of shadows, while above, the large house was growing bright with candlelight, and taking on a cheerful air of invitation. As the master and his friends went up to the wide south door, there stepped out to meet them the lovely figure of a girl, tall and charming, and ready with a gay welcome to chide the captain for his delay. She spoke affectionately to each of the others, though she avoided young Mr. Lord's beseeching eyes. The elder men had hardly time for a second look to reassure themselves of her bright beauty, before she had vanished along the lighted hall. By the time their cocked hats and plainer head gear were safely deposited, old Cæsar with a great flourish of invitation had thrown open the door of the dining room.

II.

The faces gathered about the table were serious and full of character. They wore the look of men who would lay down their lives for the young country whose sons they were, and though provincial enough for the most part, so looked most of the men who sat in the House of Parliament at Westminster, and there was no more patrician head than the old judge's to be seen upon the English bench. They were for no self-furtherance in high matters, but conscious in their hearts of some national ideas that a Greek might have cherished in his clear brain, or any citizen of the great days of Rome. They were men of a single-hearted faith in Liberty that shone bright and unassailable;

there were men as good as they in a hundred other towns. It was a simple senate of New England, ready and able to serve her cause in small things and great.

The next moment after the minister had said a proper grace, the old judge had a question to ask.

"Where is Miss Mary Hamilton?" said he. "Shall we not have the pleasure of her company?"

"My sister looks for some young friends later," explained the host, but with a touch of coldness in his voice. "She begs us to join her then in her drawing-room, knowing that we are now likely to have business together and much discussion of public affairs. I bid you all welcome to my table, gentlemen; may we be here to greet Captain Paul Jones on his glorious return, as we speed him now on so high an errand!"

"You have made your house very pleasant to a homeless man, Colonel Hamilton," returned the captain, with great feeling. "And Miss Hamilton is as good a patriot as her generous brother. May Massachusetts and the Province of Maine never lack such sons and daughters! There are many of my men taking their farewell supper on either shore of your river this night. I have received my dispatches, and it is settled that we sail for France to-morrow morning at the turn of tide."

"To-morrow morning!" they exclaimed in chorus. The captain's manner gave the best of news, and there was an instant shout of approval and congratulation. His own satisfaction at being finally ordered to sea after many trying delays was understood by every one, since for many months, while the Ranger was on the stocks at Portsmouth, Paul Jones had bitterly lamented the indecisions of a young government, and regretted the slipping away of great opportunities abroad and at home. To say that he had made himself as vexing as a wasp were to say the truth, but he had

already proved himself a born leader with a heart on fire with patriotism and deep desire for glory, and there were those present who eagerly recognized his power and were ready to further his best endeavors. Young men had flocked to his side, sailors born and bred on the river shores, and in Portsmouth town, who could serve their country well. Berwick was in the thick of the fight from the very beginning; her company of soldiers had been among the first at Bunker's Hill, and the alarm at Lexington had shaken her very hills at home. Twin sister of Portsmouth in age, and sharer of her worldly conditions, the old ease and wealth of Berwick were sadly troubled now; there was many a new black gown in the parson's great parish, and many a mother's son lay dead, or suffered in an English prison. Yet the sea still beckoned with white hands, and Paul Jones might have shipped his crew on the river many times over. The ease of teaching England to let the colonies alone was not spoken of with such bold certainty as at first, and some late offenses were believed to be best revenged by such a voyage as the *Ranger* was about to make.

Captain Paul Jones knew his work; he was full of righteous wrath toward England, and professed a large readiness to accept the offered friendliness of France.

Colonel Jonathan Hamilton could entertain like a prince. The feast was fit for the room in which it was served, and the huge cellar beneath was well stored with casks of wine that had come from France and Spain, or from England while her ports were still home ports for the colonies. Being a Scotsman, the guest of honor was keen for his claret, and now set down his fluted silver tumbler after a first deep draught, and paid his host a handsome compliment.

"You live like a Virginia gentleman,"

sir, here in your Northern house. They little know in Great Britain what stately living is among us. My friend, the Countess of Selkirk, thought that I was come to live among the savages, instead of gratifying my wishes for that calm contemplation and poetic ease which, alas, I have ever been denied."

"They affect to wonder at the existence of American gentlemen," returned the judge. "When my father went to Court in '22, and they hinted the like, he reminded them that since they had sent over some of the best of their own gentlefolk to found the colonies it would be strange if none but boors and clowns came back."

"In Virginia they consider that they breed the only gentlemen; that is the great pity," said Parson Tompson. "Some of my classmates at Cambridge arrived at college with far too proud a spirit. They were pleased to be amused at first, because so many of us at the North were destined for the ministry."

"You will remember that Don Quixote speaks of the Church, the Sea, and the Court," said Major Tilly Haggens, casting a glance across at the old judge. "We have had the two first to choose from in New England, if we lacked the third." The world was much with the major, and he was nothing if not eager spoken. "People forget to look at the antecedents of our various colonists; 't is the only way to understand them. In these Piscataqua neighborhoods we do not differ so much from those of Virginia; 't is not the same pious stock as made Connecticut and the settlements of Massachusetts Bay. We are children of the Norman blood in New England and Virginia, at any rate. 'T is the Saxons who try to rule England now; 't is the cause of all our troubles. Norman and Saxon never yet have learned to agree."

"You give me a new thought," said the captain.

"For me," continued the major, "I am of fighting and praying Huguenot

blood, and here comes in another strain to our nation's making. I might have been a minister myself if there had not been a stray French gallant to my grandfather, who ran away with the saintly Huguenot maiden; his ghost still walks by night and puts the devil into me so that I forget my decent hymns. My family name is Huyghens; 't was a noble house of the Low Countries. Christian Huyghens, the author of the *Cosmotheoros*, was my father's cousin, and I was christened for the famous General Tilly of the stern faith, but the gay Frenchman will ever rule me. 'T is all settled by our antecedents," and he turned to Captain Paul Jones. "I'm for the flower-de-luce, sir; if I were a younger man I'd sail with you to-morrow! 'T is very hard for us aging men with boys' hearts in us to stay decently at home. I should have been born in France!"

"France is your country's friend, sir," said Paul Jones, bowing across the table. "Let us drink to France, gentlemen!" and the company drank the toast. Old Cæsar bowed with the rest as he stood behind his master's chair, and smacked his lips with pathetic relish of the wine which he had tasted only in imagination. The captain's quick eyes caught sight of him.

"By your leave, Colonel Hamilton!" he exclaimed heartily. "This is a toast that every American should share the pleasure of drinking. I observe that my old friend Cæsar has joined us in spirit," and he turned with a courtly bow and gave a glass to the serving man.

"You have as much at stake as we in this great enterprise," he said gently, in a tone that moved the hearts of all the supper company. "May I drink with you to France, our country's ally?"

A lesser soul might have babbled thanks, but Cæsar, who had been born a Guinea prince, drank in silence, stepped back to his place behind his master, and

stood there like a king. His underlings went and came serving the supper; he ruled them like a great commander on the field of battle, and hardly demeaned himself to move again until the board was cleared.

"I seldom see a black face without remembering the worst of my boyish days when I sailed in the *Two Friends*, slaver," said the captain gravely, but with easy power of continuance. "Our neighbor town of Dumfries was in the tobacco trade, and all their cargoes were unloaded in Carsethorn Bay, close by my father's house. I was easily enough tempted to follow the sea; I was trading in the *Betsey* at seventeen, and felt myself a man of experience. I have observed too many idle young lads hanging about your Portsmouth wharves who ought to be put to sea under a smart captain. They are ready to cheer or to jeer at strangers, and take no pains to be manly. I began to follow the sea when I was but a child, yet I was always ambitious of command, and ever thinking how I might best study the art of navigation."

"There were few idlers along this river once," said General Goodwin regretfully. "The times grow worse and worse."

"You referred to the slaver, *Two Friends*," interrupted the minister, who had seen a shadow of disapproval on the faces of two of his parishioners (one being Colonel Hamilton's) at the captain's tone. "May I observe that there has seemed to be some manifestation of a kind Providence in bringing so many heathen souls to the influence of a Christian country?"

The fierce temper of the captain flamed to his face; he looked up at old Cæsar who well remembered the passage from his native land, and saw that black countenance set like an iron mask.

"I must beg your reverence's kind pardon," said Paul Jones, with scornful bitterness. "When I was first aboard

the Two Friends, slaver, I took the work like any other, and did my poor duty to my owners like any thoughtless sailor. We bought our freight when we must, and stole it when we could, — most of them were poor, gay-hearted children pleased with their beads and trinkets, and when we easily coaxed them on board they sang their foolish songs and played their tricks for us, and laughed until the very last; 't was a place where slavers had never come before. We weighed anchor, but they had no thought we should not bring them back. There was a mother with a good human face, who tended a hunchbacked boy that could not step alone; she had brought him, a heavy weight in her arms, to get some gifts with the rest. The captain had them take him from her to carry to the last boat that went ashore to fetch some sailors off; she stood on deck, laughing, for to wait her own turn, but the light went out of her eyes; she stood like stone, and saw them throw the poor creature out upon the beach . . . they took her down quick between decks, and she shrieked all night above the rest, and in the morning she had bit the cords in two that bound her, and flew to the deck, leaped over the side and sank; we were almost out of sight of land. 'God helping me, a sinner,' says I, 'I shall never set my foot on board a hellish slaver again.' I had supped too full of horrors. I left the Two Friends when we came to the Barbadoes, and forfeited all my share of gain."

There was a murmur of protest about the table, but the anecdote was not counted to be in the best of taste. Society resents being disturbed at its pleasures, and the man who had offended was now made conscious of his rudeness. He looked up, however, and saw Mary Hamilton standing in the open doorway that led into the hall. She was gazing at him with no relic of that indifference which had lately distressed his

heart, and smiled at him through the shining tears that filled her eyes; then colored deeply, and disappeared.

The captain took on a more spirited manner than before, and began to speak of politics, of the late news from Long Island, where a son of old Berwick, General John Sullivan, had taken the place of Lee, and was now next in command to Washington himself. This night Paul Jones seemed to be in no danger of those fierce outbursts of temper with which he was apt to startle his more amiable and prosaic companions. There was some discussion of immediate affairs, and one of the company, Mr. Wentworth, fell upon the inevitable subject of the Tories; a topic sure to rouse much bitterness of feeling. Whatever his own principles, every man present had some tie of friendship or bond of kindred with those who were Loyalists for conscience' sake, and could easily be made ill at ease.

The moment seemed peculiarly unfortunate for such trespass, and when there came an angry lull in the storm of talk, Mr. Lord somewhat anxiously called attention to a pair of great silver candlesticks which graced the feast, and by way of compliment begged to be told their history. It was not unknown that they had been brought from England a few summers before in one of Hamilton's own ships, and that he was not without his fancy for such things as gave his house a look of rich ancestry; a stranger might well have thought himself in a good house of George the First's time near London. But this placid interlude did not rouse any genuine interest, and old Judge Chadbourne broke another awkward pause and harked back to safer ground in the conversation.

"I shall hereafter make some discrimination against men of color. I have suffered a great trial of the spirit this day," he began seriously. "I ask the kind sympathy of each friend present. I had promised my friend, President

Hancock, some strong young elms to plant near his house on Boston Common; he has much admired the fine natural growth of that tree in our good town here, and the beauty it lends to the high ridges of land. I gave directions to my man Ajax, known to some of you as a competent but lazy soul, and as I was leaving home he ran after me, shouting to inquire where he should find the trees. 'Oh, get them anywhere!' said I, impatient at the detention, and full of some difficult matters which were coming up at our term in York. And this morning on my return from court I missed a well-started row of elms, which I had selected myself and planted along the outer border of my gardens. Ajax had taken the most accessible, and they had all gone down river by Varney's packet. I shall have a good laugh with Hancock by and by. I remember that he once praised these very trees and professed to covet them."

"'T was the evil eye," suggested Mr. Hill, laughing; but the minister slowly shook his head, contemptuous of such superstitions.

"I saw that one of our neighbor Madam Wallingford's favorite oaks was sadly broken by the recent gale," said Mr. Wentworth unguardedly, and this was sufficient to make a new name fairly leap into the conversation, — that of Mr. Roger Wallingford, the son of a widowed lady of great fortune, whose house stood not far distant, on the other side of the river in Somersworth.

General Goodwin at once dropped his voice regretfully. "I am afraid we can have no doubt now of the young man's sympathy with our oppressors," said he. "I hear that he has been seen within a week coming out of the Wentworth mansion in Portsmouth, late at night, as if from a secret conference. And a friend of mine heard him say openly on the Parade that Mr. Benjamin Thompson of old Rumford had been fairly driven to seek Royalist protection, and

to flee his country, leaving wife and infant child behind him; that 't was all from the base suspicions and hounding of his neighbors, whose worst taunt had ever been that he loved and sought the company of gentlemen. 'I pity him from my heart,' says he in a loud voice; as if pity could ever belong to so vile a traitor!"

"But I fear that this was true," said Judge Chadbourne, the soundest of patriots, gravely interrupting. "They drove young Thompson away in hot haste when his country was in sorest need of all such naturally chivalrous and able men. He meant no disloyalty until his crisis came, and proved his rash young spirit too weak to meet it. He will be a great man some day, if I read men aright; we shall be proud of him in spite of everything. He had his foolish follies, and the wrong road never leads to the right place, but the taunts of the narrow-minded would have made many an older man fling himself out of reach. 'T is a sad mischance of war. Young Wallingford is a proud fellow, and has his follies too; his kindred in Boston thought themselves bound to the King; they are his elders and have been his guardians, and youth may forbid his seeing the fallacy of their arguments. Our country is above our King in such a time as this, yet I myself was of those who could not lightly throw off the allegiance of a lifetime."

"I have always said that we must have patience with such lads and not try to drive them," said Major Haggens, the least patient of all the gentlemen. Captain Paul Jones drummed on the table with one hand and rattled the links of his sword hilt with the other. The minister looked dark and unconvinced, but the old judge stood first among his parishioners; he did not answer, but threw an imploring glance toward Hamilton at the head of the table.

"We are beginning to lose the very last of our patience now with those who

cry that our country is too young and poor to go alone, and urge that we should bear our wrongs and be tied to the skirts of England for fifty years more. What about our poor sailors dying like sheep in the English jails?" said Hamilton harshly. "He that is not for us is against us, and so the people feel."

"The true patriot is the man who risks all for love of country," said the minister, following fast behind.

"They have little to risk, some of the loudest of them," insisted Major Haggens scornfully. "They would not brook the thought of conciliation, but fire and sword and other men's money are their only sinews of war. I mean that some of those dare-devils in Boston have sometimes made matters worse than there was any need," he added, in a calmer tone.

Paul Jones cast a look of contempt upon such a complaining old soldier.

"You must remember that many discomforts accompany a great struggle," he answered. "The lower classes, as some are pleased to call certain citizens of our Republic, must serve Liberty in their own fashion. They are used to homespun shirt sleeves and not to lace ruffles, but they make good fighters, and their hearts are true. Sometimes their instinct gives them to see farther ahead than we can. I fear indeed that there is trouble brewing for some of your valued neighbors who are not willing to be outspoken. A certain young gentleman has of late shown some humble desires to put himself into an honorable position for safety's sake."

"You mistake us, sir," said the old judge, hastening to speak. "But we are not served in our struggle by such lawlessness of behavior; we are only hindered by it. General Washington is our proper model, and not those men whose manners and language are not worthy of civilization."

The guest of the evening looked

frankly bored, and Major Tilly Haggens came to the rescue. The captain's dark hint had set them all staring at one another.

"Some of our partners in this struggle make me think of an old Scottish story I got from McIntire in York," said he. "There was an old farmer went to the elders to get his tokens for the Sacrament, and they propounded him his questions. 'What's your view of Adam?' says they: 'what kind of a mon?' 'Well,' says the farmer, 'I think Adam was like Jack Simpson the horse trader. Varra few got anything by him, an' a mony lost.'"

The captain laughed gayly as if with a sense of proprietorship in the joke. "'Tis old Scotland all over," he acknowledged, and then his face grew stern again.

"Your loud talkers are the gadflies that hurry the slowest oxen," he warned the little audience. "And we have to remember that if those who would rob America of her liberties should still prevail, we all sit here with halters round our necks!" Which caused the spirits of the company to sink so low that again the cheerful major tried to succor it.

"Shall we drink to The Ladies?" he suggested, with fine though unexpected courtesy; and they drank as if it were the first toast of the evening.

"We are in the middle of a great war now, and must do the best we can," said Hamilton, as if he wished to make peace about his table. "Last summer when things were at the darkest, Sam Adams came riding down to Exeter to plead with Mr. Gilman for money and troops on the part of New Hampshire. The Treasurer was away, and Madam Gilman saw his great anxiety and the tears rolling down his cheeks, and heard him groan aloud as he paced to and fro in the room. 'O my God!' says he, 'and must we give it all up!' When Madam Gilman told me there were tears in her own eyes, and I vow that I was

fired as I had never been before,—I have loved the man ever since; I called him a stirrer up of frenzies once, but it fell upon my heart that, after all, 't is men like Sam Adams who hold us to our duty."

"I cannot envy Sam Curwen his travels in rural England, or Gray that he moves in the best London society, but Mr. Hancock writes me 't is thought all our best men have left us," said Judge Chadbourne.

"'T is a very genteel company now at Bristol," said John Lord.

"I hear that the East India Company is in terrible difficulties, and her warehouses in London are crammed to bursting with the tea that we have refused to drink. If they only had sense enough to lift the tax, we should soon drink all their troubles dry," said Colonel Hamilton.

"'T is not because we hate England, but because we love her that we are hurt so deep," said Mr. Hill. "When a man's mother is jealous because he prospers, and turns against him, it is worst of all."

"Send your young men to sea!" cried Captain Paul Jones, who had no patience with the resettling of questions already left far behind. "Send me thoroughbred lads like your dainty young Walingford! You must all understand how little can be done with this poor basket of a Ranger against a well-furnished British man-of-war. My reverend friend here has his heart in the matter. I myself have flung away friends and fortune for my adopted country, and she has been but a stingy young stepmother to me. I go to fight her cause on the shores that gave me birth; I trample some dear recollections under foot, and she haggles with me all summer over a paltry vessel none too smart for a fisherman, and sends me to sea in her with my gallant crew. You all know that the Ranger is crank built, and her timbers not first class,—her thin sails are

but coarse hessings, with neither a spare sheet, nor stuff to make it, and there's not even room aboard for all her guns. I sent four six-pounders ashore out of her this very day so that we can train the rest. 'T is some of your pretty Tories that have picked our knots as fast as we tied them, and some jealous hand chose poor planking for our decks and rotten red-oak knees for the frame. But, thank God, she's a vessel at last! I would sail for France in a gundelow, so help me Heaven! and once in France I shall have a proper man-of-war."

There was a chorus of approval and applause; the listeners were deeply touched and roused; they all wished to hear something of the captain's plans, but he returned to the silver tumbler of claret, and sat for a moment as if considering; his head was held high, and his eyes flashed with excitement as he looked up at the high cornice of the room. He had borne the name of the Sea Wolf; in that moment of excitement he looked ready to spring upon any foe, but to the disappointment of every one he said no more.

"The country is drained now of ready money," said young Lord despondently; "this war goes on, as it must go on, at great sacrifice. The reserves must come out,—those who make excuse and the only sons, and even men like me, turned off at first for lack of health. We meet the strain sadly in this little town; we have done the best we could on the river, sir, in fitting out your frigate, but you must reflect upon our situation."

The captain could not resist a comprehensive glance at the richly furnished table and stately dining room of his host, and there was not a man who saw it who did not flush with resentment.

"We are poorly off for stores," he said bitterly, "and nothing takes down the courage of a seaman like poor fare. I found to-day that we had only thirty gallons of spirits for the whole crew." At which melancholy information Ma-

for Haggens's kind heart could not forbear a groan.

General Goodwin waved his hand and took his turn to speak with much dignity.

"This is the first time that we have all been guests at this hospitable board in many long weeks," he announced gravely. "There is no doubt about the propriety of republican simplicity, or our readiness to submit to it, though our Berwick traditions have taught us otherwise. But I see reason to agree with our friend and former townsman, Judge Sullivan, who lately answered John Adams for his upbraiding of President Hancock's generous way of doing things. He insists that such open hospitality is to be praised when consistent with the means of the host, and that when the people are anxious and depressed it is important to the public cheerfulness."

"'Tis true. James Sullivan is right," said Major Haggens; "we are not at Poverty's back door either. You will still find a glass of decent wine in every gentleman's house in old Berwick and a mug of honest cider by every farmer's fireside. We may lack foreign luxuries, but we can well sustain ourselves. This season has found many women active in the fields, where our men have dropped the hoe to take the old swords again that were busy in the earlier wars."

"We have quelled the savage, but the wars of civilization are not less to be dreaded," said the good minister.

"War is but war," said Colonel Hamilton. "Let us drink to Peace, gentlemen!" and they all drank heartily; but Paul Jones looked startled; the war might really end without having served his own purpose.

"Nature has made a hero of him," said the judge to his neighbor, as they saw and read the emotion of the captain's look. "Circumstances have now given him the command of men and a great opportunity. We shall see the result."

"Yet 'tis a contemptible force of ship and men, to think of striking terror along the strong coasts of England," observed Mr. Hill to the parson, who answered him with sympathy; and the talk broke up and was only between man and man, while the chief thought of every one was upon the venison, — a fine saddle that had come down the week before from the north country about the Saco intervals.

III.

"Your friend General Sullivan has had his defamers, but he goes to prove himself one of our ablest men," said Paul Jones to Hamilton. "I grieve to see that his old father, that lofty spirit and fine wit, is not with us to-night. Yes, Sullivan is a great man and soldier."

"There is something in descent," said Hamilton eagerly. "They come of a line of fighting men famous in the Irish struggles. John Sullivan's grandfather was with Patrick Sarsfield, the great Earl of Lucan, at Limerick, and the master himself, if all tales are true, was much involved in the early plots of the old Pretender. No, sir, he was not out in the '15; he was a student at that time in France, but I dare say ready to lend himself to anything that brought revenge upon England."

"Commend me to your ancient sage the master," said the captain. "I wish we might have had him here to-night. When we last dined here together he spoke not only of our unfortunate King James the Third, but of the great Prince of Conti and Louis Quatorze as if he had seen them yesterday. He was close to many great events in France."

"You speak of our old Master Sullivan," said Major Haggens eagerly, edging his chair a little nearer. "Yes, he knew all those great Frenchmen as he knows his Virgil and Tully; we are all

his pupils here, old men and young; he is master of a little school on Pine Hill; there is no better scholar and gentleman in New England."

"Or Old England either," added Judge Chadbourne.

"They say that he had four countesses to his grandmothers, and that his grandfathers were lords of Beare and Bantry, and princes of Ireland," said the major. "His father was banished to France by the Stuarts, and died from a duel there, and the master was brought up in one of their great colleges in Paris where his house held a scholarship. He was reared among the best men of his time. As for his coming here there are many old stories; some say 't was being found in some treasonable plot, and some that 'twas for the sake of a lady whom his mother would not let him stoop to marry. He vowed that she should never see his face again; all his fortunes depended on his mother, so he fled the country."

"With the lady?" asked the captain, with interest, and pushing along the decanter of Madeira.

"No," said the major, stopping to fill his own glass as if it were a pledge of remembrance. "No, he came to old York a bachelor, to the farm of the McIntires, Royalist exiles in the old Cromwell times, and worked there with his hands until some one asked him if he could write a letter, and he wrote it in seven languages. Then the minister, old Mr. Moody, planted him in our grammar school. There had been great lack in all this region of classical teaching for those who would be college bred, and since that early year he has kept his school for lads and now and then for a bright girl or two like Miss Mary Hamilton, and her mother before her."

"One such man who knows the world and holds that rarest jewel, the teacher's gift, can uplift a whole community," said the captain, with enthusiasm. "I see now the cause of such difference between

your own and other early planted towns. Master Sullivan has proved himself a nobler prince and leader than any of his ancestry. But what of the lady? I heard many tales of him before I possessed the pleasure of his acquaintance, and so heard them with indifference."

"He had to wife a pretty child of the ship's company, an orphan whom he befriended, and later married. She was sprightly and of great beauty in her youth, and was dowered with all the energy in practical things that he had been denied," said the judge. "She came of plain peasant stock, but the poor soul has a noble heart. She flouts his idleness at one moment, and bewails their poverty, and then falls on her knees to worship him the next, and is as proud as if she had married the lord of the manor at home. The master lacked any true companionship until he bred it for himself. It has been a solitary life and hermitage for either an Irish adventurer or a French scholar and courtier."

"The master can rarely be tempted now from the little south window where he sits with his few books," said Hamilton. "I lived neighbor to him all my young days. Not long ago he went to visit his son James, and walked out with him to see the village at the falls of the Saco. There was an old woman lately come over from Ireland with her grandchildren; they said she remembered things in Charles the Second's time, and was above a hundred years of age. James Sullivan, the judge, thinking to amuse his father, stopped before the house, and out came the old creature, and fell upon her knees. 'My God! 't is the young Prince of Ardea!' says she. 'Oh, I mind me well of your lady mother, sir; 't was in Derry I was born, but I lived a year in Ardea, and yourself was a pretty man busy with your courting!' The old man burst into tears. 'Let us go, James,' says he, 'or this will break my heart!' but he stopped and said a few words to her in a whisper, and gave

the old body his blessing and all that was in his poor purse. He would listen to her no more. 'We need not speak of youth,' he told her; 'we remember it only too well!' A man told me this who stood by and heard the whole."

"'T was most affecting; it spurs the imagination," said the captain. "If I had but an hour to spare I should ride to see him once more, even by night. You will carry the master my best respects, some of you."

"One last glass, gentlemen, to our noble cause! We may never sit in pleasant company again," he added, and they all rose in their places and stood about the table.

"*Haud heigh*, my old auntie used to say to me at home. Aim high 's the English of it. She was of the bold clan of the MacDuffs, and 't is my own motto in these anxious days. Good-by, gentlemen all!" said the little captain. "I ask for your kind wishes and your prayers."

They all looked at Hamilton, and then at one another, but nobody took it upon himself to speak, so they shook hands warmly and drank their last toast in silence and with deep feeling. It was time to join the ladies; already there was a sound of music across the hall in a great room which had been cleared for the dancing.

IV.

While the guests went in to supper, Mary Hamilton, safe in the shelter of friendly shadows, went hurrying along the upper hall of the house to her own chamber. The coming moon was already brightening the eastern sky, so that when she opened the door, the large room with its white hangings was all dimly lighted from without, and she could see the figure of a girl standing at one of the windows.

"Oh, you are here!" she cried, with sharp anxiety, and then they leaned out

together, with their arms about each other's shoulders, looking down at the dark cove and at the height beyond where the tops of tall pines were silvered like a cloud. They could hear the gentlemen's voices, as if they were all talking together, in the room below.

Mary looked at her friend's face in the dim light. There were some who counted Miss Elizabeth Wyat as great a beauty as Mary Hamilton.

"Oh, Betsey dear, I can hardly bear to ask, but tell me quick now what you have heard! I must go down to Peggy; she has attempted everything for this last feast, and I promised her to trim the game pie for its proud appearing, and the great plum cake. One of her maids is ill, and she is in such a flurry!"

"'T was our own maids talking," answered Betsey Wyat slowly. "They were on the bleaching green with their linen this morning, the sun was so hot, and I was near by among the barberry bushes in the garden. And Thankful Grant was sobbing, in great distress. She said that her young man had put himself in danger; he was under a vow to come out with the mob from Dover any night now that the signal called them, to attack Madam Wallingford's house and make Mr. Roger declare his principles. They were sure he was a Tory fast enough, and they meant to knock the old nest to pieces; they are bidden to be ready with their tools; their axes, she said, and something for a torch. Thankful begged him to feign illness, but he said he did not dare, and would go with the rest at any rate. She said she had fronted him with the remembrance how madam had paid his wages all last summer when he was laid by, though the hurt he got was not done in her service, but breaking his own colt on a Sunday. But nothing changed him; he said he was all for Liberty, and would not play the sneak now."

"Oh, how cruel! when nobody has been so kind and generous as Madam

Wallingford, so full of thought for the poor!" exclaimed Mary. "And Roger" —

"He would like it better if you thought first of him, not of his mother," said Betsey Wyat reproachfully.

"What can be done? It may be this very night," said Mary in a voice of despair.

"The only thing left is to declare his principles. Things have gone so far now, they will never give him any peace. Many have come to the belief that he is in close league with our enemies."

"That he has never been!" said Mary hotly.

"He must prove it to the doubting patriots, then; so my father says."

"But not to a mob of rascals, who will be disappointed if they cannot vex their betters, and ruin an innocent woman's home, and spoil her peace only to show their power. Oh, Betty, what in the world shall we do? There is no place left for those who will take neither side. Oh, help me to think what we shall do; the mob may be there this very night! There was a strange crowd about the Landing just now, when the captain came. I dare not send any one across the river with such a message but old Cæsar or Peggy, and they are not to be spared from the house. I trust none of the younger people, black or white, when it comes to this."

"But he was safe in Portsmouth today; they will watch for his being at home; it will not be to-night, then," said Betsey Wyat hopefully. "I think that he should have spoken long ago if only to protect his mother."

"Get ready now, and make yourself very fine," said Mary at last. "The people will all be coming for the dance long before supper is done. My brother was angry when I told him I should not sit at the table, but I could not. There is nobody to make it gay afterward with all our beaux gone to the camp at Cambridge; but Captain Paul Jones begged

hard for some dancing, and all the girls are coming, — the Hills and Hights, and the Lords from Somersworth. I must manage to tell my brother of this danger, but to openly protect Madam Wallingford would be openly taking the wrong side, and who will follow him in such a step?"

"I could not pass the great window on the stairs without looking out in fear that madam's house would be all ablaze," whispered Betsey Wyat, shuddering. "There have been such dreadful things done against the Tories in Salem and Boston!"

"My heart is stone cold with fear," said Mary Hamilton; "yet if it only does not come to-night there may be something done."

There was a silence between the friends; they clung to each other; it was not the first time that youth and beauty knew the harsh blows of war. The loud noise of the river falls came beating into the room, echoing back from the high pines across the water. "We must make us fine, dear, and get ready for the dancing; I have no heart for it now, I am so frightened," said Mary sadly. "But get you ready; we must do the best we can."

"You are the only one who can do anything," said little Betsey Wyat, holding her back a moment from the door. They were both silent again as a great peal of laughter sounded from below. Just then the moon came up, clear of the eastern hill, and flooded all the room.

V.

An hour later there was a soft night wind blowing through the garden trees, flavored with the salt scent of the tide and the fragrance of the upland pastures and pine woods. Mary Hamilton came alone to a great arched window of the drawing-room. The lights were bright, the house looked eager for its

gayeties, and there was a steady sound of voices at the supper, but she put them all behind her with impatience. She stood hesitating for a moment, and then sat down on the broad window seat to breathe the pleasant air. Betsey Wyatt in the north parlor was softly touching the notes of some old country song on the spinet.

The young mistress of the house leaned her head wearily on her hand as she looked down the garden terraces to the river. She wished the long evening were at an end, but she must somehow manage to go through its perils and further all the difficult gayeties of the hour. She looked back once into the handsome empty room, and turned again toward the quiet garden. Below, on the second terrace, it was dark with shadows; there were some huge plants of box that stood solid and black, while the rose-bushes and young peach trees were but a gray mist of twigs. At the end of the terrace were some thick lilacs with a few leaves still clinging in the mild weather to shelter a man who stood there, watching Mary Hamilton as she watched the shadows and the brightening river.

There was the sharp crying of a violin from the slaves' dwellings over beyond the house. It was plain to any person of experience that the brief time of rest and informality after the evening feast would soon be over, and that the dancing was about to begin. The call of the fiddle seemed to have been heard not only through the house, but in all its neighborhood. There were voices coming down the hill and a rowboat rounding the point with a merry party. From the rooms above, gay voices helped to break the silence, while the last touches were being given to high-dressed heads and gay-colored evening gowns. But Mary Hamilton did not move until she saw a tall figure step out from among the lilacs into the white moonlight and come quickly along the lower terrace and up the steps

toward the window where she was sitting. It was Mr. Roger Wallingford.

"I must talk with you," said he, forgetting to speak softly in his eagerness. "I waited for a minute to be sure there was nobody with you; I am in no trim to make one of your gay company to-night. Quick, Mary; I must speak to you alone!"

The girl had started as one does when a face comes suddenly out of the dark. She stood up and pushed away the curtain for a moment and looked behind her, then shrank into a deep alcove at the side, within the arch. She stepped forward next moment, and held the window sill with one hand as if she feared to let go her hold. The young man bent his head and kissed her tense fingers.

"I cannot talk with you now. You are sure to be found here; I hoped you were still in Portsmouth. Go, — 't is your only safety to go away!" she protested.

"What has happened? Oh, come out for a moment, Mary," he answered, speaking quietly enough, but with much insistence in his imploring tone. "I must see you to-night; it is my only chance."

She nodded and warned him back, and, tossing aside the curtain, turned again toward the lighted room, where sudden footsteps had startled her.

There were several guests coming in, a little perplexed, to seek their hostess, but the slight figure of Captain Paul Jones in his brilliant uniform was first at hand. The fair head turned toward him not without eagerness, and the watcher outside saw his lady smile and go readily away. It was hard enough to have patience out there in the moonlight night, until the first country dances could reach their weary end. He stood for a moment full in the light that shone from the window, his heart beating within him in heavy strokes, and then, as if there were no need of prudence, went straight along the terrace to the broad grassy

court at the house's front. There was a white balustrade along the farther side, at the steep edge of the bank, and he passed the end of it and went a few steps down. The river shone below under the elms, the tide was just at the beginning of its full flood, there was a short hour at best before the ebb. Roger Wallingford folded his arms, and stood waiting with what plain patience he could gather. The shrill music jarred harshly upon his ear.

The dancing went on, there were gay girls enough, but little Betsey Wyat, that dear and happy heart, had only solemn old Jack Hamilton to her partner, and pretty Martha Hill was coquetting with the venerable judge. These were also the works of war, and some of the poor lads who had left their ladies, to fight for the rights of the colonies, would never again tread a measure in the great room at Hamilton's. Perhaps Roger Wallingford himself might not take his place at the dancing any more. He walked to and fro with his eyes ever upon the doorway, and two by two the company came in turn to stand there and to look out upon the broad river and the moon. The fiddles had a trivial sound, and the slow night breeze and the heavy monotone of the falls mocked at them, while from far down the river there came a cry of herons disturbed in their early sleep about the fishing weirs, and the mocking laughter of a loon. Nature seemed to be looking on contemptuously at the silly pleasantries of men. Nature was aware of graver things than fiddles and the dance; it seemed that night as if the time for such childish follies had passed forever from the earth.

There must have been many a moment when Mary Hamilton could have slipped away, and a cold impatience vexed the watcher's heart. At last looking up toward the bright house, his eyes were held by a light figure that was coming round from the courtyard that lay between the house and its long row

of outbuildings. He was quickly up the bank, but the figure had already flitted across the open space a little way beyond.

"Roger!" he heard her call to him. "Where are you?" and he hurried along the bank to meet her.

"Let us go farther down," she said sharply; "they may find us if they come straying out between the dances to see the moon," and she passed him quickly, running down the bank and out beyond the edge of the elm trees' shadow to the great rock that broke the curving shore. Here she stood and faced him, against the wide background of the river; her dress glimmered strangely white, and he could see the bright paste buckle in one of her dancing shoes as the moonlight touched her. He came a step nearer, perplexed by such silence and unwonted coldness, but waited for her to speak, though he had begged this moment for his own errand.

"What do you want, Roger?" she asked impatiently; but the young man could not see that she was pressing both hands against her heart. She was out of breath and excited as she never had been before, but she stood there insistent as he, and held herself remote in dignity from their every-day ease and lifelong habit of companionship.

"Oh, Mary!" said young Roger, his voice breaking with the uncertainty of his sorrow, "have you no kind word for me? I have had a terrible day in Portsmouth, and I came to tell you;" but still she did not speak, and he hung his head.

"Forgive me, dear," he said, "I do not understand you; but whatever it is, forgive me, so we may be friends again."

"I forgive you," said the girl. "How is it with your own conscience; can you find it so easy to forgive yourself?"

"I am ashamed of nothing," said Wallingford, and he lifted his handsome head proudly and gazed at her in wonder. "But tell me my fault, and I shall do my best to mend. Perhaps a man in such love and trouble as I" —

"You shall not speak to me of love," said Mary Hamilton, drawing back; then she came nearer with a reckless step, as if to show him how little she thought of his presence. "You are bringing danger and sorrow to those who should count upon your manliness. In another night your mother's house may be in flames. Do not speak to me of your poor scruples any more, and as for love" —

"But it is all I have to say!" pleaded the young man. "It is all my life and thought! I do not know what you mean by these wild tales of danger. I am not going to be driven away from my rights; I must stand my own ground."

"Give me some proof that you are your country's friend and not her foe. I am tired of the old arguments! I am the last to have you cry upon patriotism because you are afraid. I cannot tell you all I know, but, indeed, there is danger; I beg you to declare yourself now; this very night! Oh, Roger, *it is the only way!*" and Mary could speak no more. She was trembling with fright and passion; something shook her so that she could hardly give sound to her voice; all her usual steadiness was gone.

"My love has come to be the whole of life," said Roger Wallingford slowly. "I am here to show you how much I love you, though you think that I have been putting you to shame. All day I have been closeted with Mr. Langdon and the officers in Portsmouth. I have told them the truth, that my heart and my principles were all against this war, and I would not be driven by any man living; but I have come to see that since there is a war and a division my place is with my countrymen. Listen, dear! I shall take your challenge since you throw it down," and his face grew hard and pale. "I am going to sail on board the Ranger, and she sails to-morrow. There was a commission still in Mr. Langdon's hands, and he gave it me, but your noble captain took it upon

himself to object. I have been ready to give it up at every step when I was alone again, riding home from Portsmouth; I could not beg any man's permission, and we parted in a heat. Now I go to say farewell to my poor mother, and I fear 't will break her heart. I can even make my own peace with the commander if 't is your pleasure. Will this prove to you that I am a true American? I came to tell you this."

"To-morrow, to sail on board the Ranger," she repeated under her breath. She gave a strange sigh of relief, and looked up at the lighted house as if she were dreaming. Then a thought came over her and turned her sick with dread. If Paul Jones should refuse; if he should say that he dared not risk the presence of a man who was believed to be so close to the Tory plots! The very necessities of danger must hold her resolute while she shrank, womanlike, from the harsh immediateness of decision. For if Paul Jones should refuse this officer, and being in power should turn him back at the very last, there lay ready the awful opportunity of the mob, and Roger Wallingford was a ruined man and an exile from that time.

"You shall not give one thought to that adventurer!" cried the angry lover, whose quick instinct knew where Mary's thoughts had gone. "He has boldness enough, but only for his own advance. He makes light jokes of those" —

"Stop; I must hear no more!" said the young queen coldly. "It would ill besit you now. Farewell for the present; I go to speak with the captain. I have duties to my guests," but the tears shone in her eyes. She was for flitting past him like a fawn, as they climbed the high bank together. The pebbles rattled down under their hurrying feet, and the dry elm twigs snapped as if with fire, but Wallingford kept close at her side.

"Oh, my darling!" he said, and his changed voice easily enough touched her

heart and made her stand still. "Do not forgive me, then, until you have better reason to trust me. Only do not say that I must never speak. We may be together now for the last time; I may never see you again."

"If you can bear you like a man, if you can take a man's brave part" — and again her voice fell silent.

"Then I may come?"

"Then you may come, Mr. Wallingford," she answered proudly.

For one moment his heart was warm with the happiness of hope, — she herself stood irresolute, — but they heard heavy footsteps, and she was gone from his vision like a flash of light.

Then the pain and seizure of his fate were upon him, the break with his old life and all its conditions. Love would now walk ever by his side, though Mary Hamilton herself had gone. She had not even given him her dear hand at parting.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

(To be continued.)

THE FUTURE OF RUSSIA.

THE part which the great powers are now compelled to play in the far East recalls with new urgency the important question of the future of Russia. It is a question the answer to which involves the consideration of many complex elements. Chief among these are the ethnic differentia which make Russia more or less of a mystery even for experts. In the Indo-European theory she belongs anthropologically to the modern civilizations. Yet her affinities with Asia hold her apart from the West by removes which even her prodigious efforts to become modern cannot obliterate. Still more isolated from the rest of Europe is she by her historical experiences, as well as by those peculiar geographical conditions which have exerted so decisive an influence upon the character and development of her political system. It is thus worth while to glance for a moment at some of the secular causes which, while not preventing the "Europeanization" of her cultured classes, have none the less seriously delayed the assimilation of her people as a whole to those world powers with which, for the settlement of planetary

problems, it is now her ambition to co-operate.

Among the potent influences of contour and condition which have presided over the development of Russia are those which, excluding her from every form of oceanic empire, have restricted her colonizing activities to a process of expansion over land. The map shows her everywhere in sight of the ocean without possessing any real control over it. The Black and Caspian seas are to-day inland lakes, the latter being absolutely isolated, the former accessible only through a difficult channel open or closed at the will of the power dominant in Constantinople. Ice makes the upper Baltic unnavigable nearly eight months of every year: the passage through it, moreover, into the North Sea is at any time at the mercy of the nation commanding the straits between Denmark and Sweden. So far as the Pacific outlet is concerned, we may estimate its strategic value by remembering its northern situation and extreme distance from the heart of the empire. Russia thus finds herself separated from the sea almost as completely at the end of her

expanding movement as she did at the beginning of her national life more than a thousand years ago. Nor has she failed to benefit from the isolation. Is not her greatness itself partly due to the fact that she has been enabled to accumulate her resources, not only with little resistance from the first-class fighting nations of the world, but also at a distance from the contending states of modern Europe? That she has no ocean frontage has for ages been her bulwark. Bounded on the north by the inaccessible polar sea; on the east by the Pacific, long unfurrowed by hostile fleets; on the west by the Baltic and the Gulf of Bothnia; on the southwest by the Carpathians and her natural ally, the composite Austro-Hungarian empire; on the south by the Black Sea, the Sick Man of Europe, the hordes of Central Asia and the Chinese civilization, Russia has been almost as safe from the aggression of any one power as if her lot had been cast in another planet.

Yet her lack of maritime experience — the chief result of her isolation from the sea — has an inner meaning of great significance. For the peoples of the West the open ocean was either an irresistible lure, perpetually stimulating to enterprise and adventure, or a rude assailant whose destructive moods schooled men to the temper while it trained them to the habit of resistance. To southern Europe nature gave the deeply indented shore lines whose connecting Mediterranean waters have had so fatal an influence, not only upon the course of history, but also upon the development of human thought. Some, at least, of the Western peoples drew from a mountainous surrounding, with its altitude, its variety, its inaccessibility, not only independence of spirit, but also originality of mind. What might not be expected from nations nurtured by the "mighty voices," as Wordsworth calls them, of sea and mountain? But the Russians were not thus favored.

With the same nature for a nurse, another cradle was theirs; they were crooned over by another music. Their home for centuries was the boundless plain, with its far-off horizons; amid the sighing of the forests, the sighing of the steppe, they were to come to their maturity as a people. But they were not to be in any considerable degree a sessile race. Their early experiences as a people had implanted within their veins the migrating instinct: it had needed only the magic touch of the Varyágs to start them on the march. Westward they could not go; a West already settled forbade it. But to the East there were tribes and *peuplades* with but slight tenure upon the soil, — agricultural races like the Finns, who lent themselves easily to absorption, or nomad peoples that needed only the thrust of a virile nationality to be pushed back into Central Asia, if not swept from the map altogether. The stimulus to expansion would come no less from the tree-clad north than from the open steppes of the south land; the forest enabled them to hold against all comers the territories they won; the unobstructed plain provided facilities for movement which made it the historic marching ground of the nation. And so complete a use was made of the opportunities afforded that the Russians reached the Pacific in a little over seventy years.

But the movement used up energies some of which an equally enterprising people, occupying a smaller country, would have spent in urban and institutional development. It is to some extent because of the lateness and rapidity of her expansion, thus consummated overland, that we look to Russia in vain for any considerable urban life. A people constantly on the move cannot pause often or long enough by the way to build up that splendid array of cities which constitutes so characteristic a feature of west-European civilization.

Yet it was conditions more potent than the horizontality of her plains, than the migrating tendencies of her people, which for so many centuries held Russia a stage nearer than her western neighbors to the nomad life which it was her destiny to displace. The presence of an enormous extent of soil suited to agriculture, the economic needs of an increasing population fitted only to gain its livelihood from the soil, the plentiful supply of slaves taken in war, and the sum total of the conditions which, perpetuating the peasant class, isolated it permanently from the culture, as well as from the state of well-being which cities make possible, if they do not always insure, — it is causes like these which have helped to deprive Russia of those opportunities of a well-developed urban life that are indispensable to the growth of free institutions. And it is this deprivation which must have had far more influence in accustoming the masses of the Russian people to the idea of political subjection, in extending their tolerance of autocratic power, than any which could be exerted by the local circumstances of a personal lot, however difficult, or by the tyranny of an impersonal climate, however rigorous or long continued.

The conditions which retarded the culture development of Russia are also significant. That a nation continually expanding eastward should have had her face continually turned in that direction goes without the saying. But the Russian Slavs were looking also toward Byzantium, from which they had received not only their faith, but also their secular instruction: in adopting a religious system antipathetic to their Slav congeners of Polish nationality, who were of the Roman Catholic faith, they closed up the main line of the road which western culture would otherwise have taken. Some part of the intellectual estrangement of the Russian mind from Europe must be attrib-

uted to geographical position; the larger effect was undoubtedly produced not only by religion, but also by language. The influence of Russian speech was wholly isolating. Even when its words have been transliterated into Latin equivalents, the elements disclosed are found, on the whole, and with the exception of a few simple terms, to present few of those likenesses which, connecting words belonging to other and distinct members of the Indo-European family, make an acquaintance with one of those languages a means to the easy acquirement of all the rest. And when, to the obstacle of the nature of the Russian words themselves was added the obscuring influence of the script — of the strange characters in which such words are written and printed — the chasm thus erected between Russian and west-European modes of thought became, for all ordinary purposes of international intercourse, impassable. After the invention of printing, it was the visible affinities of language rather than the hidden and abstract affinities of race upon which the whole intellectual solidarity of the peoples of western Europe finally rested. The Poles and southern Slavs had the good fortune to connect their culture with that of the West through books and newspapers printed in Roman letters; compared with the value of this instrument of assimilation, the type of Christianity they adopted was of minor importance. The Russian Slav had no such compensation. By receiving his faith from Constantinople rather than from Rome, he bound himself to models of literature and types of political conduct dictated from Byzantium; by clothing his Indo-European speech in the worn-out garments of Ecclesiastical Slavonic, he severed his people from the currents of western thought with a barrier more formidable than any mountain chain, more unrelenting than any imperial ukaz.

The wholly special character of Rus-

sian history, and not a little of its peculiar interest, comes from just this separation from the West, which physical situation, Greek faith, and language combined to maintain. It is only when we think of the peoples of western Europe talking languages mutually intelligible, or so nearly related as to be easily acquired by all the peoples concerned, that we begin to appreciate how much the Russians lost from their exclusion, not from the religious wars of the sixteenth century, nor yet from the crusades, or even from the struggle between the papal and the civil power, but from the intellectual movement which swept through the West, reinvigorating every department of human thought, and carrying the tide of its results even as far as the temples and cathedrals of Moscow, yet leaving there no more than the outward show of a renaissance which elsewhere seemed to recreate the inner life of individual and nation. Unconnected with the joyous ebullition of feeling which gave rise to German minnesinger and French troubadour; sharing little in the burst of genius which filled all the western countries with the names of Michel Angelo, Raphael, Correggio; without part in the literary revival that made common European property of the writings of Dante and Ariosto and Tasso in Italy, of Cervantes and Lope de Vega and Calderon in Spain, of Camoëns in Portugal, and of Shakespeare in England, — the Russians could make none of the contributions to human thought and progress which elsewhere came less from any individual people than from the European family of nations, none the less unified by common intellectual interests because politically so far apart.

If the young Slavonia was ill fitted to play the part of nurse to the physical sciences, still less prepared was she to act as the midwife of philosophy. Achievements like the discovery of printing, the invention of the telescope, were for the west-European, not for the Rus-

sian intellect. From the trading republics of Nôvgorod, Vyatka, and Pskov, successful merchants might go forth in hundreds; but the enterprise was necessarily of a kind other than that which gave to the world its great navigators, headed by Columbus, or turned its attention to the vaster cosmic revelations of a Copernicus, a Kepler, or a Galileo. Even in education, the Russian people were denied that solidarity of culture which was secured to the countries of Europe by the university system as early as the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. It was this living contact of nation with nation which, by preserving the continuity of the Græco-Roman learning, made each of its inheritors a collaborator in the civilization of all the rest. And it was the absence of it that helped to keep Russia, throughout the period of her youth, under the tutelage of an eastern culture which satisfied her religious longings without yielding scope for her intellectual development.

The long-delayed assimilation of Russia to the West came at last, yet the partial nature of the process resulted in the division of the Russian people into hostile camps, — camps which opposed culture to ignorance, and superstition to rational faith. If the changes introduced by Peter the Great could have affected all the people in like degree, the civilization of the West would have brought to the peasants, loyal to the autocratic system, a desire for free institutions similar to that with which it inspired the cultured classes. But the peculiar conditions which prevailed made this simultaneous advance of the educated minority and the ignorant masses an impossibility. The common people obtained from European culture simply the external forms of our modern civilization, — improvements in the comforts and conveniences of life: at first, improved architecture, better sanitary arrangements; then steam engines, railways, telegraphs, agricultural machinery, etc., — and thus remained,

as before, ignorant, superstitious, and politically apathetic. For the cultured classes, on the other hand, Peter's reforms exerted an enormous stimulus, arousing in susceptible minds not only the desire for individual perfection, but also the ambition for a national progress — intellectual, political, religious — never before dreamt of. And since the reformer's time these two classes have been growing farther and farther apart, — here a class politically competent, yet rendered powerless for good by mere lack of numbers; there a class uncultured and unprogressive, yet dowered with the power of determining that all the people of Russia, cultured as well as ignorant, shall live under an autocratic system.

The protest of the cultured classes against this state of things came in the revolutionary movement, and though the acute phases of that movement are over, the tragedy of the situation remains. This situation not only discloses a profound antagonism of interest between the educated classes who want reform, and the peasants who thus far loyally support the autocratic régime; it raises the vital issue of Russia's rank as related to the other powers with whom in world problems it is so manifestly her ambition to coöperate. For when we turn to her internal life, we find that in respect of both political and religious institutions she is not only not modern, but that she is living at least four hundred years *en retard* as compared with western Europe. How largely her home problems have been neglected may be seen in the fact that, in portions of the empire, such as Great-Russia, the percentage of illiteracy rises as high as ninety-four per cent. Her land system, upon which depend the occupation and sustenance of the great bulk of her people, has now reached a condition of crisis, the feverish pulse beats of which are periodically announced to the world in rhythmically recurring famines. Russia supports, in her mediæval church, a su-

perstitious and unprogressive religion, repudiated in form by millions of her uneducated, rejected in substance and outright by most of her subjects who have any claim to culture. She is today, moreover, as devoid of free institutions as she was in the days of Iván the Terrible; after ages of contact with Europe, she accepts the will of her autocrat, intrenched in the loyalty of her peasants, as the supreme law. Not one of her 150,000,000 people has the slightest voice in determining her home or her foreign policies. Fearing free discussion far more than the plague, her absolutist régime punishes alike the political aspirations of her educated minority and that religious dissent of her masses which dares to diverge from the prescribed faith of the Orthodox Church. Denying to the political and religious offender the right of trial by jury, elsewhere centuries old, Russia refuses to press and platform privileges granted even to the Maoris of New Zealand, and maintains in the "administrative process" the same odious system of *lettres de cachet* as that which in the eighteenth century provoked against France the indignation of all Europe.

The condition of her agriculture would alone suggest the internal weakness which underlies much of the brave show Russia is still enabled to make to the world as a first-class military power. Forty years after emancipation, the industry and loyalty of the peasant continue to constitute the chief support of the Russian system. Not only do the peasantry maintain the autocratic form of government; they contribute the great bulk of the expenditure of the empire. It is, moreover, from the ranks of the agriculturists that the Russian armies are recruited; it is the brawn and brain developed in the Russian villages which have enabled the colonizer of the north-east to carry the Russian flag far eastward toward the Pacific; from the same source have issued the pluck and

dash which have wrested the bulk of Central Asia from the nomad, and have made its desert blossom like a garden. Yet the peasants of Russia are poorer as a class than they were before 1861. Thus far splendidly responsive to the plans of military generals, they seem to be growing less and less able to take care of themselves. Feeders of empire, they themselves are compelled to live from hand to mouth; in years of want they die of hunger by thousands. Meanwhile, the conditions of agriculture, of really vital interest in Russia, are steadily going from bad to worse. Repeated failures of the crops in certain districts, alternating with an occasional great famine, such as that of 1891-92, as well as the later only less severe visitation of 1898, show that the economical conditions on which the masses of the Russian people depend for their livelihood, and the autocratic régime so largely for its income, are even now in imminent danger of collapse.

To this source of weakness, moreover, must be added the reactionary measures which have gone far toward nullifying not only the benefits conferred by the emancipation act, but also the other reforms with which it was accompanied. For the peasant did not long enjoy the status fixed for him by the legislation of 1861. It was the purpose of the act of that year not only to emancipate the working agriculturist, but also to free him from the guardianship and authority exercised, — now as police officer, now as judge, and again as general agent of the state, — which the manorial lords had exercised since the beginning of the eighteenth century. The emancipation decree formally deprived this class of all further participation in the affairs of the peasant commune; yet by various acts of subsequent legislation, the government has readmitted them to the functions from which they were ousted in 1861. The first sign of this reaction manifested itself in the changed

character of the "arbitrators of the peace," — officers whom the government had intrusted with the duty of mediating between the peasants and the landowning class, in questions such as the allotment of land arising out of emancipation. These functionaries, at first chosen from the best representatives of the nobility, gradually became venal and corrupt. In 1874 the duties of this class were transferred to police officials known as *isprávniki*; while in 1889 the government returned to power over the peasantry certain members of the nobility, as paid state officers, under the title of *nachálniki*, "chiefs of the rural cantons," and these officers now wield unlimited judicial and executive power in the villages committed to their care. The press is forbidden, under severe penalties, to publish complaints against them, and they consequently have in their own hands all appeals which may be made against their decisions: such responsibility as they acknowledge is a merely nominal and official one to the governor of the province. With the appointment of the peasant judges under his control, with power to compel the peasant to work on his estate, as well as to flog the man at his will, the *nachálnik* of to-day seems to play a part not greatly unlike that exercised by the manorial lord in the old days of serfdom. The legislation, moreover, which has thus, in twenty provinces of Central Russia, replaced the justices of the peace (*mirovói sudiyá*) appointed in connection with emancipation, by chiefs of rural cantons (*uyésdnyé nachálniki*), has recently been applied to Siberia (June, 1898), and is soon (1901) to be extended to the western governments of Russia and to Poland. Meanwhile, by restrictions imposed upon the *zemstva* (1890) the Russian government has considerably modified the former popular character of these provincial assemblies.

Another change which promises extension of the reform spirit, and may

therefore be classed among the influences which threaten the perpetuation of the autocratic system, is the new growth of cities. Since the reaction in 1894, when municipal government in Russia was placed almost entirely under chiefs nominated by the Emperor himself, encouraging signs of urban development have manifested themselves. The old conditions, under which it used to be urged that Russia is too exclusively a country population to produce or be fitted for political institutions similar to those of western Europe, are now gradually passing away. In 1870, for example, as described three years later by Herr Schwanenbach, 27 towns in Russia had a population of 1000, 74 between 1000 and 2000 inhabitants; 194 between 2000 and 5000; 179 between 5000 and 10,000; 55 between 10,000 and 15,000; 35 between 15,000 and 25,000; 23 between 25,000 and 50,000; and 8 over 50,000. But the state of things thus illustrated is passing away. According to Milyukov,¹ the percentage of city population to the population of the whole country, 7.8 in 1851, and 9.2 in 1878, had risen in 1890 to 12.8, and cannot now be less than 15.00. Russia now has, moreover, in addition to 1,500,000 factory operatives in the cities, no fewer than 4,000,000 peasants who, besides working at the plough, pursue various industries in the Russian villages. This development of the Russian cities and of the artisan populations within them has created a labor and capital problem not wanting in acute phases, involving occasional collisions between angry workmen and the authorities. Besides quickening political ambition among the urban populations of Russia, it sets up a certain solidarity of interest between the programme of the workers and the aspirations of the educated classes.

It is in the cities, moreover, that most

¹ See *Glavniya Tsecheniya Russkoy Kultury*. St. Petersburg. 1898.

of the conditions remain which, first calling forth the "Nihilist" movement of the fifties and sixties, finally led to the revolutionary agitation. If Russia could be strengthened as an autocracy by the struggle with conspiracy, she would be well fitted to-day for a policy of enterprise in foreign affairs. Her chief centres of population are still the chosen home of political propaganda; the reform agitation in the colleges and universities — long a chronic accompaniment of educational processes in Russia — has been much intensified in recent years by the arbitrary use of police and military power in the suppression of so-called "students' disturbances." The monthly lists of arrests for "political infidelity," which the Russian organs in Geneva and London publish regularly, would alone suffice to show that autocratic government in Russia is still grappling with the problem of political disaffection. It cannot now claim to be engaged in any struggle with assassins, for there is no assassination. Conspiracy in Russia to-day is mainly an effort to assert rights of criticism, free speech, and public meeting granted in every other country of Europe; the effort to suppress conspiracy is for the most part the effort to suspend the law of progress, — to nullify that process of intellectual variation on which all national as well as individual advance finally depends.

Nor is Russia, which at the Hague Conference sought to promote the world's peace, within even measurable distance of the peace, even of simple unity, which ought to prevail within her own borders. She boasts — or the boast is made for her — that

"To every race she gives a home,
And creeds and laws enjoy her shade."

Such a claim may be valid for her attitude toward the peoples of Central Asia; it certainly has no justification in the European division of her empire. For here her recent history presents the spectacle of entire nationalities whose sym-

pathy she has repelled, whose sentiment she has alienated, in the unwise effort to make them, in language, faith, and custom, an integral part of herself. In Asia the semi-barbarian finds his race life untouched; in European Russia cultured peoples are despoiled of the things they hold almost as dear as life itself, — the Poles of their language, the Little-Russians of their literature, the Baltic Germans of their religion, the Finlanders of their constitution. And if to these sources of division we add others, — the antagonisms of interest, for example, which disfranchise and degrade one section of the population with the whole force of another; conditions which exclude large classes of the population from the benefits of education; a political system which divides the people into tsar-worshippers and political malcontents, and a religious system which opposes agnosticism to superstition, — we shall be led to recognize that the metaphor of a house divided against itself is not without a certain application to Russia.

But perhaps such conditions as these may be remedied, either as the result of revolution, or by means of concessions from the throne? The chances of reform in Russia through what is known as "a palace revolution" have passed away with the exclusively Oriental conditions in which such movements have their origin; the chances of a military insurrection are every day growing more meagre; the chances of a rising of the people may for the present be left entirely out of account. A military disaster similar to, yet on a larger scale than, that of the Crimea might easily revolutionize the Russian political system, and would do this more efficaciously than perhaps any other known agency. Thus far there is an extremely slender prospect of reform as the result of imperial initiative. Nicholas II. announced to the provincial assembly of Tver soon after his accession to the throne that he intended to preserve the principle of au-

toocracy as firmly and unswervingly as his predecessor. The Tsars have always sheltered themselves under the plea that there is something peculiar in Russian history and in the Russian people which makes autocracy indispensable. The claim that the Russians are incapable of participating in the duties of the general government of their country is sufficiently discounted by their long experience in the work of the *mir*, and of other forms of local self-government. Nor could the inertia of the official class be pleaded in stay of needed concessions. If Peter the Great overcame its resistance in an age of conservatism even more hide-bound than the present, the chief condition for the success of reform to-day is the presence of the reformer. But what of popular inertia, — the so-called difficulty of imposing radical institutional changes upon the peasants? The Russians possess a degree of the power of self-adaptation to new conditions not met with, perhaps, in any other country of the world. They have been "changing all that" from the earliest periods of their history. It was a new beginning when the people threw off the pagan yoke and embraced Christianity; another when, under the influence of Peter, they gave up old Russian customs for the civilization of the West. On three or four occasions did the Russians change their capital, to look round them each time with a new mind, as well as to have over them a different sky. In the seventeenth century thousands of them broke away from the national church for a change of faith; in the nineteenth, after centuries passed in serfdom, millions of Russians readapted their lives to the comparatively strange conditions created by freedom. Even now, at the heart of the revolutionary movement, there seems the foreboding of the still greater change which is to add these thousands and millions, as well as other thousands and millions, to the list of people who, from a state of

mere bodily freedom, have grown also into political liberty. It is, moreover, this same historic race trait — this power of self-adaptation to new conditions — which is meant in the phrase “the new generation,” so frequently heard in modern Russia, it being there well understood that a single generation usually suffices to give some new and important direction to the intellectual or social tendencies of the people. Whence it may be urged without exaggeration that if constitutional reforms were granted in Russia, two generations would suffice to graft them upon the nation’s life.

So much for the conditions of constitutional change in Russia. In the absence of any likelihood of reforms — in the practical certainty that the country will be left by its rulers to grow into new conditions as it may through the transformations slowly wrought by education and industry — we return to the question of the future, not so much of the Russian people, as of the autocratic system under which they live. Thus far the peculiar circumstances of Russian development have favored the perpetuation of that system. It was at one time a haven of refuge from the intolerable disorder and civil war which to such a degree weakened the ethnic life of Russia during the *udýélnoy* or feudal period. It helped, at critical moments, to save the nation from race dispersion and from conquest. The same merciless use of absolute power which rescued the excessive individualism of the Slav in Russia from the fate partly brought by that race trait upon Poland was also found useful in numerous foreign wars. Yet the Russian autocracy has been safeguarded in the past just as much by territorial isolation as by its power of resistance and attack. Yet the separateness of Russia from the first-class fighting nations cannot last forever. By coming rearrangements of border lines in the West, or by hostile contacts in the far East, Russia must finally draw into that

closeness of relation with the other great powers which is the destiny of all civilized races living a common life on the same round world. And in that time her resource will be, not the barriers which nature has reared, or which man artificially maintains, but the power of her people to compete with the rest of the nations in the things which make for national strength and greatness. Even in a competition of peace, it will be the “restless force of Europe’s mind,” rather than “the patient faith of Asia’s heart,” which will avail; but should the competition be one of arms, Russia will hold her own only to the extent that the surpassing bravery of her individual soldier, the splendid inertia of her fighting squares, are supplemented by the intelligence, the mental alertness, the power of initiative, the scientific training, and technical skill to which all modern success in war has been due. Even if the peril which seems to menace her future came only from her religious conditions, Russia would need the warning conveyed to her by the events of recent history. For a nation which persists in living as if it were from the church and from church customs, and not from the spirit of free investigation, from the practice of free thought and free speech, that the social efficiency of peoples is to come, — such a nation may pride itself on its enormous extent of territory, on its growing and already mighty population, most of all, perhaps, on its unity in the faith received from the fathers, — yet it is destined to collapse at the first decisive touch of a virile modern race.

But is not this mere pessimism? Why should not the Great-Russian, who has already shown himself possessed of so many splendid qualities, finally dominate the world? If Europe is not one day to become Cossack, why may it not, under Slav influence, one day become autocratic? What is it that insures national greatness? Is it cunning? The Indians, probably the most crafty race

ever seen on the planet, have now well-nigh disappeared. Is it bravery? The Tekké Turkomans, whom the Russian campaign in Asia almost exterminated, were admitted by Skóbelev to be a people "full of honor and courage;" they "fought like demons," and, until special measures of defense could be devised, were irresistible. Is it quick-firing guns and the newest appliances of war? The failure of these, even when aided by a determination not much inferior to that of the Anglo-Saxon, has been one of the conspicuous results of the struggle in the Transvaal. Is it an enormous population from which to draw combatants? What of the heroic and successful resistance made by the gallant 400 within the crumbling walls of the inclosure at Peking to the attack made on them by an overwhelming force in the name of 400,000,000 Chinese? Perhaps it is immense territory? We still read our Gibbon, and the answer is there. Turn then to the institutional bases of ethnic supremacy. Does the military spirit, proficiency in the polite arts of life, make a first-class modern power? The position now conceded to France is full of suggestion. Is national preëminence given to the land of glorious traditions in art and literature? Let Italy, with her diminishing importance for world events, give the reply. Do even democratic forms of government, in the absence of an ordered and consecutive race experience, make great nations? Consider the South American republics. How far, finally, will ecclesiasticism fit a people for enduring rank in planetary affairs? The story of Spain, and of her recent collapse, is eloquent.

The source of national greatness is not only the results in the individual of the life now being lived by a people, but it is also — a high degree of race virility being understood — that subtle thing which we call brain structure, on which are impressed the whole experiences of a people in the past. If a nation is in de-

cay, the past goes for little, however glorious it may have been; but if a people be, physiologically speaking, in the ascendant, then it takes its strength or weakness from the character of its heredity. This is why the United States and Great Britain are to-day the two mightiest and most durable nations in the world. Satisfying in a high degree the conditions of social efficiency, they have both had rich race experiences, and it is these experiences which, impressed upon the structure of the individual brain, have made it strong with the whole strength of the wonderful process and story of Anglo-Saxon development. To a less and varying degree several of the nations of western Europe have been similarly endowed. But the gift of a perfect race heredity has not been conferred upon Russia; and it is her unpromising past, issuing in the failure of a whole nation to keep step with the world's advancing life, which seems to justify the prediction that, once brought fairly into competition with powers higher in the order of sociological, political, and religious development than herself, she will be forced to undergo modification as a political system.

We need not, of course, make the mistake of confounding the autocracy with the nation which it dominates. The people of Russia have shown that they possess qualities and aptitudes that will insure to them a future of potency, even of splendor, in the coming progress of the world. The story of their struggle for a worthy ethnic existence is in some respects pathetic. Submerged for 300 years in the night of the Tatar-Mongol domination, deprived of an advanced civilization for centuries after it had illumined the West, too early plunged into the whirlpool of European politics, compelled to spend energies needed at home in wars of expansion or conquest, — torn all the while by conflict between the conservatism of an inheritance from Asia and the progressive spirit which

drew them irresistibly to Europe, — the Russians have already, if we consider merely the difficulties overcome, attained to a position of the first rank in racial achievement. From the days of Rurik to the present, moreover, they have displayed a patience under humiliation, a power of resilience from disaster, and a capacity of self-sacrifice in the pursuit of ideal ends which qualify them, if anything could, for national greatness. But they cannot reach their full stature as a people while a ruling caste — a foreign aristocracy which, as such, has already completed its historic part in their development — continues to hold them, largely in its own interest, to inadequate institutional forms elsewhere long outgrown, — to forms which, degrading

their social efficiency to well-nigh mediæval levels, not only disqualify them for tasks of world-unification, but also threaten the integrity of their national life. They need a more advanced type of government; they need still more the modern and progressive institutions which such a type would secure. In the realm of nature the advent of the fit may be retarded, but it cannot be permanently delayed. Perhaps the stress of battle, with its mysterious assimilative power, is yet to deliver the Russians from the degradation of political serfdom, and to procure for them the opportunity at least of preparation for that "government for the people, of the people, and by the people," which is the advanced stage of all institutional progress.

Edmund Noble.

THE GENTIAN.

As one late wakened to the call of Love,
Whose eager youth ran by nor yielded toll,
Withheld aloof beneath a cold control,
Disdaining Heart and throning Mind above;

Yet in mid-life, at flood-tide of success,
Lays power and honors down before Her feet,
Compelled to mighty love by love as meet,
Unselfed, unswerving, final, measureless;

So wakes the Gentian with November near,
Nor answers aught to sweet June's fervid breath,
But as late love, with passion unto death,
Outlives the summer and the flaming year.

Grace Richardson.

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

"I HAVE been reading a good deal, but not much in the way of knowledge." So the future translator of Omar Khayyám wrote to a friend in 1832, being then twenty-three years old, and two years out of the University. The words may be taken as fairly descriptive of the remaining fifty years of his life. He was always reading something, but not with an eye to rank or scholarship. His old friends and schoolfellows one after another stepped into high place. Tennyson, Thackeray, and Carlyle were names on every tongue; Spedding, less talked about, was deep in a *magnum opus*; Thompson, Donne, Peacock, Allen, and Cowell held positions of honor in church or college; but FitzGerald had buried himself of set purpose in an insignificant, out-of-the-way Suffolk village, and, by his own account of himself, was dozing away his years in "visionary inactivity," — in "the enjoyment of old childish habits and sympathies."

Not less truly than his mates, however, as it now appears, he was living his own life; and perhaps not less truly than the foremost of them he was to come into lasting renown. Such are the "diversities of operations," through which the spirit of man develops and discloses itself.

FitzGerald came of an eccentric family. "We are all mad," he wrote; and his own share of the ancestral inheritance — mostly of an amiable and amusing sort — early made itself evident. While he was at Cambridge his mother drove up to the college gate in her coach and four, and sent for him to come down and see her; but he could not go, — his only pair of shoes was at the cobbler's. The Suffolk friend, from whom we have this anecdote, adds that to the last FitzGerald was perfectly careless of dress. "I can see him now," he says, "walk-

ing down into Woodbridge, with an old Inverness cape, a double-breasted flowered satin waistcoat, slippers on his feet, and a handkerchief, very likely, tied over his hat." It was odd, no doubt, that a gentleman should dress in so unconventional a manner; but it was much odder that he should write to Mrs. Kemble a fortnight after the death of his brother, in 1879: "I say but little of my brother's death. We were very good friends, of very different ways of thinking; I had not been within side his lawn gates (three miles off) these dozen years (no fault of his), and I did not enter them at his funeral — which you will very likely — and properly — think wrong." Only an eccentric man could have had occasion to say that; and surely none but a very eccentric man would have said it.

After leaving the University — at which, by the way, he barely obtained his degree — he went to Paris (where he had spent part of his boyhood), but stayed only a month or two; and on his return, having just passed his majority, he wrote to Allen, "Tell Thackeray that he is never to invite me to his house, as I intend never to go." He would rather go there than anywhere else, to be sure; but he has got "all sorts of Utopian ideas" about society into his head, and is "going to become a great bear." In another man's mouth this might have been merely the expression of a passing whim; but whether FitzGerald meant the words seriously or not, they were pretty accurately fulfilled. His friends were of the noblest and truest, and his affection for them was of the warmest and stanchest, no man's more so; but he chose to live apart.

"Why, sir," said Doctor Johnson to Boswell, "you find no man, at all intellectual, who is willing to leave London.

No, sir, when a man is tired of London, he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford." And Boswell, of course, responded Amen. "I can talk twice as much in London as anywhere else," he remarked, with true Boswellian simplicity. Possibly FitzGerald was less "intellectual" than the great luminary and his satellite; or perhaps his intellectuality, such as it was, ran less exclusively to talk.¹ At all events, he hated London as a place of residence; and even when he paid it a visit he was always in such feverish and ludicrous haste to get away that he was sure to leave his calls and errands no more than half done. "I long to spread wing and fly into the kind clear air of the country," he writes on one occasion of this sort. "I see nobody in the streets half so handsome as Mr. Reynolds of our parish. . . . A great city is a deadly plague. . . . I get radishes to eat for breakfast of a morning; with them comes a savor of earth that brings all the delicious gardens of the world back into one's soul, and almost draws tears from one's eyes." In the mouth of a man of social position, University training, and independent fortune, — who had lived in Paris, and was only thirty-five years old, — language like this bespeaks a born rustic and recluse, not to say a philosopher. And such FitzGerald was.

Not that he craved a life in the wilderness (being neither a John the Baptist nor a René), or had any extraordinary appreciation of the beauties of nature, so called. There was little of Wordsworth or of Thoreau in his composition, or, if there was, it seldom found expression; but he detested crowds, was ill at ease in society, and having a bent toward homely solitude, was independent enough to follow it. It must seem queer to his old friends, he knew, but he preferred to "poke about in the country,"

¹ "Mr. Johnson, indeed, as he was a very talking man himself, had an idea that nothing

using his books, as ladies do their knitting work, to pass the time away. Here is one of his days, a day of "glorious sunshine:" —

"All the morning I read about Nero in Tacitus, lying at full length on a bench in the garden: a nightingale singing, and some red anemones eyeing the sun manfully not far off. A funny mixture all this: Nero, and the delicacy of spring; all very human, however. Then at half past one lunch on Cambridge cream cheese; then a ride over hill and dale: then spudding up some weeds from the grass: and then coming in, I sit down to write to you, my sister winding red worsted from the back of a chair, and the most delightful little girl in the world chattering incessantly. So runs the world away. You think I live in epicurean ease: but this happens to be a jolly day: one is n't always well, or tolerably good, the weather is not always clear, nor nightingales singing, nor Tacitus full of pleasant atrocity. But such as life is, I believe I have got hold of a good end of it."

Sometimes, it must be owned, he seemed not quite to approve of his own choice. "Men ought to have an ambition to stir and travel, and fill their heads and senses." So he says once, in an unusual mood of something like penitence. Even then, however, he concludes, characteristically, "but so it is." There speaks the real FitzGerald. He is what he is, what he was made: a man without ambition; a man incapable, from first to last, of taking himself seriously. He could never have said, as Tennyson did in his youth, and in effect for all his life, "I mean to be famous." If FitzGerald meant to be anything, — which is doubtful, — he meant to be obscure. The wonder of it all is that his life was beautiful, his spirit sweet, and his posthumous reward celebrity.

He had little or none of the melan-promoted happiness so much as conversation." — Mrs. Piozzi.

choly which so generally accompanies the union of exceptional powers with an enfeebled will and a comparative intellectual sterility. For one thing, he seems to have been spared the persecution of friends. As he expected little of himself, so they expected little of him. Unlike most men of a kindred sort — men of whom Gray and Amiel may stand as typical examples — he was left to go his own gait. Nobody wrote to him week after week, chiding him for his indolence and entreating him to produce a masterpiece. Happy man that he was, his youth had held out no promise of such production, and so his subsequent course was not clouded by the shadow of a promise unfulfilled. If he was down in the country letting the moss grow over him, why, it was only "old Fitz," from whom nobody had ever looked for anything very different. So Thackeray, Tennyson, and the rest seem to have thought. And so thought the man himself. Life was worth living; oh yes; and he had "got hold of a good end of it;" but it was hardly a thing to disquiet one's self about. He set little value upon time or money, and correspondingly little upon his own gifts. There were always hours enough, and more than enough, for the nothings he had to do; his income was sufficient; if it declined, — as it did, — it was no matter, he had only to reduce his expenditures; he never earned a penny, or considered the possibility of doing so; and withal, he was not made to write anything himself, but to please himself with the writings of others.

He was born of the school of Epicurus. His aim was to pass the time quietly; pitching his desires low, never overmuch in earnest, taking things as they came, —

"Crowning the present, doubting of the rest;"

"not a hero, not even a philosopher, but a quiet, humane, and prudent man;" cultivating no enthusiasm, and aiming at no

perfection. For fifty years he seems to have been a consistent vegetarian. Like the master of his school — whom he seldom or never mentions, and of whom he perhaps as seldom thought — he subsisted mostly on bread, and drank wine sparingly. Such a diet gave him lightness of spirits, he said, — a better thing, surely, than any tickling of the palate.

With his liking for the country — in which, again, he was at one with his unrecognized master — went a strong and persistent preference for the society of common people. For correspondents he had always scholars and men of note, the best of his time, and many of them; for daily associates he chose a sailor, a village clergyman's family, and an old woman or two. One of the greatest men he had ever known was his sailor, the captain of his yacht, — "my captain," he calls him; "a gentleman of nature's grandest type," "fit to be king of a kingdom as well as of a lugger." From Lowestoft he sends word to Laurence, the portrait painter, "I came here a few days ago, for the benefit of my old doctor, the sea, and my captain's company, which is as good." One who knew him at the time of his intimacy with Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet (fortunate Quaker, with Lamb and FitzGerald both writing letters to him), describes him as living in a little cottage at Boulge, a mile from the village, on the edge of his father's park, with no companion save a parrot and a Skye terrier. Such domestic duties as he did not attend to with his own hands were performed by an "old-fashioned Suffolk woman." It was at this period that FitzGerald — then thirty-three years old — wrote to Barton, "I believe I should like to live in a small house just outside a pleasant English town all the days of my life, making myself useful in a humble way, reading my books, and playing a rubber of whist at night." And it may be added that few men have ever come nearer to realizing their own dream.

The Hall was mostly unoccupied in those days, though "the great lady" — FitzGerald's mother — would be there once in a while, and "would drive about in a coach of four black horses." So says the son of the village rector, who adds that FitzGerald "used to walk by himself, slowly, with a Skye terrier." The rector's son (a grandson, by the bye, of the poet Crabbe) was rather afraid of his "grave, middle-aged" neighbor. "He seemed a proud and very punctilious man . . . never very happy or light-hearted, though his conversation was most amusing sometimes." On this last point we have also the testimony of his housekeeper, the "old-fashioned Suffolk woman" before mentioned. "So kind he was," she says; "not never one to make no obstacles. Such a joking gentleman he was, too!" All his dependents, indeed, speak of his kindness. A boy of the village, who was employed to read to him in the evening during his later years, told Mr. Groome¹ "how Mr. FitzGerald always gave him plenty of plum cake, and how they used to play piquet together. Only sometimes a tame mouse would come out and sit on the table, and then not a card must be dropped." "A pretty picture," Mr. Groome calls it. And so say we.

As to the picture of FitzGerald's manner of life taken as a whole, it will be thought "pretty" or not according to the prepossessions of the reader. To many it will seem in all respects amiable, a refreshment to read about. Why should a man not be what he was made to be? If he likes the heat of battle, let him fight, so that he does it fairly and with those who enjoy the same game. If another man cares not to be strenuous, but only to pass his day innocently, with pleasure to himself and harm to nobody else, — why, the world is big enough; let him be at liberty to sit in his corner and see the crowd go by.

¹ Author of *Two Suffolk Friends*.

"An hour we have," thou saidst. "Ah, waste it well."

And after all, the idler may reach the goal as soon as some who hurry. The race ought to be his who has trained hardest and run hardest; and it would be, perhaps, if the world were logically and properly governed; but things being as they are, the experience of mankind seems to show a measure of truth in the old Hebrew paradox, "The race is not to the swift." Whether it is or not, the question had no particular interest for FitzGerald. His thoughts were not of winning a prize. His temperament had put him out of the competition. Temperament is fatality; and he was content to have it so. "It is not my talent," he said, "to take the tide at its flow." In his "predestined Plot of Dust and Soul" the vine of worldly prudence had never struck root.

He was peculiar in other ways. He was constitutionally a skeptic. Many things which he had been taught to believe seemed to him insufficiently established; improbable, if not incredible. The Master of Trinity wrote of him and of one of his dearest friends, "Two of the purest-living men among my intimates, FitzGerald and Spedding, were prisoners in Doubting Castle all their lives, or at least the last half of them." The language is euphemistic. Some calamities are so deeply felt that it is natural to veil allusion to them under metaphor. His friends, the Master means to say, had lost their faith in the tenets of the English Church. "A great problem," he pronounces it. And such it surely was: that two such men — "pure-living men!" — should doubt of matters which to so many bishops, priests, and deacons are the very certainties of existence. But so it is. Some men seem to be born for unbelief; and out of that number a few are so non-conformative, so perverse, or so honest as to live according to their lights. Concerning questions of this kind FitzGerald said little

either in public or private. An unheroic, peace-loving man, who wishes to slip through the world unnoticed, naturally keeps some thoughts to himself, growing them, to borrow Keats's phrase, in "a philosophic back-garden." He reasoned about them, it would seem, in a quiet spirit, patient, perhaps half indifferent, being happily free from any corroding curiosity as to the origin and destiny of things. In that regard Nature had been good to him. What could not be known, he could get on without knowing. Why wear out one's teeth in champing an iron bit? He spoke his mind, anonymously, in his translation of the Omar Khayyám quatrains, — which are perhaps rather more skeptical than the book of Ecclesiastes, — and once, at least, he shut the lips of a man whom he thought a meddler. The rector of Woodbridge, we are told by Mr. Groome, called on FitzGerald to express his regret at never seeing him at church. We may surmise that the "regret" was expressed in a rather lofty and dogmatic tone, a tone not unnatural, surely, in the case of one clothed with supernatural authority. "Sir," said FitzGerald, whose fondness for clergymen's society was one of his marked characteristics, "you might have conceived that a man has not come to my years without thinking much of these things. I believe I may say that I have reflected on them fully as much as yourself. You need not repeat this visit."

His correspondence, by which mainly the world knows him, is full of interesting revelations. His whims and foibles, and his own gentle amusement over them; his bookish likes and dislikes, one as hearty as the other; his affection for his friends, whose weak points he could sometimes lay a pretty sharp finger on, notwithstanding, frankness being almost always one of an odd man's virtues; his delight in the sea and in his garden ("Don't you love the oleander? I rather worship mine," he writes to Mrs.

Kemble); his pottering over translations from the Spanish, the Persian, and the Greek ("all very well; only very little affairs:" he feels "ashamed" when his friend Thompson inquires about them); his music, wherein his taste was simple but difficult (he played without technique and sang without a voice, loving to "recollect some of Fidelio on the piano-forte," and counting it more enjoyable "to perform in one's head one of Handel's choruses" than to hear most Exeter Hall performances), — all these things, and many more, come out in his letters, which are never anything *but* letters, written to please his friends, — and himself, — with no thought of anything beyond that. In them we see his life passing. He is trifling it away; but no matter. He might do more with it, perhaps; but *cui bono*? At the end of his summer touring he writes: "A little Bedfordshire — a little Northamptonshire — a little more folding of the hands — the same faces — the same fields — the same thoughts occurring at the same turns of road — this is all I have to tell of; nothing at all added — but the summer gone. My garden is covered with yellow and brown leaves; and a man is digging up the garden beds before my window, and will plant some roots and bulbs for next year. My parsons come and smoke with me." What age does the reader give to the author of this paragraph, so full of afternoon shadows? He was thirty-five.

But if he was an idle fellow, careful for nothing, poor in spirit, contented to be the hindmost, devil or no devil, "reading a little, dreaming a little, playing a little, smoking a little," doing whatever he did "a little," he was not without a kind of faith in his own capacity. He knew, or believed that he knew, what he was good for. "I am a man of taste," he said more than once. If he could not write poetry, — taste being only "the feminine of genius," — he knew it when he saw it. He read books with

his own eyes, not half so common or easy a trick as many would suppose. And having read a book in that unconventional way, it was by no means to be taken for granted that he would like it, though its author might be one of his dearest friends. And if he failed to like it, he seldom failed to say so. If he commended a book, — a new book, that is, — it was apt to be with a mixture of criticism. He cared little or nothing for flattery himself, and was magnanimous enough to assume (an enormous assumption) that literary workers in general were equally high-minded. If one friend sends another a book of his own writing, the best course for the second man is merely to acknowledge its receipt, unless he has some fault to indicate! This he sets down quite simply as his belief and ordinary practice. It was the more comfortable way for both parties, he thought. Perhaps he thought, too, that it was the more conducive to habits of truthfulness. (Others might conclude that its most immediate and permanent effect would be to discourage the circulation of authors' copies.) If he considered Mr. Lowell's odes to lack wings, he told Mr. Lowell so. If his taste was offended by the style of the *Moosehead Journal* ("too clever by half"), he told Mr. Lowell of that also. Why not? Great men did not resent truth-speaking, but were thankful for it. He was full of wonder and sorrow when he saw Tennyson — who had stopped at Woodbridge for a day to visit him, after a separation of twenty years — fretted by the Quarterly's unfavorable comments. If Tennyson had lived an active life, like Scott and Shakespeare, he would have done more and talked about it less. He recalls Scott's saying to Lockhart, "You know that I don't care a curse about what I write;" and he believed that it was not far otherwise with Shakespeare. "Even old Wordsworth, wrapt up in his mountain mists, and proud as he was, was above all this vain disquietude."

If a man is not greater than the greatest things he does, the less said about him and them the better. His work should drop from him like fruit from a tree. Henceforth let the world look after it, if it is worth looking after. The tree should have other business.

To say that FitzGerald lived in accordance with his own doctrine in this regard is to say that he lived like a man of dignity and high self-respect, — like an old-fashioned man, — sometimes called a gentleman, — one is tempted to say: a man who would cut off his hand sooner than solicit a vote, or angle for a compliment, or whimper over a criticism. Old-fashioned he certainly was, — old-fashioned and conservative. He liked old books, old music, old places, old friends. The adjective is constantly on the point of his pen as a word of endearment: "old Alfred," "old Thackeray," "old Spedding" — "dear old Jem." So, writing to Mrs. Kemble from the seacoast, he says, "Why it happens that I so often write to you from here, I scarce know; only that one comes with few books, perhaps, and the sea somehow talks to one of old things;" which was not an unhandsome tribute to an old friend, though the old friend was a woman. He was a "little Englander," as the word is now. For a nation, as for an individual, great estates were, he thought, more a trouble than a blessing. "Once more I say, would we were a little, peaceful, unambitious, trading nation, like — the Dutch!" Men of taste are naturally conservatives and moderates.

Not that FitzGerald was too nice for the world he lived in. His carelessness about dress, his contentment with mean lodgings, and his liking for the plainest and homeliest service and companionship have already been touched upon. Even in the matter of reading, while he held pretty strictly to the classics (not meaning the Greek and the Latin in particular), he cherished one bit of

freakishness: a great fondness for the Newgate Calendar! "I don't ever wish to see and hear these things tried; but when they are in print, I like to sit in court then, and see the judges, counsel, prisoners, crowd; hear the lawyers' objections, the murmur in the court, etc." So he writes to his friend Allen, at fifty-six. And the passion remained with him, as most things do that are part of a man's life at fifty odd; for fourteen years later he writes to Mrs. Kemble, as of a matter well understood among his friends: "I like, you know, a good murder; but in its place—

'The charge is prepared; the lawyers are met—

The judges all ranged, a terrible show.'"¹

It may be that on this point he was not so very eccentric. Certainly our newspaper editors give the general public credit for having a reasonably good appetite for capital cases. And FitzGerald's weakness—if it was a weakness—is curiously matched by what we are told of another eminent translator, the man to whom we owe our English Plato and Thucydides. A shy student, Mr. Tolle-mache says, happened to sit next to Jowett at dinner, and having hard work to maintain the conversation, as such men often had, in Jowett's unresponsive company, stumbled upon the subject of murder. "To his surprise the Master rose to the bait, mentioned some *causes célèbres*, and dropped all formality." Naturally the young Oxonian was surprised; but when he spoke of the incident to a man who knew the Master of Balliol better than he, the latter said, "If you can get Jowett to talk of murders, he will go off like a house on fire."

There is something of the savage ancestor in all of us. We are wrong, perhaps, to feel astonished that men of the cloister, studious men, never called upon to kill so much as a superfluous kitten,

should find an agreeable excitement in a dramatic, second-hand tickling of certain half-dormant sensibilities. If it is ghastly good fun to read of murder in Scott or Dumas, why not in the Newgate Calendar? Who knows how many tender-hearted, white-handed scholars would enjoy the spectacle of a prize fight, if only the amusement were a few shades more respectable in the public eye? And how long is it since we saw college men falling over one another in a mad rush to enlist for battle, every one in a fever of anxiety lest he should be too late, and so be debarred from the unusual pleasure of killing and being killed?

No! When FitzGerald called himself a man of taste, he did not mean to confess himself an intellectual prig, with a schoolmaster's eye for petty failings and a super-refined disrelish for everything short of perfection. As for perfection, indeed, he did not much expect it, whether in human beings or in their works; and when he found it, he did not always like it. He thought some other things were better. He preferred genius to art: that is to say, he enjoyed high qualities, though accompanied by defects, better than lower qualities cultivated to a state of flawlessness. "The grandest things," he believed, "do not depend on delicate finish." Thus in poetry he admired a score of Béranger's almost perfect songs, but would have given them all for a score of Burns's couplets, stanzas, or single lines scattered among "his quite imperfect lyrics." Burns had so much more genius, so much more inspiration. In the same way FitzGerald had little patience with some perfect novels,—with Miss Austen's, to be more specific. They *were* perfect; yes, he had no thought of denying that; but they did not interest him. Even Trollope's were more to his mind, with all their caricature and care-

¹ In a letter to his friend Pollock he says: "To-morrow I am going to one of my great treats, namely, the Assizes at Ipswich: where

I shall see little Voltaire Jervis, and old Parke, who I trust will have the gout, he bears it so Christianly."

lessness. Miss Austen is "capital as far as she goes; but she never goes out of the parlor." "If Magnus Troil, or Jack Bunce, or even one of Fielding's brutes, would but dash in upon the gentility and swear a round oath or two!" Cowell, he adds, reads Miss Austen at night after his Sanskrit studies. "It composes him, like gruel."

There is no doubt of it, FitzGerald was old-fashioned, especially as a novel-reader. He doted on *Clarissa Harlowe*, "that wonderful and aggravating *Clarissa Harlowe*," and he read Dickens. "A little Shakespeare—a cockney Shakespeare, if you will . . . a piece of pure genius." So he breaks out after a chapter of *Copperfield*. "I have been sunning myself in Dickens," he says at another time. A pretty compliment that, for any man. It is good to hear his praise of Scott. Even those who can no longer abide that romancer themselves—for there are such, unaccountable as the fact may seem to happier men—may well feel a touch of warmth at FitzGerald's fire. He read fiction—as he read everything else—for pleasure; and in English no other fiction pleased him so much, taking the years together, as *Sir Walter's*. In 1871 he has been reading *The Pirate* again. He knows it is not one of the best, but he is glad to find how much he likes it; nay, that is below the mark, how he "wonders and delights in it." "With all its faults, often mere carelessness, what a broad Shakespearean daylight over it all, and all with no effort." He finished it with sadness, thinking he might never read it again.

And as he was always reading Scott, and as often praising him, so he was always reading and praising *Don Quixote*. In 1867 he has been on his yacht. "I have had *Don Quixote*, *Boccaccio*, and my dear *Sophocles* (once more) for company on board: the first of these so delightful that I got to love the very dictionary in which I had to look out

the words: yes, and often the same words over and over again. The book really seemed to me the most delightful of all books: *Boccaccio* delightful too, but millions of miles behind; in fact, a whole planet away." In 1876 his mind is the same. "I have taken refuge from the Eastern Question in *Boccaccio*. . . . I suppose one must read this in Italian as my dear Don in Spanish: the language of each fitting the subject 'like a glove.' But there is nothing to come up to the Don and his Man."

Bookishness of this affectionate kind, constantly recurring, would be enough of itself to give the letters a welcome with all kindred souls; for every reader loves to hear books praised at first hand in this hearty, honest, enthusiastic way, even though they be books that he has never read, and perhaps never expects to read. The happiness is contagious. FitzGerald's relations with books (with *his* books) were those of a lover. He can never say all he feels about Virgil. Horace he is unable to care about, in spite of his good sense, elegance, and occasional force. "He never made my eyes wet as Virgil does." When he reads *Comus* and *Lycidas*, even at seventy, it is "with wonder and a sort of awe." Surely he was a man of taste; born to be an appreciator of other men's good work.

And because he was a man of taste,—or partly for that reason,—his praise, even in its warmest and most personal expression (like the words just quoted about Virgil), has not only no taint of affectation, but no suggestion of sentimentality. With him, as with all healthy souls, feeling was a matter of moments; it came in jets, not in a stream; and its outgiving was always with a note of unconsciousness, of deep and absolute sincerity. His life, inward and outward, was pitched in a low key. He never complained, let what would happen; he had too much of "old Omar's consolation" for that (too much fatalism, that

is); his own weaknesses, even, he took as they were; why regret what was past mending? but his prevailing mood was anything but rhapsodical. All the more effective, therefore, are the outbursts — frequent, but never more than a sentence or two together — in which he utters himself touching those best of all companions, his “friends on the shelf.”

The most striking instance of this affectionate absorption, this falling in love with a book, as one cannot help calling it, occurred in the last decade of his life. In the summer of 1875, when his health seemed to be failing, and he was beginning, as he said, to “smell the ground,” he suddenly became enamored of Madame de Sévigné. Till then, in spite of his favorite Sainte-Beuve, he had kept aloof from her, repelled by her perpetual harping on her daughter. Now he finds that “it is all genuine, and the same intense feeling expressed in a hundred natural yet graceful ways; and beside all this such good sense, good feeling, humor, love of books and country life, as makes her certainly the queen of all letter-writers.”

The next spring he wishes he had the “Go” in him; he would visit his dear Sévigné’s Rochers, as he would Abbotsford and Stratford. The “fine creature,” much more alive to him than most friends, has been his companion at the seashore. She now occupies Montaigne’s place, and worthily; “she herself a lover of Montaigne, and with a spice of his free thought and speech in her.” He sometimes laments not having known her before; but reflects that “perhaps such an acquaintance comes in best to cheer one toward the end.” Henceforward, year after year, in spring especially, he talks of the dear lady’s charms. “My blessed Sévigné,” “my dear old Sévigné,” he calls her; “welcome as the flowers of May.” Like the best of Scott’s characters, she is real and present to him. “When my oracle last night was reading to me of Dandie Din-

mont’s blessed visit to Bertram in Portanferry gaol, I said — ‘I know it’s Dandie, and I should n’t be at all surprised to see him come into this room.’ No — no more than — Madame de Sévigné! I suppose it is scarce right to live so among shadows; but after near seventy years so passed, *que voulez-vous?*” One thinks of what Emerson said, that there is creative reading as well as creative writing.

As is true of all readers, every kind of human capacity being limited, FitzGerald found many likely books lying mysteriously outside the range of his sympathies. He loved Longfellow (and so “could not call him Mister”) and admired Emerson (with qualifications — “I don’t like the Humble Bee, and won’t like the Humble Bee”); and he delighted in Lowell (the critical essays), and “rather loved” Holmes; but he “could never take to that man of true genius, Hawthorne.” “I will have another shot,” he said. But it was useless. He confesses his failure to Professor Norton. “I feel sure the fault must be mine, as I feel about Goethe, who is yet a sealed book to me.” He expects to “die ungoethed, so far as poetry goes.” He supposes there is a screw loose in him on this point. Again he writes: “I have failed in another attempt at Gil Blas. I believe I see its easy grace, humor, etc. But it is (like La Fontaine) too thin a wine for me: all sparkling with little adventures, but no one to care about; no color, no breadth, like my dear Don, whom I shall return to forthwith.” Happy reader, who could give so pretty a reason for the want of faith that was in him. If he lacked patience to write formal criticism, he had the neatest kind of knack at critical *obiter dicta*.

Books were his best friends; or, if that be too much to say, they were the ones that he liked best to have about him. As for human intimates, — well, it is hard to know how to express it, but

he seemed, especially as he grew older, not to crave very much of their society. He loved to write to them, — not too often, lest they should be troubled about replying, — but he would never visit them; and what is stranger, he cared little, nay, he almost dreaded, to have them visit him. His house he devoted to his nieces, for such part of the year as they chose to occupy it, reserving but one room to himself. This served for “parlor, bedroom and all,” he tells Mrs. Kemble; “which I really prefer, as it reminds me of the cabin of my dear little ship — mine no more.” Still the house is large enough. If any of his friends, Tennyson, Spedding, Carlyle, Mr. Lowell, Mr. Norton, or who not, should happen to be in the neighborhood, he would be delighted, truly delighted, to see them; but none of them must ever undertake the journey on purpose. He could n’t render it worth their while, and it would really make him unhappy. He was never in danger of forgetting them, and he had no fear of their forgetting him. If they suffered, he suffered with them. If one of them died, he wrote of him in the tenderest and most poignant strain.

In January, 1864, all his letters are full of Thackeray, whose death had occurred on the day before Christmas. He sits “moping about him,” reading his books and the few of his letters that he has preserved. He writes to Laurence: “I am surprised almost to find how much I am thinking of him: so little as I had seen him for the last ten years; not once for the last five. I had been told — by you, for one — that he was spoiled. I am glad therefore that I have scarce seen him since he was ‘old Thackeray.’ I keep reading his *Newcomes* of nights, and as it were hear him saying so much

of it; and it seems to me as if he might be coming up my stairs, and about to come (singing) into my room, as in old Charlotte Street thirty years ago.”¹ Hear him again as he writes of Spedding, the wisest man he has ever known, “a Socrates in life and in death,” who has been run over by a cab in London, and is dying at the hospital: “My dear old Spedding, though I have not seen him these twenty years and more, and probably should never see him again; but he lives, his old self, in my heart of hearts; and all I hear of him does but embellish the recollection of him, if it could be embellished; for he is but the same that he was from a boy, all that is best in heart and head, a man that would be incredible had one not known him.” And when all is over, and Laurence sends him tidings of the event, this is his answer: “It was very, very good of you to think of writing to me at all on this occasion: much more, writing to me so fully, almost more fully than I dared at first to read: though all so delicately and as you always write. It is over! I shall not write about it. He was all you say.” How perfect! And how it goes to the quick!

Not for want of heart, surely, did such a man choose the companionship of books rather than of his fellows. He was born to be a solitary, or believed that he was; at all events, it was too late now for him to be anything else. Whether nature or he had made his bed, it was made, and henceforth he must lie in it. “Twenty years’ solitude,” he says to Mrs. Kemble, “makes me very shy.” And he writes to Sir Frederick Pollock, who has proposed to visit him, that he feels nervous at the prospect of meeting old friends, “after all these years.” He fears they will not find him in person what he is by

¹ In connection with which it is good to remember that when Thackeray, not long before he died, was asked by his daughter which of his old friends he had loved most, he replied, “Why, dear old Fitz, to be sure.” After Fitz

Gerald’s death Tennyson wrote of him: “I had no truer friend: he was one of the kindest of men, and I have never known one of so fine and delicate a wit.”

letter. Every recluse knows that trouble. With books it was another story. In their presence he felt no misgivings, no palsyng diffidence. They would never expect of him what he could not render, nor find him altered from his old self. If he happened to be awkward or dull, as he often was, they would never know it. And really, with them on his shelves, and with his habit of living by himself, he did not need intellectual society, — just a few commonplace, kindly, more or less sensible bodies to speak with in a neighborly way about the weather, the crops, or the day's events, and to play cards with of an evening. He was one of the fortunates — or unfortunates — who have a "talent for dullness." The word is his own. "I really do like to sit in this doleful place with a good fire, a cat and dog on the rug, and an old woman in the kitchen." He reveled in the pleasures of memory. He loved his friends as they were years ago, — "old Thackeray," "old Jem," "old Alfred," — and only hoped they would love him in the same manner.

So his letters are full of the books he has been reading, rather than of the people he has been talking with. But what of his own books, especially of the one that has made him famous? About that, it must be said at once, the correspondence tells comparatively little. His Persian studies were only an episode in his life, interesting enough at the time, but not a continuous passion, like, for instance, his reading of Crabbe, and his long persisted in — never relinquished — attempt to secure for that Suffolk poet the honor rightfully belonging to him. Concerning that pious attempt, as concerning a possible republication of some of his translations from the Spanish and the Greek, he left directions with his literary executor; but not a word about Omar Khayyám.

The whole Persian business, indeed, if one may speak of it so, appears to have been largely a matter of friendship, or

at least to have been begun as such. Cowell had become absorbed in that language, and enticed his old Spanish pupil to follow him. The first mention of the subject to be found in the published letters occurs in 1853. FitzGerald has ordered Eastwick's *Gulistan*: "for I believe I shall potter out so much Persian." Two months afterward he writes to Frederick Tennyson: "I amuse myself with poking out some Persian which E. Cowell would inaugurate me with. I go on with it because it is a point in common with him, and enables us to study a little together." Friendly feeling has served the world many a good turn, but rarely a better one than this.

Three or four years later comes the first reference to Omar. "Old Omar," he says, "rings like true metal." Now he is translating the quatrains, though he has little to say about them. He finds it amusing to "take what liberties he likes with these Persians," who, he thinks, are not poets enough to frighten one from so doing. On a first of July he writes: "June over! A thing I think of with Omar-like sorrow." Then he is preparing to send some of the more innocent of the quatrains to Fraser's Magazine, the editor of which has asked him for a contribution. He has begun to look upon Omar as rather more his property than Cowell's. "He and I are more akin, are we not?" he writes to his teacher. "You see all his beauty, but you don't feel *with* him in some respects as I do." He is taking all pains, not for literalness, but to make the thing *live*. It *must* live; if not with Omar's life, why, then, with the translator's. And live it did, and does, —

"The rose of Iran on an English stock."

The Fraser story is well known, — a classical example of the rejection of a future classic. The editor took the manuscript, but kept it in its pigeonhole ("Thou knowest not which shall prosper" being as true a text for editors as

for other men¹), and at last FitzGerald asked it back, added something to it, and printed it anonymously. This was in 1859. He gave one copy to Cowell (who "was naturally alarmed at it; he being a very religious man"), one copy to George Borrow, and one — a good while afterward — to "old Donne." Some copies he kept for himself. The remainder, two hundred, more or less, he presented to Mr. Quaritch, who had printed them for him, and who worked them off upon his customers, as best he could, mostly at two cents apiece.

In the course of the next few years three other editions were printed — all anonymously — for the sake of alterations and additions (a man of taste is sure to be a patient reviser), but there is next to nothing about them in the letters. No one cares for such things, the translator says. He hardly knows why he prints them, only that he likes to make an end of the matter. So he writes to Cowell. As for the rest of his correspondents, they are more likely to be interested in other things, — his garden, his boat, his reading. By 1863 he is pretty well tired of everything Persian. "Oh dear," he says to his teacher, "when I look at Homer, Dante and Virgil, Æschylus, Shakespeare, etc., those Orientals look — silly! Don't resent my saying so. Don't they?" An English masterpiece had been made, but neither the maker of it nor any one else had yet suspected the fact.

The merits of the work seem to have been first publicly recognized in 1869 by Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, in an article contributed to the North American Review. "The work of a poet inspired by the work of a poet," he pronounces it; "not a copy, but a reproduction, not a translation, but the redelivery of a poetic inspiration." "There is probably nothing in the mass of English translations or reproductions of the poetry of the East

to be compared with this little volume in point of value as *English* poetry. In the strength of rhythmical structure, in force of expression, in musical modulation, and in mastery of language, the external character of the verse corresponds with the still rarer qualities of imagination and of spiritual discernment which it displays."

It would be pleasant to know how appreciation of this kind, coming unexpectedly from a stranger over seas, affected the still anonymous, obscurity-loving translator; but if he ever read it, or, having read it, said anything about it, the letters make no sign. He and his work were still comfortably obscure. His old friend Carlyle heard not a word about the matter till 1873, when Professor Norton, who meanwhile had somehow discovered the name of the man he had been praising, mentioned the poem to him, and insisted upon giving him a copy. Carlyle, much pleased, at once wrote to FitzGerald a letter which was undoubtedly meant to be very kind and handsome, but which, read in the light of the present, sounds a little perfunctory, and even a bit patronizing. The translation, he says, is a "meritorious and successful performance." We can almost fancy that we are listening to a good-natured but truthful man who feels it his duty to speak well of a pretty good composition written by a fairly bright grammar school boy.

It was all one to FitzGerald. Perhaps he thought the compliment as good as he deserved. He was getting old — as he had been doing for the last twenty-five years. Persian poetry was little or nothing to him now — "a ten years' dream." The fruit had dropped from the tree; let the earth care for it. So he returns to his Crabbe, to Sainte-Beuve, to Madame de Sévigné, to Don Quixote, to Wesley's Journal, and the rest. Such little time as he has to live, he will live quietly. And ten years afterward, when he died, — suddenly, as he had always

¹ "Sir," said Doctor Johnson, "a fallible being will fail somewhere."

hoped, — some one put on his gravestone that most Omaric of Scripture texts, "It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves." Perhaps the words were of his own choosing. Certainly no others could have suited him so well. If he had been eccentric, idle, unambitious, ease-loving, incapable, a pitcher "leaning all awry," he had been what the Potter made him.

"The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Here or There as strikes the Player goes;
And He that tossed you down into the Field,
He knows about it all — HE knows — HE knows!"

Since his death his fame has increased mightily. All the world reads Omar

Khayyám and praises FitzGerald. "His strange genius, so fitfully and coyly revealed, has given a new quality to English verse, almost all recent manifestations of which it pervades." So says one of the later historians of our nineteenth century literature. And the man himself thought he had done nothing! Truly the race is not to the swift.

"Behold the Grace of Allah comes and goes
As to Itself is good: and no one knows
Which way it turns: in that mysterious Court

Not he most finds who furthest travels for 't,
For one may crawl upon his knees Life-long,
And yet may never reach, or all go wrong:
Another just arriving at the Place
He toiled for, and — the Door shut in his Face:

Whereas Another, scarcely gone a Stride,
And suddenly — Behold he is inside!"

Bradford Torrey.

PENELOPE'S IRISH EXPERIENCES.

PART FIRST.

I.

"Sure a terrible time I was out o' the way,
Over the sea, over the sea,
Till I come to Ireland one sunny day, —
Betther for me, betther for me:
The first time me fut got the feel o' the ground
I was strollin' along in an Irish city
That has n't its aquil the world around,
For the air that is sweet an' the girls that
are pretty."

DUBLIN, *April*, 1900.
MacCrossan's Private Hotel.

It is the most absurd thing in the world that Salemina, Francesca, and I should be in Ireland together.

That any three spinsters should be fellow travelers is not in itself extraordinary, and so our former journeyings in England and Scotland could hardly be described as eccentric in any way; but now that I am a matron and Francesca

is shortly to be married, it is odd, to say the least, to see us cosily ensconced in a private sitting room of a Dublin hotel, the table laid for three, and not a vestige of a man anywhere to be seen. Where, one might ask, if he knew the antecedent circumstances, are Miss Hamilton's American spouse and Miss Monroe's Scottish lover?

Francesca had passed most of the winter in Scotland. Her indulgent parent had given his consent to her marriage with a Scotsman, but insisted that she take a year to make up her mind as to which particular one. Memories of her past flirtations, divagations, plans for a life of single blessedness, all conspired to make him incredulous, and the loyal Salemina, feeling some responsibility in the matter, had elected to remain by Francesca's side during the time

when her affections were supposed to be crystallizing into some permanent form.

It was natural enough that my husband and I should spend the first summer of our married life abroad, for we had been accustomed to do this before we met, a period that we always allude to as the Dark Ages; but no sooner had we arrived in Edinburgh, and no sooner had my husband persuaded our two friends to join us in a long delicious Irish holiday, than he was compelled to return to America for a month or two.

I think you must number among your acquaintances such a man as Mr. William Beresford, whose wife I have the honor to be. Physically the type is vigorous, or has the appearance and gives the impression of being vigorous, because it has never the time to be otherwise, since it is always engaged in nursing its ailing or decrepit relatives. Intellectually it is full of vitality; any mind grows when it is exercised, and the brain that has to settle all its own affairs and all the affairs of its friends and acquaintances would never lack energy. Spiritually it is almost too good for earth, and any woman who lives in the house with it has moments of despondency and self-chastisement, in which she fears that heaven may prove all too small to contain the perfect being and its unregenerate family as well.

Financially it has at least a moderate bank account; that is, it is never penniless, indeed it can never afford to be, because it is peremptory that it should possess funds in order to disburse them to needier brothers. There is never an hour when Mr. William Beresford is not signing notes and bonds and drafts for less fortunate men; giving little loans just to "help a fellow over a hard place;" educating friends' children, starting them in business, or securing appointments for them. The widow and the fatherless have worn such an obvious path to his office and residence that no bereaved person could possibly

lose his way, and as a matter of fact no one of them ever does. This special journey of his to America has been made necessary because, first, his cousin's widow has been defrauded of a large sum by her man of business; and second, his college chum and dearest friend has just died in Chicago after appointing him executor of his estate and guardian of his only child. The wording of the will is, "as a sacred charge and with full power." Incidentally, as it were, one of his junior partners has been ordered a long sea voyage, and another has to go somewhere for mud baths. The junior partners were my idea, and were suggested solely that their senior might be left more or less free from business care, but it was impossible that Willie should have selected sound, robust partners — his tastes do not incline him in the direction of selfish ease; accordingly he chose two delightful, estimable, frail gentlemen who needed comfortable incomes in conjunction with light duties.

I am railing at my husband for all this, but I love him for it just the same, and it shows why the table is laid for three.

"Salemia," I said, extending my slipper toe to the glowing peat, which by extraordinary effort we had had brought up from the hotel kitchen, as a bit of local color, "it is ridiculous that we three women should be in Ireland together; it's the sort of thing that happens in a book, and of which we say that it could never occur in real life. Three persons do not spend successive seasons in England, Scotland, and Ireland unless they are writing an Itinerary of the British Isles. The situation is possible certainly, but it is n't simple, or natural, or probable. We are behaving precisely like characters in fiction, who, having been popular in the first volume, are exploited again and again until their popularity wanes. We are like the Trotty books or the Elsie Dinsmore series. England was our first volume, Scotland our second, and here we are, if you please,

about to live a third volume in Ireland. We fall in love, we marry and are given in marriage, we promote and take part in international alliances, but when the curtain goes up again our accumulations, acquisitions — whatever you choose to call them — have disappeared. We are not to the superficial eye the spinster-philanthropist, the bride to be, the wife of a year; we are the same old Salemina, Francesca, and Penelope. It is so dramatic that my husband should be called to America; as a woman I miss him and need him; as a character I am much better single. I don't suppose publishers like married heroines any more than managers like married leading ladies. Then how entirely proper it is that Ronald Macdonald cannot leave his new parish in the Highlands. The one, my husband, belongs to the first volume; Francesca's lover to the second; and good gracious, Salemina, don't you see the inference?"

"I may be dull," she replied, "but I confess I do not."

"We are three."

"Who is three?"

"That is not good English, but I repeat with different emphasis *we* are three. I fell in love in England, Francesca fell in love in Scotland" — And here I paused, watching the blush mount rosily to Salemina's gray hair; pink is very becoming to gray, and that, we always say, accounts more satisfactorily for Salemina's frequent blushes than her modesty, which is about of the usual sort.

"Your argument is interesting and even ingenious," she replied, "but I fail to see my responsibility. If you persist in thinking of me as a character in fiction I shall rebel. I am not the stuff of which heroines are made. Besides, I would never appear in anything so cheap and obvious as a series, and the three-volume novel is as much out of fashion as the Rollo books."

"But we are unconscious heroines,

you understand," I went on. "While we were experiencing our experiences we did not notice them, but they have attained by degrees a sufficient bulk so that they are visible to the naked eye. We can look back now and perceive the path we have traveled."

"It is n't retrospect I object to, but anticipation," she retorted; "not history, but prophecy. It is one thing to gaze sentimentally at the road you have traveled, quite another to conjure up impossible pictures of the future."

Salemina calls herself a trifle over forty, but I am not certain of her age, and think perhaps that she is not certain herself. She has good reason to forget it, and so have we. Of course she could consult the Bible family record daily, but if she consulted her looking-glass afterward the one impression would always nullify the other. Her hair is silvered, it is true, but that is so clearly a trick of Nature that it makes her look younger rather than older.

Francesca came into the room just here. I said a moment ago that she was the same old Francesca, but I was wrong. She is softening, sweetening, expanding; in a word, blooming. Not only this, but Ronald Macdonald's likeness has been stamped upon her in some magical way, so that, although she has not lost her own personality, she seems to have added a reflection of his. In the glimpses of herself, her views, feelings, opinions, convictions, which she gives us in a kind of solution, as it were, there are always traces of Ronald Macdonald; or, to be more poetical, he seems to have bent over the crystal pool, and his image is reflected there.

You remember in New England they allude to a bride as "she that was" a so and so. In my private interviews with Salemina I now habitually allude to Francesca as "she that was a Monroe;" it is so significant of her present state of absorption. Several times this week I have been obliged to inquire, "Was I,

by any chance, as absent-minded and dull in Pettybaw as Francesca is under the same circumstances in Dublin?"

"Quite."

"Duller if anything."

These candid replies being uttered in cheerful unison I changed the subject, but could not resist telling them both casually that the building of the Royal Dublin Society was in Kildare Street, just three minutes' walk from MacCrossan's, and that I had noticed it was for the promotion of Husbandry and other useful arts and sciences.

II.

"Nor own a land on earth but one,
We're Paddies, and no more."

Our mutual relations have changed little, notwithstanding that betrothals and marriages have intervened, and in spite of the fact that Salemina has grown a year younger; a mysterious feat that she accomplishes on each anniversary of her birth.

It is many months since we traveled together in Scotland, but on entering this very room in Dublin, the other day, we proceeded to show our several individualities as usual, — I going to the window to see the view, Francesca consulting the placard on the door for hours of table d'hôte, and Salemina walking to the grate and lifting the ugly little paper screen to say, "There is a fire laid; how nice!" As the matron I have been promoted to a nominal charge of the traveling arrangements. Therefore, while the others drive or sail, read or write, I am buried in Murray's Handbook, or immersed in maps. When I sleep, my dreams are spotted, starred, notched, and lined with hieroglyphics, circles, horizontal dashes, long lines, and black dots,

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signifying hotels, coach and rail routes, and tramways.

All this would have been done by Himself with the greatest ease in the world. In the humbler walks of Irish life the head of the house, if he is of the proper sort, is called Himself, and it is in the shadow of this stately title that my husband will appear in this chronicle.

I am quite sure I do not believe in the inferiority of woman, but I have a feeling that a man is a trifle superior in practical affairs. If I am in doubt, and there is no husband, brother, or cousin near, from whom to seek advice, I instinctively ask the butler or the coachman rather than a female friend; also, when a female friend has consulted the Bradshaw in my behalf, I slip out and seek confirmation from the butcher's boy or the milkman. Himself would have laid out all our journeying for us, and we should have gone placidly along in well-ordered paths. As it is, we are already pledged to do the most absurd and unusual things, and Ireland bids fair to be seen in the most topsyturvy, helter-skelter fashion imaginable.

Francesca's propositions are especially nonsensical, being provocative of fruitless discussion, and adding absolutely nothing to the sum of human intelligence.

"Why not start without any special route in view, and visit the towns with which we already have familiar associations?" she asked. "We should have all sorts of experiences by the way, and be free from the blighting influences of a definite purpose. Who that has ever traveled fails to call to mind certain images when the names of cities come up in general conversation? If Bologna, Brussels, or Lima is mentioned, I think at once of sausages, sprouts, and beans, and it gives me a feeling of friendly intimacy. I remember Neufchâtel and Cheddar by their cheeses, Dorking and Cochin China by their hens, Whitby by its jet, or York by its hams, so that I am never wholly

ignorant of places and their subtle associations."

"That method appeals strongly to the fancy," said Salemina dryly. "What subtle associations have you already established in Ireland?"

"Let me see," she responded thoughtfully; "the list is not a long one. Limerick and Carrickmacross for lace, Shandon for the bells, Blarney and Donnybrook for the Stone and the Fair, Kilkenny for the cats, and Balbriggan for the stockings."

"You are sordid this morning," reproved Salemina; "it would be better if you remembered Limerick by the famous siege, and Balbriggan as the place where King William encamped with his army after the battle of the Boyne."

"I've studied the song writers more than the histories and geographies," I said, "so I should like to go to Bray and look up the Vicar, then to Coleraine to see where Kitty broke the famous pitcher; or to Tara where the Harp that Once, or to Athlone where dwelt the Widow Malone, Ochone, and so on; just start with an armful of Tom Moore's poems and Lover's and Ferguson's, and yes," I added generously, "some of the nice moderns, and visit the scenes they've written about."

"And be disappointed," quoth Francesca cynically. "Poets see everything by the light that never was on sea or shore; still I won't deny that they help the blind, and I should rather like to know if there still are any Nora Creinas and Sweet Peggies and Pretty Girls Milking their Cows."

"I am very anxious to visit as many of the Round Towers as possible," said Salemina. "When I was a girl of seventeen I had a very dear friend, a young Irishman, who has since become a well-known antiquary and archæologist. He was a student, and afterwards, I think, a professor here in Trinity College, but I have not heard from him for many years."

"Don't look him up, darling," pleaded Francesca. "You are so much our superior now that we positively must protect you from all elevating influences."

"I won't insist on the Round Towers," smiled Salemina, "and I think Penelope's idea a delightful one; we might add to it a sort of literary pilgrimage to the homes and haunts of Ireland's famous writers."

"I did n't know that she had any," interrupted Francesca.

This is a favorite method of conversation with that spoiled young person; it seems to appeal to her in three different ways: she likes to belittle herself, she likes to shock Salemina, and she likes to have information given her on the spot in some succinct, portable, convenient form.

"Oh," she continued apologetically, "of course there are Dean Swift and Thomas Moore and Charles Lever."

"And," I added, "certain minor authors named Goldsmith, Sterne, Steele, and Samuel Lover."

"And Bishop Berkeley, and Brinsley Sheridan, and Maria Edgeworth, and Father Prout," continued Salemina, "and certain great speech-makers like Burke and Grattan and Curran; and how delightful to visit all the places connected with Stella and Vanessa, and the spot where Spenser wrote the *Faerie Queene*."

"You will be telling me in a moment that Thomas Carlyle was born in Skereenarinka, and that Shakespeare wrote *Romeo and Juliet* in Coolagarranoe," replied Francesca, who had drawn the guidebook toward her and made good use of it. "Let us do the literary pilgrimage, certainly, before we leave Ireland, but suppose we begin with something less intellectual. This is the most pugnacious map I ever gazed upon. All the names seem to begin or end with kill, bally, whack, shock, or knock; no wonder the Irish make good soldiers! Suppose we start with a sanguinary trip to

the Kill places, so that I can tell any timid Americans that I meet in traveling that I have been to Kilmacow and to Kilnacthomas, and am going to-morrow to Kilmore, and next day to Kilumaule."

"I think that must have been said before," I objected.

"It is so obvious that it's not unlikely," she rejoined; "then let us simply agree to go afterwards to see all the Bally places from Ballydehob on the south to Ballycastle or Ballymoney on the north, and from Ballynahinch or Ballywilliam on the east to Ballyvaughan or Ballybunion on the west, and passing through, in transit,

Ballyragget,
Ballysadare,
Ballybophy,
Ballinasloe,
Ballyhooley,
Ballycumber,
Ballyduff,
Ballynashee,
Ballywhack.

Don't they all sound jolly and grotesque?"

"They do indeed," we agreed, "and the plan is quite worthy of you; we can say no more."

We had now developed so many more ideas than we could possibly use that the labor of deciding among them was the next thing to be done. Each of us stood out boldly for her own project, — even Francesca clinging, from sheer willfulness, to her worthless and absurd itineraries, — until, in order to bring the matter to any sort of decision, somebody suggested that we consult Benella; which reminds me that you have not yet the pleasure of Benella's acquaintance.

III.

"O bay of Dublin, my heart you're troublin',
Your beauty haunts me like a fever dream."

To perform the introduction properly I must go back a day or two. We had

elected to cross to Dublin directly from Scotland, an easy night journey. Accordingly we embarked in a steamer called the Prince or the King of something or other, the name being many degrees more princely or kingly than the craft itself.

We had intended, too, to make our own comparison of the bay of Dublin and the bay of Naples, because every traveler, from Charles Lever's Jack Hinton down to Thackeray and Mr. Alfred Austin, has always made it a point of honor to do so. We were balked in our conscientious endeavor, because we arrived at the North Wall forty minutes earlier than the hour set by the steamship company. It is quite impossible for anything in Ireland to be done strictly on the minute, and in struggling not to be hopelessly behind time, a "distressful country" will occasionally be ahead of it. We had been told that we should arrive in a drizzling rain, and that no one but Lady Dufferin had ever on approaching Ireland seen the "sweet faces of the Wicklow mountains reflected in a smooth and silver sea." The grumblers were right on this special occasion, although we have proved them false more than once since.

I was in a fever of fear that Ireland would not be as Irish as we wished it to be. It seemed probable that processions of prosperous aldermen, school directors, contractors, mayors, and ward politicians, returning to their native land to see how Herself was getting on, the crathur, might have deposited on the soil successive layers of Irish-American virtues, such as punctuality, thrift, and cleanliness, until they had quite obscured fair Erin's peculiar and pathetic charm. We longed for the new Ireland as fervently as any of her own patriots, but we wished to see the old Ireland before it passed. There is plenty of it left (alas, the patriots would say), and Dublin was as dear and as dirty as when Lady Morgan first called it so long years ago. The

boat was met by a crowd of ragged gossoms, most of them barefooted, some of them stockingless and in men's shoes, and several of them with flowers in their unspeakable hats and caps. There were no cabs or jaunting cars because we had not been expected so early, and the jarveys were in attendance on the Holyhead steamer. It was while I was searching for a piece of lost luggage that I saw the stewardess assisting a young woman off the gang plank, and leading her toward a pile of wool bags on the dock. She sank helplessly on one of them, and leaned her head on another. As the night had been one calculated to disturb the physical equilibrium of a poor sailor, and the breakfast of a character to discourage the stoutest stomach, I gave her a careless thought of pity and speedily forgot her. Two trunks, a hold-all, a hatbox, — in which reposed, in solitary grandeur, Francesca's picture hat, intended for the further undoing of the Irish gentry, — a guitar case, two bags, three umbrellas; all were safe but Salemina's large Vuitton trunk and my valise, which had been last seen at Edinburgh station. Salemina returned to the boat while Francesca and I wended our way among the heaps of luggage, followed by crowds of ragamuffins who offered to run for a car, run for a cab, run for a porter, carry our luggage up the street to the cab stand, carry our wraps, carry us, "do any mortal thing for a penny, melady, an' there is no cars here, melady, God bless me sowl, and that He be good to us all if I'm tellin' you a word of a lie!"

Entirely unused to this flow of conversation, we were obliged to stop every few seconds to recount our luggage and try to remember what we were looking for. We all met finally, and I rescued Salemina from the voluble thanks of an old woman to whom she had thoughtlessly given a threepenny bit. This mother of a "long weak family" was wishing that

Salemina might live to "ate the hin" that scratched over her grave, and invoking many other uncommon and picturesque blessings, but we were obliged to ask her to desist and let us attend to our own business.

"Will I clane the whole of thim off for you for a penny, your ladyship's honor ma'am?" asked the oldest of the ragamuffins, and I gladly assented to the novel proposition. He did it, too, and there seemed to be no hurt feelings in the company.

Just then there was a rattle of cabs and side cars, and our self-constituted major-domo engaged two of them to await our pleasure. At the same moment our eyes lighted upon Salemina's huge Vuitton, which had been dragged behind the pile of wool sacks. It was no wonder it had escaped our notice, for it was mostly covered by the person of the seasick maiden whom I had seen on the arm of the stewardess. She was seated on it, exhaustion in every line of her figure, her head upon my traveling bag, her feet dangling over the edge until they just touched the "S. P., Salem, Mass., U. S. A." painted in large red letters on the end. She was too ill to respond to our questions, but there was no mistaking her nationality. Her dress, hat, shoes, gloves, face, figure were American. We sent for the stewardess, who told us that she had arrived in Glasgow on the day previous, and had been very ill all the way coming from Boston.

"Boston!" exclaimed Salemina. "Do you say she is from Boston, poor thing?"

"I did n't know that a person living in Boston could ever, under any circumstances, be a 'poor thing,'" whispered Francesca to me.

"She was not fit to be crossing last night, and the doctor on the American ship told her so, and advised her to stay in bed for three days before coming to Ireland; but it seems as if she were determined to get to her journey's end."

"We must have our trunk," I interposed. "Can't we move her carefully back to the wool sacks, and won't you stay with her until her friends come?"

"She has no friends in this country, ma'am. She's just traveling for pleasure like."

"Good gracious! what a position for her to be in," said Salemina. "Can't you take her back to the steamer and put her to bed?"

"I could ask the captain, certainly, miss, though of course it's something we never do, and besides, we have to set the ship to rights and go back again this evening."

"Ask her what hotel she is going to, Salemina," we suggested, "and let us drop her there, and put her in charge of the housekeeper; of course if it is only seasickness she will be all right in the morning."

The girl's eyes were closed, but she opened them languidly as Salemina chafed her cold hands, and asked her gently if we could not drive her to her hotel.

"Is — this — your — baggage?" she whispered.

"It is," Salemina answered, somewhat puzzled.

"Then don't — leave me here, I am from Salem — myself," whereupon without any more warning she promptly fainted away on the trunk.

The situation was becoming embarrassing. The assemblage grew larger, and a more interested and sympathetic audience I never saw. To an Irish crowd, always warm-hearted and kindly, willing to take any trouble for friend or stranger, and with a positive terror of loneliness, or separation from kith and kin, the helpless creature appealed in every way. One and another joined the group with a "Holy Biddy! what's this at all?"

"The saints presarve us, is it dyin' she is?"

"Look at the iligant duds she do be wearin'."

"Call the docthor is it? God give you sinse! Sure the docthors is only a flock of *omadhauns*."

"Is it your daughter she is, ma'am?" (This to Salemina.)

"She's from Ameriky, the poor mischancy crathur."

"Give her a toothful of whiskey, your ladyship. Sure it's nayther bite nor sup she's had the morn, and belike she's as impty as a quarry-hole."

When this last expression from the mother of the long weak family fell upon Salemina's cultured ears she looked desperate.

We could not leave a fellow country-woman, least of all could she forsake a fellow citizen, in such a hapless plight.

"Take one cab with Francesca and the luggage, Penelope," she whispered. "I will bring the girl with me, put her to bed, find her friends, and see that she starts on her journey safely; it's very awkward, but there's nothing else to be done."

So we departed in a chorus of popular approval.

"Sure it's you that have the good hearts!"

"May the heavens be your bed!"

"May the journey thrive wid her, the crathur!"

Francesca and I arrived first at the hotel where our rooms were already engaged, and there proved to be a comfortable little dressing, or maid's, room just off Salemina's.

Here the Derelict was presently ensconced, and there she lay, in a sort of profound exhaustion, all day, without once absolutely regaining her consciousness. Instead of visiting the National Gallery as I had intended, I went back to the dock to see if I could find the girl's luggage, or get any further information from the stewardess before she left Dublin.

"I'll send the doctor at once, but we must learn all possible particulars now," I said maliciously to poor Salemina. "It

would be so awkward, you know, if you should be arrested for abduction."

The doctor thought it was probably nothing more than the complete prostration that might follow eight days of seasickness, but the patient's heart was certainly a little weak, and she needed the utmost quiet. His fee was a guinea for the first visit, and he would drop in again in the course of the afternoon to relieve our anxiety. We took turns in watching by her bedside, but the two unemployed ones lingered forlornly near, and had no heart for sight-seeing. Francesca did, however, purchase opera tickets for the evening, and secretly engaged the housemaid to act as head nurse in our absence.

As we were dining at seven, we heard a faint voice in the little room beyond. Salemina left her dinner and went in to find her charge slightly better. We had been able thus far only to take off her dress, shoes, and such garments as made her uncomfortable; Salemina now managed to slip on a nightdress and put her under the bed covers, returning then to her cold mutton cutlet.

"She's an extraordinary person," she said, absently playing with her knife and fork. "She did n't ask me where she was, or show any interest in her surroundings; perhaps she is still too weak. She said she was better, and when I had made her ready for bed she whispered, 'I've got to say my prayers.'"

"Say them by all means," I replied.

"But I must get up and kneel down," she said.

"I told her she must do nothing of the sort; that she was far too ill.

"But I must," she urged. "I never go to bed without saying my prayers on my knees."

"I forbade her doing it; she closed her eyes, and I came away. Is n't she quaint?"

At this juncture we heard the thud of a soft falling body, and rushing in we found that the Derelict had crept out

of bed on to her knees, and had probably not prayed more than two minutes before she fainted for the fifth or sixth time in twenty-four hours. Salemina was vexed, angel and philanthropist though she is. Francesca and I were so helpless with laughter that we could hardly lift the too conscientious maiden into bed. The situation may have been pathetic; to the truly pious mind it would indeed have been indescribably touching, but for the moment the humorous side of it was too much for our self-control. Salemina, in rushing for stimulants and smelling salts, broke her only comfortable eyeglasses, and this accident, coupled with her other anxieties and responsibilities, caused her to shed tears, an occurrence so unprecedented that Francesca and I kissed and comforted her and tucked her up on the sofa. Then we sent for the doctor, gave our opera tickets to the head waiter and chambermaid, and settled down to a cheerful home evening, our first in Ireland.

"If Himself were here, we should not be in this plight," I sighed.

"I don't know how you can say that," responded Salemina, with considerable spirit. "You know perfectly well that if your husband had found a mother and seven children helpless and deserted on that dock, he would have brought them all to this hotel, and then tried to find the father and grandfather."

"And it's not Salemina's fault," argued Francesca. "She could n't help the girl being born in Salem; not that I believe that she ever heard of the place before she saw it printed on Salemina's trunk. I told you it was too big and red, dear, but you would n't listen! I am the strongest American of the party, but I confess that U. S. A. in letters five inches long is too much for my patriotism."

"It would not be if you ever had charge of the luggage," retorted Salemina.

"And whatever you do, Francesca,"

I added beseechingly, "don't impugn the veracity of our Derelict. While I think of us as ministering angels I can endure anything, but if we are the dupes of an adventuress, there is nothing pretty about it. By the way, I have consulted the English manageress of this hotel, who was not particularly sympathetic. 'Perhaps you should n't have assumed charge of her, madam,' she said, 'but having done so, had n't you better see if you can get her into a hospital?' It is n't a bad suggestion, and after a day or two we will consider it, or I will get a trained nurse to take full charge of her. I would be at any reasonable expense rather than have our pleasure interfered with any farther."

It still seems so odd to make a proposition of this kind. In former times, Francesca was the Croesus of the party, Salemina came second, and I last, with a most precarious income. Now I am the wealthy one, Francesca is reduced to the second place, and Salemina to the third; but it makes no difference whatever, either in our relations, our arrangements, or, for that matter, in our expenditures.

IV.

"A fair maiden wander'd
All wearied and lone,
Sighing, 'I'm a poor stranger,
And far from my own.'"

The next morning dawned as lovely as if it had slipped out of Paradise, and as for freshness and emerald sheen the world from our windows was like a lettuce leaf just washed in dew. The windows of my bedroom looked out pleasantly on St. Stephen's Green, commonly called Stephen's Green, or, by citizens of the baser sort, Stephens's Green. It is a good English mile in circumference, and many are the changes in it from the time it was first laid out, in 1670, to the present day, when it was made into a public park by Lord Ardilaun.

When the celebrated Mrs. Delany, then Mrs. Pendarves, first saw it, the centre was a swamp, where in winter a quantity of snipe congregated, and Harris in his *History of Dublin* alludes to the presence of snipe and swamp as an agreeable and uncommon circumstance not to be met with perhaps in any other great city in the world.

A double row of spreading lime trees bordered its four sides, one of which, known as Beaux Walk, was a favorite lounge for fashionable idlers. Here stood Bishop Clayton's residence, a large building with a front like Devonshire House in Piccadilly, so writes Mrs. Delany. It was splendidly furnished, and the bishop lived in a style which proves that Irish prelates of the day were not all given to self-abnegation and mortification of the flesh.

A long line of vehicles, outside cars and cabs, some of them battered and shaky, others sufficiently well looking, was gathering on two sides of the green, for Dublin, you know, is "the car-drivingest city in the world." Francesca and I had our first experience yesterday in the intervals of nursing, driving to Dublin Castle, Trinity College, the Four Courts and Grafton Street (the Regent Street of Dublin). It is easy to tell the stranger, stiff, decorous, terrified, clutching the rail with one or both hands, but we took for our model a pretty Irish girl, who looked like nothing so much as a bird on a swaying bough. It is no longer called the "jaunting," but the outside car, and there is another charming word lost to the world. There was formerly an inside car too, but it is almost unknown in Dublin, though still found in some of the smaller towns. An outside car has its wheels practically inside the body of the vehicle, but an inside car carries its wheels outside. This definition was given us by an Irish driver, but lucid definition is not perhaps an Irishman's strong point. It is clearer to say that the passenger sits outside of the wheels

on the one, inside on the other. There are seats for two persons over each of the two wheels, and a dickey for the driver in front, should he need to use it. Ordinarily he sits on one side, driving, while you perch on the other, and thus you jog along, each seeing your own side of the road, and discussing the topics of the day across the "well," as the covered-in centre of the car is called. There are those who do not agree with its champions who call it "Cupid's own conveyance;" they find the seat too small for two, yet feel it a bit unsociable when the companion occupies the opposite side. To me a modern Dublin car with rubber tires and a good Irish horse is the jolliest conveyance in the universe; there is a liveliness, an irresponsible gayety, in the spring and sway of it; an ease in the half-lounging position against the cushions, a unique charm in "traveling edgeways" with your feet planted on the step. You must not be afraid of a car if you want to enjoy it. Hold the rail if you must, at first, though it's just as bad form as clinging to your horse's mane while riding in the Row. Your driver will take all the chances that a crowded thoroughfare gives him; he would scorn to leave more than an inch between your feet and a Guinness' beer dray; he will shake your frounces and furbelows in the very windows of the passing trams, but he is beloved by the gods, and nothing ever happens to him.

The morning was enchanting, as I said, and, above all, the Derelict was better.

"It's a grand night's slape I had wid her intirely," said the housemaid; "an' sure it's not to-day she'll be dyin' on you at all, at all; she's had the white drink in the bowl twyst, and a grand cup o' tay on the top o' that."

Salemina fortified herself with breakfast before she went in to an interview, which we all felt to be important and decisive. The time seemed endless to us, and endless were our suppositions.

"Perhaps she has had morning prayers and fainted again."

"Perhaps she has turned out to be Salemina's long-lost cousin."

"Perhaps she is upbraiding Salemina for kidnaping her when she was insensible."

"Perhaps she is relating her life history; if it is a sad one Salemina is adopting her legally at this moment."

"Perhaps she is one of Mr. Beresford's wards, and has come over to complain of somebody's ill treatment."

Here Salemina entered, looking flushed and embarrassed. We thought it a bad sign that she could not meet our eyes without confusion, but I made room for her on the sofa, and Francesca drew her chair closer.

"She is from Salem," began the poor dear; "she has never been out of Massachusetts in her life."

"Unfortunate girl!" exclaimed Francesca, adding prudently, as she saw Salemina's rising color, "though of course if one has to reside in a single state, Massachusetts offers more compensations than any other."

"She knows every nook and corner in the place," continued Salemina; "she has even seen the house where I was born, and her name is Benella Dusenberry."

"Impossible!" cried Francesca. "Dusenberry is unlikely enough, but who ever heard of such a name as Benella! It sounds like a flavoring extract."

"She came over to see the world, she says."

"Oh! then she has money?"

"No, or at least, yes, or at least she had enough when she left America to last for two or three months, or until she could earn something."

"Of course she left her little all in a chamois-skin bag under her pillow on the steamer," suggested Francesca.

"That is precisely what she did," Salemina replied, with a pale smile. "However, she was so ill in the steer-

age that she had to pay twenty-five or thirty dollars extra to go into the second cabin, and this naturally reduced the amount of her savings, though it makes no difference since she left them all behind her, save a few dollars in her purse. She says she is usually perfectly well, but that she was very tired when she started, that it was her first sea voyage, and the passage was unusually rough."

"Where is she going?"

"I don't know; I mean, she does n't know. Her maternal grandmother was born in Trim, near Tara, in Meath, but she does not think she has any relations over here. She is entirely alone in the world, and that gives her a certain sentiment in regard to Ireland, which she heard a great deal about when she was a child. The maternal grandmother must have gone to Salem at a very early age, as Benella herself savors only of New England soil."

"Has she any trade, or is she trained to do anything whatsoever?" asked Francesca.

"No, she hoped to take some position of 'trust.' She is rather vague, but she speaks and appears like a nice conscientious person."

"Tell us the rest; conceal nothing," I said sternly.

"She — she thinks that we have saved her life, and she feels that she belongs to us," faltered Salemina.

"Belongs to us!" we cried in a duet. "Was there ever such a base reward given to virtue; ever such an unwelcome expression of gratitude! Belong to us, indeed! We can't have her; we won't have her. Were you perfectly frank with her?"

"I tried to be, but she almost insisted; she has set her heart upon being our maid."

"Does she know how to be a maid?"

"No, but she is extremely teachable, she says."

"I have my doubts," remarked Francesca; "a liking for personal service is

not a distinguishing characteristic of New Englanders; they are not the stuff of which maids are made. If she were French or German or Senegambian, in fact anything but a Saleminian, we might use her; we have always said we needed some one."

Salemina brightened. "I thought myself it might be rather nice. Penelope had thought at one time of bringing a maid, and it would save us a great deal of trouble. The doctor thinks she could travel a short distance in a few days; perhaps it is a Providence in disguise."

"The disguise is perfect," interpolated Francesca.

"You see, when the poor thing tottered along the wharf the stewardess laid her on the pile of wool sacks, and ran off to help another passenger. When she opened her eyes, she saw straight in front of her, in huge letters, 'Salem, Mass., U. S. A.' It loomed before her despairing vision, I suppose, like a great ark of refuge, and seemed to her in her half-dazed condition not only a reminder, but almost a message from home. She had then no thought of ever seeing the owner; she says she felt only that she should like to die quietly on anything marked 'Salem, Mass.' Go in to see her presently, Penelope, and make up your own mind about her. See if you can persuade her to — to — well, to give us up. Try to get her out of the notion of being our maid. She is so firm; I never saw so feeble a person who could be so firm; and what in the world shall we do with her if she keeps on insisting, in her nervous state?"

"My idea would be," I suggested, "to engage her provisionally, if we must, not because we want her, but because her heart is weak. I shall tell her that we do not feel like leaving her behind, and yet we ourselves cannot be detained in Dublin indefinitely; that we will try the arrangement for a month, and that she can consider herself free to leave us at any time on a week's notice."

"I approve of that," agreed Francesca, "because it makes it easier to dismiss her in case she turns out to be a Massachusetts Borgia. You remember, however, that we bore with the vapors and vagaries, the sighs and moans, of Jane Grieve in Pettybaw, all those weeks, and not one of us had the courage to throw off her yoke. Never shall I forget her at your wedding, Penelope; the teardrop glistened in her eye as usual; I think it is glued there! Ronald was sympathetic, because he fancied she was weeping for the loss of you, but on inquiry it transpired that she was thinking of a marriage in that 'won'erfu' fine family in Glasgy,' with whose charms she had made us all too familiar. She asked to be remembered when I began my own housekeeping, and I told her truthfully that she was not a person who could be forgotten; I repressed my feeling that she is too tearful for a Highland village where it rains most of the year, also my conviction that Ronald's parish would chasten me sufficiently without her aid."

I did as Salemina wished, and had a conference with Miss Dusenberry. I hope I was quite clear in my stipulations as to the perfect freedom of the four contracting parties. I know I intended to be, and I was embarrassed to see Francesca and Salemina exchange glances next day when Benella said she would show us what a good sailor she could be on the return voyage to America, adding that she thought a person would be much less liable to seasickness when traveling in the first cabin.

V.

"Sir Knight, I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm —
For tho' they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight, they love honor and virtue
more!"

"This is an anniversary," said Salemina, coming into the sitting room at breakfast time with a book under her

arm. "Having given up all hope of any one's waking in this hotel, which, before nine in the morning, is precisely like the Sleeping Beauty's castle, I dressed and determined to look up Brian Boru."

"From all that I can recall of him he was not a person to meet before breakfast," yawned Francesca; "still I shall be glad of a little fresh light, for my mind is in a most chaotic state, induced by the intellectual preparation that you have made me undergo during the past month. I dreamed last night that I was conducting a mothers' meeting in Ronald's new parish, and the subject for discussion was the Small Livings Scheme, the object of which is to augment the stipends of the ministers of the Church of Scotland to a minimum of £200 per annum. I tried to keep the members to the point, but was distracted by the sudden appearance, in all corners of the church, of people who had n't been 'asked to the party.' There was Brian Boru, Tony Lumpkin, Finn McCool, Felicia Hemans, Ossian, Mrs. Delany, Sitric of the Silken Beard, St. Columba, Mickey Free, Strongbow, Maria Edgeworth, and the Venerable Bede. Imagine leading a mothers' meeting with those people in the pews, — it was impossible! St. Columbkill and the Venerable Bede seemed to know about parochial charges and livings and stipends and glebes, and Maria Edgeworth was rather helpful; but Brian and Sitric glared at each other and brandished their hymn books threateningly, while Ossian refused to sit in the same pew with Mickey Free, who behaved in an odious manner, and interrupted each of the speakers in turn. Incidentally a group of persons huddled together in a far corner rose out of the dim light, and flapping huge wings, flew over my head and out of the window above the altar. This I took to be the Flight of the Earls, and the terror of it awoke me. Whatever my parish duties may be in the

future, at least they cannot be any more dreadful and disorderly than the dream."

"I don't know which is more to blame, the seed that I sowed, or the soil on which it fell," said Salemina, laughing heartily at Francesca's whimsical nightmares; "but as I said, this is an anniversary. The famous battle of Clontarf was fought here in Dublin on this very day eight hundred years ago, and Brian Boru routed the Danes in what was the last struggle between Christianity and heathenism. The greatest slaughter took place on the streets along which we drove yesterday, from Ballybough Bridge to the Four Courts. Brian Boru was king of Munster, you remember." (Salemina always says this for courtesy's sake.) "Mailmora, the king of Leinster, had quarreled with him, and joined forces with the Danish leaders against him. Broder and Amlaff, two vikings from the Isle of Man, brought with them a 'fleet of two thousand Danmarkians and a thousand men covered with mail from head to foot,' to meet the Irish, who always fought in tunics. Joyce says that Broder wore a coat of mail that no steel would bite, that he was both tall and strong, and that his black locks were so long that he tucked them under his belt, — there's a portrait for your gallery, Penelope. Brian's army was encamped on the Green of Aha-Clee, which is now Phoenix Park, and when he set fire to the Danish districts, the fierce Norsemen within the city could see a blazing, smoking pathway that reached from Dublin to Howth. The quarrel must have been all the more virulent in that Mailmora was Brian's brother-in-law, and Brian's daughter was the wife of Sitric of the Silken Beard, Danish king of Dublin."

"I refuse to remember their relationships or alliances," said Francesca. "They were always intermarrying with their foes in order to gain strength, but it generally seems to have made things worse rather than better; still I don't

mind hearing what became of Brian after his victory; let us quite finish with him before the eggs come up. I suppose it will be eggs?"

"Broder the Viking rushed upon him in his tent where he was praying, cleft his head from his body, and he is buried in Armagh Cathedral," said Salemina, closing the book. "Penelope, do ring again for breakfast, and just to keep us from realizing our hunger read Remember the Glories of Brian the Brave."

We had brought letters of introduction to a dean, a bishop, and a Rt. Hon. Lord Justice, so there were a few delightful invitations when the morning post came up; not so many as there might have been, perhaps, had not the Irish capital been in a state of complete dementia over the presence of the greatest Queen in the world. Privately, I think that those nations in the habit of having queens at all should have four, like the queens in a pack of cards; then they could manage to give all their colonies and dependencies a frequent sight of royalty, and prevent much excitement and heart-burning.

It was worth something to be one of the lunatic populace when the little lady in black, with her parasol bordered in silver shamrocks, drove along the gayly decorated streets, for the Irish, it seems to me, desire nothing better than to be loyal, if any persons to whom they can be loyal are presented to them.

"Irish disaffection is, after all, but skin-deep," said our friend the dean; "it is a cutaneous malady, produced by external irritants. Below the surface there is a deep spring of personal loyalty, which needs only a touch like that of the prophet's wand to enable it to gush forth in healing floods."

It was small use for the parliamentary misrepresentatives to advise treating Victoria of the Good Deeds with the courtesy due to a foreign sovereign visiting the country. Under the miles of flags she drove, red, white, and blue,

tossing themselves in the sweet spring air, and up from the warm hearts of the surging masses of people, men and women alike, Crimean soldiers and old cronies in rags, gentry and peasants, went a greeting I never before heard given to any sovereign, for it was a sigh of infinite content that trembled on the lips and then broke into a deep sob. The first cheers were faint and broken, and the emotion that quivered on every face and the tears that gleamed in a thousand eyes made it the most touching spectacle in the world. "Foreign sovereign, indeed!" She was the Queen of Ireland, and the nation of courtiers and hero worshipers was at her feet. There was the history of five hundred years in that greeting, and to me it spoke volumes.

Plenty of people there were in the crowd, too, who were heartily "agin the government;" but Daniel O'Connell is not the only Irishman who could combine a detestation of the Imperial Parliament with a passionate loyalty to the sovereign.

There was a woman near us who "remimbered the last time Her Noble Highness come, thirty-nine years back, — glory be to God, thim was the times!" — and who kept ejaculating, "She's the best woman in the wurld, bar none, and the most varchous faymale!" As her husband made no reply, she was obliged in her excitement to thump him with her umbrella and repeat, "The most varchous faymale, do you hear?" At which he retorted, "Have conduct, woman; sure I've nothin' agin it."

"Look at the size of her now," she went on, "sittin' in that grand carriage, no bigger than me own Kitty, and always in the black, the darlin'." Look at her, a widdy woman, raring that large and heavy family of children; and how well she's married off her daughters (more luck to her!), though to be sure they must have been well fortun'd! Who's the iligant sojers in the silver

stays, Thady? Is it the Life Guards you're callin' thim? They do be sayin' she's come over because she's plazed with seein' estated gintlemen lave iverything and go out and be shot by thim bloody Boers, bad seran to thim! Sure if I had the sons, sorra a wan but I'd lave go!"

Here the band played *Come back to Erin*, and the scene was indescribable. Nothing could have induced me to witness it had I realized what it was to be, for I wept at Holyrood when I heard the plaintive strains of *Bonnie Charlie's* now *Awa* floating up to the Gallery of Kings from the palace courtyard, and I did not wish Francesca to see me shedding national, political, and historical tears so soon again. Francesca herself is so ardent a republican that she weeps only for presidents and cabinet officers. For my part, although I am thoroughly loyal, I cannot become sufficiently attached to a president in four years to shed tears when I see him driving at the head of a procession.

VI.

"Light on their feet now they passed me and sped,

Give you me word, give you me word,

Every girl wid a turn o' the head

Just like a bird, just like a bird;

And the lashes so thick round their beautiful eyes

Shinin' to tell you it's fair time o' day wid them,

Back in me heart wid a kind of surprise,

I think how the Irish girls has the way wid them!"

Mrs. Delany, writing from Dublin in 1731, says: "As for the generality of people that I meet with here, they are much the same as in England — a mixture of good and bad. All that I have met with behave themselves very decently according to their rank; now and then an oddity breaks out, but never so extraordinary but that I can match it in

England. There is a heartiness among them that is more like Cornwall than any I have known, and great sociableness."

Mrs. Delany, friend of duchesses and queens, gives most amusing and most charming descriptions of the society in the Ireland of her day, descriptions which are confirmed by contemporary writers. The ladies, who scarcely ever appeared on foot in the streets, were famous for their grace in dancing, as the men were for their skill in swimming. The hospitality of the upper classes was profuse, and by no means lacking in brilliancy or in grace. The humorous and satirical poetry found in the fugitive literature of the period shows conclusively that there were plenty of bright spirits and keen wits at the banquets, routs, and balls. The curse of absenteeism was little felt in Dublin where the Parliament secured the presence of most of the aristocracy and of much of the talent of the country, and during the residence of the viceroy there was the influence of the court to contribute to the sparkling character of Dublin society.

How they managed to sparkle when discussing some of the heavy dinner menus of the time I cannot think. Here is one of the Dean of Down's bills of fare:—

Turkeys endove
Boyled leg of mutton
Greens, etc.
Soup
Plum Pudding
Roast loin of veal
Venison pasty
Partridge
Sweetbreads
Collared Pig
Creamed apple tart
Crabs
Fricassée of eggs
Pigeons
No dessert to be had.

Although there is no mention of beverages we may be sure that this array of viands was not eaten dry, but was washed down with a plentiful variety of wines and liquors.

The hosts that numbered among their dinner guests Sheridan or Lysaght or Mangan, Lever, Steele, or Sterne, Curran or Lover, Father Prout or Dean Swift, had as great a feast of wit and repartee as one will be apt soon to hear again; although it must have been Lever or Lover who furnished the cream of Irish humor, and Father Prout and Swift the curds.

If you are fortunate enough to be bidden to the right houses in Ireland to-day, you will have as much good talk as you are likely to hear in any other city in this degenerate age, which has mostly forgotten how to converse in learning to chat; and any one who goes to the Spring Show at Ball's Bridge, or to the Punchestown or Leopardstown races, or to the Dublin horse show, will have to confess that the Irishwomen can dispute the palm with any nation. Their charm is made up of beautiful eyes and lashes, lustre of hair, poise of head, shapeliness of form, vivacity and coquetry; and there is a matchless grace in the way they wear the "whatever," be it the chiffons of the fashionable dame, or the shawl of the country colleen, who can draw the two corners of that faded article of apparel shyly over her lips and look out from under it with a pair of luminous gray eyes in a manner that is fairly "distractin'."

Yesterday was a red-letter day, for I dined in the evening at Dublin Castle, and Francesca was bidden to the Throne Room dance that followed the dinner. It was a brilliant scene when the assembled guests awaited their host and hostess, the shaded lights bringing out the satins and velvets, pearls and diamonds, uniforms, orders, and medals. Suddenly the hum of voices ceased, a line was formed, and we bent low as their Excellencies, preceded by the state steward and followed by the comptroller of the household, passed through the rooms to St. Patrick's Hall. As my escort was a certain brilliant lord justice, and as the

wittiest dean in Leinster was my other neighbor, I almost forgot to eat, in my pleasure and excitement. I told the dean that we had chosen Scottish ancestors before going to our first great dinner in Edinburgh, feeling that we should be more in sympathy with the festivities and more acceptable to our hostess, but that I had forgotten to provide myself for this occasion, my first function in Dublin; whereupon the good dean promptly remembered that there was a Penelope O'Connor, daughter of the King of Connaught. I could not quite give up Tam o' the Cowgate (Thomas Hamilton) or Jenny Geddes of fauld-stule fame, also a Hamilton, but I added the King of Connaught to the list of my chosen forbears with much delight, in spite of the polite protests of the Rev. Father O'Hogan who sat opposite, and who remarked that

"Man for his glory
To ancestry flies,
But woman's bright story
Is told in her eyes.
While the monarch but traces
Through mortal his line,
Beauty born of the Graces
Ranks next to divine."

I asked the Reverend Father if he were descended from Galloping O'Hogan, who helped Patrick Sarsfield to spike the guns of the Williamites at Limerick.

"By me sowl, ma'am, it's not discommended at all I am; I am one o' the common sort, jist," he answered, broadening his brogue to make me smile. A delightful man he was, exactly such an one as might have sprung full grown from a Lever novel; one who could talk equally well with his flock about pigs or penances, purgatory or potatoes, and quote Tom Moore and Lover when occasion demanded.

Story after story fell from his genial lips, and at last he said apologetically, "One more, and I have done," when a pretty woman, sitting near him, interpolated slyly, "We might say to you, your reverence, what the old woman said to

the eloquent priest who finished his sermon with 'One word, and I have done.'"

"An' what is that, ma'am?" asked Father O'Hogan.

"Och! me darlin' pracher, may ye niver be done!"

We all agreed that we should like to reconstruct the scene for a moment and look at a drawing-room of two hundred years ago, when the Lady Lieutenant after the minuets at eleven o'clock went to her basset table, while her pages attended behind her chair, and when on ball nights the ladies scrambled for sweetmeats on the dancing-floor. As to their probable toilettes one could not give purer pleasure than by quoting Mrs. Delany's description of one of them:—

"The Duchess's dress was of white satin embroidered, the bottom of the petticoat, brown hills covered with all sorts of weeds, and every breadth had an *old stump of a tree*, that ran up almost to the top of the petticoat, broken and ragged, and worked with brown chenille, round which twined nasturtiums, ivy, honeysuckles, periwinkles, and all sorts of running flowers, which spread and covered the petticoat. . . . The robings and facings were little green banks covered with all sorts of weeds, and the sleeves and the rest of the gown loose twining branches of the same sort as those on the petticoat. Many of the leaves were finished with gold, and part of the stumps of the trees looked like the gilding of the sun. I never saw a piece of work so prettily fancied."

She adds a few other details for the instruction of her sister Anne:—

"Heads are variously adorned; pompons with some accompaniment of feathers, ribbons, or flowers; lappets in all sorts of curli-murlis; long hoods are worn close under the chin; the earrings go round the neck (!), and tie with bows and ends behind. Night-gowns are worn without hoops."

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

(To be continued.)

THE STRUGGLE FOR WATER IN THE WEST.

MOUNT UNION in Wyoming might be called the Mother of Civilization in the western half continent where water is King. The melting snows of this peak in the Wind River Range, south of Yellowstone Park, give birth to three rivers which, in the course of their long journeys to the sea, control the industrial character of a region which will ultimately be the home of more people than any nation of Europe, and probably of twice as many people as now dwell within the United States. These rivers are the Missouri, the Columbia, and the Colorado. The first waters the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, including the Great Plains; the second, all of Idaho, much of Montana and the larger portions of Washington and Oregon, which constitute the Pacific Northwest; the third, the Intermountain Region of Wyoming, Utah, and Colorado, and of those parts of Arizona and California that make the extreme Southwest.

In striking contrast to the familiar conditions of the East, it may be said that upon the fate of these precious waters hangs the destiny of the many millions of people who shall live in vast districts now mostly vacant and undeveloped, but certain in the future to support a complex and far-reaching economic life. By no possibility can these future millions escape the dominating influence of these three great rivers and their systems of tributaries. It is not merely that the arid land cannot support human life without irrigation, and that the extent of this industry is, therefore, the necessary measure of settlement. The more important fact is that upon the manner of control under which irrigation shall do its work depends the industrial, social, and political character of the institutions to be erected upon this indispensable foundation. The peo-

ple will be bond or free, tenants or proprietors; will cooperate in the orderly development and equitable distribution of the first necessity of their existence, or clash in the greedy struggle for its exclusive possession; will prosper or languish, create high conditions of social life, or lapse into semi-barbarism, in sure response to the manner in which the water supply is owned and administered. In the future life of the immense region which constitutes the true field for American expansion and domestic colonization, questions of tariff and currency and foreign dominion are as nothing compared to the overshadowing importance of the struggle for water and the social and economic problems to which it is inseparably related.

The history of Eastern settlement and the experience of English-speaking men in other lands furnish little light for this problem of the West. It is a new question for our race and country, but its importance to the future of our civilization cannot be exaggerated, nor can it be longer ignored.

The explorers and pioneers of the Far West naturally had no appreciation of the problems now vexing those who followed in their footsteps. They came from a race and from communities that knew no need of moisture beyond that which fell from the clouds, and had no knowledge of irrigation except such as they might have absorbed from references to this ancient art in their Bibles. They were not statesmen or philosophers, but rude frontiersmen in quest of adventure, gold, or peltries. They could not foresee that water, of which there was more than enough for their meagre needs, would some time surpass in value all the stores of precious metals.

The first generation of homemakers

among the plateaus and deserts were not much wiser than the explorers, the trappers, and the missionaries who had preceded them. Farms were few and far between, and the water required for their irrigation was cheaply diverted from the stream, and applied to the soil with a prodigality which took no account of the future. Under these circumstances it is not strange that, as the wilderness was carved into territories, and as the territories blossomed into states, these new communities applied the English common law to conditions it was never intended to fit. Had the Napoleonic or the Spanish code been chosen there would be a far different story to tell, for these were framed with an intelligent appreciation of the value of water for irrigation, but the Western pioneers carried to their new homes English traditions as well as English speech, and planted English law and custom at the foundation of their institutions. This beginning was fraught with peril and pregnant with far-reaching evil.

The English law, made for a country of excessive rainfall, governs the use of water from the standpoint of the riparian doctrine, — the doctrine that owners of land bordering the stream have a right to demand that the water shall continue to flow past their premises, undiminished in quantity and unimpaired in quality, as it has flowed from time immemorial. This law involves no hardship where the use of water is limited to domestic, power, and navigation purposes, but it has been justly denounced as "an infamous law in an arid land." There water is as gold. A stream that in the humid region would merely lend a pleasing touch to the landscape, and serve no practical purpose, has a commercial value of millions of dollars in the arid region. The man who "owns" or controls it by virtue of his ownership of riparian lands practically owns all the land within reach of the stream

which might be made productive by the diversion of its waters. Through the power he derives from the English common law he may put an absolute veto upon the progress of the country, or, by permitting progress on terms of his own naming, may levy tribute upon his neighbors and unborn generations for himself and his heirs forever. At least, such would be the logical result of the riparian doctrine if fully applied in the arid states which inherited it from England with the other provisions of the common law. To a certain extent this odious doctrine has been mitigated in its practical effects by judicial decision and legislative enactment, but it still lives as an obstacle to progress, and will continue to do so until it shall be cut out of constitutions and statutes, root and branch. The treasure that has been wasted in lawsuits growing out of this doctrine, and the brood of evils to which it gave rise, would construct many canals, reclaim great areas, and make homes for thousands of people.

There are other evils which have grown up in the shadow of the English law, and are directly due to the fact that, framed in ignorance of the needs and uses of water for irrigation, it was adopted without forethought by the founders of Western communities. One of the worst of these evils is that of over-appropriation. The law made no provision for the measurement of streams. As a result, the work of reclaiming arid lands was everywhere undertaken without exact knowledge as to the quantity of water in the streams, or as to the amount required for the proper irrigation of a given area or crop. As a consequence, nearly every Western stream was "appropriated" several times in excess of its contents. The utter recklessness of this proceeding may be better appreciated if we liken it to the case of a bank, where capital and deposits should be treated as common fund, to be drawn upon at will by all persons who

needed money, and whose checks should be promptly certified by the proper officials. For it is not only true that the streams were over-appropriated. These excessive claims were generally confirmed by the courts, as if the water really existed and the claims were not largely a pleasing fiction. In the case of the bank, somebody's checks would certainly go to protest. There would be lawsuits and perhaps broken heads as a natural outcome. That is precisely what happened in the West. There is endless litigation. The same issues are tried over and over again. When decrees are rendered, there is no power to enforce them save the tedious and costly process of another lawsuit, to be followed in time by another, and by still another. Lawyers have waxed prosperous, but capital has been discouraged, and settlers have lost both their crops and their tempers, and, at times, have appealed to the shotgun as a more sensible remedy than lawyers and courts. The root of the trouble lies in the original mistake of adopting the laws and customs of countries which had no irrigation problem of their own and therefore no need of diverting the water from its natural channels.

But the evils already mentioned do not begin to measure the wrong and loss which the settlers of the arid region suffered as a consequence of taking institutions, ready-made, from the experience of their forefathers. Upon this foundation a more monstrous evil has been builded by the greed and ignorance of man. This is the doctrine of the private ownership of water apart from its use in connection with land. Here was a region of fertile soil and unfailing sunshine, surrounded by all the raw materials of a varied economic life, but ruled by the fundamental fact that water must be artificially supplied to support human existence. If to such surroundings we admit the theory that water flowing from the melting snows

and gathered in lake and stream is a private commodity, belonging to him who first appropriates it, regardless of the use for which he designs it, we have all the conditions for a hateful economic servitude. Next to bottling the air and sunshine, no monopoly of natural resources could be fraught with more possibilities of abuse than the attempt to make merchandise of water in an arid land. But this attempt was made upon a considerable scale in all the states and territories west of the Missouri River. It was supported by the laws of state and nation, and by the traditions of the dominant race. For a long time no man dared lift his voice against it, lest he be denounced and ostracized as an enemy of capital, of the country, of progress.

There was no deep design on anybody's part when the system of private ownership of water was invented and put into practice in the West, — no pre-meditated effort to enslave or exploit those who should come to till the soil. By instinct and by training the Anglo-Saxon sees value in land, and looks upon water as merely an adjunct to agriculture. The abundance of land and the competition for immigrants, together with the generous laws governing the public domain, were felt to be sufficient safeguards for the settler. Such had proved to be the case in the eastern part of the United States. Nobody realized that radically different conditions had been encountered in the Far West.

The first canals were built by the joint labor of farmers to supply their own needs. But this was only feasible when the mountain streams could be turned out of their courses by simple dams and ditches. The point was soon reached where large capital was required to construct costly works and reclaim very large areas. The necessary capital responded with alacrity, even with enthusiasm, to the new opportunity. Then began the speculation in water which

swept over the West a decade and more ago, bringing millions of acres "under ditch" as the result of the investment of tens of millions of dollars. This movement rapidly developed into an effort to create a monopoly of the water supply in various localities, with the object of obtaining possession of the more valuable lands, and of levying tribute on all the rest.

No speculation could possibly present a better appearance "on paper" than the proposition to get possession of a water course and reclaim a beautiful valley of fertile soil. The prospectus of such an enterprise shows that no man may make his home under the proposed canals except upon such terms as the company shall name. If the settler be not forestalled by the land-grabber, as is almost certain to be the case, but proceeds to file upon the land under his rights of citizenship, he has still to settle with the water lord. His property is worthless, and must ever remain so, until he has obtained water from the only source whence it can possibly be had, — a source which the thrifty promoter has already preëmpted. There is therefore nothing for the settler to do except to inquire the terms upon which the life-giving current will be turned upon his land and continued in perpetuity. These terms, as the prospectus used to explain, were, first, a cash payment of ten to twenty dollars per acre for a "water right;" second, a contract agreeing to an annual payment called "water rent." The promoter's financial plan contemplated the sale of water rights in an amount sufficient more than to return the entire investment; then, an annual income from water rents sufficient to pay dividends on large amounts of fictitious capital. There was no lack of water for stocks and bonds, even if the supply sometimes fell short for the land.

This attempt to fasten a water monopoly upon the budding civilization of the arid region is interesting, first of all, in

its economic and political aspects. If successful, it would make millions of men in the future tenants rather than proprietors. It would create a system essentially feudal, since ownership of the water in an arid region is practically equivalent to ownership of the land. In this feudal system the man who owns the water is the great proprietor; those who use the water and pay him tribute are the peasants. The political influences which might grow out of such a system, and their far-reaching effect upon the future, may be readily imagined. How well these dangers were anticipated by the people was luminously shown by the almost total failure to find settlers for lands covered by these private canals. However pleased with the fertility of soil and the charm of climate, they withheld their necks from the yoke of water bondage with practical unanimity.

The essence of the attempted monopoly was the water right, which stood for the arrogant claim of ownership in that most vital of natural elements to an arid land. The man who purchased a water right purchased no actual water, but only the privilege of "renting" water. He thereby acknowledged that he had no natural right in melting snows and running brooks, though he could not possibly hope to make a living from the soil he owned without irrigation. The fallacy of the water right theory readily dawned upon promoters and investors when the failure of colonization became apparent and was swiftly followed by the failure of the expected dividends. It was not until these facts were reasonably well established that the system was overtaken by the strong disapproval of courts and legislatures. A notable decision in the United States Circuit Court at Los Angeles flatly declared that there could be no such thing as private ownership in the natural stream, — that the only right was that which arose from beneficial use. About the same time the Idaho legisla-

ture passed a law forbidding canal companies to demand the purchase of a water right as a prerequisite to furnishing water to owners of land under their works. After much legal and social friction, it is now generally understood that irrigation works carrying water in excess of that required for the lands of their owners are to be treated as common carriers, and made to furnish water to all lands within reach of their canals, regardless of the former demand for the purchase of water rights. This statement applies only to enterprises which undertook to sell water apart from the land, and not to cooperative and district organizations that aimed only to water the lands of those directly interested.

The land laws of the United States, like the water laws, are ill suited to the needs of the arid region. The Homestead law served a useful purpose in the settlement of the country east of the Missouri River. It is gratefully associated in the public mind with the most notable achievements of domestic colonization. But it does not fit the conditions existing in the vast remainder of our public domain. On the contrary, it proved an invitation to disaster to thousands of settlers who were led to take up lands where they could not possibly prosper without irrigation facilities, for which this law makes no provision. The Desert Land law is scarcely better adapted to the purpose. It has been used largely as a means of land-grabbing by those who wished to forestall the settler and speculate upon his necessities.

No other part of the United States — perhaps no other part of the world — is so favored as western America in its natural endowments. In the fertility of its soil, the extent and value of its timber, mines, water power, and native pastures, and in the healthfulness and charm of its climate, it is a region of extraordinary resources and surpassing promise. But this fair empire is bound hand and

foot by a system of illogical and antiquated laws and customs, born of the needs of other days and other countries, and wholly unsuited to this place and time. These unhappy conditions have not only disturbed the peace of communities, and the relations of capital and labor, but involved states and nations in discord and bad feeling. Colorado takes the waters from the Arkansas needed for canals constructed much earlier in Kansas. New Mexico develops her resources at the expense of the sister republic south of the Rio Grande, drying up canals which have supported Mexican communities for centuries. It is announced that Kansas will bring suit against Colorado to determine its rights in the Arkansas River, and to attempt to protect the large investments made in irrigation before the citizens of the upper state absorbed practically the entire flow of the stream at the season of low water. This suit marks the acute stage of the controversy over interstate rights, and the outcome will be awaited with interest throughout the West. It involves one of the most delicate questions which has yet arisen with reference to irrigation in this country, and may call for the assertion of the national authority as to the division of streams rising in one state and flowing through others which have need to make the utmost use of their natural water supply.

The present consequences of these conditions are as nothing compared to their future effects as the settlement of the country progresses. What has been merely misfortune will become disaster unless the evil tendencies are soon corrected. The pitiable chaos of laws and customs should be replaced by a well-considered code of national and state regulations, framed in the light of the best experience, and adapted alike to the physical foundation of the arid region and to the economic needs of the time. It is a work of construction as well as of reform. There are abuses to abolish,

but there is also a demand for a broad and enduring foundation of law and custom on which the future shall rear a stately edifice of industry and society. We have learned some valuable lessons in the past, not only in our own but in foreign countries, and the time has come when we can apply them to the rising needs of the arid region.

The great lesson that has been learned is that water in an arid land cannot be treated as private property, subject to barter, like land and livestock. It is a natural element, like sunshine and air. Every human being is entitled to receive as much of it as he can apply to a beneficial use. No person may hold it out of use for speculation to exploit the necessities of others or to levy tribute upon his fellow men. The community has a legitimate interest in every drop of water entering at the head gate or escaping at the end of the canal. No man may use the precious element with wasteful extravagance. Wherever there is more land than water, it is true public policy to have the water so conserved and distributed as to reclaim the utmost number of acres, create the utmost number of homes, and sustain the utmost number of families. The canal which conveys the water from stream or reservoir is a public utility, subject to public supervision and control. It can never be privately owned save when, because of its limitations or the character of its organization, it can serve no lands except those of its owners. Even then it is subject to the jealous and watchful care of the public authorities. But in the vast majority of instances, and over the larger portion of the arid region, costly works will be required, and these can only be supplied by some form of public enterprise. The dividends upon the investments must be looked for, not in the strong boxes of security holders, but in the increase of national wealth, in social progress, and in economic gains. The natural tendencies of irrigation are

strongly in the direction of the socialistic ideal. The records of even the most primitive peoples who have lived upon irrigated lands bear evidence of a high order of social organization. The rudest and poorest pioneers of the Far West were drawn together in the same way by the necessities of irrigation. Our future progress must inevitably be along these lines.

To these conclusions every thoughtful student of irrigation development has come at last, though often with reluctance. The public sentiment of the West has wrought out the same conclusions slowly, painfully, through bitter experience, but not less surely on that account. In no other land — not in Spain nor in France, in Egypt nor in India — has any one ever dared to make a monopoly of the water required for irrigation. Even the Pueblo Indians, tilling the soil and using the waters which their forbears tilled and used in immemorial ages, knew better than to attempt any such gross perversion of man's natural rights. Nor would the Anglo-Saxon have attempted it if he had not entirely misunderstood the new problems with which he was dealing.

Irrigation has not failed when undertaken in a coöperative way, except where ceaseless litigation over water appropriations has involved communities in financial loss and social strife. There are great numbers of coöperative canals in all the Western states, built and operated by the farmers themselves. They were treated practically as public utilities and have served their purpose admirably, though the English tradition of water ownership, under which they labored, has been a heavy burden to them, as to others. The California law of 1887, commonly known as the Wright law, attempted to overthrow the riparian doctrine, and other evils arising from the common law, by providing for the formation of districts and the issue of bonds after the manner of municipalities. Lack

of proper public supervision defeated this well-meant effort. Small communities of farmers proceeded to organize districts without sufficient knowledge of the water supply or of the cost of their undertakings. In many cases they were betrayed by promoters and contractors, but more often by their own enthusiasm. If the state had provided a skilled engineer to examine all projects, and submitted the financial proposition to competent authorities before authorizing them to be begun, many of the districts would have succeeded. As it is, they must pass through a process of reorganization before they can prosper, but the disappointment encountered cannot fairly be charged to the failure of public enterprise as a principle.

It is pleasant now to turn from the failures and disappointments which marked the earlier stages of the struggle for water in the arid West to the encouraging signs which are seen in many directions, and to some very important achievements in the line of reform. Wyoming occupies the place of leadership, and has marked out the way of future progress. When that territory became a state it provided for the most enlightened code of irrigation laws which has ever been devised in this country, and erected an administrative system capable of carrying them into effect. These laws began at the right place by providing for the careful measurement of streams and the gathering of exact information as the basis of future appropriations. From that time henceforth it was impossible for rival claimants to demand ten times as much water as flowed at a given place. The state put itself in a position to know that the water could be had before granting it away. But the law had an eye for what had been done in the past as well as for what might be done in the future. It provided for a careful readjudication of all existing claims. Users were compelled to show how much water they were actually applying to the soil in a benefi-

cial way, and informed that such beneficial use was the measure of their right, no matter how much more water they might have claimed originally. No one was permitted to begin the building of new works until the plans had been definitely approved by the state. These precautions were intended to prevent the waste of water, to the end that the largest possible area should be reclaimed, and that water rights should be based on an absolutely stable foundation.

The Wyoming law provides a complete system of administration with a state engineer at its head. The state is apportioned into several large divisions on the basis of watersheds, and these are divided into many districts. A commissioner presides over each division, and a superintendent over each small local district. These officials and their assistants are clothed with police powers, and it is a part of their duty to attend personally to the head gates of all the canals, and be responsible for the amount of water which is permitted to flow into them. This method of administration completes the good work which was begun when the appropriations were reduced to the basis of actual beneficial use, and recorded in such a manner that no dispute could arise concerning them in the future. With these laws and this method of enforcing them, the lawyer is practically eliminated from the irrigation industry of Wyoming. The money which citizens of neighboring states spend in litigation, Wyoming people apply to the improvement of their canals or homes and the increase of their herds. Wyoming has also done much to establish the principle that land and water should be united in ownership, so that the former cannot be sold apart from the latter. Under this principle there will be an equal number of water users and landowners, and no man or interest can make a monopoly of the water supply without also owning all the land.

The influence of Wyoming upon the

public thought of the West has been widespread, and is rapidly extending. Nebraska has adopted bodily the laws of its neighbor, and its irrigation industry is prospering mightily in consequence. Several other states have adopted these laws in part. Colorado, which takes more millions from its soil than from its mines, has given much attention to its irrigation laws, but has not been so fortunate as Wyoming because of the consequences of its earlier laws and customs. California is just now entering in earnest upon the struggle for the reform of laws which have caused her people untold suffering, and brought her irrigation development to a standstill. This greatest of Western states has been slower than any other to fight the evils described in this article. Its conservatism is due in part to the influence of the mining industry, and in part to the popular temperament, which differs somewhat from that of smaller and less wealthy states. But the battle is on at last, and there can be no possible doubt of the result in the end.

The National Irrigation Congress has done much to arouse public sentiment and educate public opinion to the need of better laws, national as well as state. Its most difficult task is to show the American people that there are distinctly two spheres of action. One of these the Western states must manage for themselves. They must divest their institutions of old laws and customs, and make them over to fit their local conditions. They must grapple with the problem of reclaiming their lands and making them ready for the settlers of the future. But only the nation can legislate as to the forests, the grazing lands, and the many important streams which flow across state and national boundaries. It may be, too, that the nation must assist in building great reservoirs on the head waters of the larger rivers. Already the nation is doing a most valuable work in measuring streams and carrying on scientific studies to demonstrate the amount of

water required for the irrigation of different crops. On the whole, the situation is very encouraging. The world learns through suffering. The West has suffered much from the illogical water and land laws which it inherited or thoughtlessly adopted. The East suffers for an outlet for its surplus population. Progress will certainly come as a result.

Assuming that the long struggle for water shall finally result in wise laws, and the beautiful valleys of the West be thus opened to settlement, what then? We shall have, in time, a population of one hundred millions dwelling in a land of invigorating climate, and surrounded by resources of marvelous richness and variety. There will be no one-sided industrial life, because nature has so placed these resources that the mine and factory, the lumber camp and the farm, must flourish together. The one will always consume what the other produces, and this will make each, to a large extent, independent of outside markets. But the economic foundation will be agriculture, for "the farmer is the only necessary man." Under what conditions will this farmer of the new land and the new time live and flourish? In answering this question we shall find the key of the civilization of the future West.

No view of irrigation can be appreciative which regards it as merely an adjunct to agriculture. It is a social and economic factor in a much larger way. It not only makes a civilization in the midst of desolate wastes: it shapes and colors that civilization after its own peculiar design. It forbids land monopoly, because only the small farm pays when the land must be artificially watered. By the same token it makes near neighbors and high social conditions. It discourages servile labor by developing a class of small landed proprietors who work for themselves and need little help beyond that which their own families supply. Here we have the elements of a new society, one where the independ-

ence which goes with ownership of the soil, and the social advantages inseparable from neighborhood association, will be happily combined. We can expect no millionaires to grow from such surroundings, but neither should there be any paupers.

There is another influence peculiar to irrigation, and one which may be expected to make itself felt powerfully in the larger economic life of the arid region hereafter. Indeed, this influence is already plainly apparent in the communities which have grown up in various Western valleys, and in the broader tendencies of social growth which we see on every hand. This is the influence which makes for coöperation. Irrigation is not and can never be an individual enterprise. A single settler cannot turn a river to water his own patch of land, nor can he distribute the waters flowing through a system of canals. Before the first potato or the first rosebush can be coaxed from the rich but arid soil there is a demand for the association and or-

ganization of labor. The result is that coöperation precedes irrigation. It also accompanies and follows irrigation, and is speedily woven into the entire industrial and social fabric of the community. In localities which have been longest established this principle has extended itself to stores, factories, and banks. The saved capital of industry has been invested in coöperative enterprises to make these communities independent of outside production. There can be no doubt that this will be done upon a much larger scale in the future, and that the industrial possibilities of the arid region — now sleeping in idle water powers, virgin forests, and half-stocked pastures — will be developed in harmony with this principle. These things will not come suddenly to pass, but they will come because the conditions and surroundings of the time and place will strongly favor, if not actually compel, the result. Such are the hopes of Arid America. What other part of the world offers a fairer prospect to mankind?

William E. Smythe.

THE GENTLE READER.

WHAT has become of the Gentle Reader? One does not like to think that he has passed away with the stagecoach and the weekly news-letter; and that henceforth we are to be confronted only by the stony glare of the Intelligent Reading Public. Once upon a time, that is to say a generation or two ago, he was very highly esteemed. To him books were dedicated, with long rambling prefaces and with episodes which were their own excuse for being. In the very middle of the story the writer would stop with a word of apology or explanation addressed to the Gentle Reader, or at the very least with a nod or a wink. No matter if the fate of the hero be in sus-

pense or the plot be inextricably involved.

"Hang the plot!" says the author. "I must have a chat with the Gentle Reader, and find out what he thinks about it."

And so confidences were interchanged, and there was gossip about the Universe and suggestions in regard to the queer-ness of human nature, until, at last, the author would jump up with, "Enough of this, Gentle Reader; perhaps it's time to go back to the story."

The thirteenth book of *Tom Jones* leaves the heroine in the greatest distress. The last words are, "Nor did this thought once suffer her to close her

eyes during the whole succeeding night." Had Fielding been addressing the Intelligent Modern Public he would have intensified the interest by giving an analysis of Sophia's distress so that we should all share her insomnia. But not at all! While the dear girl is recovering her spirits it is such an excellent opportunity to have uninterrupted discourse with the Gentle Reader, who does n't take these things too hard, having long since come to "the years that bring the philosophic mind." So the next chapter is entitled *An Essay to prove that an author will write better for having some knowledge of the subject on which he treats*. The discussion is altogether irrelevant; that is what the Gentle Reader likes.

"It is a paradoxical statement you make," he says, trying to draw the author out. "What are your arguments?"

Then the author moderates his expressions. "To say the truth I require no more than that an author should have some little knowledge of the subject on which he treats."

"That sounds more reasonable," says the Gentle Reader. "You know how much I dislike extreme views. Let us admit, for the sake of argument, that a writer may know a little about his subject. I hope that this may not prove the opening wedge for erudition. By the way, where was it we left the sweet Sophy; and do you happen to know anything more about that scapegrace Jones?"

That was the way books were written and read in the good old days before the invention of the telephone and the short story. The generation that delighted in Fielding and Richardson had some staying power. A book was something to tie to. No one would say jauntily, "I have read Sir Charles Grandison," but only, "I am reading." The characters of fiction were not treated as transient guests, but as lifelong companions destined to be a solace in old age. The

short story, on the other hand, is invented for people who want a literary "quick lunch." "Tell me a story while I wait," demands the eager devourer of fiction. "Serve it hot, and be mighty quick about it!"

In rushes the story-teller with love, marriage, jealousy, disillusion, and suicide all served up together before you can say Jack Robinson. There is no time for explanation, and the reader is in no mood to allow it. As for the suicide, it must end that way; for it is the quickest. The ending, "They were happy ever after," cannot be allowed, for the doting author can never resist the temptation to add another chapter, dated ten years after, to show how happy they were.

I sometimes fear that reading, in the old-fashioned sense, may become a lost art. The habit of resorting to the printed page for information is an excellent one, but it is not what I have in mind. A person wants something and knows where to get it. He goes to a book just as he goes to a department store. Knowledge is a commodity done up in a neat parcel. So that the article is well made he does n't care either for the manufacturer or the dealer.

Now literature, properly so called, is quite different from this, and literary values inhere not in things or even in ideas, but in persons. There are some rare spirits that have imparted themselves to their words. The book then becomes a person, and reading comes to be a kind of conversation. The reader is not passive, as if he were listening to a lecture on *The Ethics of the Babylonians*. He is sitting by his fireside, and old friends drop in on him. He knows their habits and whims, and is glad to see them and to interchange thought. They are perfectly at their ease, and there is all the time in the world, and if he yawns now and then nobody is offended, and if he prefers to follow a thought of his own rather than

theirs there is no discourtesy in leaving them. If his friends are dull this evening, it is because he would have it so; that is why he invited them. He wants to have a good, cosy, dull time. He has had enough to stir him up during the day; now he wants to be let down. He knows a score of good old authors who have lived long in the happy poppy fields.

In all good faith he invokes the goddess of the Dunciad, —

“Her ample presence fills up all the place,
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face.
Here to her Chosen all her works she shews,
Prose swelled to verse, verse loitering into
prose.”

The Gentle Reader nods placidly and joins in the ascription, —

“Great tamer of all human art!
First in my care and ever at my heart;
Dulness whose good old cause I still defend.

O ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
Still shed a healing mist before the mind;
And lest we err by Wit's wild dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night.”

I would not call any one a gentle reader who does not now and then take up a dull book, and enjoy it in the spirit in which it was written.

Wise old Burton, in the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, advises the restless person to “read some pleasant author till he be asleep.” I have found the *Anatomy of Melancholy* to answer this purpose; though Dr. Johnson declares that it was the only book that took him out of bed two hours before he wished to rise. It is hard to draw the line between stimulants and narcotics.

My insistence on the test of the enjoyment of the dullness of a dull book is not arbitrary. It arises from the characteristic of the Gentle Reader. He takes a book for what it is and never for what it is not. If he does n't like it at all he does n't read it. If he does read it, it is because he likes its real quality. That is the way we do with our friends. They are the people of whom we say that “we

get at them.” I suppose every one of us has some friend of whom we would confess that as thinker he is inferior to Plato. But we like him no less for that. We might criticise him if we cared, — but we never care. We prefer to take him as he is. It is the flavor of his individuality that we enjoy. Appreciation of literature is the getting at an author, so that we like what he is, while all that he is not is irrelevant.

There are those who endeavor to reduce literary criticism to an exact science. To this end they would eliminate the personal element, and subject our admirations to fixed standards. In this way it is hoped that we may ultimately be able to measure the road to Parnassus by kilometers. All this is much more easily said than done. Personal likings will not stay eliminated. I admire the acuteness of the critic who reveals the unsuspected excellence of my favorite writer. It is a pleasure like that which comes when a friend is received into a learned society. We don't know much about his learning, but we know that he is a good fellow, and we are glad to learn that he is getting on. We feel also a personal satisfaction in having our tastes vindicated and our enjoyment treated as if it were a virtue, just as Mr. Pecksniff was pleased with the reflection that while he was eating his dinner, he was at the same time obeying a law of the Universe.

But the rub comes when the judgment of the critic disagrees with ours. We discover that his laws have no penalties, and that if we get more enjoyment from breaking than from obeying, then we are just that much ahead. As for giving up an author just because the judgment of the critic is against him, who ever heard of such a thing? The stanchest canons of criticism are exploded by a genuine burst of admiration.

That is what happens whenever a writer of original force appears. The old rules do not explain him, so we must

make new rules. Like Wordsworth, he creates the taste by which he is appreciated. We first enjoy him, and then we welcome the clever persons who assure us that the enjoyment is greatly to our credit. But

"You must love him ere to you
He shall seem worthy of your love."

I asked a little four-year-old critic, whose literary judgments I accept as final, what stories she liked best. She answered, "I like Joseph and Aladdin and The Forty Thieves and The Probable Son."

It was a purely individual judgment. Some day she may learn that she has the opinion of many centuries behind her. When she studies rhetoric she may be able to tell why Aladdin is better than The Shaving of Shagpat, and why the story of "The Probable Son" delights her, while the half-hour homily on the parable makes not the slightest impression on her mind. The fact is, she knows a good story just as she knows a good apple. How the flavor got there is a scientific question which she has not considered; but being there, trust the uncloyed palate to find it out! She does not set up as a superior person having good taste; but she says, "I can tell you what tastes good."

There are a great many kinds of useful books, — books of History, Philosophy, and the rest. The Gentle Reader knows that these subjects are worthy of all respect, but he is not greatly drawn to any formal treatises. He does not enjoy a bare bit of philosophy that has been moulded into a fixed form. Yet he dearly loves a philosopher, especially if he turns out to be a sensible sort of man who does n't put on airs.

He likes the old Greek way of philosophizing. What a delight it was for him to learn that the Academy in Athens was not a white building with green blinds set upon a bleak hilltop, but a grove where, on pleasant days, Plato could be found, ready to talk with all comers!

That was something like; no board of trustees, no written examinations, no textbooks — just Plato! You never knew what was to be the subject or where you were coming out; all you were sure of was that you would come away with a new idea. Or if you tired of the Academy, there were the Peripatetics, gentlemen who were drawn together because they imagined they could think better on their legs; or there were the Stoics, elderly persons who liked to sit on the porch and discuss the "cosmic weather." No wonder the Greeks got such a reputation as philosophers! They deserve no credit for it. Any one would like philosophy were it served up in that way.

All that has passed. Were Socrates to come back and enter a downtown office to inquire after the difference between the Good and the Beautiful, he would be confronted with one of those neatly printed cards, intended to discourage the Socratic method during business hours: "This is our busy day. Yes, it's warm."

The Gentle Reader also has his business hours, and has learned to submit to their inexorable requirements; but now and then he has a few hours to himself. He declines an invitation to a progressive euchre party, on the ground of a previous engagement he had made long ago, in his college days, to meet some gentlemen of the fifth century B. C. The evening passes so pleasantly, and the world seems so much fresher in interest, that he wonders why he does n't do that sort of thing oftener. Perhaps there are some other progressive euchre parties he could cut, and the world be none the worse.

How many people there have been who have gone through the world with their eyes open, and who have jotted down their impressions by the way! How quickly these philosophers come to know their own. Listen to Izaak Walton in his Epistle to the Reader: "I think it fit to tell thee these following truths, that I did not undertake to write

or publish this discourse of Fish and Fishing to please myself, and that I wish it may not displease others. And yet I cannot doubt but that by it some readers may receive so much profit that if they be not very busy men, may make it not unworthy the time of their perusal. And I wish the reader to take notice that in the writing of it I have made a recreation of a recreation; and that it might prove so to thee in the reading, and not to read dully and tediously, I have in several places mixed some innocent mirth; of which if thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge. . . . I am the willing to justify this innocent mirth because the whole discourse is a kind of picture of my own disposition, at least of my disposition on such days and times as I allow myself — when Nat and I go fishing together.” How cleverly he bows out the ichthyologists! How he rebukes the sordid creature who has come simply to find out how to catch fish! That is the very spirit of Simon Magus! “Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter!”

The Gentle Reader has no ulterior aims. All he wants to know is how Izaak Walton felt when he went fishing, and what he was thinking about.

“A kind of picture of a man’s own disposition,” that is what I call literature. Even the most futile attempt at self-revelation evokes sympathy. I remember, as a boy, gazing at an austere volume in my grandfather’s library. It was, as far as I could ascertain, an indigestible mixture of theology and philology. But my eye was caught by the title, *The Diversions of Purley*. I had not the slightest idea who Purley was, but my heart went out to him at once.

“Poor Purley!” I said. “If these were your diversions what a dog’s life you must have led!” I could see Purley gazing vaguely through his spectacles as he said: “Don’t pity me! It’s true I have had my trials, — but then again what larks! See that big book; I did it!”

Only long after did I learn that my sympathy was uncalled for, as Purley was not a person but a place.

When it comes to history, the Gentle Reader is often made very uncomfortable by the adverse criticisms upon his favorite writers. He is told that they are frequently inaccurate and one-sided. The true historian he is informed is a prodigy of impartiality, who has divested himself of all human passions, in order that he may set down in exact sequence the course of events. The Gentle Reader turns to these highly praised volumes, and finds himself adrift, without human companionship, on a bottomless sea of erudition, — writings, writings everywhere, and not a page to read! Returning from this perilous excursion he ever after adheres to his original predilection for histories that are readable.

He is of the opinion that a history must be essentially a work of the imagination. This does not mean that it must not be true, but it means that the important truth about any former generation can only be reproduced through the imagination. The important thing is that these people were once alive. No critical study of their meagre memorials can make us enter into their joys, their griefs, and their fears. The memorials only suggest to the historic imagination what the reality must have been.

Peter Bell could recognize a fact when he saw it: —

“A primrose on the river’s brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.”

As long as the primrose was there, he could be trusted to describe it accurately enough. But set Peter Bell the task of describing last year’s primroses. “There are n’t any last year’s primroses on the river’s brim,” says Peter, “so you must be content with a description of the one in my herbarium. Last year’s primroses, you will observe, are very much flattened out.” To Mr. Peter Bell, after he has spent many years in the universities, a

document is a document, and it is nothing more. When he has compared a great many documents, and put them together in a mechanical way, he calls his work a history. That's where he differs from the Gentle Reader who calls it only the crude material out of which a man of genius may possibly make a history.

To the Gentle Reader it is a profoundly interesting reflection that since this planet has been inhabited people have been fighting, and working, and loving, and hating with an intensity born of the conviction that, if they went at it hard enough, they could finish the whole business in one generation. He likes to get back into any one of these generations just "to get the feel of it." He does not care so much for the final summing up of the process, as to see it in the making. Any one who can give him that experience is his friend.

He is interested in the stirring times of the English Revolution, and goes to the historical expert to find what it was all about. The historical expert starts with the Magna Charta and makes a preliminary survey. Then he begins his march down the century, intrenching every position lest he be caught unawares by the critics. His intellectual forces lack mobility, so they must wait for their baggage trains. At last he comes to the time of the Stuarts, and there is much talk of the royal prerogative, and ship money, and attainders, and acts of Parliament. There are exhaustive arguments, now on the one side and now on the other, which exactly balance one another. There are references to bulky volumes, where at the foot of every page the notes run along, like little angry dogs barking at the text.

The Gentle Reader calls out: "I have had enough of this. What I want to know is what it's all about, and which side, on the whole, has the right of it. Which side are you on? Are you a Roundhead or a Cavalier? Are your sympathies with the Whigs or the Tories?"

"Sympathies!" says the expert. "Who ever heard of a historian allowing himself to sympathize? I have no opinions of my own to present. My great aim is not to prejudice the mind of the student."

"Nonsense," says the Gentle Reader; "I am not a student, nor is this a school-room. It's all in confidence; speak out as one gentleman to another under a friendly roof! What do you think about it? No matter if you make a mistake or two, I'll forget most that you say, anyway. All that I care for is to get the gist of the matter. As for your fear of warping my mind, there's not the least danger in the world. My mind is like a tough bit of hickory; it will fly back into its original shape the moment you let go. I have a hundred prejudices of my own, — one more won't hurt me. I want to know what it was that set the people by the ears. Why did they cut off the head of Charles I., and why did they drive out James II.? I can't help thinking that there must have been something more exciting than those discussions of yours about constitutional theories. Do you know, I sometimes doubt whether most of the people who went to the wars knew that there was such a thing as the English Constitution; the subject had n't been written up then. I suspect that something happened that was not set down in your book; something that made those people fighting mad."

Then the Gentle Reader turns to his old friend Macaulay, and asks, —

"What do you think about it?"

"Think about it!" says Macaulay. "I'll tell you what I think about it. To begin with, that Charles I., though good enough as a family man, was a consummate liar."

"That's the first light I've had on the subject," says the Gentle Reader. "Charles lied, and that made the people mad?"

"Precisely! I perceive that you have

the historic sense. We English can't abide a liar; so at last when we could not trust the king's word we chopped off his head. Mind you, I'm not defending the regicides, but between ourselves I don't mind saying that I think it served him right. At any rate our blood was up, and there was no stopping us. I wish I had time to tell you all about Hampden, and Pym, and Cromwell, but I must go on to the glorious year 1688, and tell you how it all came about, and how we sent that despicable dotard, James, flying across the Channel, and how we brought in the good and wise King William, and how the great line of Whig statesmen began. I take for granted — as you appear to be a sensible man — that you are a Whig?"

"I'm open to conviction," says the Gentle Reader.

In a little while he is in the very thick of it. He is an Englishman of the seventeenth century. He has taken sides and means to fight it out. He knows how to vote on every important question that comes before Parliament. No Jacobite sophistry can beguile him. When William lands he throws up his hat, and after that he stands by him, thick or thin. When you tell him that he ought to be more dispassionate in his historical judgments, he answers: "That would be all very well if we were not dealing with living issues, — but with Ireland in an uproar and the Papists ready to swarm over from France, there is a call for decision. A man must know his own mind. You may stand off and criticise William's policy; but the question is, What policy do you propose? You say that I have not exhausted the subject, and that there are other points of view. Very likely. Show me another point of view, only make it as clear to me as Macaulay makes his. Let it be a real view, and not a smudge. Some other day I may look at it, but I must take one thing at a time. What I object to is the historian who takes

both sides in the same paragraph. That is what I call offensive bi-partisanship."

The Gentle Reader is interested not only in what great men actually were, but in the way they appeared to those who loved or hated them. He is of the opinion that the legend is often more significant than the colorless annals. When a legend has become universally accepted and has lived a thousand years, he feels that it should be protected in its rights of possession by some statute of limitation. It has come to have an independent life of its own. He has, therefore, no sympathy with Gibbon in his identification of St. George of England with George of Cappadocia, a dishonest army contractor who supplied the troops of the Emperor Julian with bacon. Says Gibbon: "His employment was mean; he rendered it infamous. He accumulated wealth by the basest arts of fraud and corruption; but his malversations were so notorious that George was compelled to escape from the pursuit of his enemies. . . . This odious stranger, disguising every circumstance of time and place, assumed the mask of a martyr, a saint, and a Christian hero; and the infamous George of Cappadocia has been transformed into the renowned St. George of England, the patron of arms, of chivalry, and of the garter."

"That is a serious indictment," says the Gentle Reader. "I have no plea to make for the Cappadocian; I can readily believe that his bacon was bad. But why not let bygones be bygones? If he managed to transform himself into a saint, and for many centuries avoid all suspicion, I believe that it was a thorough reformation. St. George of England has long been esteemed as a valiant gentleman, — and, at any rate, that affair with the dragon was greatly to his credit."

Sometimes the Gentle Reader is disturbed by finding that different lines of tradition have been mixed, and his mind

becomes the battle ground whereon old blood feuds are fought out. Thus it happens that as a child he was brought up on the tales of the Covenanters and imbibed their stern resentment against their persecutors. He learned to hate the very name of Grahame of Claverhouse who brought desolation upon so many innocent homes. On the other hand, his heart beats high when he hears the martial strains of Bonny Dundee. "There was a man for you!"

"Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat.

'Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks —

Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox;

And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,

You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!"

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,

The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,

Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermeston's lee

Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee."

"When I see him wave his proud hand," says the Gentle Reader, "I am his clansman, and I'm ready to be off with him."

"I thought you were a Whig," says the student of history.

"I thought so too, — but what's politics where the affections are enlisted? Don't you hear those wild war-notes?"

"But are you aware that the Bonny Dundee is the same man whom you have just been denouncing under the name of Grahame of Claverhouse?"

"Are you sure they are the same?" sighs the Gentle Reader. "I cannot make them seem the same. To me there are two of them: Grahame of Claverhouse, whom I hate, and the Bonny Dundee, whom I love. If it's all the same to you, I think I shall keep them sepa-

rate and go on loving and hating as aforetime."

You must not think that the Gentle Reader is lacking in solidity of judgment. It does not follow any more than that Izaak Walton when he kept shop in London was careless with his accounts. Take notice that in this discourse of Books and Reading I give a picture of his disposition not at all times, but only on such times as he goes a-reading.

The Gentle Reader dearly loves biography, especially a genuine bit of autobiography. He is a little provoked when David Hume begins the sketch of his own life with the remark, "It is difficult for a man to speak long about himself without vanity, therefore I will be short." What obtuseness that shows in a philosopher who actually wrote a treatise on human nature! What did he know about human nature if he thought any one would read an autobiography that was without vanity! It is the first requisite of a writer of his own life that he should be interested in his subject.

Vanity is one of the most lovable of weaknesses. In our contemporaries it sometimes irritates us, but that is only because it involves a difference of judgment. A man conscientiously resolves "not to think more highly of himself than he ought to think." But how highly *ought* he to think? Here he is likely to come into conflict with the opinion of his neighbors. But when it is all written down in a book, and the pure juices of self-satisfaction have been allowed to mellow for a few centuries, nothing can be more delicious.

The Gentle Reader, however, draws the line at a kind of inverted vanity which induces certain morbid persons to write painful confessions of their own sins and shortcomings. He is willing to acknowledge that they are sinners, but when they claim to be the most remarkable sinners, he says, in the language of the day, "There are others."

When he takes up a volume entitled

Life and Letters, and finds it dull, he does not bring a railing accusation against either the biographer or the biographee. They may both have been interesting persons, though the result in cold print is not exhilarating. He knows how volatile is the charm of personality, and how hard it is to preserve the best things. His friend, who is a great diner-out, says: "Those were delightful people I met at dinner yesterday, and what a capital story the judge told! I laugh every time I think about it."

"What story?" asks the Gentle Reader, eager for the crumbs that fall from the witty man's table.

"I can't remember just what it was about, or what was the point of it; but it was a good story, and you would have thought so, too, if you had heard the judge tell it."

"I certainly should," replies the Gentle Reader, "and I shall always believe, on your testimony, that the judge is one of the best story-tellers in existence."

In like manner he believes in the interesting things that great men must have done which unfortunately were not taken down by any one at the time.

The Gentle Reader himself is not much at home in fashionable literary society. He is a shy person, and his embarrassment is increased by the consciousness that he seldom gets round to a book till after people are through talking about it. Not that he prides himself on this fact; for he is far from cherishing the foolish prejudice against new books.

"David Copperfield was a new book once, and it was as good then as it is now." It simply happens that there are so many good books that it is hard to keep up with the procession. Besides, he has discovered that the books that are talked about can be talked about just as well without being read; this leaves him more time for his old favorites.

"I have a sweet little story for you," says the charming authoress. "I am sure you like sweet little stories."

"Only one lump, if you please," says the Gentle Reader.

In spite of his genial temperament there are some subjects on which he is intolerant. When he picks up a story that turns out to be only a Tract for the Times, he turns indignantly on the author.

"Sirrah," he cries, under the influence of deep feeling, relapsing into the vernacular of romance, "you gained access to me under the plea that you were going to please me; and now that you have stolen a portion of my time, you throw off all disguise, and admit that you entered with intent to instruct, and that you do not care whether you please me or not! I've a mind to have you arrested for obtaining my attention under false pretenses! How villainously we are imposed upon! Only the other day a man came to me highly recommended as an architect. I employed him to build me a Castle in Spain, regardless of expense. When I suggested a few pleasant embellishments, the wretch refused on the ground that he never saw anything of the kind in the town he came from,—Toledo, Ohio. If he had pleaded honest poverty of invention I should have forgiven him, but he took a high and mighty tone with me, and said that it was against his principles to allow any incident that was not probable. 'Who said that it should be probable?' I replied. 'It is your business to make it *seem* probable.'"

He highly disapproves of what he considers the cheese-paring economy on the part of certain novelists in the endowment of their characters. "Their traits are so microscopic, and require such minute analysis, that I get half through the book before I know which is which. It seems as if the writers were not sure that there was enough human nature to go around. They should study the good old story of Aboukir and Abousir.

"There were in the city of Alexandria two men,—one was a dyer, and his

name was Aboukir; the other was a barber, and his name was Abousir. They were neighbors, and the dyer was a swindler, a liar, and a person of exceeding wickedness.'

"Now, there the writer and reader start fair. There are no unnecessary concealments. You know that the dyer is a villain, and you are on your guard. You are not told in the first paragraph about the barber, but you take it for granted that he is an excellent, well-meaning man, who is destined to become enormously wealthy. And so it turns out. If our writers would only follow this straightforward method we should hear less about nervous prostration among the reading classes." He is very severe on the whimsical notion, that never occurred to any one until this century, of saying that the heroine is not beautiful.

"Such a remark is altogether gratuitous. When I become attached to a young lady in fiction she always appears to me to be an extraordinarily lovely creature. It's sheer impertinence for the author to intrude, every now and then, just to call my attention to the fact that her complexion is not good, and that her features are irregular. It's bad manners,—and besides, I don't believe that it's true."

Nothing, however, so offends the Gentle Reader as the trick of elaborating a plot and then refusing to elucidate it, and leaving everything at loose ends. He feels toward this misdirected ingenuity as Miss Edgeworth's Harry did toward the conundrum which his sister proposed.

"This is quite different," he said, "from the others. The worst of it is that after laboring ever so hard at one riddle it does not in the least lead to another. The next is always on some other principle."

"Yes, to be sure," said Lucy. "Nobody who knows how to puzzle would

give two riddles of the same kind; that would be too easy."

"But then, without something to guide one," said Harry, "there is no getting on."

"Not in your regular way," said Lucy.

"That is the very thing I complain of," said Harry.

"Complain! But my dear Harry, riddles are meant only to divert one."

"But they do not divert me," said Harry; "they only puzzle me."

The Gentle Reader is inclined to impute unworthy motives to the writer whose work merely puzzles him.

"The lazy unscrupulous fellow takes a job, and then throws it up and leaves me to finish it for him. It's a clear breach of contract! That sort of thing would never have been allowed in any well-governed community. Fancy what would have happened in the court of Shahriar, where story-telling was taken seriously."

Sheherazade has got Sindbad on the moving island.

"How did he get off?" asks the Sultan.

"That's for your majesty to find out," answers Sheherazade archly. "Maybe he got off, and maybe he did n't. That's the problem."

"Off with her head!" says the Sultan.

When sore beset by novelists who, under the guise of fiction, attempt to saddle him with "the weary weight of all this unintelligible world," the Gentle Reader takes refuge with one who has never deceived him.

"What shall it be?" says Sir Walter.

"As you please, Sir Walter."

"No! As *you* please, Gentle Reader. If you have nothing else in mind, how would this do for a start?—

'Waken! Lords and Ladies gay!

On the mountain dawns the day.'

It's a fine morning, and it's a gallant company! Let's go with them!"

"Let's!" cries the Gentle Reader.

Samuel McChord Crothers.

A LETTER TO JOHN STUART MILL.

SIR, — It is impossible to address you, whose voice has now for over a quarter of a century been silent, without recalling your expressed conviction that “whatever be the probabilities of a future life, all the probabilities *in case of* a future life are that such as we have been made, or have made ourselves before the change, such we shall enter into the life hereafter.” Remembering, too, your own modest boast that if you excelled your contemporaries in aught, it was only in your greater willingness and ability to learn from everybody, I venture to hope, Sir, that a brief account of the trend of speculation, in so far as it has affected the fortunes of your own philosophy, may not wholly fail to enlist your interest. I shall first indicate in a general way the characteristic tenor of what to-day passes for scientific thinking, and then advert to the more particular discussion of its reaction upon your own system.

The world of philosophers is divided to-day, as in your own time, into two sharply opposed schools, according as they on the one hand posit certain congenital endowments of the Understanding, or as on the other they imagine these faculties to be wholly the product of Experience. That the first-mentioned school should have continued to oppose your conclusions would not have required any explanation; what may excite your curiosity is that you should have been enthroned by the second school for a generation, or, having been enthroned, should have been deposed afterwards.

Your elevation to the headship of the empirical empire about the middle of the century is to be explained by various causes. The *Zeitgeist* worked powerfully in your favor; but your own proper pretensions to power were not small, for in the long reaction against Newman

you furnished the brains, while the late Mr. Arnold furnished only the music. For nearly a generation your statue received in the English universities, “those gray temples of learning,” the public veneration paid only to the highest intellectual eminence. The study of your opinions became a cult. Scientific orthodoxy was construed in terms of your devising, and your sway within the empirical domain was supreme. Nothing perhaps could better illustrate the deference then accorded you than the fact that Charles Darwin, the founder of the ruling evolutionary dynasty, was himself willing to rejoice in your light for a season, and has left on record his pride at your approval of the argumentative construction of his *Origin of Species*.

Your dethronement is in turn to be ascribed mainly to your failure to recognize the magic in the term Evolution. Some puzzles in philosophy you had seemingly unraveled by exploiting the mental associations arising in the experience of the individual mind. Experience confined to the lifetime of the individual, however, proved upon trial to give no satisfactory explanation of the genesis of such ideas as Cause, Space, and Time, and the short tether of individual experience was felt even by your own professed followers to be an obstacle to farther improvement. Accordingly they had recourse to the experience of the race; and thus provided with incomparably more ample assets they undertook the philosophical venture which your lesser capital had proved unable to support.

It is not pretended that if you had lived to see the development hypothesis applied to ever widening spheres of knowledge you would have maintained the sufficiency of your own system. But

in almost your latest utterance you had said of development by natural selection "that there is something very startling and *prima facie* improbable in this hypothetical history of Nature." To-day, however, this hypothesis which you found startling and improbable is the first postulate of thinking among that school to which by tradition both you and your father belonged. Hence it was that the continuance of your philosophic rule was clearly impossible, and your works, like other outworn classics "driven from the market-place, became first the companions of the student, then the victims of the specialist."

It will be necessary to consider separately the different attitudes which your successors of the evolutionary school, and your antagonists, the apriorists, have taken with reference to your conclusions. The former may be expected to point out wherein your system was inadequate, the latter wherein it was false. This double critique may proceed, with your permission, under four captions, dealing, first, with your fundamental principles in logic and metaphysics; second, with your treatment of politics; third, with the ideas you propound in ethics; and last, with your not inconsiderable contributions to the general science of society.

First of all, therefore, notwithstanding the professed design of your Logic, to mediate between the mediæval schoolmen and modern men of science, the schoolmen, or rather their successors, appear very much dissatisfied with the sphere of influence you have allotted to them. When they reflect that you pronounced every syllogism to involve a begging of the question in the major premise, they are not perhaps unnaturally scornful of your concession that the major premise may still be usefully retained as a convenient memorandum of our experimental notes which we "decipher" by means of the minor. To thus reduce the syllogism to a kind of logical cash register

satisfies the Aristotelian about as much as an expression of admiration at the ingenious construction of a Thibetan prayer wheel would satisfy a believer in the efficacy of supplicating his Maker. The late James Martineau retorts upon you that "if there is no deduction without *petitio principii*, there is no induction without concluding a *particulari ad universale* — . . . reasoning, of either kind, . . . in violation of logical rules."

Your opponents have not even hesitated to attack the constructive part of your Logic, the Canons of Induction, — by far the most enduring and, I venture to think, the most original part of all your contributions to knowledge. Mr. Balfour has with most diabolical cleverness demonstrated that, valuable as your canons might be, if they could only be strictly applied, they never can be so applied, nor ever applied at all, except under the guidance of a common-sense tact for which no canons have, as yet at least, been laid down. Indeed, I know of no class of your antagonists from whom you catch it quite as heavily as from the logicians, — most of whom, I confess, belong to a different philosophic school from your own. Professor Bradley says trenchantly of your theory of induction that it is "a fiasco," and, in order not to be misunderstood, repeats in italics that it is "*a confessed fiasco*." The late Stanley Jevons in summing up on your Logic says that there is nothing in logic which you have not touched, and that you have touched nothing without confounding it, and adds unqualifiedly that your intellect was "wrecked;" even one who has done you the honor to give you high rank among Modern Humanists speaks of "the staggering proof of the laxity of your mind" which in the concrete was "chronically untrustworthy."

If you had contented yourself with making your Logic a simple analysis of scientific methods, "a conspectus of rules for the interpretation of phenomena and the discovery of laws," I con-

ceive that your work would have been welcomed with universal acclaim, but, as you have told us in your Autobiography, the *Logic* was in part intended to supply a text-book of the doctrine "which derives all knowledge from experience, and all moral and intellectual qualities principally from the direction given to the associations." So long as you were simply applying a destructive criticism to the older deductive logic, this avowal did you yeoman service, but in your constructive theory of Induction, this derivation of all knowledge from experience exposed the citadel of your position to fatal attack. Induction from concrete experience could give us no knowledge of Nature unless we could assume that Nature's processes were uniform. This, of course, you saw and admitted. The uniformity of Nature is the major premise without which we could obtain no knowledge of general laws from the collection of specific experiences. How then do we know that Nature is uniform, — that the same causes under the same circumstances are followed by the same effects? You reply that the law of causation is "an empirical law coextensive with all human experience, at which point the distinction between empirical laws and laws of nature vanishes."

Apparently then, as Mr. Balfour urged long ago, to determine whether a frequent coincidence, such as the alleged peril attendant upon thirteen at the table, is or is not a law of Nature, there is no test but to extend the number of our observations. But why extend the number of observations? In order, you reply, to avoid chance coincidences, or what you more magniloquently term "the accidental collocation of causes." But if we know that there are *chance* coincidences to be avoided, we imply that there are *necessary* uniformities to be discovered. This at once assumes the very law of causation which underlies the uniformity of Nature. In order to

come by your theory which bases all knowledge on experience, you therefore covertly assume a basal principle which makes all experience possible, and which experience itself can never produce.

So completely are you driven from the walls of your defenses that your successors of the evolutionary school surrender the outer bulwarks of individual experience as the source of all knowledge, and retreat within an inner citadel, averring that certain ideas like those of causation are congenital with the individual though experientially developed in the history of the race. Whether this new position is impregnable is more than doubtful, but the flags of the enemy have been flying over your abandoned trenches these twenty years.

Besides this conclusive attack upon the centre of your philosophic position there have not been wanting those who have charged you with being eminently inconsistent, or at least "unfinal," in any philosophic attitude whatever. In your *Logic*, though you maintain that all our knowledge is derived from concrete experience, you seem to sanction the notion that what knowledge we have is of things as they are, that we perceive and know things directly, — the position of Natural Realism. At a later day you defined matter to be the "Permanent Possibility of Sensation," a position indistinguishable from subjective Idealism but that it lacks Berkeley's theological appendage. Again where you treat of the psychology of sensation, "the *ego* and its formative power seem to disappear in the *non-ego*," and your ground is apparently materialistic. But these discrepancies, if we may allow so mild a term to describe them, appear to have been the cost of the admitted receptivity of your mind to new ideas, — a characteristic that may endear you to us as an individual, but which hardly reconciles you to us as a philosopher.

In political science, — to turn to that branch of speculation, — you never at-

tained the same easy mastery which for a time you exercised in philosophy and especially in logic. On the other hand, if we leave out of our reckoning your work in economics, there is perhaps no part of your thinking which has better withstood the moth and rust of criticism and decay. This has been due in part to the fact that it was possible to put upon your political structures a mansard roof of evolutionary pattern without removing any great part of your foundations. The generality of those who reason upon political subjects will allow that your political writings are in many parts obsolete and in all imperfect; but Bagehot fortunately has done for you in politics what you yourself essayed to do for Adam Smith in political economy.

To say the whole truth, it is a little surprising that Bagehot did not recognize that he was virtually repeating your conclusions in many a case where he professed to be enlightening us *de novo*. The "deadly parallel" would convict any one but Bagehot of plagiarism. Your insistence on order and progress as the essentials of a healthy civic life reappears in his "cake of custom" and "variability." Your analyses of the functions of a representative legislature and of the conditions of efficient administration are enough like his to have been their spiritual progenitor. Fortunately for his exposition and unfortunately for yours he had curiosity enough to picture the British Constitution as it really was, which you never did because you were always in so much of a hurry to make it what you thought it ought to be.

As a practical politician your reputation, never very high in your own day, has, if anything, since then declined. You could be imposed on by such impractical crotchets as the plural suffrage, and Hare's scheme for minority representation, the second of which in your recorded judgment was "among the very greatest improvements yet made in the theory and practice of government."

Had you lived in our day the initiative-and-referendum mongers would certainly have made you their victim. You habitually underrated the strength of local ties and of party attachment. You enormously overvalued the educational importance of political activity upon the masses. In opposing the secrecy of the ballot you were rowing against the current of true political progress. The really great political achievements of your generation, Corn Law repeal, Law Reform, Catholic Emancipation, the extension of the suffrage, were won by Peel and Brougham, by Cobden and Bright and Gladstone, not by you. You seemed never to be able to time your intellectual enthusiasm to the crisis of political opportunity. By the time your allies had drawn up in battle array, your ardor had become chilled, or you were half persuaded to go over to the enemy. As a consequence no monumental reform is associated with your name. You have enriched political speculation, but your pleas for concrete reforms, such as universal suffrage, live only in the minds and memories of a "few old women of both sexes."

By a curious freak of fortune the most pertinent political lesson you are destined to afford this generation is your dictum on the government of dependencies,—the more valuable that it was based on your administrative experience in the India House rather than on mere speculation. Congress could be taught the necessity of leaving the government of our dependencies in the hands of a trained non-partisan civil service if they would only heed your well-weighed deliverance: "To govern a country under responsibility to the people of that country and to govern one country under responsibility to the people of another are two very different things. What makes the excellence of the first is that freedom is preferable to despotism; but the last *is* despotism. The only choice the case

admits is a choice of despotisms, and it is not certain that the despotism of twenty (or seventy) millions is necessarily better than that of a few or one; but it is quite certain that the despotism of those that neither hear, nor see, nor know anything about their subjects has many chances of being worse than of those who do."

Our third example of the decadence of your system shall be extracted from your contributions to the science of morality. Following Bentham's lead, you taught that the criterion of conduct was its tendency to yield happiness, — "not the agent's own greatest happiness, but the greatest amount of happiness altogether." The amount of general happiness produced was, according to you, not only the test of the goodness or badness of human action, but its very essence. Accordingly it becomes necessary for the individual to calculate to a nicety the yield of general happiness in assaying the value of all moral ores. Without discussing the character of your moral metallurgy, it is clear that you attach but minor importance to the traditional moral sense as a reliable determinant of the moral quality of particular actions. The real complexity of this calculation, however, you certainly underestimated; so much so, that your evolutionary successors have felt obliged to reverse your verdict upon this point. They, like yourself, declare that conduct in the last resort "is good or bad according as its total effects are pleasurable or painful," but the avouchments of the moral sense they hold to be the outcome of race experimentation in conduct, and therefore a safer practical guide in daily life than a special integration of the pleasure increments, negative and positive, involved in any particular act.

Your opponents, the intuitionists, have in the main followed two lines of attack upon your ethical system, and in both they have, to a great extent, suc-

ceeded. They point out first that in attempting to refine on Benthamism you virtually undermine it, and second (though I shall not be able to sketch their views in detail) that neither you nor your successors in the study of morality ever really crossed the "boundary line which separates interests from obligations."

If, as you hold, "the greatest amount of happiness altogether" is the norm of conduct, it is certainly futile to maintain that the *higher* pleasures of intelligence or benevolence are to be preferred to the lower pleasures of sense or vanity, provided the lower pleasures bulk the larger in society's estimate. You say yourself that it "would be vain to attempt to persuade a man who beats his wife and ill treats his children that he would be happier if he lived in love and kindness with them. He would be happier if he were the kind of person who *could* so live; but he is not, and it is probably too late for him to become that kind of person. . . . It is like preaching to the worm who crawls on the ground how much better it would be for him if he were an eagle." If *quantity* of pleasure then be your test, be it so; or, if *quality* or *kind* of pleasure be the determinant, well and good; but you cannot in logical consistency hold with the hare and course with the hound. Bentham's moral edifice was a dingy vulgar little hut, but it was water-tight in a logical hurricane. Yours has a fine skylight, but the roof leaks.

It is but a step from morals to the Author of morality, but if the truth be said, Sir, there is probably no note which you ever sounded which fell upon such rebellious ears as your Essays on Religion. Indeed, all of your posthumous writings created an uproar, which, though brief, outdid anything your living voice ever evoked. Your Autobiography came as a shock to your closest followers, and when your Essays on Religion first fell on the positivist school

their strong men wept with rage in the streets. If you had only described your God in the language in which you described your wife, and *vice versa*, you would not have so violently outraged all reasonable credulity. I confess I never knew any one who was satisfied with your conception of a "good deity of limited powers;" but for all that I cannot help feeling that it marks a degree of improvement upon your paternal theology. Your father's God (so long as he had one) was, to use your own phrase, the "Omnipotent Author of Hell." Your own has been described as "a subaltern god, the victim of circumstances, struggling with a universe which is too much for him." That this "limited liability theism" is a position of unstable theological equilibrium can hardly be doubted, but it has this merit, that it squarely faces the problem of the Mystery of Evil; and I for one think it unfair to pronounce it with condescension the product of your "sympathies, feebly chaperoned, as it were, by a reasoning faculty grown elderly and languid, though remaining always conscientious." The riddle of the Sphinx is a subject "on which much originality was not to be hoped for, and the nature of which may be allowed to protect feebleness from any severity of comment."

So far as your work in philosophy, in politics, and in ethics is concerned, I have attempted to explain how your fundamental principles have either been revised and transformed by the "superior lights" of evolution, or have been controverted and overturned by the intuition school. There still remains to consider the validity of your contributions to social science. Your attention to the logical method appropriate to this study was, as you tell us in your Autobiography, first aroused by Macaulay's vivisection of your father's Science of Government. From this you learned that your father's assimilation of social logic to the method of Euclid was un-

tenable. The truth in societary matters, you readily discerned, was not to be attained by merely laying down certain axioms irrespective of the degree of improvement attained by various peoples, and then deducing from these axioms conclusions valid alike in Paris and Peking. The doctrine of historic relativity had laid hold upon you, while your growing interest in Comte's captivating dream of Sociology prevented you for a time from contenting yourself with any less comprehensive project than a general science of society. Your loyalty to your father's psychology, however, deterred you from approaching this work from Comte's standpoint. Instead of building your sociological temple on the foundation of a positive inspection of the facts of social history, you resolved to build it upon the ascertainable psychological laws of character, or what you designated Ethology, whose creation you assured us in 1843 had at last become practicable. I am bound to admit, Sir, that your science of Ethology has not yet been created. The word itself is today found only in philological museums, while the phantom term Sociology, alas, still lives to torment us, and, like a treacherous beacon, to lure upon the rocks those whose vehement passion for the ocean of truth rejects with scorn the pebbles on the shore.

Failing, as Mr. Bain tells us, to make anything out of Ethology, you adopted the very sensible plan of devoting your attention to political economy, a sphere "carved out," as you express it, "of the general body of the science of society." As this latter body was not yet in existence, I will only remark, in passing, that the "carving out" must have been tolerably easy. Your five early Essays on Some Unsettled Questions of Political Economy contained the germ of most of your distinctly original contributions to that subject, although your larger work has been the main channel through which your economic opinions

have reached the great body of readers. To pronounce upon your Political Economy any definitive verdict without going into very great detail would be obviously impossible. "Nobody but a fool, and a fool of a very particular description," to use your own classic phrase, would be hardy enough to call this great work "a ruin." It is, I think, on the whole very likely that more people of intelligence could to-day be found to subscribe to more parts of your Political Economy than to all your other writings put together. To offset this, it may, of course, fairly be said that much which that work contains did not, except in its phrasing, originate with yourself, but was a transcript from the earlier economists. It may also be admitted that your work teems with *loci vexatissimi*, regular fever spots of irritation around which there is a constant buzzing of economic insects. I think I never knew one of the existing race of political economists who had not some pet grievance against your Political Economy. With this one it is your remark that the volume of value is a closed book; with the next it is your too absolute sundering of the laws of production and distribution; with another it is your Wage Fund theory, or else your recantation of it; with another it is your socialistic bias; while against your Fundamental Propositions on Capital there has arisen such a protest of expostulation that your mild apologists, like Professor Marshall, are simply drowned out of all hearing. Mr. Cannan calls these propositions a "hopeless farrago of blunders;" and another critic, in a phrase at once indicative of his freedom from bias and his capacity for comparison, says that this deplorable chapter is a "tissue of barefaced fallacy which has gone far to reduce political economy to the level of religion."

Still, when all abatements are made, candid judges will, I think, allow that there still remains of your economic la-

bors a coherent theoretical framework, containing nearly all that was best in your predecessors, and much more besides, — without which economic science both in substance and form would to-day be immeasurably the poorer. Of whatever other provinces in the Realm of Thought you may have been despoiled, no successor with an undisputed title has succeeded you upon the economic throne. And if no claimant has yet dared to assert his right, the reason is plain, — "Nemo est heres viventis."

Even when one has essayed to sound and possibly to gauge the depths of your writings, there still remains much in your intellectual career to which we may perpetually recur, "as others do to a favorite poet, when needing to be carried up into the more elevated regions of feeling and thought." The remarkable education of which you are alternately regarded as the victim or the beneficiary is still without a modern parallel. Indeed, the most wonderful part of that education seems to have been by most critics singularly obscured. It was not that it began so early and embraced from the start such mature disciplines as Greek and philosophy, but the wonderful, as it seems to me, the wholly inexplicable feature of it all was that it did not destroy your power of transcending the symmetrical creed in which you were so early and so sedulously drilled. Personally under the guidance of Bentham in Ethics, Austin in Jurisprudence, Ricardo in Political Economy, and supremely under the exacting oversight of your father in everything at once, the miracle is that your mind did not present at maturity a surpassing instance of "cadaveric rigidity."

There is something also, very rare, I confess, in all literary history, and yet very captivating, in your scrupulous intellectual integrity, shown more than once in your frank recantation of doctrines which had become associated with

your name, but of whose untenableness you had become convinced. This very trend of introspective conscientiousness was, I think, carried too far by you in the sphere of the minor conventionalities. You were always too much inclined to scrutinize *les convenances*, and to challenge them for their certificate of birth. Your readiness to defy the tyranny of opinion for what you regarded a right cause made you overvalue eccentricity, and place it among the greater social virtues. Your passion for improvement made you impatient of the social art, and one who should follow your precept that "a person of high intellect should never go into unintellectual society unless he can enter it as an apostle" would probably be repulsed as a prig. This occasional air of austerity which plays about some of your minor utterances tends, in reality, to obscure the chivalrous, if somewhat quixotic, nature which we know you possessed. If we were in doubt in the matter, the eulogistic vein in which you invariably refer to your wife would enlighten us. You would, I think, have been surprised and pained, if you could have known how your allusions to that lady were received by your reviewers. Perhaps you were yourself at fault for not remembering that "a man who has a wife and children has given hostages to Mrs. Grundy." Still I fail to see

why your estimate of your wife, even if it be overdrawn, should warrant such an outcry on the part of your biographers. If that "fine flame of strenuous self-possession" which marked you glowed a fantastic red only when fanned by the recollections of a loyal life companion, its unwonted glare led no one astray, and pointed only to the moral, — that the best men are always the readiest to ascribe any honorable peculiarity in themselves to a higher source, rather than to their own merits.

It would be hardly proper to conclude, Sir, without assuring you that the stern animosities born of the quickening strife which you aroused on many an issue have long ago passed away, and that we all cherish for you that hope of another existence of which you have spoken so feelingly yourself. "That hope makes human life and human nature a far greater thing to the feelings, and gives greater strength as well as greater solemnity to all the sentiments which are awakened in us by our fellow creatures and mankind at large. It allays the sense of that irony of Nature which is so painfully felt when we see the exertions and the sacrifices of a life culminating in the formation of a wise and noble mind, only to disappear from the world when the time has just arrived at which the world seems about to begin the reaping of it."

Winthrop More Daniels.

MIRANDA HARLOW'S MORTGAGE.

WHEN Miranda Harlow, who lived some sixteen or eighteen miles "out," read in the city papers of the death of Bartholomew J. Plunkett, she sat her down and wrote to the widow. And when she saw, a week later, that the Plunkett will had been admitted to probate, she wrote again.

"Seven million dollars!" said Miranda Harlow, "and me a-slaving myself into my grave to keep up the interest on that mortgage! It ain't right. That woman can help me, and she's just got to. Help? Why, she could pay the whole thing off to-morrow as easy as turning your hand. What's fifteen hun-

dred to anybody with seven millions ? She 'd never miss it."

"You won't get any of it," said her niece sourly. "She has n't answered either of your letters, has she? Well, then!"

"She's going to answer *me!*" retorted Miranda. "I can take the trolley and go in and get back again for twenty cents, and I'm going to do it!"

"Huh!" said her niece.

"If your uncle Joshua had lived another year or two, we should have had the last half of that mortgage paid off, and I should have been able to-day to call this house my own. I've worried on in the old way about as long as I can stand it, and now I'm going to try a new one."

"She has n't answered either of your letters, has she?" reiterated the niece.

No, Susannah Plunkett had not answered either of Miranda Harlow's letters, nor many out of the hundreds of others brought by the same mails. Miranda Harlow thought her mortgage the only mortgage in the world, but she was mistaken. There were at least nine others, as the same mail that carried her second request disclosed. It also disclosed six men of varying ages and degrees of hopefulness who needed a little money to start up in business; three girls who wanted to come to the city to cultivate their voices; two insistent housekeepers who requested the where-withal for clearing their furniture from the grip of the installment man; eleven miscellaneous persons who required different sums for unspecified purposes, and a twelfth who, to a very peremptory demand, added a threat. Altogether, a representative Plunkett mail, slightly augmented by the temporary conspicuousness of the stricken family. Small wonder that Miranda Harlow got no response to her appeals.

Miranda made her trip to town, but spent her twenty cents to no purpose. Mrs. Plunkett declined to see her; the

servant refused even to admit her into the house.

"What did I tell you?" said her niece, welcoming the disappointed old lady back to Wileyville. "You can't get anything from rich people unless you're rich yourself. The only way to get anything out of *them* is to show that you don't need anything. The only way to get *them* to give is to let 'em see you giving something yourself. I know that kind, let me tell you!"

Miranda looked at the girl with an intent frown; Hetty had spent two or three years in the city, and was supposed to be more or less familiar with metropolitan manners.

"Maybe you're right," said her aunt slowly. She fell into thought. "I'll bring that woman round yet—you see." She thought for another day. "Yes, sir, I'll risk fifty dollars on it, if I have to; or a hundred." She gave her head a series of short, quick bobs.

"Well, what is it?" asked her niece.

"I'm thinking of the time your uncle Joshua went into town to that hospital."

"Oh, are you?" said Hetty, puzzled.

"Hetty," spoke Miranda, with great decision, "you and me are going to the city to spend a week. I'll write in to-day. The board for the two of us can't be more than fourteen dollars. Get ready. Your poor old aunt is going to show out as a moneyed woman,—and a cripple, into the bargain, I think."

Two days later a wheeled chair began to haunt the opulent purlieus of Laplaine Avenue, moving slowly up and down the broad stone sidewalks under the shadows cast by the fresh June foliage of elms and cottonwoods. The chair contained an elderly woman who contrived to look more benign than she felt, and was propelled by a younger one, dressed more or less like a trained nurse, who looked crosser than any mere paid attendant would have dared. Every forenoon for two or three hours, and again for a shorter time in the afternoon, did the chair

travel up and down the checkered foot-way, with especial reference, however, to the corner on which stood the house of the Plunketts. The grumpy attendant in the cool striped gown paused now and then to rest herself by sitting for a few moments on the low brownstone coping that served the Plunketts for a fence, while the gray-haired occupant of the chair would look up at the Plunkett windows in a deprecatory fashion, as if to say, —

“Pardon this freedom; but pray have some slight indulgence for an unfortunate cripple.”

Then, assured of a satisfactory audience, Miranda Harlow — for it was she, as the story-teller is privileged to say — would take up, with a greater show of gusto than she felt, her coolly calculated part of Lady Bountiful. She was a hapless cripple, true, but such a rich one, such a generous one, such a gracious and warm-hearted one! Her laprobe was spread with flowers and sweets and toys, and the children of the rich came clustering round her chair as flies round a sugar cask. She dispensed her toys and goodies with a fine grandmotherly air that won the nurses along with their charges, and that presently made the dear lady under treatment at the hospital over in the next street a household word for two blocks up and down.

For nobody ever came into Laplaine Avenue to give anything away, — except boys with handbills, who were multitudinous and perennial. Give? To Laplaine Avenue? No; a thousand times no! On the contrary, it was get, get, get, the whole year through. Get somehow, get anyhow. Beg, steal, trick, wheedle: the hapless rich of Laplaine Avenue were a target for the whole town. Their façades must needs oppose a perpetual resistance to the onslaughts of the shiftless, the impecunious, the temporarily embarrassed, the impudently speculative. Their interiors were

held to be cumbered with gold and silver awaiting the hardy and dexterous miner that should have the luck to break his way in. Everybody's hand was raised against them: they were assailed by tramps, peddlers, canvassers, assessors; solicitors for charities, by wild-eyed anarchistic Germans, by compilers of “élite directories,” by superannuated professors with failing eyesight, by decayed French gentlewomen who wanted to play pianos at private musicales. And into such a *milieu* as this now came Miranda of the Open Hand.

And Miranda opened her hand and gave. But she was not firing for general results. She lost no time in singling out the particular children who best would further her object: it was the five-year-old Plunkett twins — Susannah Plunkett's granddaughters — who got the pick of things; and however darkly niece Hetty might frown upon the nursemaids in general, she was under strict injunctions to have nothing but smiles for Norah O'Neil.

“This will come out all right,” said Miranda, “if you can only contrive to look a little bit pleasant. And if it does n't, why, you'll buy your fall dress for yourself, that's all.”

Then dawned the auspicious moment when Susannah Plunkett, lumbering majestically down Laplaine Avenue, one fine morning, happened upon Miranda Harlow just as she was dividing a lilac spray between Ethel and Gladys, — a touching episode that required thanks to round it out. Miranda worked her shoulder blades against Hetty's knuckles, as a sign that the chair was to keep pace with Mrs. Plunkett's further progress if necessary. The board bill was running right along, and nothing definite had yet been accomplished.

“You are so kind to my grandchildren,” said Susannah, turning aside her veil, and dropping her humid eyes to the other flowers resting in Miranda's lap.

“She is that!” said Norah heartily.

"I am a grandmother myself," returned Miranda, — a fib, for her one child had died in infancy.

"You have newly come into our neighborhood, I believe?" queried Susannah.

"The hospital," said Miranda simply, with a vague motion toward the other side of the street.

"With friends?"

"Alone," replied Miranda. "I have not a relative in the world." Disinherited Hetty gave the chair a sudden jolt. She forgot she was only a nurse.

"A widow — like me?"

"A widow, yes." Miranda did not say to this widow of a fortnight's standing that she herself was one of three years' standing, — time enough to have conquered her sorrow and to have readjusted herself to the world.

"You are confined to your chair?"

"As you see," replied Miranda. Hetty gave a gasp.

"What a pity!" said Susannah, with a slow sweetness. In her loneliness her heart warmed to this detached yet cheery stranger, and she felt a sudden impulse to set all social conventions aside. "If you could have come to lunch with me" —

Miranda bit her lip with vexation. There was another jolt of the chair. "You've overreached yourself finely!" it said.

"Perhaps I might send you some delicacy or other," suggested Susannah.

Miranda smiled again. "I should ever remember your kindness," she said artificially.

"If I might call upon you at the hospital" — Susannah suggested further.

"Please do," said Miranda, with undisguised eagerness. "But I'm not — not *in* the hospital, — only next door to it."

Susannah resumed her sombre way, and the children strolled along with the nurse.

"Sort o' nice woman, after all," observed Hetty grudgingly, as the Lady of the Seven Millions passed on.

"So she is," assented Miranda ruefully. "I 'most wish she was n't."

Susannah Plunkett came to the invalid's boarding-house, carrying a plate with a napkin over it. As a further source of consolation, she had Norah O'Neil bring along the twins. Susannah talked amiably to the pretended cripple. Miranda had never felt so miserable in her life.

"Well, I must say she's a pretty pleasant lady," declared Hetty, on her departure.

"She is," moaned Miranda. "I wish she was n't; I wish she was n't!"

Hetty looked at her aunt narrowly. "I s'pose I'm going to have my fall dress all right?"

"I don't know whether you are or not!" snapped Miranda.

"Well, then, I s'pose you're going to pay off that there mortgage?"

Miranda averted her face. "I don't know whether I am or not," she returned, with some diminution of spirit.

"I'll tell her about it!"

"If you do!"

But Hetty did, — the next time Susannah Plunkett called. Miranda, when aware of the fact, groaned in spirit and drove the girl out of the room.

"Don't believe her!" cried the conscience-stricken old soul. "It's all an odious lie!"

"There is no mortgage, then?" asked Susannah.

"I mean that I'm a lie; I mean that she's a lie. That girl is not a hired nurse; she is my niece. And I am not a cripple; I'm just as sound and just as able to walk as you are. And those flowers and toys were all lies; and my stopping in front of your windows and my petting the children. It was all just to take your attention and rouse your sympathy. But the mortgage is real; oh yes, that's real enough, and it's the

only real thing in the whole hateful business !”

Miranda got out of her chair and stepped across the room, to demonstrate what an utter humbug she was ; and then she dropped her head on Susannah Plunkett's broad black shoulder and burst into tears. It was the best thing she could have done.

Susannah was interested ; she had met many sorts of the financially embarrassed, but never one just like this. She was touched, too, and shed a few tears herself, — what were a few more after so many ?

“ You may think I'm rich, with my giving away all those things,” proceeded Miranda, not fully aware how completely the character of her quarters negatived this notion ; “ but I'm not. I'm

as poor as Job's turkey. As for worry, though — well, I've had enough of that to put me into a *dozen* hospitals !”

Susannah heard her out, to the last sordid detail. “ I will at least look after your interest for you,” she said. “ As for the principal itself, that requires consideration.”

Miranda and Hetty took the trolley back to Wileyville.

“ She'll pay the whole thing,” said Hetty. “ She's that kind of a woman.”

“ I want her to,” replied Miranda ; “ and yet, somehow, I don't. If I had n't ” —

“ Well, anyway, I look to have that new dress,” insisted Hetty. “ If things fall through, after all, 't ain't 'ny fault of mine. I've earned it, and I want it.”

Henry B. Fuller.

ILL-GOTTEN GIFTS TO COLLEGES.

ALL over the country, a tide of criticism is rising against the acceptance by churches, charities, and colleges, of wealth won by methods which the moral sense of the community is beginning to distrust. One need not use a misleading phrase such as *bad money*, one need hold no quarrel with monopolies, to feel that there is cause for the scruple. No one questions that the mammoth fortunes which are coming to be a distinctive feature of American life are sometimes made by methods which are cruel if not technically dishonest, methods pushed perilously near the limits of what even the crude conscience expressed in common law considers legitimate, — pushed some say, though the fact can rarely be proved, beyond those limits. Wealth exists which has been piled together by means unscrupulous and unchristian. It stands in the public mind as a symbol of unrestrained self-seeking

and greed ; it has to the knowledge of many left behind its shining heaps a ravaged desert track of despair. There is a growing tendency on the part of owners of money of this kind to spend lavishly on works of public utility, on the endowment of churches, charities, universities. It is a paradoxical situation. With the one hand, the owner of such wealth thrusts his competitors into the abyss of commercial ruin, or grinds the faces of the poor : with the other, he hands the resultant gain to the Christian institutions of the land, which gratefully accept it, and rise to chant the pæan of democracy triumphant.

This seems to some persons a spectacle distinctly injurious to the morals of our republic. Churches and colleges represent what is best, most unworldly, most disinterested, in our democracy ; it were useless to deny that wealth of this order represents what is worst.

The juxtaposition of the two is unfortunate. It excites suspicion, often doubtless unfounded but none the less harmful, lest the noblest things in America enter, consciously or not, into subjection to the less noble, lest their freedom be hampered, their independent witness to righteousness and social honor impaired.

It is time that this situation were clearly faced. No one, by discussing the criticism upon the acceptance of suspected money, invents it; it is here already; it increases in volume every day. It occurs to the foreigners visiting our shores, to the laborers in our streets. "I thought," said a young German Ph. D. lately, "I thought, learning in Europe is the slave of the state; in America it is free; I will go to America. What do I find? Your learning is not free. It is more slave than in Europe; it is slave to the millionaire." For the academic and religious world to ignore this criticism is not only wrong, it is inexpedient. A conference on this subject was lately held in Boston, attended by many persons of significance; the whole course of the discussion made evident how widespread a perplexity and trouble of conscience were already aroused. Courage and candor are emphatically called for, to define and analyze, if not to decide, the issue.

Two extreme positions on the subject are possible. The first holds that ethical scrutiny of the sources of wealth is wholly uncalled for, since use sanctifies the gift; it considers that the endowment of churches and colleges is so important that money should be accepted without question from any source; that if this money has been made by dishonest means, the sooner it is reclaimed to honest uses the better; that when the Lord declares that the wrath of men shall praise Him, and we see flowers grow where blood waters the earth in battle, it behooves us to remember that we should never refuse to let any one help to do the Lord's work in this world.

This was the common position of God-fearing men in the past. We need not refer to the Middle Ages and the spoils gratefully accepted by the mediæval Church; the American Board has accepted gifts from Western gamblers for the Indian missions, and American colleges were in more than one instance founded in prayer and holy aspiration from the results of lotteries. The position remains logical and deserving of respect. Few, however, will hold to it to-day, when it is pushed to its ultimates, and question is raised concerning money made by a gambling house, or worse.

On the other extreme are those persons who think that even a considerable degree of popular odium attached to money should make a Christian institution shrink from accepting it, as we should shrink from meat that makes our brother to offend.

Between these two views are countless shades of opinion. That any firm ground can be reached on which a number of people may stand together it is perhaps too soon to hope, but we may at least begin to feel our way. A few cases may be fenced off at the outset. We must obviously distinguish between the money of the dead and that of the living. All wealth must sooner or later be reclaimed to social use, and no object would be served in refusing money left by bequest or offered by innocent survivors. Moreover, all gifts offered with the avowed purpose of expiation should of course be gladly welcomed.

A good deal of ground will be cleared in this way; but it would be absurd to claim that in remaining cases the issue is plain. Seldom indeed is it granted us to discover in the confusion of modern life the sharp antithesis of an absolute logic. The modern mind rarely finds the satisfaction of a Choice of Hercules:

"Les siècles en passant ont fait leur grande route
Entre les deux sentiers, dont il ne reste rien."

The ceaseless ethical struggle by which we live will consist more and more in a sensitive balancing of considerations. Diverse, indeed, will be the answers to a problem made up, like this, of different elements in each separate case. One thing, however, is sure; the way to find a true and noble answer is not to cast about in one's mind for justification in receiving any money that may be offered. One would not depreciate the value of money in helping the life of the intellect. Libraries, laboratories, large salaries, museums, add efficiency as well as dignity to Learning; they are in a way her essential servants. Yet it is also true that institutions, like men, live not by bread alone. In a civilization like ours the forces tending to materialism are notoriously young and lusty; we must keep jealous watch lest the very life centres which should foster our more spiritual activities be subtly invaded, unconsciously to themselves, by those very forces which they exist to counteract. Bare were the walls of the old New England colleges, cold their recitation rooms and dormitories, narrow their curriculum, small the salaries of their professors. But from these colleges came forth a race of men whom we, apparatus-equipped, apparatus-hungry though we be, delight to honor.

There are two broad positive reasons why churches and colleges should at least exercise far more caution than they have been doing of late, in the acceptance of proffered gifts.

First, to ignore a scruple is to help suppress it. Every institution which accepts without explanation money under suspicion or indictment weakens the awakening demand for ethical scrutiny of the sources of wealth. If we regard this demand as morbid and unwise, we shall not consider such a result unfortunate. If, however, we believe it to be one of the most healthful signs in the democracy, we shall feel otherwise. Institutions of religion and learning lead

always a curious double life. On the one hand, they swing free of the established fact, are hot centres of new thought, and send forth young men and women with faces set to the East. On the other hand, they are imbedded deep in the existing order of things, draw their sustenance from it, and fear to disturb it. Forces of progress and of conservation coexist in them more dramatically than in society at large. In a college, the faculty, as a rule, includes representatives of the first set of forces, — woe to the college in which it does not, — the trustees are usually solid exponents of the second. For the ordinary run of things, it is well that the two forces unite to form the organic whole. But there are times when one longs to see the forces of advance conquer. As soon as a new ethical instinct quivers into existence, its very presence gives it a presumption of authority. To be on the side of inertia, apathy, and custom, when such an instinct is thrilling across the nerves of the community, is to lose the finest opportunity that life affords. These are the times when one grieves to see the colleges unresponsive; if they cannot set the pace, one would have them at least keep it. Slowly the moral instinct moves into wider fields: slowly it conquers the outlying regions of life political, industrial, social. Slowly indeed! But if we did not believe the process to be vital and continuous, we should lose courage for living, for this is the history of the advance of civilization. Our duty is to be, as Maeterlinck puts it, in a constant state of moral expectation; to watch the moment when the new principle is surmised; and dauntlessly and joyously to range ourselves on its side. In this advance toward the future, the Church and the University, standing as they do for the subjugation of the gross automatic instincts of the race by conscience and reason, are our most safe and natural guides; and ill betides the country where

they hold the rear rather than the van. The attitude of self-justification in which certain institutions find themselves to-day is in itself a grave public misfortune. For a college or church which accepts questionable money as a matter of course injures far more than itself. It stifles the breath of new life in our civilization, and the higher its standing and the stronger its influence, the more fatally does it effect this end.

Another reason, equally practical, equally cogent, should impose caution in the acceptance of money, the danger lest our colleges forfeit the respect of the people. Learning, half apprehended, is too often a dividing force. It creates an intellectual aristocracy, it increases the difficulty of understanding between class and class. In a democracy, it should be, on the other hand, a uniting force. "The men of culture," said Matthew Arnold, "are the true apostles of equality." The ideal of American learning is surely that our scholars, our intellectually chosen, who possess what cannot yet be the heritage of all, should at least be the representatives of all; that our colleges should be the expression of the will of the whole people, a vital part of the national life, schools of civic virtue and social honor. How unfortunate, how fatal, is it then, when these colleges come to be regarded as dependencies of a single class! Yet this is precisely what is happening to-day. No one can move among working people in an informal and intimate fashion without realizing how entirely they lack confidence in the integrity of our academic life, how honest and sincere is the scorn with which they view it. It is said by the head worker of one of the largest settlements in New York, that economic argument with the clever young socialists of the East Side is rendered useless by their contempt for the traditions she represents and the authorities she cites. "Of course Professor This and Professor That hold such views; they have

salaries to draw," is the constant rejoinder. Whether this attitude be just or no, is not the question; that it is almost wholly unjust, any one who knows our academic life from within is of course aware. There is no lack in our colleges of moral courage or of intellectual independence. Yet a few cases where there is good reason to fear lest freedom of thought and speech have been inhibited by the conditions of the institution — and such cases exist — are enough to weaken confidence in the whole academic world. We cannot afford to disregard this lack of confidence, nor to treat it with contempt. It is a menace. It places dangerous emphasis on that intellectual cleavage between classes which is far more alarming than mere divergence of material interests. There is little enough in America to spiritualize this vast democracy, to harmonize its clashing elements and bring them into higher unity. If the great throng of the unprivileged come to distrust the centres whence these unifying forces should proceed, and to view them as class-institutions, where is our hope for the future? Better than this, let poverty be the portion of our colleges, as it has been the portion of some of the strongest centres of intellectual life that the world has known.

It is by no means clear, however, that the refusal of gifts from a dubious source would entail such a destiny. Surely, the gifts of the millionaire are not the only means by which a great country can support its colleges. It is conceivable that the first institution to refuse an offer of ill-gotten money might draw to itself students from the length and breadth of the land. Countless eager contributions from the modest means of many might flow in upon it, and bring within its reach those riches which it had shown itself strong to do without.

It is, however, clear to very few that mere suspicion or popular odium constitutes in itself sufficient ground

for refusing money. Obviously, wealth draws to itself an immense amount of unjust criticism. Hesitation to accept a favor, or even courteous refusal, is by no means, to be sure, equivalent either to accusation or to condemnation; yet it may of course involve injustice of a subtle kind. In the opinion of many, not even definite and unanswered indictment should justify refusal. But indictment, odium, suspicion even, are, if not a call to refuse, assuredly a call to consider. At present, the public has no reason to believe that American colleges recognize any responsibility toward the sources of the wealth offered them. But the time will surely come when to accept suspected money without investigation or explanation will be regarded as a clear violation of morality. Let once the public be reassured on this point; let the principle of responsibility be established, and faithfulness to it demonstrated, and the acceptance or rejection of individual gifts will be matter of detail.

What if a college, after due investigation, were to refuse, with all courtesy and gentleness, the offer of money won by notoriously unscrupulous means, stat-

ing that it judged no man nor corporation, but that it owed to its constituency and its public to keep its right of witness to social and national honor unchallenged? Can any one doubt that by such action that college would appeal to the best instincts of our democracy, or that its power as an ethical teacher would be increased fourfold? Such an act would distinctly help to create ethical standards which might render the accumulation of wealth by unscrupulous business methods as impossible to the rising generation as the methods of pillage by which the devout robber barons of the Middle Ages endowed the mediæval Church are to us to-day. There is no duty before the academic and religious world in America more pressing than the duty of strengthening the demand that methods of acquiring wealth come wholly under the dominion of the moral sense. There is no opportunity more significant, more in danger of closing forever, than the opportunity of convincing the public at large, by definite sacrifice of worldly advantage, if need be, that the intellectual life of the country, as represented by its organized centres, is disinterested, honest, and free.

Vida D. Scudder.

THE PRODIGAL.

III.

It was windy, white-cloud weather, high tides, and a full moon. The Parthenia lay at Mission Dock loading with wheat for Liverpool. She was one of Ward and McAlpine's steamers.

A week or so before she sailed, Day was down at her agents' office, engaging a stateroom aboard of her for the wife and sister of one of the firm's correspondents in Honolulu.

The ladies had just arrived, on their

way to England, and were visiting friends in the city. It happened, as we say, — not knowing whether anything ever does happen, — that Clunie Robert was with him. They were kept waiting while a round little pony-built Mexican woman was taking passage on the same ship for herself and child. Her back was toward them, but there was no mistaking her accent, or her hair, — or her hat, with its artless reds and greens. Her voice was low, and she laughed continually over her efforts to translate her business into

English. Fred Dowd, the shipping clerk, did his gallant best to meet her halfway in Spanish, and by his civility and the giddy way in which he wasted his time — and theirs — the young men concluded there would be one pretty woman, at least, on the Parthenia that trip.

Strictly speaking, it was Day who made these reflections, for Clunie had retired, according to a habit of his, noticeable of late, whenever he caught the Mexican-Spanish inflection. One of the rudimentary lessons of a lifetime had been bitten into him in that tongue; and some lessons, like vaccination, do not "take" at once. He had waited by the door and was watching the woman's child, for he was always interested in the young of any species. The little one had slipped down from a chair where its mother had left it, and was playing with the pattern of the cane seat, exploring the meshes as pitfalls for a tiny forefinger no bigger than the stump of a lead pencil. Presently the finger slipped through too far and stuck by reason of its fatness. Day made a step forward expecting a howl, but Clunie said: "Let him be. He's game."

It was a baby in frocks, but Clunie had dubbed him a boy by the way in which he conducted that affair of the finger. He tugged and twisted and hung on by it, till it was rasped crimson; he set his brows, casting indignant glances at the strange spectators who smiled and offered no help.

"Hey," said Clunie, much diverted, "his cap is over his starboard peeper, and his face is as red as a beet. He'll yell directly." And he did. The mother turned with a flash in her big, dark eyes, and the young men drew off rather guiltily.

The child threw itself with sobs upon her bosom. Its cap slipped off, and showed a fine, broad-topped head, pink with rage, and shining all over with curls no longer than a lamb's fleece and yellow as seed grass.

Day turned, with some remark about the handsome little hybrid; but Clunie looked at him as if he had been the wall, and walked out of the place. They were on their way further to keep an appointment, which was Clunie's more than Day's. Morton followed his friend as far as the sidewalk, and saw him standing on the corner below, staring straight before him with a fixed, expressionless face, the external consciousness knocked apparently clean out of him. The matter looked too serious for jocular meddling. Day did not hail him, but let him go, and finished their joint business alone and not in the best of spirits.

He met the mother and child face to face again as he was returning to McAlpine's office. She was a rather handsome young woman, chiefly eyes, the grave, soft, animal-like eyes of her race, — the Indian half of it. Her natural suppleness was spoiled by stays, and of course she could not wear the hat of civilization, — but she did, with the effect of its making her look bold and hard. She was a pretty piece of degeneracy, a child of Nature in the fatal transition stage.

On the shadow of a hint, Fred Dowd would have satisfied his curiosity concerning her; but Day had a strong disinclination to know more than he could avoid knowing, in this case. If Madam Nemesis had looked at Clunie out of that woman's dark eyes, what she had to say to him was a matter for them to settle. A year ago, Clunie would hardly have paid her the tribute of a pale face and a hasty retreat. Conscience had never made a coward of him before.

Day rebuked himself duly for assuming that it was conscience, but having yielded to suspicion, little confirmatory suggestions were not wanting. He found himself a trifle constrained with his friend when they met next day. But Clunie was indifferent and preoccupied.

The Bradshaws' outside man was down about the docks a good deal while the Parthenia was loading. He noticed that

her people seemed to be taking big chances on getting her to sea. A few days before she was to sail, he said to Clunie: "Do you know what I have done? Persuaded those ladies to wait over for the Rosecommon. I took their names off the Parthenia's list to-day."

"What for?"

"Well, she is a new ship in the Pacific trade. Grannis has never taken her out from the Heads before. And he is one of these banner freight-captains, — almost too clever about getting ahead of the inspectors. They have pumped out her water ballast, and are loading her, light as she is, down to her plimsoll mark. She is a very long, high-sided vessel, — top-heavy as she lies; and, to cap all, they are getting a deck load of extra coal aboard of her. Some of her coal bunkers have been used for wheat, the stevedores say. If she happens to strike it rough, going over the Bar, she will turn turtle before they can get the water ballast back into her compartments."

"Are you the only one who says so?"

"I am not the only one who thinks so. But Grannis knows it all! And, of course, the trick has not been tried — with that vessel. She may go out all right."

"But the general opinion on the water front is that she won't?"

"The water front does n't know nor care."

"If you believe this, great Scott, *you* ought to care! Why don't you set the law on her? Talk it up where it will do some good."

"These things are not done in a corner," Day retorted. "The law, or the public, is at liberty to use its eyes. I have no inside evidence; and I may be mistaken. Go and see for yourself."

"What is it to me!" Clunie answered, with a goaded look. "If you can wash your hands of it" —

"I did n't wash my hands till I had

used what influence I have, in the only quarter where I'm likely to have any. Sometimes I believe it, and then again I don't. I give you — or any friends of yours," Day added deliberately, "the benefit of my doubts."

Clunie did not thank him. He flushed as if stung. "If you have gone the length of warning those women," he said huskily, "you've no right to stop there."

"What would you have me do?"

"Go to the Board of Underwriters. Wake up the water front, somehow."

"You are welcome to the job," said Day. "Go, and inform against the Parthenia, and get her unloaded. Who can tell she would n't have gone out all right? Every one will say it was done out of meanness, at the instigation of our bosses, and the Old Man will jump on us for getting the house into trouble with a rival line."

Clunie got up with a furious look. "This whole business of going to sea in ships is rotten!" he swore; "and your trade etiquette is the rottenest part of it."

"It is all that keeps us from flying at one another's throats," said Day.

"Oh, well! Whip the devil around the stump! You'll get on, my son."

As he spoke, Clunie's face turned red and rigid. A girl's voice could be heard asking, at the wrong desk, for Mr. Day; and Morton went forward to speak to Annie Dunstan.

She had come for her monthly draft on the balance Captain Speke had left with the firm in her name. Usually they dispensed with the forms, and Clunie had saved her the trouble of coming. Day fancied that she glanced about her rather wistfully; she must have seen Clunie where he stood, but he did not move. He remained as if paralyzed until she was gone, when he rushed out, and Day saw him go tearing off in an opposite direction, with no excuse for leaving the office, and no apology on his return.

The Parthenia was advertised to sail on a Thursday. On Tuesday evening Clunie came to his friend's room and took his favorite seat on the table with his foot on the nearest chair, tilting it back and forth in a manner most objectionable. But there was that in his face which cried for mercy.

"I cannot find her in the city," he said. "There are forty of the name in the Spanish quarter."

Day made no pretense of asking to whom he referred.

"You could get the address from Dowd," he said, without looking up.

"I won't go near the brute!" said Clunie. "You know the style of his inferences. Will you get it for me, old man? You are superior to inferences, you know."

Neither of the two smiled at this familiar sarcasm. "I am the author of the scare," said Day. "Suppose you let me peddle it about?"

"You have taken care of your friends; these are my crowd. It's on me, this time," answered Clunie.

His wretched willingness to meet the issue Day had raised made it impossible not to relent.

"You should know best," he said. After a pause he added:—

"Did you notice how she was dressed, Clunie? And they don't travel, as a rule. Somebody is taking care of her. I don't want to be a cynic, or discourage anybody's good intentions, but I don't see where you propose to come in—on the present arrangement. As a question of taking chances on that ship, it is simple enough. I can see that she is warned."

"You are simplifying things rather late, it strikes me. Why didn't you think of this before? Are you getting alarmed about me?"

"I don't know why I should n't be," Day replied. "Have you looked in the glass lately? You are looking very sick, Clunie—as you ought to look, for you

are throwing away the greatest thing on earth! Heaven does n't stoop to a man twice in his lifetime."

"If I had a heaven," said Clunie bitterly, "I should n't want it to stoop. It is possible that I know what I have missed, and why I missed it."

"But if you had n't missed it? If you had won it, God knows how! and could have it for the asking, would n't you rate your responsibilities a little differently? You can't take in fresh cargo with the old stuff rotting in your hold. Unload, man, unload! Tell her the truth. You never knew you had a conscience till she found it out for you. Go to her, and she will teach you how to use it."

"Go to her—with that story! The girl a man could tell that to, and not forfeit his right to know her—she would n't be the kind to help him much."

"That is a matter of opinion," said Day. "I have known some good women, but I never knew a really good one who would want to spare herself the truth about a friend, if she could help him by knowing it."

"Assuming that she cared one way or the other!"

"She does care; you know that perfectly well."

"So much the worse for me, then."

They sat in silence after that, but for the infuriating bumping of the chair which Clunie kept up unconsciously. The owner pulled it away from him, and his foot came down heavily on the floor. Day was angry with his friend, doubly angry because he had put the test before him and could not save him from its logic, or prevent his headlong acceptance of its issues.

"Go to the devil your own way, then, but you shall not jog that chair!" he said roughly.

Clunie laughed, and sat swinging his foot in the air. "If I don't go to the devil, it won't be your fault, old man. I suppose you know whose side you are

on! Those arguments — don't I know 'em all by heart? Been over them a thousand times.

"Did you see me that day I struck their trail? Did n't I cut and run, by the fine instinct you advise me to follow? And what came of it? What comes when you're called up for a caning and you duck? You get it worse, that's all."

After a moment he said more gently, "I don't know what I shall do, Mort; don't know what there is to do. Seems some mistake about 'Never too late to mend.' But we don't duck this time, and we don't pass 'em by on the other side.

"Come, Missus!" he rose, and Missus came forth from beneath the sofa where she had been investigating a hole in the wainscot. "We have explained ourselves to our friends, and our friends don't approve of us."

"It's your fight, old man," said Morton, "but I wish — I wish I had n't stumped you to it! What name shall I ask for beside 'Concha'?"

The change in Clunie's face was not pleasant to see. Day opened the door for him, with an impulse to bid him farewell. A high, pure hope was dead. What remained was the letter of the law, — a lie to be lived for life. This was another man's way of seeing it. Men of the English race are not happy in living a lie, or in seeing one fastened upon a fellow man, though it were the clog of a righteous punishment.

At Ward and McAlpine's, Day searched the Parthenia's passenger list. The name he looked for was not found. There was no Mexican or Spanish name on that list.

He sang Hallelujahs to himself, and Dowd, perceiving he was happy, asked if he had recognized the name of a healthy creditor among the outward bound. But his information seemed to afford neither comfort nor relief to Clunie.

"It gives us less time," he said.

"We shall have trouble stopping her now. She has taken another name."

"What's the matter with her taking her husband's name? She is married, or she is n't going."

Clunie shook his head. "You saw her take her passage. And if she had married he'd be a Mexican. You don't know the place. Nothing stops there but the Pacific Mail, and no one goes ashore but the purser. I know every purser on the line."

The palpable aspects of life are hard to gainsay. On the dock next morning, amidst the stir of the steamer's departure, Day lost the clue to his previous fears. The Parthenia herself was such a huge, convincing reality. Where was there any suggestion of tragedy about her, or her crew getting in the lines, or her cool-eyed officers directing them! Her freight was all on board; only the passengers' trunks remained to be handled.

He saw Clunie walking fast toward him up the pier. He was pale, fresh-shaven, and soberly aware of himself. There was that in his look which made one think of a conscript who has just got his number. For whatever he was about to do, Day felt himself deeply responsible.

Clunie looked at him strangely. "They are on board," he said.

"For God's sake let them stay there! We have been stirring up a mare's nest. Wake up," said Day, "and look about you. Are all these people mad?"

Clunie passed his hand back of his friend's arm and let it rest a moment on his shoulder. "You are nervous, Mort. It is all done now. But ten to one if I can fetch them off!"

"You never can in the world. You can't make those people decide. 'Poco tiempo,' she will say."

A light came into his face. "Then it is 'poco tiempo' for me. If they go, I go with them."

"You don't, if I can help it!"

"But the ship's going out all right; you have just said so."

"Not with you on board."

"Wake up yourself, Mort. You don't want to make a scene here! But if you want to help me there is a thing" — Clunie lowered his voice and looked away. "If she should ever — Well, don't — don't let her think it was *what I wanted*. Tell her it came hard; tell her why. Hands off, now! You'll see me again. Good Lord, if this were the end of it!"

He shook himself free, and Morton watched his tweed shoulders and the fair, boyish back of his head disappear in the press around the gang plank.

The voice of Black Jake hailed him as, steering a loaded wheelbarrow, the big stevedore lurched past.

"Say, boss, ain't that Mist' Robert goin' aboard? Old man send for him after all?"

"He was sent for," said Morton grimly, "and he went."

"Let those trunks be. They belong ashore. That's what I said! You leave those boxes where they are!"

It was the voice of Clunie, close beside him. Morton turned, and there stood the late penitent, offensively alive and safe, with the woman and child he had chosen. He had come back to boast of his choice, apparently, for his face was ablaze with happiness. So amazing was the transformation that Day could not at first take in its full import; then he wanted to strike the shameless front of him so lately pretending renunciation and self-sacrifice. He thought of an unquotable text about the dog that returns — as is the nature of dogs to do, but should not be the nature of men.

That poor girl in her childish finery, with her big, black, sensuous eyes — what a judgment day for Clunie! And the fool was content! — nay, triumphant, with a countenance of solemn, almost holy joy.

"Day," he said distinctly, with a stud-

ied deliberation as if forced to think of every word, "please be presented to Mrs. — the Señora Reynolds. She is going to Liverpool to meet her husband who is steward on the new Australian line, between Liverpool and Sydney. I have persuaded her to wait for the Roscommon, as you advised." (As *he* advised!) Then to her in Spanish he explained that his friend, naming Day, would have the honor to escort her to her train, while he himself would see that her luggage was detained ashore and sent after her with the utmost expedition. And what might be the señora's address?

She gave it, and with all grace and gravity assured him that her husband and her father and all her male relations were his servants for life. She was then transferred with her child and numerous portables to the dazed Morton's care. He made a scattering retreat with her across the tracks to a safe corner, where she entered into an animated exposition concerning her child, in answer to some obvious question of his, explaining that he was *muy grande* for his age. And he could walk — see! She put him down upon his cushiony feet to prove it, where he rocked perilously and clung to her skirts. Then she held up four fingers and tapped her own white teeth, laughing, to show how advanced he was in dentition also. And was it not most horrible to think of those so many persons devoted to the deep — in that perfidious ship? Did the señor also believe it? She think some time she must be dreaming! Don Clunio had spoken with the face of conviction absolute. Would she not leave the ship? Then would he take passage with her to England, or to — She rolled her great eyes expressively. They would be drowned all together. Because of that obligation since two years which he owe to the house of her father. She did not seek to be drowned. Ah God! Neither did she wish to be followed to England. She

was between fire and water. Here she laughed hysterically. Don Clunio — he was the whirlwind. When the whirlwind take you, you go!

The car arrived, and Morton, helping her to mount the step, had the satisfaction to see upon her ungloved hand the authentic wedding ring. So the fortuitous Reynolds was no myth.

Clunie was still in the thick of the battle of the trunks. Bad language was flying about his ears; every man belonging to the ship was angry with him, but he was superior to abuse. Also he was using a little money in subordinate quarters. At last, the señora's boxes were cut out and delivered to a grinning expressman. Clunie turned to his friend; he was wet with perspiration and pale about the mouth. The hand he held out was shaking. Day grasped it, and he raised his hat. The damp sea wind blew in his face and cooled his hot brow and dripping hair.

"Commuted!" He spoke low, with an awed look.

"It was Concha, then?"

"Concha, by all that's merciful! Don't you remember Reynolds? He was steward on the Colomba. I had forgotten that the stewards go ashore at Cape St. Lucas. They go ashore to buy green turtle."

Here was a blow to tragedy! So did Ariadne, after Theseus deserted her, turn to the good things of this world, and marry Bacchus.

But Day wisely refrained from calling attention to this parallel. His friend was no cynic, and at times he lacked a sense of humor.

In those days there were no trolley lines running from the ferries to the Cliff House. The young men were reduced to horse hire in order to compass the distance in time, scant time, for a last look at the Parthenia. As they were hastening to the nearest livery stable, a large female with a market basket held them up, and fixed her rolling eyeballs upon

Clunie. It was mother Egypt, awakened from her calm. Her manner to him was a mixture of the truculent and caressing.

"Go 'way, go 'way f'om heah!" Dat ain' you! Youse on the Partheny, goin' off 'thout sayin' good-by!"

"Where did you get that yarn?" asked Clunie, without a change of feature.

"Tain't no ya'n. I knows when niggah lyin'. Jake say he seen you, an' I b'liebe him."

"Jake has got a head on him this morning," said Clunie; "and you are blocking the road. Make way."

"Ain't you goin' on the Partheny, fo' sure? Way is you goin', then?"

"Is that any business of yours?" Clunie stood with his hands in his pockets resignedly.

"Mist' Clunie! You scare me to deaf! You *ghos'* was walkin' up dat gang plang, fo' a wa'nin'. Youse goin' on dat ship some day, an' youse gwine be drown'!"

"All right," said Day. "It was his ghost! I saw it myself."

"Anyhow, you make me tell a big lie amongst you, an' somebody gwine feel bad. Black Jake tell me, an' I tell Miss Annie, an' she don' say nothin'. Her face tu'n gray like a li'l stone image, an' she git her hat an' go out de house, an' I ain't seen her; an' I got to go back to dat chile right now. I lef' him 'ith that fool gal 'cross de street. Mist' Clunie — no foolin' now! Don' you ever in you' bo'n life set foot abo'd dat ship — dat Partheny. She ain't right, somehow. You been wa'ned!"

"I was warned, all right, and I took the warning," said Clunie. "Now get out of the road."

She wagged her head at him solemnly. "What fo' you ain' been neah us fo' two whole weeks? What you been doin' roun' town? Look like you been raisin' Cain wid you'se'f somehow."

"I'll raise Cain with you if you don't step on."

She whacked him archly with her basket. Some loose paper fell out, which he made into a wad and tossed after her.

"That's how a thing flies in this world," he groaned. "God knows why I have to meet that old fiend at every turn!"

"There is a side to it that's not all bad," said Day, slightly embarrassed. They were urging their horse up Sutter Street, and talking against the noise of the wheels.

"What is that?" asked Clunie.

"Well, supposing you should ever feel the need of confessing yourself to — in a certain quarter" —

"I'm not likely to be taken that way very soon," said Clunie dryly.

"I'm supposing a case. I think our colored friend has probably saved you the necessity. Yet the lady is still your friend! Putting it in the case of another person — say myself — how would you argue from that?"

"How often must I tell you, Mort, that I don't consider myself in a position to argue, or to think, or to speculate in that quarter. So drop it, if you please!"

"All in good time," said the irrepressible young wiseacre. "What will you bet the Parthenia goes out all right, after all?"

"I'm not betting on human lives this morning," said Clunie. And the conversation dropped.

It was the old Cliff House, then, and the old cliff walk, before the pleasure dome of Sutro was decreed. It is well we should all be happy in our own way, — the democratic way, — but the happiness of crowds is a fatal thing in nature. There were no board fences then, cutting one off from following the old sea paths deep bitten into the wind-sheared turf.

They put their horse up at the hotel, and tramped out toward the Golden Gate, — the Gate of Eternity to many souls that day! The wind boomed in their ears, and laid the wild lilies flat in their

beds on the seaward slopes. In an instant they saw that every sign was against the ship: wind and tide opposing, and a strong tide running out; and the white-caps as it looked from shore were great combers on the Bar.

Already the Parthenia was far out beyond help. Her passengers were thinking of their luncheons. The two spectators watched her come nosing around the cliff. They marked how she wallowed and settled by her stern quarter. They were letting the air out of her, then; she was part in air and part in water ballast when she met the Bar. A beast of a Bar it was that morning. It clapped paw upon her, rolled her to larboard, let her recover once, then rolled her to starboard, as a cat tumbles a mouse, and the play was over. Her stern went under sideways, her staggering bow shot up, and she sank, like a coffin, with all on board.

So sudden and silent and prepared it was, she might have walked out there, a deliberate suicide, and made away with herself. And so strong was the ship's personality that it was quite a moment before the two witnesses of her fate could gather the sense that she was not perishing alone, but was digging the grave of living men and women.

Then they tore away for the life-saving station.

At some distance ahead of them on the narrow cliff path they saw a little figure running with arms outspread, — a girl, bareheaded, dressed in black. As they closed upon her, they saw her wild face turned to the empty sea. It was Annie Dunstan, white as the surf, sobbing against the wind, her skirts stroked back, the dark hair whipped across her forehead. She forced her way against the blast as if pulled onward straight for the spot where the ship went down. As Clunie called to her she looked back, swerved, and almost fell. He could not stop; he could not leave her. Hand in hand, he seized her, and half carrying her they ran on, all three, without ques-

tion, as if bound by invisible cords to the sinking ship. The girl's strength gave out soon. "Go on!" she gasped. "Don't wait for me."

"There is no hope!" Clunie knelled in her ear.

"Go on! There must be hope!" Day was now ahead of them.

"Will you wait, — Annie? Will you wait here for me?"

She motioned him onward; she flung him with her whole might, as it were, toward the spot where succor was needed. It was her own pure soul of helpfulness that she offered up in him, and he felt it through and through him. He knew he should save lives that day. Her strength in him should not be wasted.

Weeks had passed. The Parthenia's dead were buried, — all that the sea gave up, — the friendless and the stranger at company charges. For the Catholic seamen church rites and a place in consecrated ground had been purchased of the Fathers, at so many dollars per soul; the souls being many the price was somewhat abated. The Fathers had no wish to take advantage.

On a day about this time, Clunie was called into the private office and informed with considerable impressiveness, by his chief, that the London uncles had sent for him. No barks or brigs this time, but a first-class cabin passage on a famous greyhound line, and a handsome balance to his credit to cover all contingent expenses.

Clunie stood considering. There was less than the expected satisfaction in his face. "Would this money be mine?" he inquired, referring to the deposit. "Does it come out of my father's estate?"

"I think it would be safe to put it that way," the chief replied, with his customary caution. "Your uncles are evidently prepared to recognize your claim."

"Which I never made — on them," Clunie reminded him.

"Quite true. But the intention is, I fancy, to make it very pleasant for you over there. My brother," Mr. Bradshaw added kindly, "has been able to give a good account of you since you have been with us."

"I am very glad to hear it, and I thank you, sir. I could find use for that money, now," said Clunie, brightening, "but not to go to London."

Mr. Bradshaw looked the youngster over in amazement. "It is a fair wind; better take it while it holds."

"There is a fairer wind for me" — Clunie turned his ardent eyes away. "I am not ready to go to London."

Not ready to go — where an English family welcome awaited him, not ready to step into a fortune in trust! "I hope this has nothing to do with pride, or pique?" the old chief protested solemnly. "Your uncles are not young men."

"No, sir; and my father is not a young man. If he had sent for me I should go at once. But they say it is too late for that. The uncles have been in no haste to see me. Why should I be in such a hurry to go?"

"Will you tell me if you have any special reason for delay, — any claim upon you here?"

"I have," answered Clunie. "When I do go I wish to take my wife with me." He spoke fast; Mr. Bradshaw did not quite follow.

"Your wife!" he repeated dazedly. "Are you married, Robert? When in the world did you do that?"

"I am not married yet," Clunie explained, with his flashing smile; "but I hope to be by the time I start for London."

"Well, well!" said Mr. Bradshaw, his disgust plainly visible. "This puts a new face on the matter. I wish I could congratulate you. But why be in such a hurry? You are only a boy. You've a long life before you."

"I need a long life," said Clunie, "and it can't begin too soon. We are booked

for the voyage; it's a straight course, this time. There is nothing between us now — nothing but a trifle of money — between us and the stars of home."

Mr. Bradshaw coughed his dismay. "But where — where do you call 'home'? Not Auckland?"

"Rather!" laughed Clunie. His nostrils widened; his eye was far-fixed; he dreamed awake, and saw beyond the dingy maps on the office walls, beyond the fog in the street outside. The wash of sunlit seas was in his ear.

"Home first, London after, — if my father is still there. But I've a notion that I shall find him when we go home."

"When we go home!" So it was all settled. Mr. Bradshaw could not help his distrust of Clunie's wisdom in the direction of that confident "we." His fading smile expressed discreet but not unfriendly incredulity. "Well," he concluded sadly, "you ought to know which way is home by this time, — you have tried all the roads. But I would write to the uncles first, by all means. Write at once. And while you are about it, why not send a few words to your father through them. Just a line or two, quite simply — what you are doing — that sort of thing."

Clunie flushed, hesitating. Then he confessed, looking his chief in the eye, "I have been writing to my father —

on the chance, you know — regularly, for the past six months. Can't say what they did with my letters."

"Why, they read them to him, of course. The very best thing you could have done. No doubt it has had an excellent effect upon your prospects" —

"Do you think I did it for that?"

"Certainly not! But it was a good thing all around. It may have had something to do with the improvement they speak of in your father's condition of late. But whether it helped him or not it has helped you." The old chief's gaze dwelt mistily on the face he had learned to love: the rich dark coloring, the blue eyes, the mouth steady and stern. "*Something* has helped you," he pronounced, "and God knows you needed help when I saw you first!"

Hand clasped in hand, the two men confronted each other. "It's a sad pity your father cannot see you, Robert. On my soul, I believe it would finish his cure! It would make him young again. Don't wait too long, my boy. Find him, wherever he is. It is never safe to say, in this world, 'The time has gone by; it is too late.'"

Mr. Bradshaw touched a bell. To the office boy who answered it, he said: "Ask Mr. Wayland to make out a check to Mr. Clunie Robert. How much shall you want, Mr. Robert?"

Mary Hallock Foote.

AN ASTRONOMER'S FRIENDSHIP.

THERE are few men living with whom I would like so well to have a quiet talk with as Father Hell. I have known more important and more interesting men, but none whose acquaintance has afforded me a serener satisfaction, or imbued me with an ampler measure of a feeling that I am candid enough to call self-complacency. The ties that bind us

are peculiar. When I call him my friend, I do not mean that we ever hobnobbed together. But if we are in sympathy, what matters it that he was dead long before I was born? that he lived in one century and I in another? Such differences of generation count for little in the brotherhood of astronomy, the work of whose members so extends through

all time that one might well forget whether he belongs to one century or to another.

Father Hell was an astronomer. Ask not whether he was a very great one, for in our science we have no infallible gauge by which we try men and measure their stature. He was a lover of science and an indefatigable worker, and he did what in him lay to advance our knowledge of the stars. Let that suffice. I love to fancy that in some other sphere, either within this universe of ours or outside of it, all who have successfully done this may some time gather and exchange greetings. Should this come about there will be a few, Hipparchus and Ptolemy, Copernicus and Newton, Galileo and Herschel, to be surrounded by admiring crowds. But these men will have as warm a grasp and as kind a word for the humblest of their followers, who has merely discovered a comet or catalogued a nebula, as for the more brilliant of their brethren.

My friend wrote the letters S. J. after his name. This would indicate that he had views and tastes which, in some points, were very different from my own. But such differences mark no dividing line in the brotherhood of astronomy. My testimony would count for nothing were I called as witness for the prosecution in a case against the Order to which my friend belonged. The record would be very short: Deponent saith that he has at various times known sundry members of the said Order; and that they were lovers of sound learning, devoted to the discovery and propagation of knowledge; and further deponent saith not.

If it be true that an undevout astronomer is mad, then was Father Hell the sanest of men. In his diary we find entries like these: "*Benedicente Deo*, I observed the Sun on the meridian to-day. . . . *Deo quoque benedicente*, I to-day got corresponding altitudes of the Sun's upper limb." How he main-

tained the simplicity of his faith in the true spirit of the modern investigator is shown by his proceedings during a momentous voyage along the coast of Norway, of which I shall presently speak. He and his party were passengers on a Norwegian vessel. For twelve consecutive days they had been driven about by adverse storms, threatened with shipwreck on stony cliffs, and finally compelled to take refuge in a little bay, with another ship bound in the same direction, there to wait for better weather.

Father Hell was philosopher enough to know that unusual events do not happen without a cause. Perhaps he would have undergone a week of storm without its occurring to him to investigate the cause of such a bad spell of weather. But when he found the second week approaching its end and yet no sign of the sun appearing or the wind abating, he was satisfied that something must be wrong. So he went to work in the spirit of the modern physician who, when there is a sudden outbreak of typhoid fever, looks at the wells and examines their water with the microscope to find the microbes that must be lurking somewhere. He looked about, and made careful inquiries to find what wickedness captain and crew had been guilty of to bring on such a punishment. Success soon rewarded his efforts. The King of Denmark had issued a regulation that no fish or oil should be sold along the coast except by the regular dealers in those articles. And the vessel had on board contraband fish and blubber, to be disposed of in violation of this law.

The astronomer took immediate and energetic measures to insure the public safety. He called the crew together, admonished them of their sin, the suffering they were bringing on themselves, and the necessity of getting back to their families. He exhorted them to throw the fish overboard, as the only measure to secure their safety. In the

goodness of his heart, he even offered to pay the value of the jettison as soon as the vessel got to Drontheim.

But the descendants of the vikings were stupid and unenlightened men, "*educatiōe sua et professione homines crassissimi*," and would not swallow the medicine so generously offered. They claimed that as they had bought the fish from the Russians their proceedings were quite lawful. As for being paid to throw the fish overboard, they must have spot cash in advance, or they would not do it.

After farther fruitless conferences, Father Hell determined to escape the danger by transferring his party to the other vessel. They had not more than got away from the wicked crew than Heaven began to smile on their act, — "*factum comprobare Deus ipse videtur*," — the clouds cleared away, the storm ceased to rage, and they made their voyage to Copenhagen under sunny skies. I regret to say that the narrator is silent as to the measure of storm subsequently awarded to the *homines crassissimi* of the forsaken vessel.

For more than a century Father Hell had been a well-known figure in astronomical history. His celebrity was not, however, of such a kind as the Royal Astronomer of Austria that he was ought to enjoy. A not unimportant element in his fame was a suspicion of his being a black sheep in the astronomical flock. He got under this difficulty through engaging in a trying and worthy enterprise. On June 3, 1769, an event occurred which had for generations been anticipated with the greatest interest by the whole astronomical world. This was a transit of Venus over the disk of the sun. Our readers doubtless know that at that time such a transit afforded the most accurate method known of determining the distance of the earth from the sun. To attain this object parties were sent to the most widely separated parts of the globe, not

only over wide stretches of longitude, but as near as possible to the two poles of the earth. One of the most favorable and important regions of observation was Lapland, and the King of Denmark, to whom that country then belonged, interested himself in getting a party sent thither. After a careful survey of the field he selected Father Hell, Chief of the Observatory at Vienna, and well known as editor and publisher of an annual ephemeris in which the movements and aspects of the heavenly bodies were predicted. The astronomer accepted the mission, and undertook what was at that time a rather hazardous voyage. His station was at Vardö in the region of the North Cape. What made it most advantageous for the purpose was its being situated several degrees within the Arctic Circle, so that on the date of the transit the sun did not set. The transit began when the sun was still two or three hours from his midnight goal, and it ended nearly an equal time afterward. The party consisted of Hell himself, his friend and associate, Father Sajnovics, one Dominus Borgrewing, of whom history, so far as I know, says nothing more, and an humble individual who in the record receives no other designation than "*Familias*." This implies, we may suppose, that he pitched the tent and made the coffee. If he did nothing but this we might pass him over in silence. But we learn that on the day of the transit he stood at the clock and counted the all important seconds while the observations were going on.

The party was favored by cloudless weather, and made the required observations with entire success. They returned to Copenhagen, and there Father Hell remained to edit and publish his work. Astronomers were naturally anxious to get the results, and showed some impatience when it became known that Hell refused to announce them until they were all reduced and printed in

proper form under the auspices of his royal patron. While waiting, the story got abroad that he was delaying his work until he got the results of observations made elsewhere, in order to "doctor" his own and make them fit in with the others. One went so far as to express a suspicion that Hell had not seen the transit at all, owing to clouds, and that what he pretended to publish were pure fabrications. But his book came out in a few months in such good form that this suspicion was evidently groundless. Still, the fears that the observations were not genuine were not wholly allayed, and the results derived from them were, in consequence, subject to some doubt. Hell himself considered the reflections upon his integrity too contemptible to merit a serious reply. It is said that he wrote to some one offering to exhibit his journal free from interlineations or erasures, but it does not appear that there is any sound authority for this statement. What is of some interest is that he published a determination of the parallax of the sun based on the comparison of his own observations with those made at other stations. The result was $8''.70$. It was then, and long after, supposed that the actual value of the parallax was about $8''.50$, and the deviation of Hell's result from this was considered to strengthen the doubt as to the correctness of his work. It is of interest to learn that, by the most recent researches, the number in question must be between $8''.75$ and $8''.80$, so that in reality Hell's computations came nearer the truth than those generally current during the century following his work.

Thus the matter stood for sixty years after the transit, and for a generation after Father Hell had gone to his rest. About 1830 it was found that the original journal of his voyage, containing the record of his work as first written down at the station, was still preserved at the Vienna Observatory. Littrow,

then an astronomer at Vienna, made a critical examination of this record in order to determine whether it had been tampered with. His conclusions were published in a little book giving a transcript of the journal, a facsimile of the most important entries, and a very critical description of the supposed alterations made in them. He reported in substance that the original record had been so tampered with that it was impossible to decide whether the observations as published were genuine or not. The vital figures, those which told the times when Venus entered upon the sun, had been erased and rewritten with blacker ink. This might well have been done after the party returned to Copenhagen. The case seemed so well made out that professors of astronomy gave their hearers a lesson in the value of truthfulness, by telling them how Father Hell had destroyed what might have been very good observations by trying to make them appear better than they really were.

In 1883 I paid a visit to Vienna for the purpose of examining the great telescope which had just been mounted in the observatory there by Grubb of Dublin. The weather was so unfavorable that it was necessary to remain two weeks, waiting for an opportunity to see the stars. One evening I visited the theatre to see Edwin Booth, in his celebrated tour over the Continent, play *King Lear* to the applauding Viennese. But evening amusements cannot be utilized to kill time during the day. Among the tasks I had projected was that of rediscussing all the observations made on the transits of Venus which had occurred in 1761 and 1769, by the light of modern discovery. As I have already remarked Hell's observations were among the most important made, if they were only genuine. So, during my almost daily visits to the observatory, I asked permission of the director to study Hell's manuscript, which was supposed

to be deposited in the library of the institution. Permission was freely given, and for some days I pored over the manuscript.

At first the task of discovering anything which would lead to a positive decision on one side or the other seemed hopeless. To a cursory glance, the descriptions given by Littrow seemed to cover the ground so completely that no future student could turn his doubt into certainty. But when one can look leisurely at an interesting object, day after day, he continually sees more and more. Thus it was in the present case. One of the first things to strike me as curious was that many of the alleged alterations had been made before the ink got dry. When the writer made a mistake, he had rubbed it out with his finger, and made a new entry. The all important point was the suspicious record which Littrow affirmed had been scraped out so that the new insertion could be made. As I studied these doubtful figures, day by day, light continually increased. Evidently the heavily written figures, which were legible, had been written over some other figures which were concealed beneath them, and were, of course, completely illegible, though portions of them protruded here and there outside of the heavy figures. Then I began to doubt whether the paper had been scraped at all, though it looked as if some erasure or other had been made. But quite possibly this apparent erasure only arose from the folding of the paper and the defective edge. It occurred to me that a decisive test of the question was easy. The architecture of the observatory was such that it was easy to let a single ray of sunlight through a window into an otherwise dark room. I arranged the shutters of the room for this purpose, and then held the paper in the sunlight in such a way that the only light which fell on it barely grazed the surface of the paper. Then, examining the sheet with a magnifying glass, I was able to

see the original texture of the surface with all its hills and hollows. A single glance sufficed to show conclusively that no eraser had ever passed over the surface, which had remained untouched.

Had there been really any alteration in the figures? So far as could be judged, the little ends of the figures which protruded were really the same as those finally made; in a word, the same figures had been written twice. The true state of the case seemed to me almost beyond doubt. It frequently happened that the ink did not run freely from the pen, so that words had sometimes to be written over again. When Hell first wrote down the little figures on which, as he might well suppose, future generations would have to base a very important astronomical element, he saw that they were not written with a distinctness corresponding to their importance. So he wrote them over again with the hand, and in the spirit of a man who was determined to leave no doubt on the subject.

This, although the most important case of supposed alteration, was by no means the only one. Yet, to my eyes, all the seeming corrections in the journal were of the most innocent and commonplace kind, — such as any one may make in writing.

Then I began to compare the manuscript, page after page, with Littrow's printed description. It struck me as very curious that where the manuscript had been merely retouched with ink which was obviously the same as that used in the original writing, but looked a little darker than the original, Littrow described the ink as of a different color. In contrast with this, there was an important interlineation, which was evidently made with a different kind of ink, one that had almost a blue tinge by comparison; but in the description, he makes no mention of this plain difference. I thought this so curious that I wrote in my notes as follows: —

"That Littrow, in arraying his proofs of Hell's forgery, should have failed to dwell upon the obvious difference between this ink and that with which the alterations were made leads me to suspect a defect in his sense of color."

The more I studied the description and the manuscript the stronger this impression became. Then it occurred to me to inquire whether perhaps such could have been the case. So I asked Director Weiss whether anything was known as to the normal character of Littrow's power of distinguishing colors. His answer was prompt and decisive. "Oh yes, Littrow was color blind to red. He could not distinguish between

the color of Aldebaran and the whitest star." No further research was necessary. For half a century the astronomical world had based an impression on the innocent but mistaken evidence of a color-blind man, respecting the tints of ink in a manuscript.

It has doubtless happened more than once that when an intimate friend has suddenly and unexpectedly passed away, the reader has ardently wished that it were possible to whisper just one word of appreciation across the dark abyss. And so it is that I have ever since felt that I would like greatly to tell Father Hell the story of my work at Vienna in 1883.

Simon Newcomb.

READING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A FEW generations ago, a distinctive literature for boys and girls was unknown. The Puritan boy was confined within narrow borders upon which Pilgrim's Progress and Foxe's Book of Martyrs stood as sentinels, although at times Robinson Crusoe might be permitted to join them. Possibly a few books of travel and the adventures of religious heroes were occasionally added, but the limitations were marked. The tastes of the boy of those days were, however, the same as in our own, and it is probable that could his elders have looked within his mind they would not have been entirely satisfied with that which they saw. The passages in the life and journey of the Pilgrim, which the lad most willingly read, were not always those which would have been selected by his stern parents; for the meetings and struggles with the adversary were not those which he least enjoyed. It is even to be doubted whether the lessons implanted by the saintly Foxe were those he designed to impart, for the contests

rather than the principles were foremost in the minds of the boy readers.

At that time the "masterpiece only" theory by virtue of necessity was in control of the field. It was the Spartan theory of training applied to literary matters, and perhaps those who thrived did so as much in spite of as because of it. It may have been an illustration of the survival of the fittest, but nevertheless stands out in marked contrast with the conceptions and desires of the present generation, who would not only have the fittest survive, but would also make many fit to survive. The present aim is the production of intelligent, appreciative readers as well as of a few gifted writers. For it is the writer rather than the reader who has been prone to attribute his success to the thorough mastery of a few standard authors in those days of dearth and poverty. It is forgotten that others shared the same privations, and somehow have failed to become either masters of a lucid, Saxon English, or students of the purest

literature. Something in addition to the familiarity with Bunyan or Defoe seems to be necessary to produce that desired result.

A little later there came a time when the ban against Scott and Shakespeare was removed, and while still there were almost no books written primarily for boys and girls, the younger readers turned eagerly to these great writers. And the numbers of those in our own day who, while still young, are familiar with these and other great authors have steadily increased.

The desirability of this condition is too apparent to require emphasizing here. In homes of culture to-day the familiarity of children with the strong, pure writers of healthful prose and poetry is one of the most hopeful, as well as most apparent, signs of the present times. No books written especially for boys and girls can ever supplant them, nor ought they to. The great dramas of Shakespeare may not be read critically, but at least a familiarity with the plots and facts is obtained at the time when the memory is most tenacious. The boy can apprehend what he does not fully comprehend. It is not necessary to be a botanist in order to appreciate the beauties of the rose or the fragrance of the violet. The philosophy of history may not be grasped in the perusal of Scott's tales, but heroic men and pure women are held up before his gaze, and there is also the indirect effect of contact with a literary style as simple as it is vigorous.

With all their excellences the masters do not, however, provide a complete diet for the child mind. Something besides bone and tendon is necessary. In most of the higher works of fiction, whatever their character, the "master passion" is ever present, and to the younger reader ignorance of this not only is bliss, but ought to be. Even the purest of books may be suggestive to him when he has a right to be free from its presence. Some

of the subjects which interest his elders interest him also, and, as has been said, no book can be called of value for a child which is without interest to his elders. But he has a right to ask that it shall be presented to him in a form which answers to his own demands, and these, as the writer has endeavored to show, are that action shall be more pronounced than contemplation or analysis, and that his fancy, his moral and receptive faculties are entitled to a just consideration. He requires that the same subjects which interest his elders, for him shall receive a different treatment, a different emphasis. His own sense of perspective must be considered, or the presentation becomes as flat as a Chinese picture. So, with the desirability of creating a taste for the higher literature in the younger readers, the fact cannot be ignored or denied that they are also entitled to books which shall appeal to their own mental qualities, and shall be presented in a form to which they can readily respond. The design of even the best of these is to supplement, not supplant, the works of the masters. It was, perhaps, the unconscious recognition of this truth which led to the production of books especially designed for the younger readers.

When they first appeared, and up to the time of about 1870, the so-called "Sunday-school books" flourished amazingly. These books are not yet dead, but they are dying. They presented parodies of boy-and-girl life, and abounded in monstrosities which not even the "moral" on the last page could entirely conceal. The hero was an angelic creature, not destined long for this present evil world, and accordingly soon departed, scattering benedictions lavishly about him as he winged his way to the regions in which he was supposed to feel more at home. His emblem seemed to be that of the "cherub," still seen upon some of the tombstones in the country graveyards, and consisted only of a head with

wings. Doubtless this symbol was selected because the cherubic hero was also lacking in bowels and flesh and blood. This parody upon sacred things has largely passed away, but many of the young readers turned from him to other classes of books which began to appear about that time, not even the promise of an early demise and a cherub carved upon their tombstones beneath the weeping willows being sufficient to hold them back.

The plot in these other works of "juvenile fiction" usually took one of three courses. The boy was left, as the eldest of a numerous progeny, the sole support of his widowed mother; and straightway upon the decease of his father, he resolves to make molasses candy, which he sells at a large profit to the waiting multitudes, and soon acquires fortune by his enterprise, and fame from having found a Homer as the proclaimer of his deeds. When the saccharine supply was exhausted, the author varied the plot by making the youthful hero become the defender of the feeble scion of some wealthy family against the assaults of "Ragged Dick, the Terror of the Bowery;" or else, he has him stand waiting upon the street corner for the runaway horse which is certain to come dashing down the street dragging the beautiful daughter of a millionaire behind him. He bravely stops the frantic steed, and coolly receives the thanks of the grateful father, who at once urges — nay beseeches — him to enter his office, share his millions, and prepare forthwith to marry the beautiful girl whom he has rescued from an untimely death. Occasionally the plot was still further varied by permitting the hero to shoot a few Indians, or discover the place in which some band of robbers had concealed their ill-gotten gains; but these were abnormal types, and departed from the orthodox standards of fame and fortune acquired through saccharine means, or by the protection of the weak, or the rescue

of the helpless. The fact that fortunes are seldom acquired by the sale of molasses candy, that the biceps of Ragged Dick is prone to be unnaturally developed, or that fond fathers do not usually stand upon the corners of the streets and urge unknown orphans to enter their offices and families, apparently made little difference. These books were read widely, and it is to be feared are not without readers to-day. Their appeals were oftentimes stronger than those of books of greater excellence, or even of the platitudes of the Sunday-school tale, or of the promise of an early cherubic state.

Why was it? There is a philosophy in it all if we can only perceive it. These books responded to a certain demand of the youthful mind which can never be safely ignored. They provided action without contemplation or analysis. The improbable was no barrier, for young life walks by faith. The sympathies of the young readers were touched by heroism, although it may have been a parody upon life. The imagination was appealed to by a hero who in some ways was a supplement of the reader's own character.

In the study of the problem of books for younger readers the qualities of mind and heart in which the boy and girl differ from the adult, and yet in which to a certain extent they also share, must be considered, for it is safe to assume that a normal, healthy childhood is the very best preparation for a normal, healthy manhood, and that the growing boy and girl are entitled to a literature which shall not eliminate all their experiences, or ignore their natural impulses and desires.

The first of all demands of the younger reader is for a story. In this particular he does not differ materially from his elders. The greatest of all teachers clothed his profoundest truths in the garb of the parable, and the stories of the Prodigal returning to his father's house and of the shepherd wandering over the

mountain side in his search for the lost sheep appeal even to thoughtful men when they become weary of the more obscure doctrines of the Teacher's pupils. The world's greatest poems are its epics, and the loyal Æneas and the wandering Ulysses will not soon cease to be cherished. The demand for a story, expressed almost as soon as the dawning intelligence finds utterance, does not depart until life itself is gone.

Another demand of the young reader is for action rather than for contemplation. He is aware of the feeling of hunger, but the process of digestion is something of which he is not conscious, and in which he has no interest. Analysis and introspection are words outside his vocabulary. His instinctive feeling is one of indifference, if not of revolt, against bringing to the light that which Nature herself would keep concealed. There is a prison at Sing-Sing, but it is as unnecessary, as it is unwise, for all to know the history of every crime of its inmates, or the process of degeneration in the souls of the prisoners. The study of disease, crime, sin, in which so many writers for adults apparently delight, lies all outside the realm of normal, healthful, young life. Its demand is for action, not analysis; for heroics, not contemplation; and even mock heroism is not lost upon it.

One of the most profound of the English students of the child mind has recently said, "All those who have made a loving study of the young human animal will, I think, admit that its dominant expression is gravity, and not playfulness." And most careful observers will agree with him. The games and plays are more than play; they call for the exercise of all the skill and power the boy possesses. Into them he enters with might, mind, and strength. They appeal to him because they demand action. He responds because it is his nature to act. And when he sits down to his book the same impulse is still dominant. The questions in his mind which

must be answered begin with "What" not "Why;" "How" not "Wherefore." The first question, then, of a boy concerning a story is, "Is it true?" If not true, most boys care but little for it, that is, unless there is a basis of truth upon which the narrative rests. The imagination is not the faculty to which the appeal is most easy.

In the case of young children the condition is slightly different, but still the predominant faculty is fancy rather than pure imagination. Boys and girls of the age referred to in this article usually repudiate fairy tales, but with their younger brothers and sisters they may be instruments of great power, and the writer ventures the assertion that the great danger is not that the imagination will be unduly developed, but rather left dwarfed and withered. The commercial spirit and the cry that everything shall be practical, sentiments abroad in our land to-day, demand an antidote. And where shall it be found if not in the books we place in the hands of our boys and girls, books which rest upon a basis of truth, or at least are not untrue to life, which bring before their vision the sight of the possible and the ideal, and appeal to them, in a language they well know, to attempt better and greater things?

"Oh, for a man to arise in me
That the man I am may cease to be."

In the moral faculties there is a radical difference, as well as resemblance, between the young readers and their elders. Boys lack mercy, but abound in a sense of strict justice. In all this world there is no place in which one will pass exactly for what he is worth as in a school or college. There wealth, position, name are reduced to their lowest terms, and the judgment of boys upon their mates, and not infrequently upon their teachers, is the nearest approach to exact justice to be found in this world. A normal boy can be trusted to hate a liar and a coward. He may be merciless, is frequently cruel, and oftentimes hard, but neverthe-

less he is governed by a sense of rude justice, and is honest and brave. He admires strength and courage, and utterly repudiates all the finespun distinctions of the casuist. His faith, strictly speaking, is not faith, but credulity. I know that Eugene Field voiced the cry of many a troubled soul when he sang, —

“Oh, for childhood’s faith sublime!”

But was it “faith”? The boy believed implicitly all the stories of the mother and grandmother concerning the Old Testament heroes, and had never a question as to whether Moses wrote the Pentateuch, or whether there were two Isaiahs or not. But when he first went forth from home to enter the school, he also believed all the stories of the older boys until he brought upon himself woes as innumerable as the well-greaved Greeks suffered under Achilles’ wrath. He believed, but he believed anything, everything, until the reaction came, and in his haste he regarded all men as liars before they were proved true. Even then he did not lose his sentiment of reverence. The reverence for a boy, of which Juvenal wrote, is not so great as the instinctive reverence of a healthy boy for higher, better things. He also has the power of conviction. He hates with an intensity his elders might well envy, for a good hater is seldom found, and what he admires and loves, he cherishes with his whole heart, although he is seldom demonstrative, except, perhaps, to his mother and sisters.

The moral faculties of the girl do not differ fundamentally from those of the boy, although a divergence may be found in a few manifestations. Her conscience may be more tender, but it is not so tenacious. The writer was at one time the principal of a large high school, in which both boys and girls were pupils. Occasionally he assembled the girls by themselves, and brought to their attention lapses in discipline which had been reported by the various teachers. He

would endeavor to explain the loss which came to all through the departure from the rules of the school, and after emphasizing the common interests of pupils and teachers, would ask for a promise that the trouble should not occur again. The promise would be readily given, but, alas, in the majority of cases be almost as readily forgotten. A similar promise from the boys was more difficult to obtain. “They didn’t want to make a promise for fear they could n’t keep it;” but if the promise was once given it was held to with a greater tenacity. The sympathies of the girl are more quickly aroused, and the sight of physical suffering stirs her pity; still, the taint of the ancestral cruelty is not entirely wanting, although the wounds she inflicts are more like those caused by the needle than by the club her brother might use. To both, right and wrong are absolute, not relative, terms, and a youthful misanthrope is as much of an anomaly as a youthful grandfather.

In the matter of sentiment both classes of young readers share, the difference between them consisting more in the manifestation than the fact. “The sentimental age” through which young people, especially girls, are supposed necessarily to pass, as much as they are expected to have the measles, is commonly spoken of in a light and flippant manner. But the sentiments of patriotism, of maternity or grand-maternity, are certainly not wanting in beauty and power, and what is needed in the case of the younger readers is not the ignoring of the propensity, but its proper and well-balanced development. Courage, tenderness, sympathy, compassion, regard for the rights of others, patriotism, reverence, are qualities not lacking in the hearts of boys and girls, and in the unreal world of books, peopled with living characters to the young readers, the end to be sought is not to ignore or to belittle these elements, but the best training of them into usefulness and power.

In general, too, it may be said that the receptive, rather than the perceptive, faculties are stronger in the youthful mind. Memory, unlike all other good things, seems to be at its best soon after it is born, although for some reason, which no one but the theologian is able to explain, the evil is retained somewhat more easily than the good. Fancy is at work preparing the way for the imagination, the emotional life is stronger than the will, and the moral faculties are vivid, though undisciplined and misleading. The youthful mind is not analytic, is receptive rather than perceptive, and seeks the reasonable more than the process of reasoning.

In the attempts, conscious and unconscious, which have been made to meet these demands, much yet remains to be done, for literature for the young may be said to be still in its preliminary stages. Its beginning dates back scarcely more than two generations. Before it is considered in detail, it may be well to note one change which has already become apparent, and that is the disappearance of the distinction between books for boys and those for girls. A few years ago this difference was marked, and books for girls were almost as numerous as those for boys. To-day the latter far outnumber the former, and there is every prospect that the distinction will almost, if not completely, disappear. And the explanation is not difficult to find.

To-day, while few boys can be found who will read books written especially for girls, the converse is markedly true, and the sisters read their brothers' books almost with the avidity of the boys themselves. And the cause is plain. The days when girls remained indoors and worked samplers and guarded their complexions have ceased to be. Over the golf links and on the tennis courts the boys and girls contend together. At every college game girls are present, and follow the contestants with an interest and understanding as keen as that of

their brothers. In schools and colleges for girls, crews and basket-ball teams are common to-day, while in the use of the bicycle the girls certainly are not far behind their companions and friends of the other sex. All this has had a marked effect upon the character of the books they read, as well as upon the lives they live, and as a natural consequence the literature which appeals to the one class is not without interest to the other.

As an illustration of this fact, one of our most prominent librarians recently issued a list of the sixty-eight "favorite books" of a young maiden of twelve. In this list of sixty-eight titles, twenty-seven were of books written especially for boys, only eight were of books for girls, and all of the others were of works equally well adapted to either class. It is altogether probable that this girl instead of being an exception is fairly representative.

A recent conference with several prominent librarians concerning the books most in demand by boys and girls reveals the fact that two classes appeal most strongly to them. Foremost in demand is the historical story, and this seems to combine most of the elements required by the American boy. Its basis is truth, and yet it appeals to his love of action, it stimulates his imagination; in it his own unexpressed longings and desires find utterance, and it instructs without the appearance of talking down. It provides legitimate excitement, recounts adventures, and clothes the dry bones with flesh and blood. And the book appeals almost as strongly to his sister as it does to him. Even the street boys are reading these books, and one librarian informed me that he had discovered that George Washington and Napoleon Bonaparte were the most popular of the heroes of the bootblacks and newsboys in his own city.

A close second was the story of school life. The story of American school life has not yet been written, however, chiefly

because the distinctively American school has not come into existence. Shall it be the high school, the boarding school, the academy, or the fitting school? Until that question is answered, the Yankee cousin of Tom Brown must wait to make his bow to an American audience. Numbers of good stories of school life have been issued, but the great story is yet to appear.

In this article, the writer has dwelt upon what boys and girls read, rather

than upon what may be read to them. Frequently, it is by this latter method that the best introduction to the higher literature is given. When to the beauty and uplifting power of the book is added the charm of the familiar voice, then boys and girls will listen to that which they might not read for themselves. For sometimes the pathways of literature require a guide to point the way as much as do the slopes of the mountain side we may be ascending.

Everett T. Tomlinson.

SIR ROBERT HART.

THE most famous man in China to-day is Sir Robert Hart, K. C. B., the Inspector General of Customs. Throughout the Chinese Empire an import and export duty is levied on foreign and native goods arriving at or leaving the treaty ports, and the revenue from these duties forms one of China's principal sources of income. The organization which is responsible for the collection of the revenue is the Imperial Maritime Customs. Its management is entirely in the hands of foreigners, and has been since 1859; that is, for more than forty years foreigners representing the leading Western nationalities have served as employees of the Chinese government in collecting its maritime revenue at the treaty ports, and during that period the Customs Service, which began in a small way, has steadily developed, and become a great and complex organization. Its successful growth and uniform record for so many years are mainly due to the uncommon abilities and remarkable qualities of Sir Robert.

He has had a most singular career. It began in 1854 when he went out to China as a student interpreter in the British Consular Service. In a little more than five years later he was for-

mally appointed by the Chinese government to the position of Inspector General. The service was in such a state of confusion that the outlook was disheartening, but Sir Robert, then only twenty-eight years old, applied himself vigorously to the work of permanent reform. He could speak the language fluently, and from the beginning understood how to deal successfully with the Chinese; he carefully observed the details of official etiquette, respected native prejudices, and, instead of bullying, used the graces of tact and persuasion. The organization of an efficient national service in China, of all countries, the home of conservatism and suspicion, and where the treaty rights of foreigners are jealously guarded, involved many intricate and serious problems. The young Inspector General, however, felt his way step by step; he was patient, for he had learned the art of waiting from the Chinese, and by perseverance, untiring industry, and a genius for perfecting arrangements in detail, he succeeded where success seemed impossible. He has not only organized and developed the Customs Service, but has brought about the establishment of the Imperial Postal Service, the reform of the Cus-

toms in Corea, the founding of a European university in Peking, the maintenance of lighthouses, lightships, and buoys on coasts and rivers, the policing of harbors, and prevention of smuggling by a fleet of revenue cruisers. All these achievements have been made possible by the master mind whose works are a marvel throughout the Far East.

In bearing such heavy responsibilities, and standing between the Chinese and foreigners, Sir Robert's position has been both difficult and delicate. It was his first duty to be truly loyal to his imperial employers, and yet as a Westerner he has been expected to promote modern ideas of progress. On the one hand, therefore, he has had to overcome prejudice and lead toward reform without exciting suspicion or impairing confidence in himself, and on the other, he has had to satisfy the pressure of foreigners by introducing the thin wedge of reform as fast as conditions would permit. His duties have brought him into close and confidential relations with the highest Chinese officials. When important questions arose, especially those of an international character, the officials of the Tsungli-Yamen would invite him to consult with them; that meant that they would ask for his opinion, and what he advised they would accept, but to the world at large it would be announced in the usual form that in regard to the point at issue the Yamen had ruled so and so. His words and acts inspired such confidence that the Chinese have trusted him as they have trusted no other foreigner, and with good reason, for he has never deceived them. With characteristic tact, he has never presumed upon his rank and importance. When asked to sit down he might have seated himself at his ease before the officials, and felt that he was within his rights in doing so. Instead, however, his habit was to sit only on the edge of the chair, — a position implying deference and submission, — the very thing to win favor

in Chinese eyes. This quiet, dignified man, so simple and retiring in manner, has by sheer strength of character exercised an important influence in all the leading questions, and guided China's officials with a steadying force through every crisis that the country has faced for the past quarter of a century until the Boxer rebellion of 1900. In appreciation of his services the Chinese government has conferred high rank upon him, and as a special distinction ennobled his ancestors as far back as three generations. In 1885 his home government offered him the position of British ambassador to China, — a flattering tribute to his successful record as administrator, and for three months he hesitated. He finally decided, however, to stand by the service, and declined the office.

So absorbed is he in his work that he seldom allows himself a holiday, and in fact takes most of his exercise within the limits of his own compound. In 1878 he returned to England for a short visit in connection with the Paris Exposition of that year; with the exception of a hurried trip to Shanghai and Hong-Kong in 1886, and a week at the seashore in 1898 and 1899, he has since then remained uninterruptedly in Peking. Lady Hart returned to England in 1881, and for the past twenty years Sir Robert has lived practically alone. There were reports as far back as 1890, when he began to pack some of his books, that he would really retire and enjoy the rest of an easy-chair at home, but each recurring year finds him still in his accustomed place. It is not in accordance with Chinese practice to withdraw from office on account of increasing age; an official is expected to remain at his post so long as he is able to work. Wearing the same old leathern apron that he has used for years, he habitually stands at a high desk during office hours, and in the quiet of his inner retreat works fast and thoroughly at the questions in hand.

Sir Robert is of medium size, not striking in appearance, and, like many other great men, is modest and unassuming, and of an amiable disposition. But he is a man of firm poise and iron force of will. The keystone of the extraordinary organization which he has created is discipline: no laxity is permitted. A copy of the rules and regulations governing the service is given to each new member, so that he knows what is required of him, and what the result will be if he should prove delinquent. The duties are not severe, but they must be done thoroughly and well. Precisely at ten o'clock a line is drawn, and the attendance book at every office in the service is closed. The late comers, if there be any, sign underneath the line, and thus make themselves liable to notice and reproof. At four o'clock the book is opened again so as to note the time of departure. Dispatches for Peking must be free from erasures and errors. A dispatch sent unsigned, or inclosed in the wrong envelope, would indicate a degree of carelessness such as to be counted against the offender. The quarterly and annual accounts and returns, containing long columns of statistics and accompanied by versions in Chinese, must be correct in every detail. If mistakes are discovered, the documents are returned for correction with a note of censure. The hard and fast doctrine of the service is, that if a man does his duty faithfully and well, he need not expect any notice to be taken of it, but only if he errs; for Sir Robert has caused it to be distinctly understood that the men under his control are not paid to make mistakes. The Inspector General's handwriting can hardly be read by one who is not used to it, and his signature is undecipherable, but the dispatches which are sent to him must be written in a special round hand, free from flourishes, and almost as easy to read as if printed. He rarely visits the ports, and many men have served for years and

not seen him. His commissioners, however, act as a well-equipped intelligence bureau. They report to him regularly in both official and confidential dispatches, and so keep him minutely informed in regard to the qualifications of the staff and all local questions of importance.

The Inspectorate General is at Peking, where the resident staff consists of Sir Robert, or the I. G., as he is always called, his secretaries and their assistants, both foreign and native. His official residence is in the centre of a spacious inclosure, and is well arranged for the dinners, luncheons, and garden parties which he enjoys giving as a welcome relief from business cares. He is particularly fond of music, and has his own band of native musicians, who wear the I. G.'s uniform, and, under the leadership of a foreign director, play classical and popular pieces remarkably well. Sir Robert's personal and official influence is so dominant that the Customs employees wherever stationed may be regarded as standing in an expectant attitude with their faces and thoughts turned toward the I. G., a just and strict employer. The principal dispatches and reports are sent to him, and the various orders and instructions which he issues in regard to salaries, transfers, promotions, and settlement of pending questions, must be accepted and obeyed without delay. The field over which Sir Robert holds sway is extensive. From New-Chwang in the north to Canton in the south there is a foreign custom house at each treaty port on the seacoast, as well as at the ports on the river Yangtze, on British territory near Hong-Kong, in Corea, and at several stations on the Tonkin frontier, thirty-two in all. The staff at each point is proportioned to the local requirements. It consists of a commissioner and a corps of foreign assistants and native clerks who have charge of the indoor clerical duties; and a force of examiners, tide-waiters, watchers, and weighers who are

stationed at the wharves and on board ship to prevent smuggling, and to examine and appraise goods. The office hours for the indoor department are from ten to four o'clock. Vessels are entered and cleared in the usual way, and the various processes of levying and collecting the tariff duty and clearing goods through the Customs are, in general, the same as are practiced in other countries.

The entire Customs staff is now 1000 foreigners and 4700 natives. It is a large body to be under the autocratic control of one man for civil purposes, but fortunately Sir Robert has used his authority wisely and well; he is often referred to as the benevolent despot of China. Notwithstanding the amazing growth of the service and his increasing years (he is now sixty-three), he has retained complete mastery of the inner working of each department. He still directs the movements of the whole staff, and sends from Peking precise instructions for the guidance of his commissioners, and decisions on local questions at the most distant ports.

The foreigners under him are a cosmopolitan body, as many as eighteen different nationalities being represented. The best positions are held by the commissioners and indoor assistants. They are gentlemen of education and culture, and are in the service because the work and surroundings are congenial, and the rate of pay extremely liberal. Men of this class are seldom engaged in China. There is a branch office of the Inspectorate General in London under the charge of a permanent secretary, and the rule is that an applicant for an appointment must first present his credentials and apply through the London secretary for a nomination from the I. G. If successful, he must next pass a civil service and medical examination at the London office; he then receives his official appointment, and a liberal allowance to provide for his outfit and traveling expenses to China. This rule, however, does not ap-

ply to Americans, of whom, by the way, there are only a few in the service all told. As college graduates they are picked men, and have owed their appointments to demonstrated fitness, and to special recommendations from college presidents and professors. Of the American commissioners now on duty, the majority, namely, Messrs. Drew, Merrill, Morse, Spinney, and Clarke, are Massachusetts men and Harvard graduates. It is a pleasure to record that they have all filled their positions with distinguished success. Each incoming member is expected to apply himself diligently to the study of the Chinese language, — not one of the local dialects, but the official language as spoken at Peking. For this purpose he employs a native teacher for, say, one hour a day, and has also the aid of textbooks specially designed for beginners. A working knowledge of the language is positively necessary in order to be able to read Chinese dispatches and converse with the officials, very few of whom know a word of English. The commissioner examines his staff annually to discover what progress has been made, and the degree of proficiency as shown in his report to the I. G. influences successive promotions.

The conditions of living are comfortable. The commissioner and married members are provided with houses rent free. Comfortable apartments, also rent free, are assigned to the unmarried men, who form a Customs mess of their own, and enjoy the freedom and unconventionality of bachelor quarters. Medical attendance is also furnished without charge. Both the senior and junior members fare well, and, in common with other foreigners in the East, take life easily, in true accord with the traditions of an ancient country which has no place for modern hurry and its resulting nervous tension. The houses are built and furnished in foreign style, the food supply is sufficiently varied and abundant, and it is within bounds to say that all of

the usual material comforts are present in ample variety. Another feature which relieves the stress of living so far from home is the pronounced satisfaction which the Chinese give as domestic servants. They are well trained, obedient, and faithful, and the rate of pay, too, is so comparatively small that a foreigner commonly has from three to ten in his employ. With a staff of such servants at command the cares of housekeeping practically disappear.

The Customs Service ranks socially with the consular and diplomatic services, and secures for its members a ready admittance to the society of the port which includes in every case well-educated and refined people of several nationalities. In comparison with the overwhelming majority of natives, the foreigners number only a few in all, and as they are living temporarily in a strange land, they are naturally drawn together by a common bond. They live in the foreign concession, and the tendency is to keep largely by themselves, and to maintain in China the same family customs that they had observed at home. The social side of life is particularly prominent. There is seldom any political or national movement to excite special interest, and the residents find recreation and pleasure in frequent dinner parties, picnics, and luncheons, and other society functions of an informal or elaborate kind. At four o'clock business closes for the day, and it is a part of the established order to turn to some form of diversion or healthful exercise. The ladies serve tea and toast, and make duty visits between the hours of four and seven, while the men, disregarding the heat of the climate, practice their favorite athletic sports of riding, boating, cricket, football, and tennis. The indoor members of the Customs enter fully into the life of the port. Even the latest arrivals soon adapt themselves to local conditions, and if they chance to be happily accomplished in respect to

social and athletic qualifications, they are regarded as an acquisition to the community, and are heartily welcomed to its membership.

There is no fixed limit to the length of time which a Customs assistant may spend at a port. It depends entirely upon Sir Robert, who takes no one into his confidence, gives no explanation of his purposes, and will not tell his plans in advance. The average period is about three years. The chances are that then a man in a southern port will be ordered to the north, or that one on the Yangtze will be sent south. Such transfers involve separation from friends and the discomfort of moving and settling in new quarters, but they have also some agreeable compensations. Promotion to the next higher grade often accompanies a transfer, and there is also the change of climate and the opportunity to see and learn more of the land, its customs and people. In the north the foreigner has an excellent chance to collect a variety of curios consisting of old coins, pieces of porcelain, antique bronzes, and choice bits of embroidery, while on the Yangtze and in the south he can suit a critical taste in selecting silk piece goods, silver and gold articles of native workmanship, and wood and ivory carvings. At the end of seven years a member of the indoor staff completes his first period, as it is called, and is entitled to go home for a two years' holiday, and also to receive one year's full pay as a gratuity. Upon his going back to China for further service the Customs pay one half of the cost of his return fare. He then serves for five years more, when he completes his second period, and can again go home on two years' leave and receive a second gratuity, — and so on for as long as health and inclination may permit. Mr. Drew, for instance, has served since 1865, and is still on active duty. The conditions of an engagement in the Customs, as they become known and are compared

with those of other services, are considered unusually attractive on account of the generous salary, security of position, and prospect of sure advancement. Resignations rarely occur, and there are always more applicants than there are vacancies. The position, while not difficult to fill acceptably, is one of trust and responsibility, and is held in general esteem by the foreign communities.

Under Sir Robert's administration the customs revenue has risen from \$6,000,000 in 1860 to over \$20,000,000 in 1899. Of late years it has been China's financial mainstay, for with this income as an international guarantee it has been easy for the central government to make large loans in the foreign market, and to meet its maturing obligations promptly and in full. In addition to the collection of revenue, an important work is done through the medium of the statistical department, — a valuable arm of the service which is maintained at Shanghai. It circulates in printed form the I. G.'s instructions to his staff, and compiles and issues various series of publications containing statistics in regard to the trade of the country as a whole, and to such specialties as tea, silk, opium, and rugs. Bound in covers of the national color, these publications are the yellow books of China, and provide an accurate account of the country's resources. In his capacity as Inspector General, and holding a commission from the Chinese government to act as its special agent in the department of customs, Sir Robert has been in reality the chief ruler, dictator, and autocrat of the service. Certain questions he would at times refer to the Yamen for decision, but to all practical intents and purposes he has had a free hand in his work, and managed it with careful provision for integrity and harmony. For example, in each day's doings at a port there are sure to be large financial transactions, and yet throughout the Customs history the foreign staff has been secure against

any possible suspicion or charge of dishonesty. It is so arranged that foreigners have no part in the actual handling of Customs money. Every assessment of duty is first computed and checked by Chinese as well as foreigners, but the money which is tendered in payment is not received at the custom house. No foreigner touches it. It is paid into the Haikuan Bank, a Chinese institution with a branch at each port. An exact record, however, is kept of all the duty so levied, and at the end of the quarter each commissioner provides a check upon both the bank and the Customs by sending to Peking for the I. G. and the Yamen a detailed return in both English and Chinese of all the receipts and payments during that period. Again, between the Customs and Chinese merchants, questions in values of goods and meaning of regulations would be likely to cause friction were it not for coöperation with the local Chinese officials. The commissioner has entire charge of his staff and the operation of the customs at his port, but the resident native official, or *taotai*, is given an equal rank with him in the service. The commissioner and *taotai*, therefore, are colleagues, and consult together as occasion may require. While the *taotai* takes no active part in the conduct of the daily routine, his association in rank with the commissioner is the means of insuring his interest and support.

In the empire of China where the ruling classes have so steadfastly resisted the introduction of foreign ideas, and where the government has the reputation of being too often served by corrupt and reactionary officials, it is a striking fact that so important a department of state has been so successfully controlled and operated by foreigners according to foreign practice, and that its record has been marked by conspicuous and unassailable integrity. Through all the troublous times which the empire has passed in recent years in connection

with local uprisings and foreign complications, this department has not changed in character, and has stood throughout as a shining example of the best kind of foreign administration.

In the construction of a new China,

which may be reasonably hoped for as an outcome of the present situation, there will be an exceptional chance to introduce another permanent reform by establishing a native civil service, using the Customs as a model.

H. C. Whittlesey.

THERE WAS ONCE A WOMAN.

I.

THERE was once a woman who lived in a large house, but it was built for others, and she had no home in it. So she said to herself one day, "I will take a little room here and make a happy place for myself, and thither I will bring those who love me, that they may know me as I am."

Whereupon she clothed the four walls of the room with tapestry, that shaded duskily in the morning sunlight, but gleamed redly golden where the flames of the flickering firelight danced over it; and in between the tapestry she inlaid mirrors, that the light and shade might play across them, and weave the whole room full of wavering fancies.

And in the centre of the room she placed for herself a chair of ebony with a golden covering that shone redly like the tapestry, and everywhere were great jars in which grew red and yellow lilies that filled the air with perfume. And between the dusk and the dark the woman came into the little room and sat in the ebony chair, and the firelight wove in and out of the golden tapestry through the mirrors into her soft yellow trailing gown, and in and out again, and the red and yellow lilies leaned toward her, and their subtle perfume kissed her dusky hair, and she said:—

"I am myself at last; this is my home. When one comes in here I may look into his eyes, and not fear, for he

will know that it is I, and I shall be happy."

And even as she thought, a hand lifted the tapestry, and a man came in, and he smiled eagerly when he saw the woman, and went and knelt beside her, and he said:—

"I perceive that you are a very fair woman, and plainly made for love. Let me kiss you, first on your hand, then on your lips, then on your white throat,—for this is happiness, that I should love you."

So she held out her white hand, saying doubtfully, "It may be true." But when his hot lips touched her soft palm it was as if a coal had burned into her heart, and she drew away her hand, and fled from the room, crying very bitterly, "You do not know me, oh, you do not know me!"

And it happened thus again when another came on the morrow, and yet again; so that at last she tore down the golden drapery, and threw out the red and yellow lilies, all but one jar (and that she hid), and went around the house in homely garments and with drooping head.

But there came a time when she hoped again, for one must either hope (or love) to be able to live. So she hoped, and she went into the little room and clothed its walls with books, and pictures, and instruments that had made music in times long gone, and in one corner she placed the pot of red and

yellow lilies. And each person who came in could find the instrument he loved best to play on, and the book he loved best to read, or the picture his eyes most loved to rest upon, for the woman was very wise, and changed these things for each one who entered. For she said to herself, "If I show each man himself, surely some one will see me, for in blessing I shall be blessed." But each was glad only that he himself was satisfied.

So when many days had passed she wept over the lilies, and said, "My soul, I am alone." Then she took from the room all that had filled it (save only the jar of lilies), and she put within it homely things, — low couches with soft cushions for weary bodies to rest on, balm for aching wounds, and playthings for little children before bedtime. And she kissed those who were tired, and comforted those who sorrowed, and played softly with the children, and sung to them until their little eyelids closed contentedly, and one lay asleep in her white arms, and she said peacefully, "I am a woman." But then she smelled the perfume of the red and yellow lilies, and she laid the child down tenderly that she might not wake it, and she stretched her arms upward and cried: "My God, I am more! Where can I find a place for my soul?"

And later she whispered, "Do I dare?" and she answered herself, "I will dare anything!" and she plucked a branch of the lilies and thrust them into the belt of her gown, so that they rested against her heart, and she left the little room, and went out into the night, and the shades of strange beings flitted past her in the moonlight, and cast their darkness over her, but she heeded them not. Always her arms reached upward, although her feet stumbled, and the shades said, "She is dark, like us," not knowing that it was their own gloom that shadowed her under the moon; but she heeded them not. And when she

had walked all night she stood upon a mountain top, and called upon God. And she waited for the dawn, and there was a great silence, for the mountain top was too high for the singing of birds; and slowly, as the light traveled upward, she saw coming toward her as it might be an angel, strong and beautiful, with eyes that dwelt upon her, and he said, — "Is it thou?"

And she answered, "Yes, it is I."

And suddenly the soul within her body shone as a living flame, and transfigured her, and a flame ran through the red and yellow lilies in her bosom, and they blossomed into little waves of fire. And the angel shaded his eyes, for even an angel may not behold the naked soul of a woman.

But he said: "I have a message to thee. Thou shalt walk alone among men all the days of thy life; yet sorrow not, for the best has been given to thee, and it is this: *Wherever thou goest, the undying flame within thee shall meet the undying flame of God.* And I have another message to thee: '*The Lord hath set thy feet in a large room.*'"

Then the woman bowed her head, and the angel listened for her voice replying, but he heard nothing, for even an angel may not hear the inmost prayer of a woman.

Then she raised herself and said: "I have the best; what further need is there?" And she smiled, and her face had the beauty of those whom God has answered.

And the angel went from her, and she lay in the clouds and in the sunshine on the mountain top until night, and then she journeyed back to the house from which she had come, and slipped into her place with the dawning (and everywhere the red and yellow lilies were blossoming), and no one knew that she had been away. But she leaned from the barred window, and cried to herself in an ecstasy: —

"It is the same dawn here as on the

mountain top,—it is the same dawn! Lord, 'Thou hast set my feet in a large room!'"

And the flame within her touched the flame of God.

II.

Once there was a woman who loved a man, and he died, and she sought some way to reach him where he was, and could not. And One came to her, and said: "I have been sent to help thee, for thy crying has been heard. What is thy need?"

And she answered, "That I may find the soul of my husband, who is dead."

And the Shining One said to her, "That may be done only if there is a bond between you that Death could not break."

And she said: "Surely there is a bond! I have lain in his bosom, I have kissed his dear hands over and over for love of him, and my lips still tremble with the passion of his kisses."

But the angel shook his head, and said, "There is no bond."

Then she raised her head proudly, and said: "Surely there is a bond! I have held his children in my arms; with their innocence have they bound us together. By the sorrow in which I bore them, there is an enduring bond."

But the angel said very sadly, "Even this will not suffice."

Then the woman paled, but she said: "My spirit and that of my husband were one; in naught were we separate. Each answered each without speech. We were one. Does not that bond hold?"

But the angel answered very low: "It does not hold. In the domain of Death all these bonds of which thou speakest crumble to nothing,—the very shape of them has departed so that they are as if they never were. Think yet once more before I leave thee if there is one thread to bind thee to him whom thou lovest, for if not he has passed from thee forever."

And the woman was silent, but she cried to herself desperately, "He shall not go from me!" And the angel withdrew a little way. And the woman thought and thought, with deep inward communing, and after a space she raised her pale, drawn face, and gazed with timid eyes at the pitying angel, and she said, though her voice was as the last whisper of the dying waves upon the shore, "Once—but it was long ago—he and I thought of God together."

And the angel gave a loud cry, and his shining wings smote the earth. And he said, "Thou hast found the bond, thou hast found the bond!"

And the woman looked, and lo! there lay in her hand a tiny thread, faintly golden, as if woven from the strands of the sunlight, and it led into the darkness.

Mary Stewart Cutting.

"OUT OF THE SILENCE, SPEAK!"

OUT of the Silence, speak!

Could you come through the waiting door,
With your eyes aglow, and your heart on fire,

As in days that are no more;

Could you enter the wide old hall,

And the chambers fresh and fair,

"Out of the Silence, Speak!"

And wander from room to room
 In the sweet, flower-scented air;
 Could you tread the garden paths
 Where your own white lilies grow,
 And the rose you planted blooms
 As in Junes of long ago, —
 Would you be glad to come
 Back to the world of men,
 Back to your wonted place
 In its busy ranks again?

Out of the Shadows, speak!
 O tender heart and true,
 Could you return, return,
 All would be changed for you!
 For others sit at your board,
 And others warm at your fire,
 And over your walls strange shadows flit
 As the flames leap high and higher.
 The boys that you knew are bearded men,
 And the bearded men are gray,
 And the weight of years has touched them all, —
 You would know them not to-day!
 There are children born of your line
 To whom you are but a name, —
 A name, a dream, and a shadow,
 A phantom they scarce can claim.

Out of the Glory, speak!
 From your high heaven afar,
 Where you need no light of sun,
 Nor ray of moon or star,
 Would you come to earth if you could
 To face the changes here,
 The sense of a strange new world
 With its alien atmosphere?
 For lo! as the Century dies
 It spreadeth its mighty hands,
 And a change comes over the deep
 And over the waiting lands,
 As the youngest born of the Nations
 Lifts Destiny's proud gage,
 Accepting for weal or woe
 Life's lofty heritage!

Out of the Glory, speak!
As your changeless years roll on,
Would ye return if ye could,
O ye who have lost and won?

Julia C. R. Dorr.

VOYAGERS.

I BADE two friends of mine farewell to-day.
 One sailed at noon; and while the shores around
 Echoed reverberant with mingled sound,
 Voices and bells and iron-throated bray
 Of enginery, the great ship moved away,
 And less'ning outward passed our vision's bound.
 Then while her trail yet stained the skies, I found
 A chamber where a wan-faced pilgrim lay,
 Bound home. No voices stirred the tranquil air;
 In silence loosed he from this alien sod,
 And, smiling backward, forth alone did fare,
 Yea, while we watched, Death's waiting decks had trod,
 Sighed twice, and, ere we knew him gone, was there —
 So near is Heaven, so short the road to God.

William Hervey Woods.

WHEN I WAS A CHILD.

WHEN I was a child the moon to me
 Through the nursery curtains seemed to be
 A thing of marvel and witchery.
 The slim white crescent floating high
 In the lucid green of the western sky
 Was a fairy boat, and the evening star,
 A light on the land where the fairies are.

When I was a woman the moon to me
 (Whose life was a pledge of what life might be)
 Was a thing of promise and prophecy.
 When from my window I saw it set,
 In the twilight my lashes with tears were wet;
 Yet my heart sang ever because I knew
 That from your window you watched it too.

And now, O my Love, the moon to me
 (Who think of what was, and was not to be)
 Is a thing of heartbreak and memory.
 When I see its crescent white and slim,
 The empty present of life grows dim;
 And its pale young gold is the hoop of troth
 That, stronger than Death is, binds us both.

A. E. F.

THE SLEEPER.

ABOVE the cloistral valley,
Above the druid rill,
There lies a heavy sleeper
Upon a lonely hill.

All the long days of summer
The low winds whisper by,
And the soft voices of the leaves
Make murmurous reply.

All the long eves of autumn
The loving shadows mass
Round this sequestered slumbering-place
Beneath the cool hill grass.

All the long nights of winter
The white drifts heap and heap
To form a fleecy coverlet
Above the dreamer's sleep.

All the long morns of springtime
The tear-drops of the dew
Gleam in the violets' tender eyes
As if the blossoms knew.

Ah, who would break the rapture
Brooding and sweet and still,
The great peace of the sleeper
Upon the lonely hill!

Clinton Scollard.

I SHALL ARISE.

You doubt. And yet, O you who walk your ways,
Glad of your very breath,
Look back upon the days:
Have you not tasted death?

What of the hour of anguish, overpast,
So fierce, so lone,
That even now the Soul looks back aghast
At sorrow of its own:

The piercèd hands, and stark,
The eyes gone dark?
You who have known,
And trodden down the fangs of such defeat,
Did you not feel some veil of flesh sore rent, —
Then wonderment? . . .
Did you not find it sweet
To live, still live, — to see, to breathe again,
Victorious over pain?
Did you not feel once more, as darkness went,
Upon your forehead, cold with mortal dew,
The daybreak new? —
And far and new, some eastern breath of air
From that rapt garden where
The lilies stood new-risen, fragranter
Than myrrh?

“Death, Death, was this thy sting,
This bitter thing?
Can it be past?
Only I know there was one agony,
One strait way to pass by, —
A stress that could not last.
And in such conflict, something had to die. . . .
It was not I.”

Josephine Preston Peabody.

IN PARADISE.

A LIFETIME here of sweet familiar things
Shared — loves and joys and sorrows — all with me,
Then in one breath her wondering spirit springs
To that unknown and vast eternity.

I knew her every thought and she knew mine,
We loved small piping birds, fair spreading trees,
Green meadows, singing brooks, the reddening vine —
Instead of these she knows all mysteries.

Yet on those pleasant pastures where her feet
Wander beside still waters, through my tears
I see her gathering asphodels, and know
She waits for me through all the timeless years.

Constance Grosvenor Alexander.

ROADSIDE REST.

SUCH quiet sleep has come to them !
 The springs and autumns pass,
 Nor do they know if it be snow
 Or daisies in the grass.

All day the birches bend to hear
 The river's undertone ;
 Across the hush a fluting thrush
 Sings evensong alone.

But down their dream there drifts no sound,
 The winds may sob and stir —
 On the still breast of Peace they rest,
 And they are glad of her.

They ask not any gift — they mind
 Not any foot that fares ;
 Unheededly Life passes by,
 Such quiet sleep is theirs.

Arthur Ketchum.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

IN sorting out some old letters, the other day, I came upon one How Ramona was Written. from the pen of that ardent and brilliant woman who wrote one of the two great ethical novels which dealt severally with the wrongs of the American negro and the American Indian. Mrs. Stowe has left on record, in some degree, the circumstances under which she wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin* ; and this letter portrays yet more vividly the mental conditions under which Mrs. Helen Hunt — afterwards Mrs. W. S. Jackson — was led to write *Ramona*. She had nearly broken herself down with hard work in libraries, preparing *The Century of Dishonor*, of which she had sent a copy, at her own expense, to every member of Congress ; and she had been guided at the most important points by the coun-

sel of regular army officers of wide Indian experience, her late husband's friends ; yet in spite of all this care in preparation she had seen its plain statements set aside by mere civilian critics, such as Theodore Roosevelt, as being merely feminine sentimentalism. Finding her laborious historical work thus jauntily classed with fiction, she seems to have been tempted into writing fiction that should illuminate history, and the immediate result was *Ramona* ; the remoter consequence being her appointment, by the Commissioner of Affairs, with Coates Kinney, Esq., to prepare a report — published in 1883 — on *The Condition and Need of the Mission Indians of California*, in which she returns to literal history again. The letter which preceded this, and which explains the

origin of *Ramona*, is here first printed, as follows:—

THE BERKELEY, February 5, 1884.

... I am glad you say you are rejoiced that I am writing a story. But about the not hurrying it—I want to tell you something. You know I have for three or four years longed to write a story that should “tell” on the Indian question. But I knew I could not do it; knew I had no background,—no local color for it.

Last spring, in Southern California, I began to feel that I had; that the scene laid there—and the old Mexican life mixed in with just enough Indian to enable me to tell what had happened to them—would be the very perfection of coloring. You know that I have lived six months in Southern California.

Still I did not see my way clear; got no plot; till one morning late last October, before I was wide awake, the whole plot flashed into my mind,—not a vague one—the whole story just as it stands to-day,—in less than five minutes, as if some one spoke it. I sprang up, went to my husband's room, and told him; I was half frightened. From that time, till I came here, it haunted me, becoming more and more vivid. I was impatient to get at it. I wrote the first word of it December 1. As soon as I began, it seemed impossible to write fast enough. In spite of myself, I write faster than I would write a letter. I write two thousand to three thousand words in a morning, and I *cannot* help it. It racks me like a struggle with an outside power. I cannot help being superstitious about it. I have never done *half* the amount of work in the same time. Ordinarily it would be a simple impossibility. Twice, since beginning it, I have broken down utterly for a week—with a cold ostensibly, but with great nervous prostration added. What I have to endure in holding myself away from it, afternoons, on the days I am

compelled to be in the house, no words can tell.

It is like keeping away from a lover, whose hand I can reach.

Now you will ask what sort of English it is I write at this lightning speed. So far as I can tell, the best I ever wrote! I have read it aloud as I have gone on, to one friend, of keen literary perceptions and judgment, the most purely intellectual woman I know—Mrs. Trimble. She says it is smooth—strong—clear. “Tremendous” is her frequent epithet.

... The success of it—if it succeeds—will be that I do not even suggest any Indian history,—till the interest is so aroused in the heroine—and hero—that people will not lay the book down. There is but one Indian in the story.

Every now and then I force myself to stop, and write a short story or a bit of verse; I can't bear the strain; but the instant I open the pages of the other, I write as I am writing now—as fast as I could copy! What do you think? Am I possessed of a demon? Is it a freak of mental disturbance? or what.

I have the feeling that if I could only read it to you, you would know.—If it is as good as Mrs. Trimble, Mr. Jackson, and Miss Woolsey think, I shall be indeed rewarded, for it will “tell.” But I can't believe it is. I am uneasy about it; but try as I may—all I can—I cannot write slowly for more than a few moments. I sit down at 9.30 or ten, and it is one before I know it. In good weather I then go out, after lunching, and keep out, religiously, till five,—but there have not been more than three out of eight good days all winter,—and the days when I am shut up in my room from two till five alone—with my *Ramona* and Alessandro—and cannot go along with them on their journey are maddening.

Fifty-two last October—and I'm not a bit steadier-headed, you see, than ever!

I don't know whether to send this or burn it up. Don't laugh at me whatever you do.

Yours always,

H. J.

IN a wide-winged old farmhouse, where I was a guest during the past summer, the children of the family brought and showed me an hereditary treasure in the shape of an hourglass. Clumsy it was in its structure, and at some luckless but now immemorial period it had been broken, and somewhat rudely patched together. Some former possessor, with a taste for languages, had inscribed upon its standard the following legend, —

Hay mas tiempo que vida.
(There is more time than life.)

The children proposed that we should measure off an hour; and, accordingly, the ancestral timepiece found itself in unwonted occupation. Meanwhile, I resumed the book I had been reading, and the children went to their play. From time to time I glanced at the slender gliding stream of golden-brown sands. From time to time back came the children to indulge in conjecture as to the portion of the hour already passed. How long to them — but how short to me! And when the last atom had slipped through the upper glass, while the lower contained a little umber tumulus like the hour's grave, of freshly heaped sand; and when the children, relieved of the tedium of burying time, had gone back "for good" to their play, certain lines built around the inscribed legend began to join themselves together in my mind. They might be called The Burden of the Hourglass; else, A Ballad of Sliding Sands, but their inspiration, such as it was, must be credited to the unknown scholar with a taste for Spanish proverbial lore: —

I.

Would that some Power, when our life is done,
Might do as the hand that reverses the glass

When the sliding sands of the hour are run;
That we out of Age into Youth might pass!
But no — ah, no:

Since ever as time shall grow
Dwindles our stay beneath the sun, —
Mas tiempo que vida.

II.

Time was the mocker that did contemn
Thrones antique and the pride of man;
Nor Valor nor Beauty might ever stem
The desert that flowed from the sands that

ran

So still, so swift, —
Though they strove with the covering
drift;
Yes, there was more time than life for them —
Mas tiempo que vida.

III.

Out of the gloom of the years, where they lie,
How they beckon and smile, who were blithe
of old!

Borne on the wind they go wavering by,
And converse strange with our spirits hold;
For, as they fade

Into realms of Silence and Shade,
"There is more time than life!" they cry —
Mas tiempo que vida.

IV.

Would that our life like the flower's might
be —

The flower of an hour, which the morning
steals;

For, the while it lasts, it liveth free
Of the cankering fear that each heart con-
ceals.

Yet the rose, the rose,
Seemeth to sigh, as it goes,
"There is more time than life, thou 'lt see," —
Mas tiempo que vida.

WHEN the Poet came (for he comes to all children), we called him by no name. He might have been one, or he might have been many; with a finer instinct than that of the bookmen, we took what he gave us without question. With a catholicity which has never been ours since, we assigned him to no race and to no clime. If there was one thing more than another with which we connected him, it was music. He was like Christina's playing.

Christina was old; she wore tails to her gowns; she pushed her shining hair

to the top of her head, and fastened it with combs; she had lovers. There was a little carved organ that stood in the little front parlor, and out of its keys Christina could wring most heavenly melodies. We used to sit out in the hall at the foot of the darkening staircase, and listen, and resolve never again to forget to say our prayers, and listen, listen. And all the things that had been, and all the things that were to be, came gliding out of the corners, and stood about us.

And the Poet? Our farthest recollection in regard to him begins with Christina. She had been saying over some foolish and jingling verses to us, when of a sudden out flowed a line that was strange and different.

"Over the hills and far away," said Christina.

She went on with the foolish other words, and we heard them, and forgot them, but these we remembered: —

"Over the hills and far away."

What was it like? It was like the dusk when the rain is beginning to fall, very softly indeed, and in the pale west a gleam from the sunset is still lingering, and there is no one in sight. It made us feel a little sad, a little older, and alone in the world. We created for ourselves a long and fading highway, and down it in the soft rain went trooping many people, and not one of them ever came back again. It was a highway that was always full, and yet always empty.

Our next recollection gathers about the Sea Captain. This was a bronzed and worthy veteran who had designs upon Christina. He could be told a long way off by the hearty fashion in which he took our winding country lanes. They seemed too narrow for him.

Once he had fished up out of his pockets a handful of sweet-smelling nuts, and presented them to us. We had cracked them, and found them much to our taste. One afternoon we followed

this seafaring friend into the house, and stationed ourselves at that angle of the hall stair which would first catch his eye when he looked up. We yearned for more sweet-smelling nuts.

Christina was long in coming. It was hot weather, and the captain fanned himself with his hat. We looked mournfully on from the staircase. Presently, still fanning in the lazy and loose fashion that was his, he picked up a book and began to read. A word floated to us now and then. All at once he rose to his feet: —

"Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

There was a wail in that voice. We trembled. This was another, a far-off, a glorified sea captain. He had no place in our little worldly front parlor.

"Had I but served my God" —

And then in came Christina.

We were sent away richer than ever before. For this was more than Mystery. It was more than rainy dusk or lonely highway. It shook us by the heart. It was Revelation. We forgot all except the first line, but the impression left by the whole was so moving and so great that we did not need more to bring it to mind. We gathered together what we remembered, and that greater remnant which we did not, and wrapped it around a splendid central figure, that of one who lamented and was alone. He walked before us, set in cloud, without a name, without a country, a Shape, a majestic spirit.

Another time, with our left arm nicely bandaged up in lily leaves and alcohol, we were taken to hospital on the parlor sofa, where we lay smelling like Araby the blest. The Sea Captain found us there a little later.

For a while we stared at him with unblinking eyes. We were remembering. Then we lifted up a strident voice, crying out, with a flourish of our sound arm, —

"'Had I but served my God with half the zeal'"—

"Hello!" said the Sea Captain.

A sincere, old-fashioned love of verse seemed the possession of our kind nautical friend, an instinct for *sound*, which is often quite as rare as an instinct for *sense*. Word after word rolled out upon the air, and beat down upon us, and beat away again. Sometimes a single expression, like the note of a bugle, broke along our way, and, before it had a chance to fade, became our very own. "Cavernous" was one of these. We did not take counsel of any printed page, but we knew, as well as we knew we smelled of lily leaves, that "cavernous" meant all the hollows in the world gathered into one place. It was a dark place, and the wind was making a great noise. A good word to take to bed with us at night. We used to whisper it softly out in the silence, and then draw up the sheets over our reckless head, while we waited for the ghostly step that we knew was creeping by.

"Words, words, words." Not always those of the Poet, but always vague, great, alluring, with something of the wind, and something of the sea. Grave ones out of Pilgrim's Progress concerning shepherds and swelling hills; and thereafter, for many a day, we saw a singing spirit in every dusty drover, and gave immortality to his flock of sheep. Stray ones out of hymns shrilled along the hot Sunday afternoons; far-off ones out of memoirs bound in gray cloth, and lying in the dust under the garret eaves. Triumphant ones swelling up out of catechism and creed, into an atmosphere bare of theology and doubt.

Even old Eli, the free negro who lived in the ramshackle cabin opposite our house, had a share in adding to our slowly increasing store of treasure.

He was a bent and withered creature, the gatherer and dispenser of simples to the entire neighborhood. Beside his skill in these sweet-smelling drugs he

had that of reading futurity by what lay at the bottom of a teacup, and by the hundred crossing lines in a trembling palm. He could foretell storms; he had the gift of tongues.

Once he hailed us as we hurried by.

"Come here, honey, an' I'll tell yo' fortune."

Afraid to run away, we advanced to the prophet's portal, and held our hands out across the rickety palings.

Old Eli kept utter silence for a moment. Then he spat on the ground. His lean black fingers began to trace out the lines upon our rosy little palm.

"Honey," he said, with a sort of rolling solemnity, "yo' ain't goin' to be rich, but yo' goin' to be good, *good*, and"—he made a triumphant flourish with his right hand—"and—*circumwigious*."

We took stately steps as we held our way across the dust of the pike. Filthy lucre had no allurements for us, and the paths of righteousness had often proved untenable to our wayward feet; but—*circumwigious*! It wrapped us around in an amber-colored cloud. It was books, and holidays, and kind, gift-bearing aunts, and any number of china mugs with pink rosebuds painted along the handles.

Circumwigious! Ah, we feel, even now, that we could storm the heights of fate with the very memory of the word!

"THE eighteenth century was an age

In Praise of the Eighteenth Century. of strong and brave men, and my father was one of the strongest and bravest of

them," wrote John Stuart Mill of his father. The stoical character and level-headed idealism of the younger Mill doubtless gave him an understanding of the eighteenth century that was conspicuously lacking in such sons of thunder as Carlyle, Ruskin, and many other writers of our own period, who have all united in decrying the virtues and philosophy of that great epoch. We are by this time weary of being told that our forefathers reveled in an atmosphere of

cant, that they hated nature and loved artificial pleasures, and that their view of life was utterly prosaic.

If there were ever a century of cant, it is probably our own, — for the very reason that we are barely conscious of our own insincerity. The politicians of our time are disingenuous, because they are hypnotized by the mob into imagining that their catchwords mean something more than catchwords and our writers think confusedly because the echoing hubbub conceals from them their own lack of coherence. By a similar process of development, the limpid melodies of a Haydn or Mozart have been ousted by the grandiose discords of a Wagner. The older generation did indeed set much store on ceremony as the outward and visible sign of human dignity, but they clearly distinguished between what was conventional and what was not. They did not pretend, for example, as in modern England, to give posts to aristocrats on account of their being more competent than any one else, but frankly admitted that the exigencies of their society demanded a hereditary class of rulers, which would often achieve more through its collective traditions than through the capacity of individuals.

Who would seriously maintain that we enjoy simple pleasures? We rush madly from continent to continent in search of the more bizarre aspects of man and nature, rarely lingering in any one place, where a sojourn of a few weeks would give us an understanding of past or alien civilizations, which can never be gained from years of globe-trotting. We discard sunshine for electric light, the scent of warm grass for drawing-room perfumes, and the music of wood and stream for street noises that kill the nervous system.

What a dingy contrast to Walpole's delight in his Norfolk home, to Johnson's ecstasies in the rapid post chaise, to Voltaire on the Lake of Geneva, to Goethe in the Weimar woods!

"My regard for you is greater almost than I have words to express; but I do not chuse to be always repeating it; write it down in the first leaf of your pocket-book and never doubt of it again," was a typical reply of Johnson to the unfortunate Boswell. Such reticence is becoming unintelligible to our own world. Nothing can be taken for granted, unless, of course, it is printed in a newspaper; no emotion is too sacred to defy publicity. No eminent man may fly to the citadel of his own soul; for it has long been prostituted to the eyes of the vulgar.

In such melancholy retrospection as this, the English tourist may sometimes yearn for a vision of eighteenth-century America even more than of eighteenth-century England. Washington, writes Mr. Goldwin Smith, conforms more than any other leader of the Revolution (and he might perhaps have added any other President of the United States) to the ideal of the English gentleman, and few monuments excite such genuine veneration in the transatlantic visitor as the sight of Mount Vernon. The household relics and the Elizabethan garden leave him with a sense of real kinship and of pride in the common heroes of the English-speaking race, which is rather stifled than aroused by the cosmopolitan immensity of New York or Chicago. For there the very arts that have annihilated space and time between the two continents have also bred a new swarm of men who have now a nationality of their own, but whose aspirations have suffered more than a sea change. While we rejoice in the birth of new commonwealths and boldly face the vast activities of the future, we cannot help a wistful regret for our "strong and brave" forbears.

As it is one of the basic principles of idealistic literature that what is too good to be true really is true, no apology is needed for the republication of the following circulars. It seems incredible that a

The Genius
Discovery
Company.

method has been found by which genius can be detected instantly and forced to assume its natural port and form as if touched by the spear of Ithuriel, but an air of probability is given to the announcement by the fact that the discovery has not been heralded with advance notices and theoretical articles. There is something very practical about the tone of this intellectual cracksman who so confidently asserts that he can "penetrate the spiritual safe where poets are keeping their souls to-day," and it is not wise for ordinary people to be skeptical. I have been assured by several talented journalists that this is an age of invention, and it is a matter of universal comment that some of the greatest achievements were at first regarded with a bilious eye by many of our most trained minds. After all, is it any more remarkable that a method should be discovered by which genius can be detected in any form than that a knowledge of just what genius is, should be, and might become, is, and has been from time immemorial, the property of prolific essayists and after-dinner speakers "flown with insolence and wine"?

Although the circulars given here speak for themselves, a word of explanation may not be out of place. They emanated from the fertile if somewhat irreverent brain of a young promoter whose business it is to float all kinds of companies and corporations. He can see a potential trust in any form of human endeavor, from highway robbery to ruling a nation, and asserts that he has already floated several successful companies having much less basis in reason than the one on which he is now engaged. He gives it as his experience that nothing succeeds like a plausible absurdity. "You must blow your bubble to the point of bursting before you can see the rainbow colors in it," is one of his favorite maxims, and "Let there be a cheerful amount of comedy in your initial scheme; the receiver of the Com-

pany can attend to putting in the tragedy," is another.

The first circular is intended for the investing public, and is not without its attractive and convincing features.

WIDE-AWAKE INVESTORS

will do well to read this circular carefully. Wherever there is a long-felt want there is money to be made in filling it, and it is to fill just such a want that we have organized

THE GENIUS DISCOVERY AND DEVELOPMENT COMPANY.

This country needs more geniuses. Everybody knows it. Everybody admits it. Everybody laments it.

Geniuses we already have, but not in sufficient numbers to supply the demand. But we have enough to enable us to study their nature, habits, characteristics, possibilities, etc. Having devoted years of research to the subject, and spent thousands of dollars on experiments, mostly loans, we are now in a position to state with all confidence that it is entirely possible to make the handling of geniuses a matter of both credit and profit.

There is an impression in some quarters that geniuses are born, not made. Wrong, entirely wrong. Wrong on both counts.

Geniuses are neither born nor made.

THEY ARE DISCOVERED.

We know this because we have seen them in the act of being discovered by editors, publishers, and authors who have outlived their usefulness.

Moreover we have discovered several ourselves.

But the great trouble with geniuses discovered in this way is that they will not stay discovered, and sometimes they have been known to turn on their discoverers and make monkeys of them.

This has caused much annoyance to many of the eminent thinkers who now discover geniuses instinctively. After

having taken the trouble to discover one to the extent of several profitable magazine articles and syndicated reviews, the beneficiary has been known to refuse to be paraded in public as a find. He insists on going forth on his own responsibility without heeding the good advice that is so kindly lavished upon him.

With all friction of this kind we propose to do away. But to tell how would be to tell the secret that has been discovered before we have received our deserved reward. By our infallible method we are able to discover every kind of genius, after the payment of a moderate fee; and long experience in log-rolling makes us sure that we can successfully launch them all to undoubted social, financial, or any other desired kind of success.

But like everything else of importance this requires money to bring it before the public and get the Company in operation. We have a limited number of shares of common stock still on hand which we are willing to sell at par. For further information address, P. Gowanus McGruder, Canned Food Villa, Amityville, Long Island, N. Y.

The second circular is one that comes home to us all. Like the first it also has the trail of the money-maker upon it, but who would begrudge such a paltry sum as five dollars in return for having the question with which it deals settled beyond cavil?

ARE YOU A GENIUS?

Think of this carefully! There may be money in it! Examine yourself! Question yourself! Be honest with yourself! When you read articles in the magazines that tell what a genius should be, do you ever feel that they contain a more or less accurate description of your own abilities? If so you should communicate with us! If you are a genius, — and is there any reason why you should not be? — let not your

light be hidden under a bushel. You should shine before the world.

If you feel within you the promptings of genius do not hesitate. Send us your photograph, a candid sketch of your life and achievements, not exceeding five hundred pages of typewriting, and a fee of five dollars (registered letter or post-office order), and we will tell you the truth by return mail.

Don't be modest. Don't stand in your own light. Let us hear from you. All communications private.

In the third circular still another avenue for money-making is disclosed, and the imagination kindles at the possibilities that are barely hinted at.

DEAR MADAM, — Knowing that it is the ambition of all society leaders like yourself to have a salon graced with the presence of the brightest geniuses of their time, we make bold to call your attention to the business of our Company.

THE GENIUS DISCOVERY AND DEVELOPMENT COMPANY

is prepared to supply, at the shortest notice and at reasonable rates, properly attested geniuses of all kinds. Please examine our list of eccentric geniuses before looking elsewhere. Musical, poetical, artistic, and critical geniuses at cut rates.

Geniuses supplied for banquets, parties, balls, receptions, weddings, etc.

Send ten cents in stamps for our booklet on How to Successfully Flatter Geniuses. Press clippings supplied with all geniuses. Beware of imitations.

Whatever may be thought of this scheme, it certainly promises returns to the promoter.

WHO has not felt the ineffable charm that lurks in names that hark back to distant lands and times remote from our own? Do we not all, however sophisticated, feel some sympathy with the old Scottish

*The Relish
of Dim
Names.*

cummer whose ear tingled with delight whenever she heard the great Doctor Chalmers ringing out that "braw word, *Mes-o-po-taw-mia*"? And who is there that has not sighed with Sir Thomas Browne in impotent longing to know what song it was the Sirens sang? The ear is certainly tickled sweetly by brave sounds that smack of mystery; and the unknown has ever the old, old spell for the heart of man. Distance and dimness are enchanters still, despite the telescope of archæology; nor has the world now for the first time to learn how it stirs the pulse of adventure to be challenged by the occult.

Surely Astolat is a more taking sound than Guildford, and Bernicia fills the mouth more refreshingly than the modern counties that mark where the ancient kingdom stood. The elder gods, whom men heard with throbbing ears in the cave of Trophonius, bore sweeter names and drew nearer to the heart of humanity than official Zeus and Hera. They were of Pan's kin; and Blake, had he chosen, could have painted them all, for he loved to paint what no eye but his could see.

When Ezekiel tells of his visions by the river Chebar, the very names he utters are mystic, and have a secret power over the soul. It is just so, too, when Coleridge sings of Kubla Khan:—

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea."

Alph has all the majesty and nameless awe that cling to that dread phrase in the book of Revelation, "I am Alpha and Omega." There is many a name in Marco Polo that swells with limitless grandeur, like the Jin released by the

fisherman from the fetter of Solomon's seal.

"Silken Samarkand" is a sound of far greater magic to me, who know it not in the flesh, than if I had lived there for half a lifetime; and the name of Basora acts like a mirage upon the mind, bringing before the inner vision amazing vistas of golden mists and shadowed waters and dreamy gardens, with barges at the marble stairs, in which veiled beauties are about to flee forth from the harem. Bagdad hums with the nocturnal adventures of Haroun; and Babylon still takes with its name the perfume of that great love which sweetened the eyes of Amytis the Mede with the sight of her native mountain foliage.

There are names that sound to me like the requiem for dead Templars, and there are names that whisper of treasure hidden in a garden; names that sing of wine quaffed on housetops in warm lands amid the murmur of soft voices, and names that linger long in the ear, chiming there with sweet sounds of the past, which somehow remind one of roses, smooth-petaled and fragrant. Others there are that flow gently over the lip with a serenity that brings to mind the daily walk and conversation of the tranquil children of God who call themselves Friends; and others again that sound a tocsin before they are fairly out of the mouth.

The memories that link these things together are too subtle for analysis; and yet too strong are the impressions that cling to such names to be mere creations of the fancy. Sometimes I am prone to believe that they are so real in their relations, dim, undefined, and unidentifiable though they seem to be now, that in the infinite leisure of the future they may suffice to reconstruct the past.

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXXXVI. — DECEMBER, 1900. — No. DXVIII.

VERSES.

(TO P. G. S. WRITTEN IN A GIFT COPY OF MR. LOWELL'S POEMS.)

If here, sweet friend, no verse you find
To wake far echoes in the mind,
No reach of passion that can stir
Your chords of deeper character,
Let it suffice if here and there
You seem to snuff New England air,
And give a kindly thought to one
Who in our ampler Western sun
Finds no such sunshine as he drew
In London's dreariest fogs from you.

(WRITTEN IN A COPY OF "AMONG MY BOOKS" FOR P. G. S.)

Last year I brought you verses,
This year with prose make bold;
I know not which the worse is;
Both are but empty purses
For your superfluous gold.

Put in your sunny fancies,
Your feeling quick and fine,
Your mirth that sings and dances,
Your nature's graver glances,
And think they all are mine.

(WRITTEN IN A COPY OF "FIRESIDE TRAVELS" FOR P. G. S.)

If to my fireside I return,
And, as Life's embers fainter burn,
No travels plan save that last post
To the low inn where Death is host,
Yet when my thoughts an outing seek,
Bowed pilgrims and with footing weak,
No spots to all men's memories known
Shall lure them forth; one path alone

Will they with constant faith retread,
 Brightening 'neath Memory's sunset red.
 Across the muffled course of steeds
 Through the sheep-dotted park it leads
 By water silvered in the breeze
 With the swan's shattered images,
 By sun-steeped elms where not the rush
 And rapture of the embowered thrush
 Detain them — that could once detain
 Those feet more light than summer rain
 That sang beside me: — Sure 'tis I,
 And not my lumpish thoughts, that fly
 To lay my tribute at those feet
 Of gratitude forever sweet
 For comfort given when great the lack,
 For sunshine, when my heaven was black,
 Poured through my dull and sullen mood
 From skies of purest womanhood.

This path lifelong my feet shall bless
 With sense of dear indebtedness; —
 Yet what avails it her or me,
 Myself a dream, a vision she?

James Russell Lowell.

THE STORY OF A NEW ENGLAND TOWN.¹

THE history of Middletown, Connecticut, is not that of one of the world's great centres of commerce or of government, of literature or of art; nevertheless it has its points of attraction, not only for those who dwell within the precincts of the town, but for all who feel interested in the development of civilization in our western hemisphere. The mere length of time during which the town has existed may serve to stamp for us the folly of the assertion that "America has no history," — one of those platitudes that people go on repeating until they become deadened to their absurdity. Next year the English-speaking folk of our planet are to take part at Winches-

ter, the ancient capital of the kingdom of Wessex, in a grand millennial celebration of the mighty hero, statesman, and author who stands preëminent among the founders of English nationality and English literature; the history of Middletown carries us back over one fourth of the interval that has elapsed since the death of Alfred the Great. It is a history as long as that of Rome from the beginning of the Punic Wars to the reign of Augustus, and twice as long as that of Athens when she was doing the things that have made her for all time the light of the world. These are great names, perhaps, to bring into the same paragraph with that of our modest little town. But the period of development with which we are concerned is as important as any that is known in history.

¹ Address delivered October 10, 1900, at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Middletown.

In the time of Charles I., when our story begins, there were about 5,000,000 people in the world speaking the language of Shakespeare; at the time of our first national census there were about 12,000,000, one third of them in the United States; to-day there are more than 120,000,000, three fifths of them in the United States; and there are children now going to school who will live to see this vast number trebled. The task of organizing society politically, so that such immense communities might grow up peacefully, preserving their liberties and affording ample opportunity for the varied exercise of the human faculties, is a task which baffled the splendid talents of ancient Greece, and in which the success of the Romans was but partial and short-lived. We believe that the men who use the mingled speech of Alfred and of William the Norman have solved the great political problem better than others have solved it. If we except the provinces of the Netherlands, the Swiss cantons, and such tiny city states as Monaco and San Marino, which retain their ancient institutions, there is not a nation on earth, making any pretense to freedom and civilization, which has not a constitution in great measure copied, within the present century, either from England or from the United States. Thus, whether willingly or not, does the civilized world confess the primacy of the English race in matters political.

But as between our British cousins and ourselves, it is quite generally conceded that the credit for having successfully extended the principles of free government over vast stretches of territory belongs in a special degree to the American people. The experiment of federalism is not a new one. The Greeks applied to it their supple and inventive genius with many interesting results, but they failed because the only kind of popular government they knew was the town meeting; and of course you cannot bring

together forty or fifty town meetings from different points of the compass to some common centre, to carry on the work of government by discussion. But our forefathers under King Alfred, a thousand years ago, were familiar with a device which it had never entered into the mind of Greek or Roman to conceive: they sent from each township a couple of esteemed men to be its representatives in the county court. Here was an institution that admitted of indefinite expansion. That old English county court is now seen to have been the parent of all modern popular legislatures.

Now the Puritan settlers of New England naturally brought across the ocean the political habits and devices to which they and their fathers had been inured. They migrated for the most part in congregations, led by their pastors and deacons, bringing with them their notions of law and government and their custom of managing their local affairs in a primary assembly, which was always in reality a town meeting, even though it might be called a vestry or a court-leet. Such men with such antecedents, coming two hundred and sixty-five years ago into the Connecticut Valley, were confronted with circumstances which soon made some form of representative federal government a necessity.

About eight miles north of Middletown, as the crow flies, there stands an old house of entertainment known as Shipman's Tavern, in bygone days a favorite resort of merry sleighing parties, and famous for its fragrant mugs of steaming flip. It is now a lonely place; but if you go behind it into the orchard, and toil up a hillside among the gnarled fantastic apple trees, a grade so steep that it almost invites one to all fours, you suddenly come upon a scene so rare that when beheld for the twentieth time it excites surprise. I have seen few sights more entrancing. The land falls abruptly

away in a perpendicular precipice, while far below the beautiful river flows placidly through long stretches of smiling meadows, such as Virgil and Dante might have chosen for their Elysian fields. Turning toward the north, you see, gleaming like a star upon the horizon, the gilded dome of the Capitol at Hartford, and you are at once reminded that this is sacred ground. It was in this happy valley that a state was for the first time brought into existence through the instrumentality of a written constitution; and here it was that germs of federalism were sown which afterward played a leading part in the development of our nation. Into the details of this subject we have not time to go at length, but a few words will indicate the importance of the events in which the founders of Connecticut and of Middletown were concerned.

We are so accustomed to general statements about our Puritan forefathers and their aims in crossing the ocean that we are liable to forget what a great diversity of opinion there was among them, not so much on questions of doctrine as on questions of organization and of government. The two extremes were to be seen in the New Haven colony, where church and state were absolutely identified, and in Rhode Island, where they were completely separated. The first step in founding a church in Massachusetts was not taken without putting a couple of malcontents on board ship and packing them off to England. The leaders of the great exodus were inclined to carry things with a high hand. Worthy William Blackstone, whom they found cosily settled all by himself in the place now known as Boston, was fain to retreat before them; he had come three thousand miles, he said, to get away from my lords the Bishops, and now he had no mind to stay and submit to the humors of my lords the Brethren! Afterward, as the dissentients became more numerous, they scattered about and

founded little commonwealths each for himself. Thus did New Hampshire begin its life with John Wheelwright, the Providence Plantation with Roger Williams, Rhode Island with Anne Hutchinson and her friends. Thus it was with those families in Dorchester and Watertown and the new settlement soon to be called Cambridge, who did not look with entire approval upon the proceedings of the magistrates in Boston. In 1631 the governor and council laid a tax upon the colony to pay for building a palisade, and the men of Watertown refused to pay their share, because they were not represented in the body that laid the tax. This protest led to the revival of the ancient county court as a house of representatives for Massachusetts. Winthrop and Cotton and Dudley readily yielded the point, because they fully understood its importance; but they were unable to make such concessions as would satisfy the malcontents. Their notions were aristocratic; they believed that the few ought to make laws for the many. Moreover, they wished to make a commonwealth like that of the children of Israel under the Judges, and into it nothing must enter that was not sanctified; so they restricted the privileges of voting and of holding public office to members of the Congregational churches qualified to take part in the communion service.

At this juncture there arrived from England two notable men, the Rev. Thomas Hooker and the Rev. Samuel Stone, both graduates of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and with them came many followers and friends. They were settled as pastor and teacher of the congregation at the New Town (Cambridge), and at once became known as leaders of the opposition to the policy of the ruler of Massachusetts. With them were associated the layman John Haynes and the ministers John Warham of Dorchester and George Phillips of Watertown, ancestor of Wendell Phillips.

For our present purpose, it is enough to say that within three years from the arrival of Hooker and Stone the three congregations of Dorchester, Cambridge, and Watertown had migrated in a body to the further, or western, bank of New England's chief river, the Connecticut, or "long tidal stream," as it was called in the Algonquin language. Here the new Dorchester presently took the name Windsor, while its neighbor to the southward called itself Hartford, after Mr. Stone's English birthplace, which is pronounced in the same way though spelled with an *e*. As for the new Watertown, it was rebaptized Wethersfield, after the birthplace of one of its principal men, John Talcott, whose name in the colonial records, where orthography wanders at its own sweet will, usually appears as "Tailcoat." The wholesale character of this westward migration may be judged from the fact that of the families living in Cambridge on New Year's Day, 1635, not more than eleven were there on the Christmas of 1636; the rest were all in Hartford.

Along with this exodus there went another from Roxbury, led by William Pynchon, whose book on the Atonement was afterward publicly burned in the market place at Boston. This migration paused on the eastern bank of the river at Springfield, where our story may leave it, as it took no part in the founding of a new commonwealth.

This sudden and decisive westward movement was a very notable affair. If the growth of New England had been like that of Virginia or of Pennsylvania, the frontier would have crept gradually westward from the shores of Massachusetts Bay, always opposing a solid front to the savage perils of the wilderness, and there would have been one large state with its seat of government at Boston. But the differences in political ideals and the desire of escaping from the rule of my lords the Brethren led to this premature dispersal in all direc-

tions, of which the exodus to the Connecticut Valley was the most considerable instance.

The new towns, Windsor, Hartford, and Wethersfield, were indisputably outside of the jurisdiction of Massachusetts in so far as grants from the crown could go. For two years a supervision was exercised over the Connecticut Valley by persons acting under a commission from Boston. Then in January, 1639, a memorable thing was done. The men of the three river towns held a convention at Hartford, and drew up a written constitution which created the state of Connecticut. This was the first instance known to history in which a commonwealth was created in such a way. Much eloquence has been expended over the compact drawn up and signed by the Pilgrims in the cabin of the Mayflower, and that is certainly an admirable document; but it is not a constitution; it does not lay down the lines upon which a government is to be constructed. It is simply a promise to be good and to obey the laws. On the other hand, the "Fundamental Orders of Connecticut" summon into existence a state government which is, with strict limitations, paramount over the local governments of the three towns, its creators. This is not the place for inquiring into the origin of written constitutions. Their precursors in a certain sense were the charters of mediæval towns, and such documents as the Great Charter of 1215, by which the English sovereign was bound to respect sundry rights and liberties of his people. Our colonial charters were in a sense constitutions, and laws that infringed them could be set aside by the courts. By rare good fortune, aided by the consummate tact of the younger Winthrop, Connecticut obtained in 1662 such a charter, which confirmed her in the possession of her liberties. But these charters were always, in form at least, a grant of privileges from an overlord to a vassal, some-

thing given or bartered by a superior to an inferior. With the constitution which created Connecticut it was quite otherwise. You may read its eleven articles from beginning to end, and not learn from it that there was ever such a country as England or such a personage as the British sovereign. It is purely a contract, in accordance with which we the people of these three river towns propose to conduct our public affairs. Here is the form of government which commends itself to our judgment, and we hereby agree to obey it while we reserve the right to amend it. Unlike the Declaration of Independence, this document contains no theoretical phrases about liberty and equality, and it is all the more impressive for their absence. It does not deem it necessary to insist upon political freedom and upon equality before the law, but it takes them for granted and proceeds at once to business. Surely this was the true birth of American democracy, and the Connecticut Valley was its birthplace!

If we were further to pursue this rich and fruitful theme, we might point to the decisive part played by the state of Connecticut, a hundred and fifty years later, in the great discussion out of which our Federal Constitution emerged into life. Connecticut had her governor and council elected by a majority vote in a suffrage that was nearly universal, while, on the other hand, in her lower house the towns enjoyed an equality of representation. During all that period of five generations, her public men, indeed all her people, were familiar with the combination of the two principles of equal representation and the representation of popular majorities. It therefore happened that at the critical moment of the immortal convention at Philadelphia, in 1787, when the big states led by Virginia were at swords' points with the little states led by New Jersey, and it seemed impossible to agree upon any form of federal government,

— at that fateful moment when nothing kept the convention from breaking up in despair but the fear that anarchy would surely follow, — at that moment Connecticut came forward with her compromise, which presently healed the strife and gave us our Federal Constitution. Equal representation in one house of Congress, combined with popular representation in the other, — such was the compromise which reconciled the jarring interests, and won over all the smaller states to the belief that they could enter into a more perfect union without jeopardizing their welfare. The part then played by Connecticut was that of savior of the American nation, and she was enabled to play it through the circumstances which attended her first beginnings as a commonwealth.

In the present survey our attention has been for quite a while confined to the north of Rocky Hill. It is now time for us to turn southward and glance for a moment even as far as the shores of Long Island Sound, in order that we may get a picture of the surroundings among which Middletown came into existence.

In their bold westward exodus to the Connecticut River the English settlers courted danger, and one of its immediate consequences was an Indian war. The blow which our forefathers struck was surely Cromwellian in its effectiveness. To use the frontiersman's cynical phrase, it made many "good Indians." By annihilating the strongest tribe in New England it secured peace for forty years, and it laid open the coast for white settlers all the way from Point Judith to the East River. Previously, the English had no settlement there except the blockhouse at Saybrook erected as a warning and defense against the Dutch. But now the next migration from England, led by men for whom even the ideas of Winthrop and Cotton were not sufficiently aristocratic and theocratic, listened to the enthusiastic

descriptions of the men who had hunted Pequots, and thus were led to pursue their way by sea to that alluring coast. In the founding of New Haven, Milford, Branford, Guilford, Stamford, and Southold over across the Sound, we need only note that at first these were little self-governing republics, like the cities of ancient Greece, and that their union into the republic of New Haven was perhaps even more conspicuously an act of federation than the act by which the three river towns had lately created the republic of Connecticut.

A spirit of federalism was then, indeed, in the air; and we can see how the germs of it were everywhere latent in the incompatible views and purposes of different groups of Puritans. Rather than live alongside of their neighbors and cultivate the arts of persuasion, they moved away and set up for themselves. It was not until a generation later that the Quakers thrust themselves in where they were not wanted, and through a course of martyrdom won for the New World its first glorious victory in behalf of free speech. The earlier method was to keep at arm's length. There was room enough in the wilderness, and no love was lost between the neighboring communities. The New Haven people restricted the suffrage to church members, and vituperated their Connecticut neighbors for not doing likewise. It was customary for them to speak of the "profane" and "Christless" government of Connecticut. So in our own time we sometimes meet with people who — forgetful of the injunction "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's" — fancy that a Christian nation ought to introduce the name of God into its written constitution.

But while the wilderness was spacious enough to accommodate these diverse commonwealths, its dark and unknown recesses abounded in dangers. With the Dutchmen at the west, the Frenchmen at the north, and the Indians every-

where, circumspection was necessary, prompt and harmonious action was imperatively called for. Thus the scattering entailed the necessity of federation, and the result was the noble New England Confederacy, into which the four colonies of Connecticut, New Haven, Massachusetts, and Plymouth entered in 1643. This act of sovereignty was undertaken without any consultation with the British government or any reference to it. The Confederacy received a serious blow in 1662, when Charles II. annexed New Haven, without its consent, to Connecticut; but it had a most useful career still before it, for without the aid of a single British regiment or a single gold piece from the Stuart treasury it carried New England through the frightful ordeal of King Philip's War, and came to an honored end when it was forcibly displaced by the arbitrary rule of Andros. It would be difficult to overstate the importance of this New England federation as a preparatory training for the greater work of federation a century later.

Thus we are beginning to get some correct appreciation of the political and social atmosphere in which Middletown came into existence. It was in the central home and nursing place of the ideas and institutions which to-day constitute the chief greatness of America and make the very name *United States* so deeply significant, so redolent of hopeful prophecy, like the fresh breath of the summer morning. Let us not forget that what is most vital, most organic, most prolific, in our national life, the easy and natural combination of imperial vastness with unhampered local self-government, had its beginnings more intimately associated with the banks of our beautiful river than with any other locality.

The Puritan exodus from England was something unprecedented for volume, and in those days when families of a dozen children were common a swarm-

ing from the parent hive was frequent. It might seem as if a movement downstream from Wethersfield would naturally have come first in order. But the banks of the river would seem to have been shrouded in woodland vegetation as dense as that of the Congo or some stretches of the lower Mississippi in our days. The settlers were apt to be attracted by smooth open spaces, such as the Indians called *Pequoig*; such a place was Wethersfield itself. But the little Connecticut republic first made a long reach and laid its hand upon some desirable places on the Sound. In the eventful year 1639, Roger Ludlow, of Windsor, led a swarm to Fairfield, the settlement of which was soon followed by that of Stratford at the mouth of the Housatonic River. This forward movement separated Stamford from its sister towns of the New Haven republic. Then in 1644 Connecticut bought Saybrook from the representatives of the grantees, Lord Saye and his friends, and in the next year a colony planted at the mouth of Pequot River was afterward called New London, and the name of the river was changed to Thames. Apparently Connecticut had an eye to the main chance, or, in modern parlance, to the keys of empire; at all events, she had no notion of being debarred from access to salt water, and while she seized the mouths of the three great rivers, she claimed the inheritance of the Pequots, including all the lands where that dominating tribe had ever exacted tribute.

In 1645, the same year that New London was founded, came the settlement of Farmington, and in 1646 the attention of the General Court was directed to the country above the *Wondunk*, or great bend where the river forces its way eastward through a narrow rift in the Chat-ham hills. The name of the region west of the river was Mattabesett, or Mat-tabeseek (for coming from Algonquin mouths the dentals were not readily distinguishable from gutturals). It is the

same name as Mattapoisset, on the coast of Buzzard's Bay, and it means a carrying place or portage, where the red men would walk from one stream head to the next, carrying their canoes upon their shoulders. It may also mean the end of the carrying place, the spot where the canoe is relaunched, and in its application to Middletown there is some uncertainty, arising perhaps from embarrassment of riches. We have surely streams and portages in plenty. What with the Sebethe and its southwestern tributary that flows past Ebenezer Jackson's romantic lane, what with the Pameacha and the San-seer uniting in Sumner's Creek, Middletown is fairly encompassed with running waters, which doubtless made a braver show in the seventeenth century than in these days of comparative treelessness and drought. Just when the first settlement was made in Mattabesett we are not too precisely informed, but it was probably during the year 1650, to which an ancient and unvarying tradition has always assigned it. In September, 1651, we find an order of the General Court that Mattabesett shall be a town, and that its people shall choose for themselves a constable. In 1652 we find the town represented in the General Court, and in 1653 the aboriginal name of Mattabesett gives place to Middletown. The Rev. David Dudley Field, in his commemorative address of fifty years ago, suggested that this name was "probably taken from some town in England for which the settlers had a particular regard." I have not found any Middletown in England, though the name Middleton occurs in Lancashire, and twice in Ireland, and perhaps elsewhere; but the lengthening change from a familiar Middleton to Middletown is not in accordance with the general rule in such cases, so that we must probably fall back upon the more prosaic explanation that the name was roughly descriptive of the place as about halfway between the upper settlements and the Saybrook

fort. If so, it was one of the earliest instances in America of the adoption of a new and descriptive name instead of one taken from the Bible or commemorative of some loved spot in the mother country. Let us be thankful that it preserves the old dignified simplicity; a later and more grandiloquent fashion would have outraged our feelings with *Centreville!*

Mattabesett had its denizens before the peaked hats of the Puritans were seen approaching the mouth of the Sebethe. They were Algonquins of the kind that were to be found everywhere east of Henry Hudson's river, and in many other parts of the continent, even to the Rocky Mountains. The apostle Eliot preached to Mohegans at Hartford in the same language which he addressed to the Massachusetts tribe at Natick, and his translation of the Bible is perfectly intelligible to-day to the Ojibwas on Lake Superior. Between the Algonquins of New England and such neighbors as the Mohawks there was of course an ancient and deep-seated difference of blood, speech, and tradition; but one Algonquin was so much like another that we need not speculate too curiously about the best name to be given to the tawny warriors who were gathered in the grimy wigwams that clustered upon Indian Hill. Very commonly the name of a clan was applied to its principal war chief. Just as Rob Roy's proudest title was The Macgregor, so the head of the Sequeens in the Connecticut Valley was The Sequeen. Our ancient friend Sowheag, upon Indian Hill, was of that ilk, and it would not be incorrect to call him a Mohegan.

It is worth mentioning that the territory of Mattabesett was bought of Sowheag's Indians and duly paid for. Sometimes historians tell us that it was only Dutchmen, and not Englishmen, who bought the red men's land instead of stealing it. Such statements have been made in New York, but if we pass on to

Philadelphia we hear that it was only Quakers who were thus scrupulous, and when we arrive in Baltimore we learn that it was only Roman Catholics. In point of fact, it was the invariable custom of European settlers on this Atlantic coast to purchase the lands on which they settled, and the transaction was usually recorded in a deed to which the sagamores affixed their marks. Nor was the affair really such a mockery as it may at first thought seem to us. The red man got what he sorely coveted, steel hatchets and grindstones, glass beads and rum, perhaps muskets and ammunition, while he was apt to reserve sundry rights of catching game and fish. A struggle was inevitable when the white man's agriculture encroached upon and exhausted the Indian's hunting ground; but other circumstances usually brought it on long before that point was reached. The age of iron superseded the stone age in America by the same law of progress that from time immemorial has been bearing humanity onward from brutal savagery to higher and more perfect life. In the course of it our forefathers certainly ousted and dispossessed the red men, but they did not do it in a spirit of robbery.

The original extent of territory purchased from Sowheag cannot be accurately stated, but ten years later we find it stretching five miles or more southward from the Sebethe River, and northward as far as Rocky Hill; while from the west bank of the Connecticut it extended inland from five to ten miles, and from the east bank more than six miles, comprising the present areas of Portland and Chatham.

The original centre of settlement was the space in front of the present Catholic church, between Spring Street and the old graveyard. There in 1652 was built the first meeting-house, — a rude wooden structure, twenty feet square and only ten feet in height, — which until 1680 served the purposes alike of pub-

lic worship and of civil administration, as in most New England towns of the seventeenth century. A second meeting-house was then built on the east side of Main Street, about opposite the site of Liberty Street. About that neighborhood were congregated most of the Lower Houses, as they were called; for a couple of miles north of the Sebeth, and separated from this settlement by stretches of marshy meadow, was the village which within the memory of men now living was still called the Upper Houses. In those heroic ages of theology, when John Cotton used at bedtime to "sweeten his mouth with a morsel of Calvin," when on freezing Sundays the breaths of the congregation were visible while at the end of the second hour the minister reached his climax with seventeenthly, — in those days it was apparently deemed no hardship for the good people of the Upper Houses to trudge through the mire of early springtime or under the fierce sun of August to attend the services at the central village. Indulgence in street cars had not come in to weaken their fibre. But by 1703 there were people enough in the Upper Houses to have a meeting-house of their own, and we find them marked off into a separate parish, — the first stage in the process of fission which ended in 1851 in the incorporation of the town of Cromwell.

I do not intend, however, to become prolix in details of the changes that have occurred in the map of Middletown during more than two centuries. Many such facts are recounted in the address, lately mentioned, of Dr. Field, my predecessor in this pleasant function fifty years ago. It is a scholarly and faithful sketch of the history of our town, and full of interest to readers who care for that history. Instead of an accumulation of facts, I prefer in this brief hour to generalize upon a few salient points. As regards the territorial development of the town, it may be noted

that while it long ago became restricted to the western bank of the river, its most conspicuous movement has lately been in a southerly direction. After the cutting down at the north there came a considerable development just below the great bend, in which the most prominent feature is the Asylum upon its lofty hill. Nothing else, perhaps, has so far altered the look of things to the traveler approaching by the river. But little more than a century ago, say at the time of the Declaration of Independence, the centre of the town was still north of Washington Street. There stood the town house in the middle of Main Street, while down at the southern end, just east of the space since known as Union Park, stood the Episcopal church, built in 1750. With the growth of the state there had been a creation of counties in 1668, and until 1786 Middletown was still a part of Hartford County. A reminiscence of bygone days was kept up in the alternate sittings of the legislature at Hartford and New Haven, but Middletown had grown to be larger than either of those places; with a population of between 5000 and 6000 it was the largest town in Connecticut, and ranked among the most important in the United States at a time when only Philadelphia, New York, and Boston could count more than 15,000. John Adams, in 1771, was deeply impressed with the town from the moment when he first caught sight of it from Prospect Hill on the Hartford road; but his admiration reached a climax when he went to the Old North meeting-house and listened to the choir. About the same time, a well-known churchman and Tory, that sad dog Dr. Samuel Peters, the inventor of the fabled New Haven Blue Laws, said of Middletown: "Here is an elegant church, with steeple, bell, clock, and organ; and a large meeting without a steeple. The people are polite, and not much troubled with that fanatic zeal which per-

vades the rest of the colony." This is testimony to an urbanity of manner that goes with some knowledge of the world. The people of the thirteen American commonwealths were then all more or less rustic or provincial, but there was a kind of experience which had a notable effect in widening men's minds, softening prejudices, and cultivating urbanity, and that was the kind of experience that was gained by foreign trade. During the eighteenth century Middletown profited largely by such experience. In 1776, among fifty names of residents on Main Street, seventeen were in one way or another connected with the sea, either as merchants, shipowners, skippers, or ropemakers. The town was then a port of some consequence; more shipping was owned here than anywhere else in the state, and vessels were built of marked excellence. After 1700 the cheerful music of adze and hammer was always to be heard in the shipyards. These circumstances brought wealth and the refinement that comes with the broadening of experience. The proximity of Yale College, too, was an important source of culture. Richard Alsop, born in 1761, grandson of a merchant and shipowner who sat in the Continental Congress, was a wit, linguist, pamphleteer, and poet, who cannot be omitted from any thorough study of American literature. There was a volume of business large enough to employ able lawyers, and thoroughness of training sufficient to make great ones. Such was Titus Hosmer, brilliant father of a brilliant son, whom men used to speak of as the peer of Oliver Ellsworth of Windsor and William Samuel Johnson of Stratford. In the society graced by the presence of such men there was also material comfort and elegance. The change in this respect from the seventeenth to the eighteenth century was strongly marked. On opposite sides of the old village green, until some thirty years ago, one might have seen the con-

trast well exemplified. While near the corner of Main and Spring streets a group of small houses preserved the picturesque reminiscence of one of the styles which our forefathers brought from their English lanes and byways, just opposite was the spacious estate of Captain Hackstaff with its majestic avenue of buttonball trees. The complete destruction and disappearance of that noble landmark, to give place to a railway junction, is a typical instance of the kind of transformation wrought upon the face of things by the Titanic and forceful age in which we are living. The river bank, once so proud in its beauty, like the elder sister in the fairy tale, has become a grimy Cinderella pressed into the service of the gnomes and elves of modern industry. The shriek of the iron horse is daily echoed by the White Rocks, and the view that from my study window used to range across green pastures to the quiet blue water is now obstructed by a tall embankment and a coal wharf.

The mention of the railroad reminds us of the fact that in the middle of the nineteenth century our town had ceased to rank as foremost in the state for population. The two capital cities, perhaps one or two others, had already passed it in numbers and in commercial activity, and when its growth was compared with that of American cities in general it had begun to seem rather small and insignificant. The Rev. Dr. Field, in this connection, pointed to the wholesale westward emigration of New Englanders. "Why are there not more of us here?" he asks. Is it not because so many have found new homes in the central parts of New York and about the shores of the Great Lakes? Truly, Connecticut has been a sturdy colonizer. In the Revolutionary period the valley of the Susquehanna was her goal, a little later the bluffs overlooking Lake Erie, and finally the Northwest in general, until she has come in a certain sense to realize the

charter of Charles II., which gave her free sweep as far as the Pacific. The celebrated Alexis de Tocqueville, when he visited this country during the presidency of Andrew Jackson, observed that Connecticut sent two Senators of her own to Washington; but upon inquiry he discovered that nine members of the Senate first saw the light in this state, and a dozen more were born of Connecticut parents. I will not vouch for the figures, but I give you the point of his remark. Now, this westward migration, first greatly stimulated by the invention of steamboats, acquired an immense volume after the introduction of railways. Vast tracts of country, abounding in industrial resources, became tributary to sundry centres of rail and water traffic, such as Buffalo and Cleveland, Milwaukee and Chicago, and such centres offered business inducements which drew population westward as with a mighty magnet. After a time, however, this sort of depletion began to work its own cure; for there can be no doubt that Eastern cities are far more prosperous through their myriad dealings with a civilized West than they could ever have become had the era of the Indian and the bison been prolonged.

In this rapid and extensive series of industrial changes, those towns and villages naturally suffered most that were left aside by the new routes of travel. The mountain towns were the first to feel the change, for the railroad shuns steep places. A century ago the largest town in central Massachusetts was Petersham, with 2000 inhabitants, and it was proposed to make it the shire town of Worcester County; to-day the city of Worcester numbers more than 100,000 souls, Petersham barely 1000. With Middletown there was no topographical reason why the railway between New Haven and Hartford should not pass through it; but undue reliance upon the river seems to have encouraged a too conservative policy on the part of its

citizens, while Meriden, which had no such resource, was nerved to the utmost efforts. The result soon showed that, under the new dispensation, nothing could make up for the loss of the railroad. In the commercial race Middletown fell behind, and perhaps it was only the branch line to Berlin that saved her from the fate of the New England hill towns. The weight of the blow was increased by some of the circumstances which attended the Civil War.

I have already spoken of the maritime enterprise of Middletown at an earlier period. Her shipping interests suffered severely in the War of 1812, and some of the energy thus repressed sought a vent for itself in manufactures. Of the manufacturing that sprang up so generally in New England after 1812 Middletown had her fair share, and in this her abundance of water power was eminently favorable. But her shipping likewise revived, and its prosperity lasted until the Civil War. In the decade preceding that mighty convulsion there was a distinctly nautical flavor about the town. To this, no doubt, the fame of McDonough in some ways contributed, for it was linked with personal associations that drew naval officers here from other parts of the country.

How well I remember the days when the gallant Commodore Tattnall, last commander of the *Merrimac*, used to be seen on our streets, side by side, perhaps, with General Mansfield, who was presently to yield up his life on the field of Antietam, our hero of the Civil War, as Meigs and Parsons were our heroes of the War of Independence. Then there was a thriving trade with the West Indies and China, and visitors to what seemed an inland town were surprised at the name of Custom House over a brown-stone building on Main Street. But with the Civil War began a decline in the American merchant marine, from which it has not yet recovered. The cities fronting upon East River are seven

times as large as in 1850, yet when the steamboat lands you at Peck Slip no such bewildering forest of masts now greets your eyes as in that earlier time. When this decline first became apparent, people had an easy explanation at hand. It was due, they said, to the depredations of the Alabama and other Confederate cruisers. Yet it continued to go on long after those mischievous craft had been sent to the bottom and the bill of damages paid. In truth, you can no more destroy a nation's oceanic commerce with cruisers than you can destroy a lawn by mowing it with a scythe. If, after cutting down the grass, it does not spring up with fresh luxuriance, it is because some baleful influence has attacked the roots. It is much to be feared that the drought under which our merchant marine has withered has been due to unwise navigation laws, to national legislation which has failed to profit by the results of human experience in other times and countries.

However that may be, it is clear that a great change was wrought in the business aspects of Middletown. With the decline in her shipping interests she became more and more dependent upon the prosperity of her manufactures, and while these bravely flourished, every increase in their activity made more manifest the need for better railway facilities than she enjoyed. To supply this need the project for building the Air Line Railroad was devised, and speedily became the theme of animated and sometimes acrimonious debate. Among the topics of discussion on which my youthful years were nourished, along with predestination and original sin and Webster's Seventh of March Speech, a certain preëminence was assumed by the Air Line Railroad. I think I found it more abstruse and perplexing than any of the others. Its advocates were inclined to paint the future in rose color, while beside the gloom depicted by its adversaries the blackest midnight would

be cheerful. As usual in such cases, there were elements of truth on both sides. Great comfort was taken in the thought that the proposed road would shorten by twenty miles or so the transit between New York and Boston, — a point of much importance, perhaps ultimately destined to be of paramount importance. What was underestimated was the length of time that would be needed for carrying a thoroughly efficient double-track road through such a difficult stretch of country, as well as the resistance to be encountered from powerful interests already vested in older routes. For a long time the fortunes of the enterprise were such as might seem to justify the frowns and jeers of the scorers. The money gave out, and things came to a standstill for years, while long lines of embankment, mantled in verdure, reminded one of moraines from an ancient glacier, and about the freestone piers of a future bridge over the road to Staddle Hill we boys used to play in an antiquarian mood such as we might have felt before the crumbling towers of Kenilworth. In later years, after the work was resumed and the road put in operation, it turned out that the burden of debt incurred was in danger of ruining many towns before the promised benefits could be felt. For Middletown it was a trying time: taxation rose to unprecedented rates, thus frightening business away; among the outward symptoms of the embarrassment were ill-kept streets for a few years, an unwonted sight, and out of keeping with the traditional New England tidiness. Yet the ordeal was but temporary. There was too much health and vigor in the community to yield to the buffets of adverse fortune. The town is becoming as much of a railroad centre as circumstances require, and the episode here narrated is over, leaving behind it an instructive lesson for the student of municipal and commercial history.

Yet if Middletown has not kept pace

in material development with some of her neighbor cities, she has had her compensations. It has become characteristic of us Yankees to brag of numbers and bigness. A real estate agent lately asked me if I did not wish to improve my property; and when I asked his meaning, it appeared that his idea of improvement was to cut away the trees in the garden and build a house there, for some new neighbor to stare in at my windows. To make comfort, privacy, refined enjoyment, everything in short, subservient to getting an income from every available scrap of property, — such is the aim in life which material civilization is too apt to beget. I remember that John Stuart Mill somewhere, in dealing with certain economic questions, suddenly pauses and asks if, after all, this earth is going to be a better or pleasanter place to live in after its forests have all been cleared and its rough places terraced, and there is but one deadly monotony of brick and mortar, one deafening jangle of hoofs upon stone pavements “from Greenland’s icy mountains to India’s coral strand.” There are other things worth considering in a community besides the number of individuals in it and the value of their taxable property. The city of Glasgow is three times as populous as Edinburgh and a thousand times noisier, but it is the smaller city that engages our interest and appeals to our higher sympathies. Of late years, in weighing the results of my own experience, after an acquaintance with nearly all parts of the United States, from Maine to California, and from Duluth to New Orleans, amounting in many places to familiar intimacy, and after more or less sojourning in the Old World, I feel enabled to appreciate more clearly than of old the qualities of the community in which it was my good fortune to be reared. We understand things only by contrast, and in early life we are apt to mistake our immediate environment for the universal order of na-

ture. What is more beautiful than the view from one leafy hillside to another in the purple distance across some intervening lowland, especially if the valley be lighted with the gleam of water sparkling in the sunshine? Such pleasure daily greets the eye in Middletown, and no child can help drinking it in; but to realize the power of it one must go to some town that is set in a flat, monotonous landscape, and then after some lapse of time come back and note the enhanced effect of the familiar scene when clothed in the novelty of contrast.

Looking back, then, upon Middletown, in the light both of history and of personal experience, it seems to me that in an age and country where material civilization has been achieving its grandest triumphs, but not without some attendant drawbacks, in an age and country where the chief danger has been that the higher interests of life should be sacrificed to material ends, Middletown has avoided this danger. From the reefs of mere vulgarizing dollar worship her prow has been steered clear. In the social life of the town, some of the old-time charm, something of the courtliness and quiet refinement that marked the days of spinning wheels and knee buckles, has always remained, and is still to be found. Something — very much indeed — has been due to institutions of learning, the Wesleyan University and the Berkeley Divinity School; much also to the preservation of old traditions and mental habits through sundry strong personalities, — the saving remnant of which the prophet speaks: such men, for example, as that eminent lawyer and scholar, Jonathan Barnes, and his accomplished son, the gentle preacher, taken from us all too early, or that deeply religious and poetic soul, John Langdon Dudley. I could mention others, but to single out recent names might seem invidious. Those that have sprung to my lips well fitted their environment. In the very aspect of these

broad, quiet streets, with their arching trees, their dignified and hospitable, sometimes quaint homesteads, we see the sweet domesticity of the old New England unimpaired. Nowhere is true worth of character more justly valued or cordially welcomed, with small re-

gard to mere conventional standards; and this I believe to be one of the surest marks of high civilization. It was surely in an auspicious day, fruitful in good results, that our forefathers came down the river and made for themselves a home in Mattabeseck.

John Fiske.

WAR AS A MORAL MEDICINE

A RECENT number of the North American Review contained an article by that most popular of religious writers, Dean Farrar, extolling war, not only as the means, unavoidable in certain cases, of self-defense and of maintaining international police, but as a moral tonic necessary to the health of nations. The appearance of the article at the time was the more remarkable because the war fever was already at its height, so that the preacher, in extolling war, was not dealing with the special need of the day, but propounding a broad theory of moral hygienics.

There seems to be prevailing at present a sort of satiety of civilization, which is leading in all the departments of life to a temporary reversal of the softening of manners made during the century. The revived love of war is not an isolated phenomenon. Half a century ago, prize fighting was under the ban of decent society. In England, at least, no gentleman would have owned that he had been present at a prize fight. Only by one or two newspapers were prize fights reported; and these, at Eton, where there was no dislike of sport, but the great object was to train gentlemen, it was strictly forbidden to take. Now columns of respectable journals here are filled with reports of prize fights in all their savage details, and women have begun to attend them. The tendency shows itself also in the popularity of so violent a game

as football, which formerly was played in England by adults only among the roughs, mostly in the north country. The present ideal is the "strenuous life;" that is, the life of combativeness and aggression. That life which has produced, for example, the United States, with all their industry, their commerce, their wealth, their science, their invention, their literature, their laws, their social and political order, being pacific, is not strenuous, and falls short of the ideal.

The spread of Jingoism, to use the now familiar name, is connected with the general change in the cast of thought; with the loosening, by criticism and science, of the hold of Christianity, the religion of mild and philanthropic virtue; with the prevalence of the physical over the moral view of man; with the theory of the survival of the fittest, which is embraced perhaps without fully considering wherein, when the case is that of a rational and moral being, not of brutes, fitness to survive consists. A German philosopher died, the other day, who frankly preached the gospel of force, and held that the chief obstacle to progress was morality. Something like the germ of that theory in its historical form may be traced to Mommsen.

That war has been found necessary to restore the moral tone of nations, and that it has had that effect, are historical propositions capable of historical proof or refutation, and of which we should be

glad to see the proof. Nobody denies that common effort and self-sacrifice in a righteous cause invigorate and exalt a nation. Nobody denies that the Greek character was elevated and strengthened by the heroic defense of Greece against the Persian, or that the character of the Dutch was elevated and strengthened by the heroic defense of the Netherlands against the armies of Philip II. But the question is whether war is a moral restorative, necessary and desirable in itself, which is what Dean Farrar and other imperialists explicitly or implicitly maintain.

An Englishman past middle age has seen three wars, — the Afghan, the Crimean, and that with China called the "Lorcha" war. He would be puzzled, I fancy, to point out any moral or social improvement which had resulted from any one of the three. The Crimean war was hailed by Tennyson, in the well-known lines in *Maud*, with all his moral fervor and splendor of language, as a relief from the vice and meanness of a commercial civilization. There was to be a truce to the reign of dishonesty and lies. The land was to wake to higher aims, casting off her lust for gold; there was to be a respite from the wrongs and shames of peace; noble thought was to be set free. The war spirit was at its height, and all opposition was hooted down; so that the experiment was fairly tried. What was the result? Can any Englishman point to an improvement in the national character which dates from the time of that war? Were politics exalted or purified? Was there, at the time or afterwards, less of selfish ambition or cabal amongst our public men? Did the greed of gain depart, or show any sign of departing? Did commercial fraud, or fraud of any kind, visibly abate? Was not rather a stimulus given to it by the war contracts? Was there an increase of nobleness in any department of life? Whether there was an increase of sweetness it would be satirical to inquire.

We speak, of course, of general effects on national character, not of individual heroism or devotion, striking instances of which might readily be produced in the case of war as they might in the case of plague, fire, or shipwreck.

The same question might be asked in regard to the Afghan and Chinese wars. The Afghan war was the work of Palmerston, who was in his own person the model and cynosure of Jingoism, and would have shown, if anybody could, the ennobling effect of that training. It was made by him to defeat the machinations of Russia; the object of his fanatical hatred, with whom he had taken it into his head that Dost Mahomed, the Afghan ruler, was intriguing. A British army perished, and with it Sir Alexander Burnes, the envoy whose dispatches, when explanation was demanded in Parliament, Palmerston produced as his warrant for the war. They seemed to countenance the hypothesis on which the war had been made. Years afterward an authentic copy of these dispatches came to light. It was then found that the copy produced by Palmerston to Parliament had been infamously mutilated, and that the envoy's real report, instead of countenancing, had discountenanced⁴ the war.

The Lorcha war against China was opposed at the time by the highest morality of England, and has now probably not a single defender. But the war passion swept the country at the time, and ejected Bright, Cobden, and other opponents from their seats in the House of Commons. The innocent and unresisting city of Canton, with its swarming population, was bombarded for twenty-seven hours. Is it possible to point to any moral improvement or reform left behind in the nation which made the war?

Chatham called himself a lover of honorable war, and is reputed by his war policy to have restored the spirit of his nation when nothing else could

restore it. He excited great enthusiasm. But can any one point to a definite improvement, political, social, or moral, which ensued? In politics there ensued the carnival of corruption under Bute, the North ministry, and the coalition of Fox and North.

On the other hand, can it be shown that peace has led in any country, otherwise healthy and moral, to a loss of national courage or military qualities of any kind? England before the Crimean war had been long at peace; yet her soldiers showed no lack of valor or endurance, though there was at first a lack of expertness in military administration. The United States, before the war of secession, had been at peace, with the inconsiderable exception of the Mexican war, for more than forty years. Yet in no war were higher military qualities of every kind displayed.

The moral world surely would be strangely ordered if a nation could be cured of its own vices by making an attack on another nation. Could a man cure himself of his personal or domestic vices by an onslaught on a man in the street?

It is forgotten that there are two parties to a war, of which one is generally fighting in a bad cause, and one must always be vanquished. The nation which is fighting in a bad cause can hardly be improved in character, nor can the spirit of the vanquished be exalted. The moral effects produced in the vanquished usually are a bitter sense of humiliation and an intense desire of revenge. The attack of Great Britain on the independence of the South African republics had its source partly in the desire of vengeance for Majuba Hill.

For four centuries Turkey was almost incessantly at war. What was the effect on the character of the Turk?

That the soldier's calling is lawful, that high qualities are shown by him in war, that many soldiers have been excellent Christians, are facts which hardly need-

ed Dean Farrar's eloquent illustration. On the other hand, it is vain to deny that when the passions are fired by battle or storm terrible things are often done. It is enough to allude to the night of the storming of Badajos, and to the atrocities committed by Masséna's army when it was lying before Torres Vedras. Submission to discipline is highly valuable, and the soldier is an example of it with which, perhaps, society could hardly afford to dispense. Yet the notion that there is no discipline, or none worth naming, but that of the barracks or the camp is an error, and a pernicious error, fostered, possibly, as Jingo sentiment generally is, by the writings of Carlyle. There is discipline, there is often very strict and stern discipline, in the organizations of peaceful industry. In the railroad service, for example, there is discipline almost as strict as that of the army, with the advantage of being less mechanical and more intelligent.

There are books of the Old Testament, Dean Farrar says, which ring with the clash of conflict. No doubt there are; and there are passages which ring with the shrieks of Canaanite women and children massacred by a ruthless invader, or of the people of a captured city tortured to death by their Jewish conqueror. But are these passages given to us for our instruction? If Christ and John the Baptist recognized the soldier's calling, as they recognized everything else that was established, did they commend the use of war as a moral medicine for the state? What did Christ say about those who took the sword? Did he say what the churches, for the most part, are saying now?

Let the effect of war be ever so good on the soldier who faces the shot, submits to the discipline, endures the hardship; it does not extend to those who are sitting safe at home, reading in their newspapers the exciting details of carnage, or playing with a puppet made by

its distortion and squeaking to represent the agonies of a dying Boer. Sixteen thousand wounded Dervishes lie stretched on the field of battle, with their wounds untended and without water, under a burning sun. It is possible that the hearts of soldiers in the victorious army may be kept sound by the part they played in battle; but what will be the effect on people who gloat over the picture at home? What were the scenes in London on the arrival of the news of victory over the Boers? Were they manifestations of a national character ennobled by heroic effort, or carnivals of which, if shame could penetrate a music hall, the music halls themselves might have been ashamed?

Dean Farrar, one cannot help thinking, would touch less lightly on dread of the horrors of war as a motive for avoiding it if he had seen the wreck of a battlefield, the contents of a field hospital

after a battle, or even the burning farms of the Transvaal, with the women and children turned adrift, as an eye-witness describes them, and desperately trying to rescue something from the ashes of their homes.

"It [war] is a fraction of that Armageddon struggle described in the Apocalypse, in which the Son of God rides forth at the head of all his saints to subdue the machinations of the Devil and his angels." When Dean Farrar's inspiration carries him to this height, I must own he transcends my apprehension. Yet governments supposed to be the quintessence of practical wisdom are really being actuated, or believing themselves to be actuated, by fancies about their "destiny," the "white man's burden," and the "mission" of the Anglo-Saxon race not less mystical or more nearly allied in their effect on conduct to the sober dictates of righteousness and humanity.

Goldwin Smith.

THE TORY LOVER.¹

VI.

At this moment the drawing-room was lively enough, whatever anxieties might have been known under the elms, and two deep-arched windows on either side of the great fireplace were filled with ladies who looked on at the dancing. This fine group of elderly gentlewomen, dressed in the highest French fashion of five years back, sat together, with nodding turbans and swaying fans, and faced the doorway as Mary Hamilton came in. They had begun to comment upon her absence, but something could be forgiven a young hostess who might be having a thoughtful eye to her trays of refreshment.

There were ladies of every age in this large evening company, and plenty of elderly gentlemen, although it might be thought dull for want of beaux. In the smaller northwest parlor, and easily seen and heard through the open door, was a smiling posse of boys, the escorts of their mothers or pretty sisters, — half-grown young persons, who were at one moment in devoted attendance, sobered with a dread of being mistaken for anything but men of forty, and at the next chuckling and pushing one another with a distinct air of schoolboy indifference. They gave little promise of ever rivaling their elders in any distinction of looks or behavior; but while the ladies now and then bestowed a withering glance, the men,

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recognizing that there must be lapses in the process of development, seemed to view these future citizens with a kinder tolerance. There was still an anxious look on many faces, as if this show of finery and gayety were out of keeping with the country's sad distresses. Though Hamilton, like Nero, fiddled while Rome was burning, everybody had come to look on: the surrender of Burgoyne had put new heart into everybody, and the evening was a pleasant relief to the dark apprehension and cheerless economies of many lives. Most persons were rich in anticipation of the success of Paul Jones's enterprise; as if he were a sort of lucky lottery in which every one was sure of a handsome prize. The winning of large prize money in the capture of richly laden British vessels had already been a very heartening incident of this most difficult and dreary time of war.

When Mary Hamilton came in, there happened to be a pause between the dances, and an instant murmur of delight ran from chair to chair of those who were seated about the room. She had looked pale and downcast in the early evening, but was rosy-cheeked now, and there was a new light in her eyes; it seemed as if the charm of her beauty had never shone so bright. She crossed the open space of the floor, unconscious as a child, and Captain Paul Jones stepped out to meet her. The pink brocaded flowers of her shimmering satin gown bloomed the better for the evening air, and a fall of splendid lace of a light, frosty pattern only half hid her white throat. It was her brother's pleasure to command such marvels of French gowns, and to send orders by his captains for Mary's adorning; she was part of the splendor of his house, moreover, and his heart was filled with perfect satisfaction as she went down the room.

The simpler figures of the first dances were over, the country dances and reels, and now Mr. Lord and Betsey Wyat took their places with Mary and the cap-

tain, and made their courtesies at the beginning of an old French dance of great elegance which was known to be the favorite of Judge Chadbourne. They stood before him in a pretty row, like courtiers who would offer pleasure to their rightful king, and made their obeisance, all living color and fine clothes and affectionate intent. The captain was scarcely so tall as his partner, but gallant enough in his uniform, and took his steps with beautiful grace and the least fling of carelessness, while Mr. John Lord moved with the precision of a French abbé, always responsible for outward decorum whatever might be the fire within his heart.

The captain was taking his fill of pleasure for once; he had danced many a time with Mary Hamilton, that spring, in the great houses of Portsmouth and York, and still oftener here in Berwick, where he had never felt his hostess so charming or so approachable as to-night. At last, when the music stopped, they left the room together, while their companions were still blushing at so much applause, and went out through the crowded hall. There was a cry of admiration as they passed among the guests; they were carried on the swift current of this evident delight and their own excitement. It is easy for any girl to make a hero of a gallant sailor, — for any girl who is wholly a patriot at heart to do honor to the cordial ally of her country.

They walked together out of the south door, where Mary had so lately entered alone, and went across the broad terrace to the balustrade which overhung the steep bank of the river. Mary Hamilton was most exquisite to see in the moonlight; her dress softened and shimmered the more, and her eyes had a brightness now that was lost in the lighted room. The captain was always a man of impulse; in one moment more he could have dared to kiss the face that shone, eager, warm, and blooming like a flower, close to his own. He was

not unskilled in love-making, but he had never been so fettered by the spell of love itself or the royalty of beauty as he was that night.

"This air is very sweet after an arduous day," said he, looking up for an instant through the elm boughs to the moon.

"You must be much fatigued, Sir Captain," said Mary kindly; she looked at the moon longer than he, but looked at him at last.

"No, noble mistress, 't is fresh morning with me," he answered gently, and added the rest of the lovely words under his breath, as if he said them only to himself.

"I think that you will never have any mistress save Glory," said Mary. She knew *The Tempest*, too; but this brave little man, this world-circling sailor, what Calibans and Ariels might he not have known!

"This is my last night on land," he answered, with affecting directness. "Will you bid me go my lonely way unblest, or shall I dare to say what is in my heart now, my dear and noble mistress?"

Mary looked at him with most straightforward earnestness as he spoke; there was so great a force in her shining eyes that this time it was his own that turned away.

"Will you do a great kindness, if I ask you now?" she begged him; and he promised with his hand upon his heart.

"You sail to-morrow?"

"Yes, and your image shall go always with me, and smile at me in a thousand gloomy hours. I am often a sad and lonely man upon the sea."

"There has been talk of Mr. Wallingford's taking the last commission."

"How have you learned what only a few trusted men were told?" the captain demanded fiercely, forgetting his play of lover in a jealous guarding of high affairs.

"I know, and by no man's wrongful

betraying. I give you my deepest proof of friendship now," said the eager girl. "I ask now if you will befriend our neighbor, my dear friend and playmate in childhood. He has been much misjudged and has come to stand in danger, with his dear mother whom I love almost as my own."

"Not your young rascal of a Tory!" the captain interrupted, in a towering rage. "I know him to be a rascal and a spy, madam!"

"A loyal gentleman I believe him in my heart," said Mary proudly, but she took a step backward as they faced each other, — "a loyal gentleman who will serve our cause with entire devotion since he gives his word. His hesitations have been the fault of his advisers, old men who cannot but hold to early prejudice and narrow views. With you at sea, his own right instincts must be confirmed; he will serve his country well. I come to you to beg from my very heart that you will stand his friend."

She stood waiting for assurance: there was a lovely smile on her face; it would be like refusing some easy benefaction to a child. Mary Hamilton knew her country's troubles, great and small; she had listened to the most serious plans and secret conferences at her brother's side: but the captain forgot all this, and only hated to crush so innocent a childish hope. He also moved a step backward, with an impatient gesture; she did not know what she was asking; then, still looking at her, he drew nearer than before. The captain was a man of quick decisions. He put his arm about her as if she were a child indeed. She shrank from this, but stood still and waited for him to speak.

"My dear," he said, speaking eagerly, so that she must listen and would not draw away, "my dear, you ask an almost impossible thing; you should see that a suspected man were better left ashore, on such a voyage as this. Do you not discern that he may even turn

my crew against me? He has been the young squire and benefactor of a good third of my men, and can you not see that I must always be on my guard?"

"But we must not distrust his word," begged Mary again, a little shaken.

"I have followed the sea, boy and man, since I was twelve years old. I have been a seafarer all my days," said Paul Jones. "I know all the sad experiences of human nature that a man may learn. I trust no man in war and danger and these days of self-advancement, so far that I am not always on the alert against treachery. Too many have failed me whom I counted my sure friends. I am going out now, only half trusted here at home, to the coasts where treason can hurt me most. I myself am still a suspected and envied man by those beneath me. I am given only this poor ship, after many generous promises. I fear a curse goes with it."

"You shall have my prayers," faltered Mary, with a quivering lip. The bitterness of his speech moved her deepest feelings; she was overstrung, and she was but a girl, and they stood in the moonlight together.

"Do not ask me again what I must only deny you, even in this happy moment of nearness," he said sadly, and watched her face fall and all the light go out of it. He knew all that she knew, and even more, of Wallingford's dangerous position, and pitied her for a single moment with all the pity that belonged to his heart. A lonely man, solitary in his very nature, and always foreboding with a kind of hopelessness the sorrows that must fall to him by reason of an unkindness that his nature stirred in the hearts of his fellows, his very soul had lain bare to her trusting look.

He stood there for one moment self-arraigned before Mary Hamilton, and knowing that what he lacked was love. He was the captain of the Ranger; it was true that Glory was his mistress.

In that moment the heavens had opened, and his own hand had shut the gates.

The smile came back to Mary's face, so strange a flash of tenderness had brightened his own. When that unforgettable light went out, she did not know that all the jealousy of a lonely heart began to burn within him.

"I have changed my mind. I will take your friend," he said suddenly, with a new tone of authority and coldness. "And I will endeavor to remember that he is your friend. May I win your faith and patience, 't is a hard ploy."

Then Mary, of her own accord, put her hand into the captain's, and he bent and kissed it.

"I shall watch a star in the sky for you every night," she told him, "and say my prayers for the Ranger till you come sailing home."

"God grant I may tread the deck of another and a better ship," said the captain hastily. Now he was himself again, and again they both heard the music in the house.

"Will you keep this ring for me, and give me yours?" he asked. "'T will be but a talisman to keep me to my best. I am humble, and I ask no more."

"No," said the girl, whose awakened feeling assured her of his own. She was light-headed with happiness; she could have thrown herself into the arms of such a hero, — of a man so noble, who had done a hard and unwelcome thing for her poor asking. She had failed to do him rightful honor until now, and this beautiful kindness was his revenge. "No," she entreated him, "not your own ring; you have done too much for me; but if you wish it, I shall give you mine. 'T is but a poor ring when you have done so great a kindness."

She gave it as a child might give away a treasure; not as a woman gives, who loves and gives a ring for token. The captain sighed; being no victor after all, his face grew sombre. He must try what a great conqueror might do when

he came back next year with Glory all his own; and yet again he lingered to plead with her once more.

"Dear Mary," he said, as he lifted her hand again, "you will not forget me? I shall be far from this to-morrow night, and you will remember that a wanderer like me must sometimes be cruel to his own heart, and cold to the one woman he truly loves."

Something stirred now in Mary Hamilton's heart that had always slept before, and, frightened and disturbed, she drew her hand away. She was like a snared bird that he could have pinched to death a moment before; now a fury of disappointment possessed him, for she was as far away as if she had flown into the open sky beyond his reach.

"Glory is your mistress; it is Glory whom you must win," she whispered, thinking to comfort him.

"When I come back," he said sadly, "if I come back, I hope that you will have a welcome for me." He spoke formally now, and there was a haggard look upon his face. There had come into his heart a strange longing to forget ambition. The thought of his past had strangely afflicted him in that clear moment of life and vision; but the light faded, the dark current of his life flowed on, and there was no reflection upon it of Mary Hamilton's sweet eyes. "If I carry that cursed young Tory away to sea," he said to himself, "I shall know where he is; not here, at any rate, to have this angel for his asking!"

They were on their way to the house again.

"Alas," said Paul Jones once more, with a sad bitterness in his voice, "a home like this can never be for me: the Fates are my enemies; let us hope 't is for the happiness of others that they lure me on!"

Mary cast a piteous, appealing glance at this lonely hero. He was no more the Sea Wolf or the chief among pleasure-makers ashore, but an unloved, un-

loving man, conscious of heavy burdens and vexed by his very dreams. At least he could remember this last kindness and her grateful heart.

Colonel Hamilton was standing in the wide hall with a group of friends about him. Old Cæsar and his underservants were busy with some heavy-laden silver trays. The captain approached his host with outstretched hands, to speak his farewells.

"I must be off, gentlemen. I must take my boat," said he, in a manly tone that was heard and repeated along the rooms. It brought many of the company to their feet and to surround him, with a new sense of his high commission and authority. "I ask again for your kind wishes, Colonel Hamilton, and yours, Mr. Justice, and for your blessing on my voyage, reverend sir;" and saluting those of the elder ladies who had been most kind, and kissing his hand to some younger friends and partners of the dance, he turned to go. Then, with his fine laced hat in hand, the captain waved for silence and hushed the friendly voices that would speak a last word of confidence in his high success.

"Many friends of his and mine who are assembled here should know that your neighbor, Mr. Wallingford, sails with me in the morning. I count my crew well, now, from your noble river! Farewell, dear ladies; farewell, my good friends and gentlemen."

There was a sudden shout in the hushed house, and a loud murmur of talk among the guests, and Hamilton himself stepped forward and began to speak excitedly; but the captain stayed for neither question nor answer, and they saw him go away hurriedly, bowing stiffly to either hand on his way toward the door. Mary had been standing there, with a proud smile and gentle dignity in her look of attendance, since they had come in together, and he

stopped one moment more to take her hand with a low and formal bow, to lift it to his lips, and give one quick regretful look in her happy face. Then Hamilton and some of the younger men followed him down through the gardens to the boat landing. The fleet tide of the river was setting seaward; the captain's boat swept quickly out from shore, and the oars flashed away in the moonlight. There were ladies on the terrace, and on the broad lookout of the housetop, within the high railing; there were rounds upon rounds of cheers from the men who stood on the shore, black and white together. The captain turned once when he was well out into the river bay and waved his hand. It was as if the spectators were standing on the edge of a great future, to bid a hero hail and farewell.

The whole countryside was awake and busy in the moonlight. So late at night as this there were lights still shining in one low farmhouse after another, as the captain went away. The large new boat of the *Ranger* was rowed by man-of-war's men in trim rig, who were leaving their homes on the river shores for perhaps the last time; a second boat was to join them at Stiles's Cove, heaped with sea chests and sailors' kits. The great stream lay shining and still under the moon, a glorious track of light lay ready to lead them on, and the dark pines stood high on the eastern shore to watch them pass. The little captain, wrapped in his boat cloak, sat thoughtful and gloomy at the stern. The gold lace glittered on his hat, and the new flag trailed aft. This was the first reach of a voyage that would go down in history. He was not familiar with many of his men, but in this hour he saw their young faces before him, and remembered his own going from home. The Scottish bay of Carsethorn, the laird's house at Arbigland, the heights of the Cumberland coast, rose again to

the vision of a hopeful young adventurer to Virginia and the southern seas.

They could still hear the music, faint and far away; perhaps the girls were dancing again, and not weeping for poor Jack, the sailor; but as the men pulled at their oars, light in the channel's flow, and looked back at the bright house, they saw a fire shining on the shore at Hamilton's. Word had been passed that the captain was going down; the crowd had gathered again; they were cheering like mad, and the boys in the boat yelled themselves hoarse, while some one drifting in a skiff near by fired a heavy pistol, which roused all the river birds and echoed in the river pines from shore to shore. Huzza! they were bringing refuse from the shipyard now, and piling it on the flame! The bonfire towered high, and lighted the shipping and the reefed sails of the gundelows. The steep roof of the house with its high dormer windows, the leafless elms, were all like glowing gold against the blue height of the sky. The eagles waked, and flew crying above the river in the strange light. Somebody was swinging a lantern from the roof of Hamilton house, and then there came a light to an upper window that had been dark before, and another, and another, till all the great house was lit and seemed to tower into the skies. The boat's crew leaned upon their oars, drifting and losing way as they tried to shout back. It cheered their brave hearts, and sent them gayly on their dark journey; a moment before they had thought heavily that some could play and dance ashore while others must go off into the night, leaving all but the thought of Glory behind them.

The whole river country was up. The old Piscataqua plantations had not been so stirred since the news came, many months before, of the peril of Boston and the fight at Lexington, when a company had started from Saco and marched across country, gathering like

a rolling snowball on its way, and with Eben Sullivan and Nathan Lord's Berwick company had reached the great Bunker Hill fight in good season. Captain Moulton's company had taken the post road out of old York to join them; there was running to and fro in the country then, and a frenzy of haste, of bawling orders, of piteous leavetakings, of noisy drums and fifes and all the confusion of war. But this was felt to be almost as great a moment, and to mark a still bolder challenge to the foreign foe. There were bonfires on all the river points, and hardly a farmer whose beacon did not answer to his neighbor's. There were shadowy groups of women standing on the high banks against the dim sky, and crying shrill farewells to the boys in the boats: "God speed the Ranger! God bless you, Captain Paul!" and one voice after another took up the cry. "Good-by, boys! Good-by, boys!" they heard the girls calling after them all down the river, and saw new fire-lights brighten as they came.

The boat now felt the swift seagoing current more and more; they had passed High Point and the Devil's Reach and the old Hodgdon Farm and the mouth of Dover River, and at Hodgdon's Landing they had taken off young Ichabod Lord with his little chest, and his mother's tears wet upon his coat; they swept faster still down past Dover Point and the mouth of Great Bay, where a new current caught them again like a mill race. The fires were bright along the Kittery shore, and the sound of old Portsmouth bells came up along the water, and soon they saw the lights at Rice's Ferry and all the leafless forest of idle shipping, and came at last to the dark crank-looking hull of the Ranger lying in midstream.

VII.

It was a gray, cold morning, windy and wet after the mild southerly airs of

the night before. When the day broke and the heavy clouds changed to a paler hue, there were already many persons to be seen waiting on the Portsmouth wharves. There was a subdued excitement as the crowd gathered, and the hull and heavy spars of the Ranger out in the gray river were hardly imposing enough to be the centre of such general interest. She might have been one of the less noticeable merchantmen of that busy port, well used to its tugging tides and racing currents, and looked like a clumsy trading vessel, until one came near enough to see that she was built with a gun deck, and that her ports were the many shrewd eyes of a warship, bent upon aggression as well as defense.

At that early hour there was a continual coming and going between the frigate and the shore, and an ever increasing cluster of boats surrounded her. There was loud shouting on the river and from the pier heads, and now and then a round of cheers from some excited portion of the admiring multitude. There were sad partings between the sailors and their wives and mothers at the water's edge, and there were sudden gusts of laughter among the idle lookers-on. The people had come out of their houses on Badger's Island, while from Newington and upper Kittery the wherries were coming down in a hurry, most of them strongly rowed by women with the short cross-handed stroke that jerked such boats steadily ahead against the wind, or through any river tide or set of current. The old market women bound for the Spring Market in Portsmouth, with their autumn freight of geese and chickens and high-priced eggs, rested on their crossed oars, and waited in midstream to see what came of this great excitement. Though they might be late to catch the best of their early traffic, some of them drove a thriving trade, and their hard red apples were tossed from boat to boat by rollicking

customers, while those that missed their aim went bobbing, gay and shining on the cold water, out to sea.

The tide had now turned, and the noise of voices grew louder; there was a cold waft of air from the rising northerly wind, and suddenly everybody heard a shrill whistle on the ship and a cheer, and there was a yell from the tangled boats, before those on shore could see that the Ranger's men were lying out along the yards, and her sails were being spread. Then there were cheers indeed; then there were handkerchiefs and hats a-waving; then every boy and every man who wished in his heart to go and fight Great Britain on her own coasts split his throat with trying to cheer louder than the rest, while even those who had counseled prudence and delay felt the natural joy of seeing a great ship spread her wings to go to sea.

Almost every man and woman, who looked on knew some lad or man who was sailing, and now there was great shouting and running near the slip where a last boat was putting off in haste. There was a young man aboard her, and many persons of dignity and position were bidding him farewell. The cheering grew louder; at that moment the slow bells began to ring in St. John's steeple and the old North Church; there was not a man who knew his story who did not honor young Mr. Wallingford for his bold and manly step. Word had been passed that he had taken a commission and was sailing with the rest, but few believed it. He was bound by family ties, he was endangering all future inheritance from old Loyalist relatives who would rather see him in jail than bent upon this thing: the only son of his mother, and she a Tory widow, there were reasons enough to keep any hero back upon the narrow neutral ground that still remained. And Roger Wallingford was not a hero, — only a plain gentleman, with a good heart and steady sense of honor.

He talked soberly with his old friends, and listened to Mr. Langdon's instructions and messages to France, and put some thick letters safely into the pockets of his uniform, which, having been made on a venture, with those for other officers, fitted him but awkwardly. As he stood in the boat nearing the frigate's side, there could hardly be a more gallant-looking fellow of his age. There was in his face all the high breeding and character of his house, with much personal courage and youthful expectancy. A handsome sword that had been his grandfather's hung heavy from the belt that dragged at his thin waist, and furrowed deep the stiff new cloth of his coat. More than one rough-cheeked market woman, in that bitter morning air, felt an unwonted slackening in her throat, and could not speak, but blessed him over and over in her warm heart, as her tears sprung quick to blur this last sight of young Wallingford going to the wars. Here was a chapter of romance, though some things in the great struggle with England were prosaic enough; there was as much rebellion now against raising men and money as there had ever been against the Stamp Act or the hated duties. The states were trying to excuse themselves, and to extort from one another; the selfish and cold-hearted are ever to be pushed forward to their public duties, and here in Portsmouth the patriots had many a day grown faint-hearted with despair.

The anchor broke ground at last; the Ranger swung free and began to drift; the creak of the cables and the chanty that helped to wind them mingled now with the noise of church bells and the firing of guns on the forts at Newcastle. As Wallingford went up the vessel's side and stepped to the deck, it happened that the Ranger fired her own parting gun, and the powder smoke blew thick in his face. When it cleared away he saw the captain close beside him, and made his proper salute. Then he turned quickly

for a last glimpse of his friends; the boat was still close under the quarter, and they waved to him and shouted last words that he could not hear. They had been his father's friends, every one, — they wished to be going too, those good gentlemen; it was a splendid errand, and they were all brave men.

"Mr. Langdon and his friends bade me say to you and to Lieutenant Simpson that they meant to come aboard again, sir; they were sorry to be too late; they would have me take breakfast and wait while they finished these last dispatches which they send you for Mr. Franklin and Mr. Adams. I was late from home; it has been a sudden start for me," said the young man impulsively. "I thank you for your welcome message, which I got at two o'clock by the courier," he added, with a wistful appeal in the friendliness of his tone, as one gentleman might speak with another in such case.

"I had further business with them!" exclaimed the superior officer. "They owed it to me to board me long ago, instead of dallying with your breakfast. Damn your breakfast, Mr. Wallingford!" he said angrily, and turned his back. "I left them and the shore at three in the morning; I have been at my affairs all night. Go below, sir!" he commanded the new lieutenant fiercely. "Now you have no gray-headed pomposities to wait upon and admire you, you had best begin to learn something of your duties. Get you down and fall to work, sir! Go to Simpson for orders!"

Wallingford looked like an icicle under the droop of the great mainsail; he gazed with wonder and pity at the piqued and wearied little man; then his face grew crimson, and, saluting the captain stiffly, he went at once below. There was many a friendly greeting and warm handshake waiting for him between decks, but these could please him little just then; he made his way to the narrow cabin, cluttered and piled high with his sea kit and hasty provisionings, and

sat there in the dim light until right-mindedness prevailed. When he came on deck again, they were going out of the lower harbor, with a following wind, straight to sea. He may have gone below a boy, but he came on deck a man.

Sir William Pepperrell's stately gambrel-roofed house, with the deer park and gardens and row of already decaying warehouses, looked drowsy with age on Kittery Point, and opposite, hiding away in Little Harbor, was the rambling, huge old mansion of the Wentworths, with its fine council chamber and handsome rooms where he had danced many a night with the pretty Portsmouth girls. All Roger Wallingford's youth and pleasures were left behind him now; the summer nights were ended; the winter feasts, if there were any that dreary year, must go on without him. The Isles of Shoals lay ahead like pieces of frozen drift in the early morning light, and the great sea stretched away to the horizon, bleak and cold and far, a stormy road to France.

The ship, heading out into the waste of water, took a steady movement between wind and wave, and a swinging gait that seemed to deny at every moment the possibility of return. The gray shore sank and narrowed to a line behind her. At last the long blue hill in Northwood and the three hills of Agamenticus were seen like islands, and long before noon these also had sunk behind the waves, and the Ranger was well at sea.

VIII.

The Haggens house, with its square chimneys, and a broad middle-aged look of comfort, like those who were sheltered under its roof, stood facing the whole southern country just where the two roads joined from the upper settlements. A double stream of travel and traffic flowed steadily by this well-known corner, toward the upper and lower

landings of the tide river. From the huge square stone that floored a pointed porch of severely classic design could be seen a fine sweep of land from the Butlers' Hill on the left, over the high oak woods of a second height to the deep pasture valleys. Major Hight's new house and huge sentinel pines stood on a ridge beyond, with the river itself showing a gleam of silver here and there all along the low lands toward Portsmouth. Across the country westward was the top of Garrison Hill at Dover, and the blue heights of Deerfield and Nottingham; to the south was the dark pine-forested region of the Rocky Hills. It was a wide and splendid prospect even on a bleak autumn day, and Major Haggens, the socially minded master of the house, was trying hard to enjoy it as he sat in the morning wind wrapped in his red cloak, and longing for proper companionship. He cast imploring glances across the way to the habitation of his only near neighbor, Mr. Rogers, but he could see the old gentleman sitting fast asleep at that ridiculous hour of the morning, behind a closed window. There was no one to be seen up the road, where Mr. Jenkins's place of business was apt to attract the idle, especially in the harvest time of his famous early apples. These were dull days; before the war there were few mornings of the year when the broad space before the major's house lacked either carriages or travelers for half an hour. In winter the two roads were blocked as far as a man could see with the long processions of ox teams laden with heavy timber, which had come from fifty or even a hundred miles back in the north country. There were hundreds of trees standing yet in the great forests of the White Hills that were marked with the deeply cut King's arrow, but the winter snows of many years to come were likely to find these timber pines for the King's shipyards still standing.

The busy, quick-enriching days of the past seemed to be gone forever, and pov-

erty and uncertainty had replaced them. There was no such market anywhere for Berwick timber as England had always been; the Berwick merchants would be prosperous no more; the town must live long now upon their hoarded gains, and then seek for some other means of living. The gay-hearted old major looked downcast, and gave a deep sigh. He had no such remembrance of the earlier wars, when Old England and New England had fought together against a common enemy. Those battles had been exciting enough, and a short and evident path to glory, where his fellow colonists had felt something of the happy certainties of the Old Testament Jews, and went out boldly to hew Agag in pieces and to smite the Amalekites hip and thigh. It appeared now as if, with all its hardships, war had been a not unwelcome relief to a dull level of prosperity and the narrowness of a domestic horizon. War gave a man the pleasures of travel, it was a man's natural business and outlet of energy; but war with moral enemies, and for opinion's sake, lacked the old color, and made the faces of those who stayed at home grow sullen. They were backbiting Hamilton in many a pious household, that morning, for giving a parting feast to Paul Jones. 'T was all of a piece with Roundhead days, and christening a child by such names as must have depressed Praise-God Barebones, and little Hate-Evil Kilgore who was a neighbor of the major's, down the Landing hill.

The major's sound but lately unpracticed head was a little heavy from the last night's supper, and the world seemed to him badly out of joint. He was a patriot at heart, but one who stood among the moderates. He seemed uneasy in his wooden armchair, and pushed his stout old ivory-headed cane angrily into a crevice below one of the Corinthian pillars of the porch. His tall sister, who, by virtue of two years' precedence in age, resolutely maintained the position of su-

perior officer, had already once or twice opened the door behind to advise him to come in out of the cold wind; the chill might very well send him an attack of gout in the stomach.

"I've got no gout to send, nor any stomach to send it to," returned the major angrily. "What's the use of a stomach, when a man can buy nothing decent to put in it, and has not even a dog to keep him company? I'd welcome even a tax gatherer!" The great door was shut again with decision enough to clack the oval brass knocker, and the major finished some protests against fate deep in his own disparaged interior, and punctuated his inarticulate grumbles by angry bobs of the head. He was really too cold, but he would not submit to Nancy, or let her think that she could rule him, as she seemed to wish.

Suddenly there was something moving down at the end of the street; it came up quickly over the slope into the full appearance of a horse and rider, and hope filled the major's once sorrowful mind. "Jack Hamilton, by zounds!" laughed the old gentleman. "He's late on his way up country. I'll stretch a point: we'll make it an hour earlier, and have our toddy now; it must be after ten."

Hamilton presently declared that he was too much belated; he must go to the far regions of Tow-wow, where he owned great tracts of land; he really must not vex his conscience enough to dismount.

"Here, you, Cuffee! here, 'Pollo, you lazy dog!" the major called, merely turning his head, so that his voice might better reach round the house through the long yard to his barns; and after a moment's consideration, Hamilton threw his leg over the saddle and dismounted unwillingly. The gay creature he had ridden sidled away, and whinnied fretfully, as if she also objected to such an interruption of their plans.

"Keep her here; I shall not stop long," said the colonel to a black namesake of the great god Apollo, who was

the first to arrive, and, although breathless, had begun to walk to and fro sentry fashion, as if by automatic impulse. The already heated young mare was nosing his shoulder with an air of intimacy, and nipping at the edge of his frayed hat.

"You'll be just far enough from both dinner and breakfast now," insisted the major, stamping along through the handsome cold hall of the house, with its elaborate panelings of clear, unpainted pine. "You'll get to Tow-wow, or Lebanon, as the good folks want to call it, all the sooner for this delay. You've pounded the first wind out of that colt already; you'd have had her sobbing on Plaisted's Hill. What we can't find in eatables we'll make up in drinkables. Nancy, Nancy, where's my spirit case? You're so precise I never can find anything where I leave it!"

"The case is on the top of the sideboard, directly in the middle, brother Tilly," said Miss Nancy, politely coming out of the room on the right, and looking after him, with her knitting in hand.

Mr. Hamilton turned, and she dropped a somewhat informal curtsy. She wore a plain turban twisted high, which gave her a severe but most distinguished air. Miss Haggens was quite the great lady, and even more French in her appearance than the major himself.

"I was sorry to miss the gayeties last night," she said. "The major is boyish enough for anything, and can answer every beck and call, but I felt that I must not venture. I was sorry when it proved so fine an evening."

"No becks and calls to answer in these days," insisted the busy host. "'T would do you good, Nancy, as it did all the rest of us. Let's have it in the breakfast room; I left a good fire there. If there's no hot water, I'll heat some quick enough in a porringer."

Hamilton, following, seated himself slowly in an armchair by the fireplace. The processes of hospitality would be

swifter if quietly acquiesced in, and now that the slim decanter of Santa Cruz was opened the odor was not unwelcome. He had been busy enough since daybreak, but wore an amused look, though somewhat tired and worried, as the major flew about like a captive bumblebee. Miss Nancy's prim turban got shifted over one ear, and one white and two black handmaidens joined her in the course of such important affairs. At last the major reappeared, victorious and irate, with a steaming porringer which had just begun to heat in the kitchen fireplace, and splashed it all the way along the floor. He went down stiffly on his knees in the breakfast room to blow the coals, with such mighty puffs that a film of ashes at once covered the water and retarded its rise of temperature all the more. Miss Nancy and Colonel Hamilton looked at each other across his broad back and laughed.

"There, there, major! The steam's rising, and 't will do already," urged the colonel. "I'd rather not take my drink too hot, and go out again to face the wind."

"I felt the wind myself," acknowledged the major, looking up pleasantly. "My fore door, where I like to sit, is well sheltered, but I felt the wind." Miss Nancy so far descended from her usual lofty dignity as to make a little face, which Hamilton, being a man, did not exactly understand.

"I like to have the water boiling hot; then you can let it cool away, and the flavor's brought out," explained the major. Phœbe, the old slave woman who looked over his shoulder, now pronounced with satisfaction that the water was minnying, with the steam all in it, to which her master agreed. Miss Nancy put out a strong hand and helped him to his feet.

"You've set your turban all awry, sister," the major remarked politely by way of revenge, and the little company burst into a hearty laugh. Miss Nancy

produced a gay china plate of pound cakes from the cupboard, and sat by in silence, discreetly knitting, until the toddy was not only made, but half gone down the gentlemen's throats.

"And so Roger Wallingford's gone to sea, and those who would burn him in his house for a Tory are robbed of a great pleasure," she said at last. "I wonder what their feelings are to-day! My heart aches for his mother; 't will be a deathblow to all her pride."

"It will indeed," said Hamilton seriously.

"I was sore afraid of his joining the other side only yesterday," said the major, "but this news has lain heavy as lead on me all the morning. There are those aboard the *Ranger* who will only have him for a spy. I heard a whisper of this last night, before we parted. I was even glad to think that the poor boy has plenty of old family friends in England, who can serve him if worst comes to worst."

"'T was in my mind, too," agreed the colonel. "John Lord was hinting at trouble, in my countingroom, this morning early. I fancied him more than half glad on his own account that Wallingford is gone; the lads have looked upon each other as rivals, and I have suspected that 't was Roger who was leading in the race." The colonel's wind-freshened cheeks brightened still more as he spoke, and looked up with an expectant smile at Miss Nancy, who did not reply except by giving two or three solemn nods of her turbaned head.

"Everybody loves the boy," she said presently, "but 't is of his dear mother I am thinking most. 'T is a sad heart alone in her great house to front the winter weather. She told me last week that she had a mind not to make the usual change to her house in town. There were like to be disturbances, and she had no mind for anything but quiet. I shall write, myself, to her young cousins in Boston, or to the Sherburnes, who are

near friends, and beg them to visit her ; 't is none so cheerful in Boston either, now. We were always together in our youth, but age makes us poor winter comrades. Sit ye down," said Miss Nancy Haggens affectionately, as Hamilton rose and put by his empty glass. "And how is our dear Mary?" she asked, as she rose also, finding him determined. There was an eager look in the old lady's eyes.

"I have not seen my sister," answered Hamilton, looking grave. "I was very early by the riverside with my old brig Pactolus going downstream, and everything and everybody tardy. I shall lay her up for the winter by Christian Shore; but, as things look now, I fear 't is the last voyage of the good old vessel. I stood and watched her away, and when she made the turn past High Point it seemed as if her old topmasts were looking back at me wishfully above the woods."

The major made a sound which was meant for sympathy; he was very warm and peaceful again before the fire.

"My sister will not be long seeking such a friend as you," said Hamilton, with sudden change of tone, and looking at Miss Nancy with an unwonted show of sentiment and concern in his usually impassive face. "I slept but little last night, and my fears, small and great, did not sleep at all. 'T is heavy news from the army, and I am perplexed as to Mary's real feelings. The captain counts upon success; as for the step that Roger Wallingford has taken, it has no doubt averted a very real danger of the moment."

"She must go at once to see his mother. I wish that she might go to-day. You may tell Mary this, with the love of an old friend," said Miss Nancy warningly. "Mary has great reserve of feeling with all her pretty frankness. But young hearts are not easy reading."

"I must be gone all day," said Hamilton gravely.

For once the major listened and had no opinion ready. All the troubles of life had been lifted in the exercise of such instant hospitality.

"We must leave all to Time," he announced cheerfully. "No man regrets more than I our country's sad situation. And mark ye both: the captain of the Ranger's got all the makings of a hero. Lord bless me," he exclaimed as he followed Hamilton along the hall, "I could have shed tears as I caught his fire, with thinking I was too old and heavy to ship with him myself! I might be useful yet with his raw marines and in the land attacks. I felt last night, as our talk went on, that I should be as good for soldiering as ever."

"Brother Tilly!" Miss Nancy was crying from the breakfast room in despair. "Oh, don't go out into the wind, and you so warm with your toddy! Wait, I command you, Tilly! Phœbe's coming with your hat and cloak!" But the old campaigner was already out beyond the lilacs in the front yard, with the rising northwester lifting his gray locks.

IX.

That same afternoon of the 1st of November, one might have thought that the adventurers on board the Ranger had taken all the pleasant weather away with them, and all the pleasure and interest of life; only endurance and the bleak chilliness of autumn seemed to be left ashore. The wind changed into the east as night drew on, and a cold fog, gathered along the coast, came drifting up the river with the tide, until rain began to fall with the early dark. The poplars and elms looked shrunk about the gardens at Hamilton's, and the house but ill lighted. The great rooms themselves were cold and empty.

Colonel Hamilton, gloomy with further bad news from the army on Long Island, sat alone reviewing some accounts, shak-

ing his head over a great ledger which had been brought up from the counting-house, and lay before him on a table in the west room. The large Russian stove was lighted for the first time that year, and the tiny grate glowed bright in its tall prison-like front, which was as slow to give out any heat as a New England winter to give place to spring. The pair of candles gave a dull yellow light, and the very air of the west room looked misty about them in a sort of halo, as Mary Hamilton opened the door. She was rosy with color from an afternoon ride, while her brother looked tired and dull. All the long day she had been so much in his anxious thoughts that he glanced over his shoulder with apprehension. In spite of his grave face and unyielding temper, he had a quick imagination, and, for the few persons whom he loved, a most tender heart.

To his blank surprise, his young sister had never worn a more spirited or cheerful look. She was no lovelorn maiden, and had come to him for neither pity nor anxious confidence. She came instead to stand close beside him, with a firm warm hand on his shoulder, and smiling looked into his upturned face.

"Well, sir, have you made the most of a bad day?" she asked, in the tone of comradeship which always went straight to Hamilton's heart, and made him feel like a lover. "They must have had a good offshore wind for many hours," she added before he could answer. "The Ranger must be well off the coast by this time, and out of this hindering fog."

"She must indeed," answered Hamilton, lending himself comfortably to her mood. "The wind was free all day out of the northwest until this easterly chill at sundown. They will not like to drift in a long calm and easterly fog."

"Come, you look miserable here; you are pale with cold yourself, Jack," she urged kindly. "Let us poke this slow contrivance for a fire! I like to see a broad blaze. Cæsar kept me a fine

hoard of pitch-pine roots when they cleared that thicket of the upper pasture, and I made a noble heat with them just now in my own room. I told him to look after your stove here, but he was sulky; he seems to think 't is a volcano in a box, and may wreck the house and all his happiness. See, it was full of ashes at the draught. Sir, may I ask what you are laughing at?"

"I thought you would be like Niobe, all tears," he answered boldly, giving her a half-amused, half-curious glance. "And here you praise the wind that blows your lover seaward, and make yourself snug ashore."

The firelight flashed in Mary's face at that moment, and something else flashed back to meet it. She was kneeling close to the small iron door, as if she were before a confessional; but she looked over her shoulder for a moment with a quick smile that had great sweetness and power to charm.

"Let us be happy together, my dear," she said. "They go to serve our country; it should be a day for high hopes, and not for mourning. I look for great gallantry on board the Ranger!"

She stood facing her brother a moment later, and looked straight in his face, as if she had no fears of any curious gaze, simply unconscious of self, as if no great shock had touched her heart in either new-found happiness or sense of loss. It seemed as if her cheerful self-possession were putting a bar to all confidence.

"I cannot understand you!" he exclaimed sharply.

"You are cold and tired, my poor old man! Come, I shall have no more figuring," and she pushed away the ledger beyond his reach on the smooth polished oak of the table top. "Let us make a bit of hot drink for so cold a man!" and was swiftly gone across the hall to the great kitchen, leaving the doors wide open behind her. It seemed warmer at once, and presently the sound of laugh-

ter and a coaxing voice made Hamilton's heart a little gayer. Old Peggy and her young mistress were in the midst of a lively encounter, and presently a noise of open war made him cross the hall with boyish eagerness to see the fray.

Peggy was having a glorious moment of proud resistance, and did not deign to notice the spectator. The combatants stood facing each other in front of the huge fireplace, where there was a high heap of ashes and but faint glow of fire. The old woman's voice was harsh, and she looked pale and desperate; there was always a black day for the household after such a masterpiece of a feast as Peggy had set before her master's guests the night before. The fire of energy was low in her gaunt frame, except for a saving spark that still moved the engines of her tongue. She stood like a thin old Boadicea with arms akimbo, and Mary Hamilton faced her all abloom, with a face full of laughter, and in exactly the same attitude; it was a pleasing sight to Hamilton at the door of the side hall. The usually populous kitchen was deserted of all Peggy's minions except Cæsar, and there were no signs of any preliminaries of even the latest supper.

"Oh, Peggy, what a cross old thing you are!" sighed Mary, at the end of Peggy's remarks upon the text of there being nobody in the house to do anything save herself. "I should really love to stay and have a good battle to warm us up, except that we should both be near to weeping when it was done, and you would be sorrier than you need, and cook something much too nice for supper, tired as you are." Then she dropped her hands and relaxed her mocking pose. "Come, Peggy dear, the colonel's here, and he's ridden the whole length of Beech Ridge and the Tow-wow woods since morning with his surveyors; he's very cold and down-hearted, and I only want a spatter of hot water to mix him a posset. Come, do find me a little

skillet, and we'll heat it here on the coals. See, they're winking bright under that hill of ashes. Where are all the maids?"

"In their beds, I suppose, black and white alike, and getting their first sleep like ladies," grumbled Peggy. "I told them the master would be late, and would sup at Pine Hill, as he said this morning. 'Tis no matter about me; Cæsar and me, we're old and tough," and the stern features relaxed a little. "Why did n't you tell me 'twas for the master, an' he'd no supper after such a day, with the clock far past seven, and you yourself with nothing but bread and milk to stay you? Truth to tell, I was asleep in the corner of the settle here, and a spark's burnt me a hole in this good apron and spoilt my temper. You have too much patience with poor old Peggy," she muttered, bending over the ashes and raking them open to their bright life with her hard brown hand.

Mary stood watching her for a moment; a quick change came over her face, and she turned away silently, and went toward the window as if to look up the river.

"What was you designin' to get for supper?" old Cæsar humbly inquired at this auspicious moment. "I mought be a-layin' of the table." But Peggy did not notice him. He was still in a place of safety behind the settle, his gray head just appearing over the high back.

"We might finish the pigeon pie," the young mistress suggested; "the colonel will like a bit of cheese afterward and plenty of cakes. Mind, Peggy, 't is only a cold supper!"

"Was you es-pectin' any of the quality aside yo'selves, missy?" politely demanded Cæsar, in the simple exercise of his duty.

"Don't you keep a-askin' questions; 't ain't no way to converse with human creatur's!" said Peggy severely.

"Laws, Peggy, I feels an int'rist!" said poor Cæsar humbly.

"No, you don't neither; you're full to bu'stin' of cur'osity, an' it's a fault that grows by feedin' of it. Let your mind dwell on that, now, next Sabbath mornin' up in your gallery, 'stid o' rollin' your eyes at the meetin' folks an' whisp'rin' with Cato Lord!" and Peggy laughed in spite of herself. "Come out from there, an' fetch me some dry pine chips, if 't won't demean your dignity. I'll ax you some questions you don't know no answers to, if you be an Afriky potentate!"

The master of the house had tiptoed back across the hall like a pleased school-boy, and was busy with the ledger when his sister came back, a few minutes later, with a steaming porringer. She proceeded to mix a most fragrant potion in a large gayly flowered glass, while Hamilton described his morning entertainment by the major; then an old dog came loitering in, and watched his master enviously, as he drank, and stirred again, and praised the warm drink, and grew every moment more cheerful.

Mary Hamilton stood leaning against the Russian stove. "It is just getting warm now, this dull old idol of yours," she said, "and we cannot cool it before spring. We'll sit in the dining room to-night after supper; you shall smoke your pipe there, and I can see the good firelight. We are lonesome after a gay day and night like yesterday; we have had no word of gossip yet about our ball. I have many things to tell you."

Hamilton nodded amiably; the color had come back into his face, and driven away the worn and worried look that had fallen on him before his time. He had made so light of care that care made light of him, and was beginning to weigh him down early in middle life.

"I came across the river at the Great Falls," he said, not without effort, and looking at his young sister, "the roads were so heavy through the woods by Cranberry Meadow."

"So you did n't stop to give Granny

Sullivan the money?" asked Mary, as if she were disappointed.

"Yes, on my way this morning. She knew more about last night than I could sweep together to tell her if I stayed an hour."

"The birds tell granny everything," said Mary, laughing. "She gave me a handsome scolding the other day because Peggy's rack of spiced hams had fallen in the ashes that very morning. How was the master?"

"Very absent-minded, and reading his Horace as if the old poet were new. He did not even look up while she loudly thanked me for the money the judge had sent. 'I'm knitting every minute I'm not working or eating, for my poor lame lad Jamie,' she said. 'Well, he has nothing to do but read his law books, an' tell others what's in 'em, and grow rich! 'T is all because his father's such a gentleman!'"

"How proud she is, the dear old woman!" said Mary warmly.

"Yes, and they have the sense to be proud of her," said Hamilton, settling into his chair more comfortably and putting his empty glass aside.

"I rode to the Rocky Hills myself late this afternoon. I heard that Elder Shackley had been ill. I liked the fresh wind and wet after last night's warmth and a busy morning here in the house. I meant at first to ride north to meet you; but it was better not, since you crossed at the Falls."

"I thought you would go another way," said Hamilton seriously. There were moments when he seemed old enough to be her father; there were, indeed, many years between them. "There is a sad heart and a lonely one across the river to-night, while we seem gay enough together."

Mary's face changed quickly; she stepped toward him, and seated herself on the broad arm of the chair, and drew her brother's head close against her side. "What is it that you wish to say to

me?" she asked. "I have been thinking of dear Madam Wallingford all day long," and Hamilton could feel her young heart beating quick like a bird's, close to his ear.

"She was in my mind, too. I came down that side of the river to see her, but it grew so rainy and late that I gave up my thought of stopping except to leave a message. My mare was very hot and spent," he explained, in a matter-of-fact way. "As I came toward the house I saw my lady standing at a window, and she beckoned me. She came herself to the door, and the wind blew her to and fro like a flag. She had been weeping terribly. 'I longed to see a friend,' she told me, and could say no more. I feared that she might bear us much ill will."

Hamilton was so full of feeling that his own voice failed him, and Mary did not speak at first.

"Well, dear brother?" she asked a moment later, knowing that he had more to say.

"She wished to send you a message; 't was her reason for calling me in. She asked if you would not come to see her to-morrow, late in the afternoon. Earlier she has business of the estate to manage, in place of her son. There are men coming down from the Lake."

"Oh yes, yes, I shall go!" said Mary, with a sob. "Oh, I am so glad; I feared that her heart was broken, and that she would only hate us!"

"I was afraid, too," returned Hamilton, and he took his sister's hand gently in his own, and would have spoken something that she could not bear to hear.

She moved away quickly. "Come, dear man," she said, "you must throw off these muddy clothes; you are warm again now, and they will soon be calling us to supper."

He sighed, and looked at her in bewilderment as he obeyed. She had gone to the window and pushed the shutter back, and was gazing out into the dark night. He looked at her again as he was going out of the room, but still she did not speak. Was it the captain, after all, who had gone away with her heart? She had not even mentioned his name!

She was not always so silent about her lovers; they had been many, and she sometimes spoke frankly enough when he and she were alone together like this, and the troubles and veils of every-day intercourse were all put aside. But who could read a woman's heart? Certainly not a poor bachelor, who had never yet learned to read his own!

Sarah Orne Jewett.

(To be continued.)

THE DOMINANCE OF THE CROWD.

TIME was when a man was born upon this planet in a somewhat lonely fashion. A few human beings out of all infinity stood by to care for him. He was brought up with hills and stars and a neighbor or so, until he grew to man's estate. He climbed at last over the furthest hill, and there, on the rim of things, standing

on the boundary line of sky and earth that had always been the edge of life to him before, he looked forth upon the freedom of the world, and said in his soul, "What shall I be in this world I see, and whither shall I go in it?" And the sky and the earth and the rivers and the seas and the nights and the days

beckoned to him, and the voices of life rose around him, and they all said, "Come!"

On a corner in New York, around a Street Department wagon, not so very long ago, five thousand men were fighting for shovels, fifty men to a shovel, — a tool for living a little longer.

The problem of living in this modern world is the problem of finding room in it. The Crowd Principle is so universally at work through modern life that the geography of the world has been changed to conform to it. We live in crowds. We get our living in crowds. We are amused in herds. Civilization is a list of cities. Cities are the huge central dynamos of all being. The power of a man can be measured to-day by the mile, — the number of miles between him and the city; that is, between him and what the city stands for, — the centre of mass.

The crowd principle is the first principle of production. The producer who can get the most men together and the most dollars together controls the market; and when he once controls the market, instead of merely getting the most men and the most dollars, he can get all the men and all the dollars. Hence the corporation in production.

The crowd principle is the first principle of distribution. The man who can get the most men to buy a particular thing from him can buy the most of it, and therefore buy it the cheapest, and therefore get more men to buy from him; and having bought this particular thing cheaper than all men could buy it, it is only a step to selling it to all men; and then, having all the men on one thing and all the dollars on one thing, he is able to buy other things for nothing, for everybody, and sell them for a little more than nothing to everybody. Hence the department store, — the syndicate of department stores, — the crowd principle in commerce.

The value of a piece of land is the

number of footsteps passing by it in twenty-four hours. The value of a railroad is the number of people near it who cannot keep still. If there are a great many of these people, the railroad runs its trains for them. If there are only a few, though they be heroes and prophets, Dantes, Savonarolas, and George Washingtons, trains shall not be run for them. The railroad is the characteristic property and symbol of property in this modern age, and the entire value of a railroad depends upon its getting control of a crowd, — either a crowd that wants to be where some other crowd is, or a crowd that wants a great many tons of something that some other crowd has.

When we turn from commerce to philosophy, we find the same principle running through them both. The main thing in the philosophy of to-day is the extraordinary emphasis of environment and heredity. A man's destiny is the way the crowd of his ancestors ballot for his life. His soul — if he has a soul — is an atom acted upon by a majority of other atoms.

When we turn to religion in its different phases, we find the same emphasis upon them all, — the emphasis of mass of majority; not that the church exists for the masses, — no one claims this, — but that, such as it is, it is a mass church. While the promise of Scripture, as a last resort, is often heard in the church about two or three gathered together in God's name, the church is run on the working conviction that unless the minister and the elders can gather two or three *hundred* in God's name, He will not pay any particular attention to them, or, if He does, He will not pay the bills. The church of our forefathers, founded on personality, is exchanged for the church of democracy, founded on crowds; and the church of the moment is the institutional church, in which the standing of the clergyman is exchanged for the standing of the congregation. The inevitable result, the crowd clergyman, is seen on every hand amongst us, — the

agent of an audience, who, instead of telling an audience what they ought to do, runs errands for them morning and noon and night. With coddling for majorities and tact for whims, he carefully picks his way. He does his people as much good as they will let him, tells them as much truth as they will hear, until he dies at last, and goes to take his place with Puritan parsons who mastered majorities, with martyrs who would not live and be mastered by majorities, and with apostles who managed to make a new world without the help of majorities at all.

Theology reveals the same tendency. The measuring by numbers is found in all belief, the same cringing before masses of little facts instead of conceiving the few immeasurable ones. Helpless individuals mastered by crowds are bound to believe in a kind of infinitely helpless God. He stands in the midst of the crowds of his laws and the systems of his worlds: to those who are not religious, a pale First Cause; and to those who are, a Great Sentimentality far away in the heavens, who, in a kind of vast weak-mindedness (a Puritan would say), seems to want everybody to be good and hopes they will, but does not quite know what to do about it if they are not.

Every age has its typical idea of heaven and its typical idea of hell (in some of them it would be hard to tell which is which), and every civilization has its typical idea of God. A civilization with sovereign men in it has a sovereign God; and a crowd civilization, reflecting its mood on the heavens, is inclined to a pleasant, large-minded God, eternally considering everybody and considering everything, but inefficient withal, — a kind of legislature of Deity, typical of representative institutions at their best and at their worst.

If we pass from our theology to our social science, we come to the most characteristic result of the crowd principle that

the times afford. We are brought face to face with socialism, the millennium machine, the Corliss engine of progress. It were idle to deny to the socialist that he is right, and more right, indeed, than most of us, in seeing that there is a great wrong somewhere; but it would be impossible beyond this point to make any claim for him, except that he is honestly trying to create in the world a wrong we do not have as yet, that shall be large enough to swallow the wrong we have. The term "socialism" stands for many things, in its present state; but so far as the average socialist is concerned, he may be defined as an idealist who turns to materialism — that is, to mass — to carry his idealism out. The world having discovered two great ideals in the New Testament, the service of all men by all other men and the infinite value of the individual, the socialist expects to carry out one of these ideals by destroying the other.

The principle that an infinitely helpful society can be produced by setting up a row of infinitely helpless individuals is socialism, as the average socialist practices it. The average socialist is the type of the eager but effeminate reformer of all ages, because he seeks to gain by machinery things nine tenths of the value of which to men is in gaining them for themselves. Socialism is the attempt to invent conveniences for heroes, to pass a law that will make being a man unnecessary, to do away with sin by framing a world in which it would be worthless to do right because it would be impossible to do wrong. It is a philosophy of helplessness, which, even if it succeeds in helplessly carrying its helplessness out, — in doing away with suffering, for instance, — can only do it by bringing to pass a man not alive enough to be capable of suffering, and putting him in a world where suffering and joy alike would be a bore to him.

But the main importance of socialism in this connection lies in the fact that it

does not confine itself to sociology. It has become a complete philosophy of life, and can be seen penetrating with its subtle satire on human nature almost everything about us. We have the cash register to educate our clerks into pure and honest character, and the souls of conductors can be seen being nurtured, mile after mile, by fare recorders. Corporations buy consciences by the gross. They are hung over the door of every street car. Consciences are worked by pulling a strap. Liverymen have cyclometers to help customers to tell the truth, and the Australian ballot is invented to help men to be manly enough to vote the way they think; and when, in the course of human events, we came to the essentially moral and spiritual reform of a woman's right to dress in good taste, — that is, appropriately for what she is doing, — what did we proceed to do to bring it about? Conventions were held year after year, and over and over, to get women to dress as they wanted to; dress reform associations were founded, syndicates of courage were established over all the land, — all in vain; and finally, — Heaven help us! — how was this great moral and spiritual reform accomplished? By an invention of two wheels, one in front of the other. It was brought about by the Pope Manufacturing Company of Hartford, Connecticut, in two short years.

Everything is brought about by manufacturing companies. It is the socialist spirit, the idea, that if we can only find it, there is some machine that can surely be invented that will take the place of men; not only of hands and feet, but of all the old-fashioned and lumbering virtues, courage, patience, vision, common sense, and religion itself, out of which they are made.

But we depend upon machinery not only for the things that we want, but for the brains with which we decide what we want. If a man wants to know what he thinks he starts a club, and if

he wants to be very sure he calls a convention. From the National Undertakers' Association and the Launderers' League to the Christian Endeavor Tournament and the World's Congress, — the Midway Pleasance of Piety, — the Convention strides the world with vociferousness. The silence that descends from the hills is filled with its ceaseless din. The smallest hamlet in the land has learned to listen reverent from afar to the vast insistent roar of It, as the Voice of the Spirit of the Times.

Every idea we have is run into a constitution. We cannot think without a chairman. Our whims have secretaries; our fads have by-laws. Literature is a club. Philosophy is a society. Our reforms are mass meetings. Our culture is a summer school. We cannot mourn our mighty dead without Carnegie Hall and forty vice presidents. We remember our poets with trustees, and the immortality of a genius is watched by a standing committee. Charity is an Association. Theology is a set of resolutions. Religion is an endeavor to be numerous and communicative. We awe the impenitent with crowds, convert the world with boards, and save the lost with delegates; and how Jesus of Nazareth could have done so great a work without being on a committee is beyond our ken. What Socrates and Solomon would have come to if they had only had the advantage of conventions it would be hard to say; but in these days, when the excursion train is applied to wisdom; when, having little enough, we try to make it more by pulling it about; when secretaries urge us, treasurers dun us, programmes unfold out of every mail, — where is the man who, guileless-eyed, can look into his brother's face, can declare upon his honor that he has never been a delegate, never belonged to anything, never been nominated, elected, imposed on, in his life?

Everything convenes, resolves, petitions, adjourns. Nothing stays ad-

journed. We have reports that think for us, committees that do right for us, and platforms that spread their wooden lengths over all the things we love, until there is hardly an inch of the dear old earth to stand on, where, fresh and sweet and from day to day, we can live our lives ourselves, pick the flowers, look at the stars, guess at God, garner our grain, and die. Every new and fresh human being that comes upon the earth is manufactured into a coward or crowded into a machine as soon as we get at him. We have already come to the point where we do not expect to interest anybody in anything without a constitution. There are by-laws for falling in love.

What this means with regard to the typical modern man is, not that he does not think, but that it takes ten thousand men to make him think. He has a crowd soul, a crowd creed. Charged with convictions, galvanized from one convention to another, he contrives to live, and with a sense of multitude applause and cheers he warms his thoughts. When they have been warmed enough, he exhorts, dictates, goes hither and thither on the crutch of the crowd, and places his crutch on the world, and pries on it, if perchance it may be stirred to something. To the bigotry of the man who knows because he speaks for himself has been added a new bigotry on the earth, — the bigotry of the man who speaks for the nation; who, with a more colossal prejudice than he had before, returns from a mass meeting of himself, and, with the effrontery that only a crowd can give, backs his opinions with forty states, and walks the streets of his native town in the uniform of all humanity. This is a kind of fool that has never been possible until these latter days. Only a very great many people, all of them working on him at once, and all of them watching every one else working at once, can produce this kind.

Indeed, the crowd habit has become so strong upon us, has so mastered the

mood of the hour, that even you and I, gentle reader, have found ourselves for one brief moment, perhaps, in a certain sheepish feeling at being caught in a small audience. Being caught in a small audience at a lecture is no insignificant experience. You will see people looking furtively about, counting one another. You will make comparisons. You will recall the self-congratulatory air of the last large audience you had the honor to belong to, sitting in these same seats, buzzing confidently to itself before the lecture began. The hush of disappointment in a small audience all alone with itself, the mutual shame of it, the chill in it, that spreads softly through the room, every identical shiver of which the lecturer is hired to warm through before he begins, — all these are signs of the times. People look at the empty chairs as if every modest, unassuming chair there were some great personality saying to each and all of us: "Why are you here? Did you not make a mistake? Are you not ashamed to be a party to — to — as small a crowd as this?" Thus do we sit, poor mortals, doing obeisance to Empty Chairs, — we who are to be lectured to, — until the poor lecturer who is to lecture to us comes in, and the poor lecture begins.

When we turn to education as it stands to-day, the same self-satisfied, inflexible smile of the crowd is upon it all. We see little but the massing of machinery, the crowding together of numbers of teachers and numbers of courses and numbers of students, and the practical total submergence of personality — except by accident — in all educated life.

The infinite value of the individual, the innumerable consequences of one single great teaching man, penetrating every pupil who knows him, becoming a part of the universe, a part of the fibre of thought and existence to every pupil who knows him, — this is a thing that belongs to the past and to the inevitable

future. With all our great institutions, the crowds of men who teach in them, the crowds of men who learn in them, we are still unable to produce out of all the men they graduate enough college presidents to go around. The fact that at almost any given time there may be seen, in this American land of ours, half a score of colleges standing and waiting, wondering if they will ever find a president again, is the climax of what the universities have failed to do. The university will be justified only when a man with a university in him, a whole campus in his soul, comes out of it, to preside over it, and the soul that has room for more than one chair in it comes out of it to teach in it.

When we turn from education to journalism, the pressure of the crowd is still more in evidence. To have the largest circulation is to have the most advertising, and to have the most advertising means to have the most money, and to have the most money means to be able to buy the most ability, and to have the most ability means to keep all that one gains and get more. The degradation of many of our great journals in the last twenty years is but the inevitable carrying out of the syndicate method in letters, — a mass of contributors, a mass of subscribers, and a mass of advertisers. So long as it gives itself over to the circulation idea, the worse a newspaper is the more logical it is. There may be a certain point where it is bound to stop sometime, because there will not be enough bad people who are bad enough, to go around; but we have not come to it yet, and in the meantime about everything that can be thought of is being printed to make bad people. If it be asserted that there are not enough bad people to go around even now, it may be added that there are plenty of good people to take their places as fast as they fail to be bad enough, and that the good people who take the bad papers to find fault with them are

the only ones who make such papers possible.

The result of the crowd principle is the only inevitable result. Our journals have fallen off as a matter of course, not only in moral ideals (which everybody realizes), but in brain force, power of expression, imagination and foresight, the things that give distinction and results to utterance and that make a journal worth while. The editorial page has been practically abandoned by most journals, because most journals have been abandoned by their editors; they have become printed countingrooms. With all their greatness, their crowds of writers and masses of readers and piles of cablegrams, they are not able to produce the kind of man who is able to say a thing in the kind of way that will make everybody stop and listen to him, cablegrams and all. Horace Greeley and Samuel Bowles and Charles A. Dana have passed from the press, and the march of the crowd through the miles of their columns every day is trampling on their graves. The newspaper is the mass machine, the crowd thinker. To and fro, from week to week and from year to year, its flaming headlines sway, now hither and now thither, where the greatest numbers go, or the best guess of where they are going to go, and Personality, creative, triumphant, masterful, imperious Personality, — is it not at an end? It were a dazzling sight, perhaps, to gaze at night upon a huge building, thinking with telegraph under the wide sky around the world, the hurrying of its hundred pens upon the desks, and the trembling of its floors with the mighty coming of a Day out of the grip of the press; but even this huge bewildering pile of power, this aggregation, this corporation of forces, machines of souls, glittering down the Night, — does any one suppose It stands by Itself, that It is its own master, that It can do its own will in the world? In all its splendor It stands,

weaving the thoughts of the world in the dark; but that very night, that very moment, it lies in the power of a little ticking-thing behind its doors. It belongs to that legislature of information, — and telegraph, — that owner of what happens in a day, called the Associated Press.

If the One who called Himself a man and a God had not been born in a crowd, if He had not loved and grappled with it, and been crucified and worshiped by it, He might have been a Redeemer for the silent, stately, ancient world that was before He came, but He would have failed to be a Redeemer for this modern world, — a world where the main inspiration and the main discouragement is the crowd, where every great problem and every great hope is one that deals with crowds. It is a world where, from the first day a man looks forth to move, he finds his feet and hands held by crowds. The sun rises over crowds for him, and sets over crowds; and having presumed to be born, when he presumes to die at last, in a crowd of graves he is left, not even alone with God. Ten human lives deep, they have them, — the graves in Paris; and whether men live their lives piled upon other men's lives, in blocks in cities or in the apparent loneliness of town or country, what they shall do or shall not do, or shall have or shall not have, — is it not determined by crowds, by the movement of crowds? The farmer is lonely enough, one would say, as he rests by his fire in the plains, his barns bursting with wheat; but the murmur of the telegraph almost any moment is the voice of the crowd to him, thousands of miles away, shouting in the Stock Exchange: "You shall not sell your wheat! Let it lie! Let it rot in your barns!"

And yet, if a man were to go around the earth with a surveyor's chain, there would seem to be plenty of room for all who are born upon it. The fact that

there are enough square miles of the planet for every human being on it to have several square miles to himself does not prove that a man can avoid the crowd, — that it is not a crowded world. If what a man could be were determined by the square mile, it would indeed be a gentle and graceful earth to live on. But an acre of Nowhere satisfies no one, and how many square miles does a man want, to be a nobody in? He can do it better in a crowd, where every one else is doing it.

In the ancient world, when a human being found something in the wrong place and wanted to put it where it belonged, he found himself face to face with a few men. He found he had to deal with these few men. To-day, if he wants anything put where it belongs, he finds himself face to face with a crowd. He finds that he has to deal with a crowd. The world has telephones and newspapers now, and it has railroads; and if a man proposes to do a certain thing in it, the telephones tell the few, and the newspapers tell the crowd, and the crowd gets on to the railroad; and before he rises from his sleep, behold the crowd in his front yard; and if he can get as far as his own front gate in the thing he is going for, he must be — either a statesman? a hero? or a great genius? None of these. Let him be a corporation, — of ideas or of dollars, — let him be some complex, solid, crowded thing, would he do anything for himself, or for anybody else, or for everybody else, in a world too crowded to tell the truth without breaking something.

This is the main fact about this modern world: that it is a crowded world, that in the nature of the case its civilization is a crowd civilization. Every other important thing for this present age to know must be worked out from this one. It is the main thing in dealing with our religion, the thing our literature is about, and the thing our arts will be obliged to express. Any man

who makes the attempt to consider or interpret anything, either in art or life, without a true understanding of the crowd principle as it is working to-day, without a due sense of its central place in all that goes on around us, is a spectator in the blur and bewilderment of this modern world, as helpless in it, and as childish and superficial in it, as a Greek god at the World's Fair, gazing out of his still, Olympian eyes at the Midway Pleasance.

But we are not spectators, — most of us, — nor are we mere Greek gods. In the shuttle of our despair and our hope the world process is being wrought out, not only before our eyes, but in our own lives — each on its smaller scale — and

in every life about us. Being modern men, we are optimists by going through the facts, not by going around them. We dare to face our lives, and we dare to interpret them, and other lives through them. The more need we have of hope, the more hope we have. The inheritance of all ages is our inheritance, — to draw our hoping out of. We glory in looking at a fact, — even this present one, — and there is no fact that shall not yield glory to us. Being modern men, we are infinitely old and infinitely young, with a fact. We know that there always is, that there always must be, another fact to put with it, that will light it up. In the meantime life is lighted up with looking for it.

Gerald Stanley Lee.

THE BIRD OF PASSAGE: AN ODE TO INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

I.

THERE is a time o mellowed fruit and ear,
Long after violet and rose,
When the meditative year
Harvests the months and seasons, ere it goes
To join the elders in that land where they repose.
All the long day, like one in waking dreams
Who counts his gains and toils, it also seems
To pause, to linger in its own warm sun,
Surveying labors done
And trophies won.
Spring and Summer does it gather
Into its gentler, broader lap of weather.

II.

Forever it perceives fulfilled
The promise of the trees;
In open page of garden, vale, and mead,
Abundance it can read,
Sheaves, roots, and spices from the furrows tilled,
And honey from the hiving bees.
All is there,
To Beauty gathered, and to Use;
Yea, all is there
Save this alone: when blows the breeze,

Shaking the Summer from the branches loose,
 The empty nests are bare.
 The vanished song of Spring hath left behind
 No ripened melody, which should remind
 The quiet and bereavèd air
 Of those orchestral dawns when May was young and fair.
 Each wistful day doth almost seem to stand
 And listen, but throughout the hazy land
 No harvest note of sound
 Wakens the teeming stillness from its dream profound.

III.

So runs the story of the ages old,
 So does it run to-day;
 Each thrifty year has treasures manifold
 To count and leave; but they
 Contain no voice; and Autumn's bell has tolled,
 And Song is flown away.
 Thus once from mortals did their Song escape,
 Unharvested by Art;
 From age to age a migratory shape,
 Born only to depart.
 Music! where wert thou, till Cremona's call
 Lured thee from air, or sky, or Heaven, to fall?

IV.

From oldest time
 The human heart has throbbed,
 Full of great angels breathing messages sublime,
 Whereat it laughed or sobbed.
 And some it understood, and forthwith spoke
 In divers tongues, or shaped in stone,
 Or told in colors with a stroke;
 But some
 Made it to shudder only, or to kneel
 Smitten to ecstasy: still it was dumb,
 It could not yet intone,
 It could but feel
 These raptures and despairs which deep within it broke.

V.

Beyond all language did this ocean lie,
 Beyond the jutting shores and capes of speech;
 Around the isles of thought its tides swam by;
 Blue and ineffable they lapped its beach,
 And beat against the shore
 With ripple now, and now with roar,
 Glowing or glooming to horizon's reach.
 By things familiar could its calm be stirred,
 Familiar things could smooth its foaming crest

Prayers, loves, and battles, or some silver word
Sung by a star above the fading west;
 The round, full hunter's moon,
 The silence of the golden noon,
Troubled its deep with omens ne'er expressed.
Never a wave, never one little wave
Broke into Art and from this ocean sang
 A sound beyond its day, or gave
Prophetic tone which down the centuries rang.
 Over the weaving flow,
 The ebb and flood
 Of the heart's unfathomed mood,
 Music! with wild, sweet cry
 Untaught, beneath the sky,
Like wingèd petrel didst thou come, and go.

VI.

The graven image of the Past, —
How awful is its silence, first and last!
How motionless its pictures, words, and forms,
Begotten once 'mid spiritual storms!
We crave a voice that something more should tell
Of those congealèd dreams of Heaven and Hell.
Dumb does it stare and hold before our eyes
The written tablets of its centuries.
 Through its vast hall
 Of voiceless heirlooms do we pass,
 By myrtle and 'neath cypress tall,
Down the wide steps where still the fountains fall
 Wetting the margin-grass.
 In triremes to Ægean shores
We cross, like Argonauts with muffled oars,
 And on to ancient time and land,
Where pyramids arise above the sand;
 Never a sound, as still we tread
Yon gardens, temples, deserts of the dead!

VII.

The shepherd sang the pastures of the Lord,
The heathen's rages, and the temple's calm;
He sang how sun and moon and stars adored, —
 We only read his Psalm.
Cedars of Lebanon, and mountains sharp,
Waters of Babylon, we know full well;
Where are those hymns that swept the tingling harp
 Of royal Israel?
By the white marbles and green bays of Greece,
Apollo smote his lyre through vale and hill;
Music! thou fleddest by the golden fleece,
 Thou wert a wild-bird still.

The sculptured god, the tale of Troy, remain,
 The priestess by her tripod in the dawn;
 But, delphic nightingale, where is thy strain?
 That is forever gone!
 And where is thine, that melted Tuscan groves
 Till amorous branches were together blown,
 While silken boys and girls kissed out their loves
 Until the night was flown?
 Those fluted intervals have passed the reeds
 Of Echo's stream, and now in fields remote,
 Autumns of memory, 'mid old names and deeds,
 Like thin, light leaves they float.
 In parchment pale the lovers still survive;
 On palace walls their eyes, their lips, still bloom
 With hues undying, but yet not alive,
 And silent as the tomb.

VIII.

Within that circle where the Arts had long
 Sat like a crown of stars, since ancient day,
 One space there was of empty night,
 One vacant chair remained for Song,
 While all the rest was light;
 Yet ever down the pathless way
 The wild-bird fled along,
 Restless, ethereal, perverse, and fond,
 Until at length Cremona raised a master wand.
 It was the body calling for its soul
 In tones that had not been;
 Beyond the shores of speech,
 Beyond thought's utmost reach,
 The heart's deep ocean waves began to roll
 Forth from Cremona's violin.
 The wild-bird listened, trembled, stopped,
 And then with folded wings deep in those waves she dropped.
 In shell of wreathèd melody she rose,
 The goddess that was now a bird no more;
 Dripping with song she floated to the shore,
 To Beauty's long-abiding sands,
 The new-born one, the youngest one of those
 Her sisters, clustering sweet to take her by the hands.
 Then, as Cremona's wand was drawn
 More potent through the orchestral dawn,
 The untamed sounds of Time made haste to come;
 Beneath the weaving spell
 Did this new Orpheus compel
 Grim War to follow with his elemental drum.
 And Riot hushed her cymbals there,
 Submissive in the charmed air,
 And Victory with her trump was captive borne;

Dance her triangle did bestow;
And, as the spell began to glow
Into the warmer fullness of its morn,
The gypsy fauns their timbrels gave,
Pan from his forest brought his pipes to blow,
And basking Triton from his sapphire wave
Held out the gift of his resounding horn.

IX.

Thus did they
From the firm earth, and from the tidal foam,
From cave and mountain, field and coast,
Gather to their appointed home, —
These voices that were used to roam
Over the old world in a straggling host;
Or else in menial state
To serve the occasion of the great,
'Mid temples, rites, and ceremonies lost.

Thus did they —
These rude and separate voices — now obey
Their goddess, queen, and angel, and at length
Dissolve in oracles of sweetness and of strength.

Who shall say
Why she remained long-while a wandering bird,
What secret cause gave her delay,
By what deep law her coming was deferred
Until our later day?
What miracle, what magic deed of earth,
Surpasses her most wondrous birth?
Where strings and reeds and metals give
Out of their mystic natures forth
Delight that grows not in an outward clime,
Concord that is not born of creed or time,
Nor thoughts nor things of South or North,
Nor voices in the air that live,
But tongues that never were on sea or land,
A Pentecost of sound the soul can understand.

X.

Then, Music! sweep
Thy harp which hath a thousand strings,
At whose unearthly bidding leap
To life celestial visions of those things
Which sometimes are with us in sleep.
A province new is thine;
For when the wind blows through the mountain pine,
Thou givest our responding sigh.
Thy darkening tones contain the spirit's sky,
When gliding night doth with the eve entwine.
Thy magic harp can call

Whatever lives within the waterfall,
 Whatever moves among the trees above,
 Or hideth in the earth beneath;
 Thine is the voice of many springs
 Which no poet ever sings;
 No one has told like thee of love,
 And none like thee can tell of death.
 A province new is thine:

Most bountiful the harvest that it yields!
 Keep it, nor trespass on thy sisters' fields,
 Nor seek to utter what themselves have spoken;
 For so, and only so, thy light shall shine
 Unclouded, and thy perfect utterance be unbroken.

XI.

Yea, sweep thy harp which hath a thousand strings!
 The joy that sometimes is in darkest night,
 And the strange sadness which the sunshine brings,
 The splendors and the shadows of our inward sight, —
 All these within thy weaving harmonies unite.
 In thee we hear our uttermost despair,
 And Faith through thee sends up her deepest prayer.

Thou dost control

The moods antiphonal that chant within the soul;
 And when thou liftest us upon thy wings,
 From the shores of speech we rise,
 Beyond the isles of thought we go,
 Over an unfathomed flow,
 Where great waves forever surge
 Beneath almost remembered skies,
 And on to that horizon's verge
 Where stand the gates of Paradise.
 On thy wings we pass within,
 But summoned back, must we return
 Across those heaving ocean streams,
 With memories, regrets, unutterable dreams,
 Having seen what somewhere must have been,
 A light, a day, for which we yearn,
 And there, beneath the beams
 Of the revealing, central sun,
 That Greater Self who bides in every one,
 Into whose eyes we look sometimes, and learn
 The reason for our Faith that still shall ceaseless burn.

Owen Wister.

(Read at the dedication of the new Symphony Hall, Boston, October 15, 1900.)

WASHINGTON : THE CITY OF LEISURE.

LOOKING up from my desk at the close of a day almost tropical in its sensuous languorousness, with a sky so brilliantly blue that it seems to take on the color of the flowers beneath rather than to reflect them, with the air laden with the perfume of magnolias and the other heavy odors of our Southern flowers, which like love itself become a part of your being if you love them, which you hate with equal fierceness if they cloy and are too all pervading ; at that mysterious moment in the day when the sun has not quite died and night has not yet been born, — the hour of twilight, the most mystic of all the twenty-four, when everything is softened and mellowed and beautified by Nature's charity, — my eyes fall on the monument to Washington. It is grim, majestic, impressive ; beautiful always ; like the man whose fame it perpetuates, eternally suggesting a new thought, a new inspiration ; at times harsh, repellent, with a face of granite ; at other times, as now, bathed in a sea of crimson, purple, amethyst, — such the profusion of color, — its capstone glistening like a crater of molten gold ; even as the face of Washington might have been suffused with hope as, beneath the stately oaks of Mount Vernon, he told the beautiful Martha Dandridge that which has made the dumb become eloquent and the eloquent grow dumb. The nation's monument to George Washington dominates the city of Washington ; more lofty than any other monument in the world, it is typical of Washington the city, — a city unlike that which exists anywhere else ; with a manner, an "atmosphere," an individuality all her own.

Washington to-day, the Washington whose centennial Congress will appropriately celebrate during the month of December, bears no more relation to "the

Federal City" founded by the first President than the blue lump of clay does to the flashing diamond. The Continental Congress was a movable body. It sat in eight places. It fled Philadelphia because its proceedings had been disturbed by a mob, which had not been promptly quelled. It was largely fear of the mob which governed Congress in not locating the capital in or near a large city ; which forced it to reject the claims of New York, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Harrisburg, and Baltimore. A site on the Potomac, fiercely denounced by the New England members as an unhealthy wilderness, was offered. It was accepted reluctantly by both houses, and, under the authority conferred on him, President Washington appointed surveyors to locate the boundaries of the ten square miles over which Congress should have exclusive jurisdiction. It was hoped (an inspiration shared even by Washington) that the new city was destined to become the "greatest commercial emporium" in the United States. Fortunately for itself and the country, it has been saved from that fate. The city of Washington is the first instance in history of a nation's capital created by legislative enactment ; all other capitals have been part of the process of national evolution. So absurd did this seem at the time that a distinguished French writer was led to remark : "There is too much of the human element in this affair. You may wager a thousand to one that the town will not be built, or will not be called Washington, or that Congress will not sit there." So much for words. The men who acted, the men who planned the city, had faith in the future and the audacity which belongs to genius. It was an age of narrow streets ; of houses jammed together, shutting out vista and light ; of beauty sacrificed to

the material. With almost superhuman foresight, these men pictured the Washington of the century to come: they created wide streets and magnificent avenues, and reserved one half of the city for parks and open spaces, so that its inhabitants might forever be gladdened by the sight of grass and flowers, and turn from the work of man to find a new joy in nature. When, a hundred years ago, the seat of government was transferred from Philadelphia to Washington, the crude city boasted but a few hundred houses, and only one executive department completed and ready for occupancy. All else was faith; but men who had created a nation were justified in believing they could build a city. How well they builded the world knows. The lump of clay has been ground on the wheel of time and polished by the hand of progress, until its glistening facets make it the centre of that imperial diadem of cities, — the pride of the New World, the admiration of the Old. It is fitting that Congress should celebrate its anniversary, and once more do honor to the genius of its creators.

Most cities are like most individuals, — we like them if they like us. The place where one has loved, or triumphed, or gained a little measure of fame is always a place of fragrant memories. And it is so when the city is to be regarded as a passing acquaintance, merely, and not as a friend. A good hotel, a delightful dinner, an artistic tea shop (which is one reason why a much-traveled friend of mine holds Glasgow in grateful recollection), are things trivial enough to make us like one city, while things equally trivial cause us to detest the very name of another. But to the stranger as well as to the resident, Washington invites and attracts and fascinates. It is not the garish fascination of Paris, where the brain is seduced through the senses and delirium corrupts reason; or the grim fascination of London, whose

weight and vastness and murky past and unknown future hold men entranced, or drive them away shuddering at its hideousness. Washington has a fascination all her own, — a fascination so subtle, so delicate, so intangible, and yet so material, that he must be very callous, very indifferent, very soulless, who does not fall captive to her wiles. Paris is the Sapho of cities, to all men all things, but always with the wanton's light of love in her faithless eye and treacherous smile lurking about her unstable mouth; London passionately showers her gifts into the laps of her favored lovers; but Washington is like a woman whose very presence radiates happiness, whose beauty and grace and charm make the world better for her being; like a young girl who gives a penny fan to a sick child in a hospital, and leaves with him a memory more brilliant than the gaudy colors on which his tired eyes rest.

Nor is it difficult to understand the charm of Washington. The stranger in any other city in America or Europe feels that he is an infinitesimal atom in the microcosm of humanity. He is interested in nobody, and nobody is interested in him, except the policeman. The American city may be spelled Chicago, or New York, or Omaha, on the map, but the name common to them all is business. The stranger whose only occupation is to kill time has no place among men whose moments mean dollars, where all is rush and excitement, where money-making is the beginning and end of all things. Go farther afield and you find the same; for London is not only the capital of the British Empire, but it is one of the greatest manufacturing cities in the world; and so with Paris and Berlin and Vienna. But Washington, capital city though it be, has not been degraded by the greed of commercialism. As we understand the word, there is no business in Washington; there are no huge factories to destroy the clearness of tropical skies with their clouds of smoke, and

deface white buildings with their soot; there are no "hands" to be kenneled in tenement houses; there is no devil's caldron of a stock exchange to brew witches' broth; there is no feverishness, no excitement, no turmoil, because the loss of a minute does not mean the loss of a fortune. Washington is not America; it is itself alone.

Washington invites to repose. It is the only city in America where there is really a leisure class. Not only is the climate for the major portion of the year soothing, but the general air of its inhabitants is one of dignified ease, rather than the scrambling, mad anxiety which is the first thing to impress a foreigner when he lands on our shores. The architecture of the city increases this feeling. There are few hideous sky scrapers; there is a uniformity of color which is restful without being monotonous; the wide streets, lined with trees and often arched by them, set off and soften the national buildings; the little parks and circles, embellished with the statue of warrior or statesman and always full of color of the season's flowers, are a rest for the eye, and a break in what would otherwise be the too rigid contour of streets and houses. One maintains a delightful feeling of surprise. In other cities streets are laid out in straight lines and with the regularity of a geometrical problem; they are simply the way to a place, and as matter of fact as an equation. In Washington a street seemingly straight is as deceptive as a coquette's mood. The straight street after a few hundred yards runs into a circle from which radiate half a dozen other streets; the circle, in the early spring redolent with the breath of hyacinths, must be circumnavigated before the continuation of the street can be followed; and then again after a few hundred yards an avenue cuts in, the angles utilized to make miniature flower gardens, the corners formed by the meeting of the ways giving the architect excellent opportunity to exercise his skill in

bold fronts, and making detached houses more common in Washington than in most other cities.

It must not be supposed that Washington is the creation of a night. The men who originally laid out the city did their work well in planting wide avenues and streets, and foreseeing that the infant capital of a struggling confederacy would one day be the seat of government of a mighty nation. But having done that, they let time do the rest. Time slept, but the genius of one man was the magician's wand to break the spell of somnolency. Alexander Shepherd did for Washington what Baron Haussmann did for Paris. Shepherd found Washington a mudhole, and left it the city of beauty it is to-day. He suffered the fate of all reformers, — he was abused, calumniated, driven forth; but he has lived long enough to see his vindication, and to hear Washington discussing the propriety of erecting a statue to his honor. Curiously enough, Shepherd unconsciously rendered even a greater service to his beloved city, and gave to his people an object lesson in the benefits to follow from pure autocracy. With the downfall of the Shepherd régime the people of Washington were disfranchised, and, paradoxical as it may sound in this land of universal suffrage, Washington, the capital, is the only place where the right of suffrage is denied; where the people have no voice in its affairs; where they live and thrive under the infliction of "taxation without representation;" where the rulers owe no allegiance to the people whom they govern, and are possessed of almost autocratic power. Washington has no local legislature, no common council, no board of aldermen. Congress has usurped all of these functions; to Congress the people of Washington must go if they want a street paved, or a school-house erected, or the police force increased; and the mandatory of Congress are the Commissioners, two of them civil-

ians and one of them an army officer, who are appointed by the President, and who may or may not consult the wishes of the people in the making of his appointments. Theoretically this ought to be a very bad arrangement, but — alas for theories when they clash with facts! — Washington is one of the best governed cities in the world. There is no political party to profit from the knavery of contractors or the finding of places for henchmen, no boss to whom universal tribute is paid. Its affairs are honestly and economically administered; its streets are clean and well lighted; its policemen polite and conscientious; its fire department is prompt and reliable; its rate of taxation one of the lowest in the country; its public schools have often been cited as models; its care for the preservation of the public health and the protection of the indigent and sick is admirable. Surely there is a suggestion here for other American cities.

Its geographical position, its native population, and its climate make Washington a curious contrast to the North and South. On the map it is South; in manners and thought and ideas it is of the North, yet still bearing the mark of its birth. Its climate in summer is tropical, which invites the residents whom business or poverty keeps in the city to open their shutters with the going down of the sun, and sit out in front of their houses to catch a passing breath of air. "Stoop life" is a feature of the city, and on any summer evening one may see house after house decorated with its clusters of humanity, young people and old, men and maidens, smoking and talking and flirting; and as the stars appear, so also appear lemonade and other cooling things. A Washington custom also unique is the habit of its women in going about in summer time hatless. In the cities of southern Europe the woman without a hat, but with a flimsy lace shawl thrown over her head, is familiar enough; but in

Washington even the mantilla is dispensed with. It is no unusual sight to see in an open street car, in the evening, the majority of its occupants, women and girls, hatless. They ride in the cars for the air, they go calling or to the theatre, but the hat, after dusk, is left at home. It is a pretty sight. There is much beauty in Washington, the warm beauty of the South, with its rich coloring and eyes that flash and sparkle; and these young girls and matrons in their light-colored and diaphanous frocks, their faces full of animation and their heads bared, make a picture so attractive and so foreign that for the moment one forgets he is in an American city.

There are three great doors in the world, says Kipling, where, if you stand long enough, you shall meet any one you wish. The head of the Suez Canal is one, Charing Cross Station the second, and the Nyanza Docks the third. There is one place in America where you only have to sit and wait for people to come to you. Eventually every one comes to Washington. If a woman does not come there as a bride, — and most brides do, — she comes as the wife of an official, or, in her old age, as a claimant knocking at the doors of Congress for justice. If a man does not come there for pleasure, business or politics some time in his life will force him there. Washington is the clearing house of the Union.

It is a stately city, with its wide avenues, its impressive buildings, its tree-lined streets, and statues of the builders of empire at nearly every corner, and the life is governed by its surroundings. It is a city which revolves around the government. One might say the same thing about the world's other capitals, but the assertion would be only qualifiedly true. Separate London from the circle of government, and it still exists as the centre of art and literature, of science and commerce, of finance and society, — the heart of the mightiest of empires, the spot on which is focused

the world's attention; in fine, the concentrated embodiment of that wonderfully complex and disappointing thing, modern civilization. And so in scarcely lesser degree Paris or Berlin or Vienna. Take away the government from Washington, and you would have a city beautiful in the extreme, a city whose wide avenues no traveler sees without admiring the genius of the men whose prophetic vision was great enough to enable them to lay out a city worthy of the nation it represents, but a city whose glory had departed. In Washington there is no life apart from government and politics: it is our daily bread; it is the thread which runs through the woof and warp of our lives; it colors everything. Washington has great scientific collections; it has the largest library in America, one of the great collections of the world, housed in an edifice the envy of librarians the world over: but these things are a part of the government, and owe their existence to government favor.

It would be an idle and profitless speculation to discuss what might be the fate of Washington were the seat of government removed to Oklahoma, or some other remote place, but it serves a useful purpose to point out that the fate of government might have been different had the seat of government been established in New York, or Boston, or some other large city. With that prescience which marked all that the Fathers of the Republic did, they established the capital where there was no danger of parliamentary deliberations being influenced by the mob, or of legislators yielding to the concentrated clamor of the unthinking. Had Congress sat in New York during the blackest days of the civil war, or in Boston during the days of the Electoral Commission, or in Louisville when the Senate deadlocked over the Force Bill, or in Denver when the Sherman law was repealed, is it not certain that the local sentiment would have mani-

festated itself and left its imprint upon legislation? Not that Congress by sitting in Washington is remote from the people, but it need not fear the mob, and the most timid legislator is not terrorized by the dread of physical violence or apprehensive of personal safety. For let it be remembered that Washington is the one capital which knows not the mob and has formed no acquaintance with the riot. Call the roll of the nations' capitals, and there is evoked the cinematograph of troops and police charging the *sans-culottes*, of artillery lending its bass to the shrill tenor of the Marseillaise, of governments overthrown to placate the Commune, of barricades springing up at every corner, and Anarchy reigning supreme. Washington points with pride to its solitary riot. It remembers the awkward quarter of an hour when the redoubtable Coxey walked across the grass of the Capitol and was promptly arrested by a single policeman; and with his arrest the "army of the commonwealth" resolved itself into its original unwashed elements. Thus perished in ridicule Washington's one "riot"!

That Washington moves and has its being around the government is one of the reasons why it is so intensely interesting to the casual visitor. Other cities have things — buildings and collections and monuments — to exhibit to the stranger; their lions are all graven images. Washington has all these and more: it has persons. Its lions are lions of flesh and blood; lords of the forest, whose gentle roars awake many a responsive echo. The stranger in any other city may visit collections, interesting, no doubt, but as cold and passionless as the mummied beauty who three thousand years ago heard love singing in her heart, and whose pulses quickened at the sound of a voice, but who to-day is the text for the vanity of vanities.

"I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answer'd, once did live,

And drink; and Ah! the passive Lip I kiss'd,
How many Kisses might it take — and give!"

In Washington, more interesting than White House or Capitol, attractive as they may be, are the men whose roofs they shadow. For in Washington the rulers of the nation for the time being are always in the gaze of the public, and it requires neither introductions nor influence for the humblest citizen to see, frequently to talk with, those who sit in the seats of the mighty. The galleries of Congress are open to all, — to him who cometh first the first seat is given; and, unlike the House of Commons, where women are as jealously veiled from the profane eyes of men as they would be in a harem, and from behind a screen can neither see nor be seen, there are galleries reserved for women, which, with the American's usual chivalrous treatment of women, command a rather better view of the proceedings than those set apart for men only; but women need not flock by themselves unless they want to, and may sit with their male companions. Or the stranger may see the President walking or driving; he may even grasp his hand at one of the tri-weekly informal morning receptions; he may see members of the Cabinet, ambassadors, senators, representatives, admirals, and generals, politicians of high or low degree, enter or leave the White House; he may study a senatorial kingmaker from the adjoining table of a hotel dining room, or see him smoke his after-dinner cigar in the lobby of his hotel; he may hear the great man, without whose name no copy of a daily paper is considered complete, crack his joke like any other little man. In Washington everybody is known. The small boys know the President, and take off their hats to him for the pleasure of being saluted in turn; the car conductors know the Vice President and the Speaker of the House, and are only too happy to impress the country cousin with their knowledge; the colored waiter is an

abridged Congressional Directory, and the attendants at White House, Capitol, and elsewhere take a pride in pointing out the elect.

This is the charm to the stranger, who of course touches only the outer rim, who knows Washington only in the most superficial way, and who knows nothing of Washington life as it really is. To one who does know its inner life, it has an attraction which no other city in America can equal. It is a city of curious social contrasts. Other cities claim to be cosmopolitan because they have absorbed, but not assimilated, the sweepings of Europe; but they are no more cosmopolitan than the tower of Babel was an academy of philology. To claim for one American city over another a social preëminence is a delicate, a foolish thing even; for does not every city believe that its society is superior to any other? Yet it will perhaps not be denied by the unprejudiced observer that the entrance to society is through the check book, and that in every large city where there are several strata of society it is difficult to say which is the highest unless gauged by the cost of its entertainments. In Washington the question admits of no discussion. At the head of society, to make as much or as little of it as he chooses, stands the President, of course, — in Washington, unlike foreign capitals, wives enjoying the same rank as their husbands, — then the Vice President, then the members of the Cabinet in the order of their succession to the presidency, the diplomatic corps, the supreme court, senators, representatives, and so on, down a long list, each official, according to his rank, finding himself neatly labeled in society's catalogue. But while this officially settles a man's status in the official world, determines his precedence, makes it certain where he will sit at dinner, and whether he shall precede or follow his fiercest enemy, in Washington, as elsewhere, men rise superior to rank, and fortune is

greater than circumstance. To be a peer of England gives an *entrée* into some circles; the inheritance of one of the old and honored names in American history is an open sesame to many doors. To be a senator is in Washington to command respect and a certain amount of social deference; it serves as an introduction, but it serves as no more. The introduction secured, what follows depends upon the individual, and more perhaps upon his wife, if he be not a bachelor or a widower. For Washington is the paradise of woman: there she holds greater sway than anywhere else; there she wields greater influence than falls to the lot of her sisters elsewhere.

Tradition asserts — a tradition still believed in some of the remoter quarters of the Union — that in the “early days,” a nebulous epoch which has defied the investigations of chronology, the baneful influence of woman was spread over Washington; “the female lobbyist,” synonymous with everything that was young, beautiful, witty, well dressed, good or bad as the mood suited her, at whose feet men worshiped and whose cook was deified by the jaded palates of the world-weary, — this is the picture which has fired more than one youthful imagination in the day when he viewed life through the covers of a yellow-back novel and the mystery of woman was unfathomable. If she ever existed, she has now become an extinct species, gone to join her male companion, the stories of whose sumptuous dinners, with their inevitable accompaniment of poker, are still pleasant reading for a wet Sunday afternoon. The glory of the lobby has departed. There are lobbyists still, men and women, who eke out a precarious existence, who are so well known and whose trade is recognized as being so disreputable that no one with self-respect may be seen in conversation with them, and whose frayed linen and shiny clothes and contempt of soap do not invite companionship. The lobbyist has ceased to exist

because he was too raw in his methods. We have not, perhaps, become more moral, but we have become less crude and more scientific. The lobbyist has given place to the “agent,” who sometimes sits on the floor of the House or the Senate, occasionally in the Cabinet, or who exercises his power from afar, and does not even appear in person in Washington. But while this is one phase of Washington, it is too foreign to the purpose of this article to be more than touched upon.

But woman rules, because in Washington everything revolves around the social centre, and society and politics are inseparably interwoven. In other cities society and its diversions, its dinners and its dances, are only the relaxation from the more serious side of life; in Washington they are part of the general scheme of life. The one recognized leader of society, or the half dozen who may be competing for that title, in New York or Boston or Chicago or elsewhere, may give dinners or balls during the season as the whim seizes. In Washington there is no option; there is a social calendar to be religiously kept and observed, from which there is no escape. Diplomacy, law, and statesmanship must eat at the President’s table during the season; each member of the Cabinet must in turn play host to his chief; birthdays and coronations of queens and kings must be duly observed with feasting and dancing; and threading in and out of this maze are the dinners, large and small, official and semi-official, of diplomatists and secretaries and legislators and the host of officials one grade lower, while the afternoons are busy with teas and receptions, until it has become an axiom that in Washington no one really works but society women and newspaper correspondents. Because society constantly needs to be entertained, and always welcomes eagerly to its ranks any person who can provide entertainment, and anathematizes the bore, tact and cleverness, bril-

liancy and beauty, exercise greater influence in Washington than they do in most cities. Position counts for much, but not for all, and wealth counts for little. Many men and women whose position and wealth might constitute them prominent in society are simply tolerated, and not welcomed; and while, to entertain, money is as essential in Washington as it is elsewhere, it is not the open sesame which it is in some other cities. Possibly this may need explanation. The millionaire member of the Senate, whose lavish entertainments are the admiration of his friends and the shaft of envy to his enemies, does not because of his millions stand higher in the social scale than his colleague who lives in a hotel, and whose entertaining is confined to the few dinners which it is absolutely incumbent upon him to give during the course of the season. And yet the fact that he does not entertain, that he lives as quietly and modestly as a struggling lawyer or doctor who has yet his name to make, closes no door to him or makes his presence less welcome at any table. And if he is something more than a mere member of the Senate, if in addition to being the possessor of an official title he is a man of force and character and intellect, if he has wife and daughters who are tactful or brilliant or beautiful, he and his family will be welcome to the most exclusive houses, and nobody will think of his poverty; but if he has nothing to distinguish him, if his women-kind are conventional merely, although the newspapers will frequently report his name at dinners, and the names of his wife and daughters at teas and luncheons, they will be only superficially in society. Washington is the paradise of the poor man with brains.

One of the great charms of Washington society, to those who are in it, is that Washington is the only city in the world with an established society where society does not put itself on show for the benefit of the world at large. There is

no Metropolitan Opera House or Delmonico's or Prince's or Hotel Ritz or the Bristol, as there is in New York or London or Paris or Berlin; no place where people go to dine out, to see who else is there and to be seen of every one, to place their diamonds and their costumes on exhibition and to have them written about, to be fragments of colored glass in the ever changing kaleidoscope of a life which is always moving, always changing, always making a new pattern before the last one has fallen into place. Except at the theatre, society in Washington never puts itself on parade. It has no opportunity to do so. There is no fashionable restaurant to be recognized as society's clearing house, nor is the fashion of public dining cultivated. People who entertain do so in their own houses; occasionally some function larger than usual may overtax the resources of a private house, and make it necessary to give it in a public hall, or a man may find it more convenient to give a dinner at a hotel rather than at his house or club; but wherever held privacy is insisted upon and maintained. The public may know that a dinner is given at which every guest bears a name distinguished for something, but the public will be given no opportunity to know more than that. There is not even a park or a "Rotten Row" to which society by common consent resorts at a stipulated hour, although Washington is noted for its parks; there is not even a church parade.

It is not that society is more exclusive in Washington than in other cities; it is partly matter of habit, partly because of indifference. In the old days, the diplomatic corps was regarded as being so far superior to the native Americans that its members formed a colony apart; they mingled officially and socially, but not intimately, with the barbarians among whom a hard fate and the exigencies of diplomacy compelled them to live; and conscious of their own greatness, display of any kind was the very last thing

they desired or cultivated. Time has changed the European idea of American society as it has changed American ideas of European manners and morals. The diplomatic corps still occupies its place of preëminence in the world where the social code is the only code known; but while exclusive, while extremely careful whom it admits to its dinner table, it no longer holds itself aloof; it has long ceased to be merely officially polite, and has become intimate; it has taken to wife some of our fairest daughters, and it has shown a sympathetic comprehension of our institutions and our prejudices. It has taught us one thing which other cities might heed. It has shown that society can exist without colossal fortunes; that vulgar display, extravagant and bizarre entertainments, and ostentatious spending of money are merely the signs of the parvenus, whose only hope of attracting attention is by making their money cry out for them. While most of the ambassadors of the Great Powers are provided by their governments with a liberal allowance for entertainments, their obligations to society are rarely paid in the form of large receptions or a "crush;" dinners succeed each other with such frequency that, in turn, everybody in that charmed circle is host and guest, — dinners marked by quiet elegance, comfort, and interesting company. The example of the diplomatic corps has proved contagious, and explains why the best society eschews display as much as possible, and why those great entertainments at which there is such a lavish exhibition of wealth, and which so much delight other cities, are unknown in Washington.

Another reason why Washington society avoids notoriety as much as possible is that society in the capital is a very compact entity. Socially Washington is much like a village, where every one knows everybody else, where concealment is quite impossible. Social Washington is a small world, — so small

that its units do not admit of many combinations. The same people meet each other at the teas in the afternoon and at dinners a few hours later, and in the course of a season all society has met so often that most people are bored; and the host or hostess who can in the waning days produce a novelty, whether man or woman, lion of the forest or cooing dove of the plain, the man whose heroic deeds have excited a continent or the young girl whose only charm is her beauty and her freshness, may be sure that none of her invitations will be refused. In fact, if there is one drawback to Washington society, it is its circumscription. I recall the remark made to me by a member of the Cabinet a few years ago. He looked up wearily from his desk one afternoon. "Another Cabinet dinner to-night," he said, with a sigh.

"Has Mr. Secretary Blank such a very bad cook that you dread the ordeal?" I asked.

"No, Blank's cook will pass, and Blank serves better wine than some men I might mention; but we do get so tired of each other and each other's wives before the season is over. To-night will be the seventh week running I have taken Mrs. Blank in to dinner. Now Mrs. Blank is a very charming woman, but after you have taken her in to dinner seven times in as many weeks, there gets to be monotony about the conversation not exactly conducive to make one look forward to a dinner with unalloyed joy. I have no doubt Mrs. Blank thinks just the same thing about me. If we could only break the pairs occasionally, it would lead to an element of novelty; but there is no escape from the order of precedence, and every time we dine the President I know exactly what I have to look forward to."

The narrowness of the circle has its compensation in that it makes it unnecessary for any one to live beyond his position or to try to dazzle his neighbors by a too lavish parade of wealth. A

man either lives on his salary, which is always small, or else regards his salary as an incident, merely, and relies upon private means. But in either case he quickly finds his level; and while his wealth may give him a temporary advantage, it will convey no lasting benefit. The millionaires have splurged their brief hour, serving larks' tongues and swans with all their feathers and other triumphs of the culinary art; they have been written up in the daily papers and pictured in the weeklies, and have drawn their crowds, and have promptly passed into oblivion; while men who never entertained, who lived on a salary of five thousand a year and saved a little each year, wielded the real power then, and still remain a power. In no other capital in the world, in hardly any other city, does money mean so little as it does in the capital of democracy. And these things explain the indifference of society to putting itself on parade. There is nothing to be gained by it; there is no advantage to follow; there is not even the triumph which comes from humiliating a rival. The woman whose husband is a millionaire will wear her diamonds and her Paris frocks; but bitterness is her portion if she presumes on that to set herself above the wife of the man whose only means is his salary, yet whose official position or length of service gives him precedence. That is why the position of women is so important in Washington; why they can, and often do, make things so unpleasant for the rash who believe the bridge of gold will carry them to their desires. That is why most women who have had long experience in Washington are something more than the wives of their husbands, and become their partners and an active force. That is why one hears a woman say, "*We* wanted the red-tape committee," knowing that to be chairman of that committee makes a man famous and feared. That is why a woman has been heard to say, "*We* wanted the sealing-

wax office;" for great is the power of the commissioner, unlimited his supply of sealing wax, and much court is paid to his wife. Merit of course rules in Washington, and influence counts for naught; but a woman, especially if she be charming and tactful and magnetic, injures no cause, and more than one man has exchanged the drudgery of the plains for the more cheerful air of Washington and promotion because some woman has felt a passing interest in his career.

Despite the limitations of Washington society, there is a charm about it not to be found elsewhere, because it escapes the bane of society in every other American city, its narrow provincialism. In New York, as in Chicago and other cities, people are naturally interested in their local surroundings; their world is the world of their own and the few adjoining streets, and what happens in the rest of the country, or in countries still more remote, is too far removed from their field of vision to have more than the faintest concern for them. Perhaps there is no city quite so provincial as New York, — due to the fact that the average New Yorker, whether in society or in business, has got into the habit of patronizing the inhabitants of any other city. The New York business man complacently feels that the rest of the country is financed by New York, and must do as New York tells it; the society man or woman of New York believes that outside of New York, with few exceptions, there is no society worthy of the name, and what society does exist is merely a bad imitation of its New York prototype. Washington is saved from this feeling, because there is no local pride, and because the diversity of the elements which go to make up society prevents stagnation; because the whole country, the entire world, is drawn upon, and the topics of conversation are not merely the ordinary gossip of a narrow section of one city, but are the things, sometimes important, sometimes trivial,

holding the attention of the whole world. In any social gathering there will be men and women representing nearly every state of the Union; naval officers representing no state, but with allegiance to all; diplomatists to add the savor of the Old World to that of the New; scientists who have lived very close to Nature in the endeavor to wrest her secrets. A society so made up would perforce perish of inanition if it attempted to live on the small talk that drops from tables or the gossip of the smoking-room. Small talk and gossip there are, of course, but with them there is something more substantial. No one in Washington has yet had courage to establish a salon; the American Madame Roland has yet to make her appearance; but when she does she will be welcomed by her followers, from whose ranks she can select with discriminating care.

Apropos of society, there is a pleasing tradition which has long existed, but which, in the interest of history, I feel compelled reluctantly but ruthlessly to destroy. Tradition asserts that there is an old residential society, composed of native Washingtonians, belonging to the "first families," admission to which inner and sacred circle is denied to every one except the members of these same first families. It is a sort of Faubourg St. Germain, and like that faubourg its inhabitants turn up their aristocratic noses at their temporary rulers, regarding them generally as *sans-culottes*. The adventitious advantage of rank is ignored, and only those who can show the *sang pur* and the quarterings are admitted as equals. As in Paris, so in Washington, women of the faubourg are aristocratic, with gray hair; very haughty and very intolerant of progress, with relics of their past estate visible in miniatures of long dead but abnormally handsome husbands, and a few pieces of treasured silver; and whose retinue always consists of an old colored woman, who was nurse to her mistress's

first-born and presumes upon it, and her equally venerable husband, who does his work very badly, and makes up for it in sentimental philosophy. But, alas, this fabled *quartier* exists only in the pages of novelists; like Bohemia, the land of which every one talks, but which no one has yet seen, it defies the discoverers. "The first families" form no distinctive class; they have long since been merged into society at large; and while here and there one may find a name which takes one back to the Virginia of the colonies, and recalls the times when Virginians lived in almost feudal state, the tradition of haughty dames who have never reconciled themselves to the new order of things is a figment of the imagination, as intangible and impalpable as a negro's voodoo curse.

It has been said that politics and society are inseparably interwoven in Washington, but it might even more accurately be said that society is merely the offshoot of politics. Everything in Washington is political, that is to say official, and officials owe their existence to politicians. Everybody, with few exceptions, is in some way connected with the government; the exceptions are the people who have discovered the charm of Washington as a winter resort and the newspaper correspondents, and they are more political than the politicians. The motif of existence in Washington is politics, but the game is played on a generous scale. The absence of local politics eliminates the petty schemes which make American politics so wretchedly sordid. In Washington we talk politics morning, noon, and night; we play politics all the year round; even at times when the most ardent politicians in other parts of the country have forgotten their schemes we are planning the next campaign; but we play the game like gentlemen who may lose a fortune on the turn of a card without betraying an emotion, not like punters who drop their coin with a shudder, and shiver as

chance goes against them. Across the aisle of House or Senate men battle for party, watchful, alert, bold, giving and asking no quarter, eager to turn everything to their advantage. At night, across the dinner table, the stinging satire of the day, the merciless thrusts, the heat and passion of the moment, are forgotten. Opponents in public, in private men are friends, each appreciating the good qualities of the other, respecting sincerity though regretting a judgment so perverted. "Washington is the city where the big men of little towns come to be disillusioned," a newspaper writer has said. It is true. The big man of the little town comes to Washington expecting that political opponents no more break bread than would a Mohammedan think of worshipping in the church of the Christian. He soon discovers his error. He soon learns that while his whole atmosphere is political, while every one he meets is a part of the government, while politics is as much a part of his life as the blood is a part of the body, and neither can be separated from the other, politics is ignored when he enters the drawing-room. It is a lesson which some men learn quickly, — they become something more than mere successful politicians; but it is a lesson which

some men are so slow to master that they have ceased to be politicians before they have mastered its rudiments. And Washington is the graveyard of reputations as well as the cradle of fame.

I look up once more at the monument to Washington. It stands now veiled in a sea of silvery light, the Potomac, but a hand's breadth away, a ribbon of uncut velvet, shimmering in blue and silver, until it fines down and is lost in the green of the Virginia hills, — the monument majestic in its size, colossal in its proportions, beautiful in its stern simplicity. It stands there like a sentinel keeping watch over the city it so jealously loves; it stands there part of the genius of George Washington, a fragment of his creative force. By day, warmed by the sun, softened by the iridescence of the prismatic colors, it is the Washington of youth and faith and ambition. By night, bathed in fantastic shadow, forbidding, cold, unapproachable, it is the Washington who has put ambition behind him; who has done his work; who, secure in the affections of his countrymen, can look with serene vision to the future. Inseparably it links the Washington of the past with the Washington of to-day.

A. Maurice Low.

THE MIST.

EURDYCE eludes the dark
 To follow Orpheus, the Lark
 That leads her to the dawn
 With rhapsodies of star delight,
 Till, looking backward in his flight,
 He finds that she is gone.

John B. Tabb.

PENELOPE'S IRISH EXPERIENCES.¹

PART SECOND.

VII.

"'An' there,' sez I to meself, 'we're goin' wherever we go,
But where we'll be whin we git there it's never a know I'll know.'"

WE had planned to go direct from Dublin to Valencia Island, where there is not, I am told, "one dhry step 'twixt your fut an' the States;" but we thought it too tiring a journey for Benella, and arranged for a little visit to Cork first. We nearly missed the train owing to the late arrival of Salemina at the Kings-bridge station. She had been buying malted milk, Mellin's Food, an alcohol lamp, a tin cup, and getting all the doctor's prescriptions renewed.

We intended, too, to go second or third class now and then, in order to study the humors of the natives, but of course we went "first" on this occasion on account of Benella. I told her that we could not follow British usage and call her by her surname. Dusenberry was too long and too — well, too extraordinary for daily use abroad.

"P'r'aps it is," she assented meekly; "and still, Mis' Beresford, when a man's name is Dusenberry, you can't hardly blame him for wanting his child to be called by it, can you?"

This was incontrovertible, and I asked her middle name. It was Frances, and that was too like Francesca.

"You don't like the sound o' Benella?" she inquired. "I've always set great store by my name, it is so unlikely. My father's name was Benjamin and my mother's Ella, and mine is made from both of 'em; but you can call me any kind of a name you please, after what

you've done for me," and she closed her eyes patiently.

"Call me Daphne, call me Chloris,
Call me Lalage or Doris,
Only, only call me thine,"

I thought, in a poetic parenthesis.

Benella looks frail and yet hardy. She has an unusual and perhaps unnecessary amount of imagination for her station, some native common sense, but limited experience; she is somewhat vague and inconsistent in her theories of life, but I am sure there is vitality, and energy too, in her composition, although it has been temporarily drowned in the Atlantic Ocean. If she were a clock, I should think that some experimenter had taken out her original works, and substituted others to see how they would run. The clock has a New England case and strikes with a New England tone, but the works do not match it altogether. Of course I know that one does not ordinarily engage a lady's maid because of these piquant peculiarities; but in our case the circumstances were extraordinary. I have explained them fully to Himself in my letters, and Francesca too has written pages of illuminating detail to Ronald Macdonald.

The similarity in the minds of men must sometimes come across them with a shock, unless indeed it appeals to their sense of humor. Himself in America, and the Rev. Mr. Macdonald in the north of Scotland, both answered, in course of time, that a lady's maid should be engaged because she is a lady's maid, and for no other reason.

Was ever anything duller than this, more conventional, more commonplace or didactic, less imaginative? Himself

added, "You are a romantic idiot, and I love you more than tongue can tell." Francesca did not say what Ronald added; probably a part of this same sentence (owing to the aforesaid similarity of men's minds), reserving the rest for the frank intimacy of the connubial state.

Everything looked beautiful in the uncertain glory of the April day. The thistledown clouds opened now and then to shake out a delicate, brilliant little shower, then ceased in a trice, and the sun smiled through the light veil of rain, turning every falling drop to a jewel. It was as if the fairies were busy at aerial watering pots, without any more serious purpose than to amuse themselves and make the earth beautiful; and we realized that Irish rain is as warm as an Irish welcome, and soft as an Irish smile.

Everything was bursting into new life, everything but the primroses, and their glory was departing. The yellow carpet seemed as bright as ever on the sunny hedgerow banks and on the fringe of the woods, but when we plucked some at a wayside station we saw that they were just past their golden prime. We found great clumps of pale delicately scented bog violets in a damp marshy spot, and brought them in to Salemina, who was not in her usual spirits; in fact, seemed distinctly anxious.

She was enchanted with the changeful charm of the landscape, and found Mrs. Delany's *Memoirs* a book after her own heart, but ever and anon her eyes rested on Benella's pale face. Nothing could have been more doggedly conscientious and assiduous than our attentions to the Derelict. She had beef juice at Kildare, malted milk at Ballybrophy, tea at Dundrum; nevertheless, as we approached Limerick Junction we were obliged to hold a consultation. Salemina wished to alight from the train at the next station, take a three or four hours' rest, then jog on to any comfortable place for the night, and to Cork in the morning.

"I shall feel much more comfortable," she said, "if you go on and amuse yourselves as you like, leaving Benella to me for a day, or even for two or three days. I can't help feeling that the chief fault, or at least the chief responsibility, is mine. If I had n't been born in Salem, or had n't had the word painted on my trunk in such red letters, she would n't have fainted on it, and I need n't have saved her life. It is too late to turn back now; it is saved, or partly saved, and I must persevere in saving it, at least until I find that it's not worth saving."

"Poor darling," said Francesca sympathizingly. "I'll look in Murray and find a nice interesting place. You can put Benella to bed in the Southern Hotel at Limerick Junction, and perhaps you can then drive within sight of the Round Tower of Cashel. Then you can take up the afternoon train and go to—let me see—how would you like Buttevant? (*Boutez en avant*, you know, the 'Push forward' motto of the Barrymores.) It's delightful, Penelope," she continued; "we'd better get off, too. It is a garrison town, and there is a military hotel. Then in the vicinity is Kilmolman, where Spenser wrote the *Faerie Queene*: so there is the beginning of your literary pilgrimage the very first day, without any plotting or planning. The little river Aubeg, which flows by Kilmolman Castle, Spenser called the Mulla, and referred to it as 'Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to weep.' That, by the way, is no more than our Jane Grieve could have done for the rivers of Scotland. What do you say?"

I thought most favorably of Buttevant, but on prudently inquiring the guard's opinion, he said it was not a comfortable place for an invalid lady, and that Mallow was much more the thing. At Limerick Junction, then, we all alighted, and in the ten minutes' wait saw Benella escorted up the hotel stairway by a sympathetic head waiter.

Detached from Salemina's fostering

care and prudent espionage, separated, above all, from the depressing Miss Dusenberry, we planned every conceivable folly in the way of guidebook expeditions. The exhilarating sense of being married, and therefore properly equipped to undertake any sort of excursion with perfect propriety, gave added zest to the affair in my eyes. Sleeping at Cork in an Imperial Hotel was far too usual a proceeding, — we scorned it. As the very apex of boldness and reckless defiance of common sense, we let our heavy luggage go on to the capital of Munster, and, taking our handbags, entered a railway carriage standing on a side track, and were speedily on our way, — we knew not whither, and cared less. We discovered all too soon that we were going to Waterford, the Star of the Suir, —

"The gentle Shure, that making way

By sweet Clonmell, adorns rich Waterford;" and we were charmed at first sight with its quaint bridge spanning the silvery river. It was only five o'clock, and we walked about the fine old ninth-century town, called by the Cavaliers the Urbs Intacta, because it was the one place in Ireland which successfully resisted the all-conquering Cromwell. Francesca sent a telegram at once to

MISS PEABODY AND MAID, Great Southern Hotel, Limerick Junction.

Came to Waterford instead Cork. Strongbow landed here 1771, defeating Danes and Irish. Youghal to-morrow, pronounced Yawl. Address Green Park, Miss Murphy's. How's Derelict?

FRANELOPE.

It was absurd, of course, but an absurdity that can be achieved at the cost of eighteen pence is well worth the money.

Nobody but a Baedeker or a Murray could write an account of our doings the next two days. Feeling that we might at any hour be recalled to Benella's bedside, we took a childlike pleasure in

crowding as much as possible into the time. This zeal was responsible for our leaving the Urbs Intacta, and pushing on to pass the night in something smaller and more idyllic.

I dissuaded Francesca from seeking a lodging in Ballybricken by informing her that it was the heart of the bacon industry, and the home of the best known body of pig-buyers in Ireland; but her mind was fixed upon Killa and Ballies. On asking our jarvey the meaning of Bally as a prefix, he answered reflectively: "I don't think there's annything onderhanded in the manin', melady; I think it means *bally* jist."

The name of the place where we did go shall never be divulged, lest a curious public follow in our footsteps; and if perchance it have not our youth, vigor, and appetite for adventure, it might die there in the principal hotel, unwept, unhonored, and unsung. The house is said to be three hundred and seventy-five years old, but we are convinced that this is a wicked understatement of its antiquity. It must have been built since the Deluge, else it would at least have had one general spring cleaning in the course of its existence. Cromwell had been there, too, and in the confusion of his departure they must have forgotten to sweep under the beds. We entered our rooms at ten in the evening, having dismissed our car, knowing well that there was no other place to stop the night. We gave the jarvey twice his fare to avoid altercation, "but divil a penny less would he take," although it was he who had recommended the place as a cosy hotel. "It looks like a small little house, melady, but 'tis large inside, and it has a power o' beds in it." We each generously insisted on taking the dirtiest bedroom (they had both been last occupied by the Cromwellian soldiers, we agreed), but relinquished the idea, because the more we compared them, the more impossible it was to decide which was the dirtiest.

VIII.

"And the best of all ways

To lengthen our days,

Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!"

At midnight I heard a faint tap at my door, and Francesca walked in, her eyes wide and bright, her cheeks flushed, her long dark braid of hair hanging over her black traveling cloak. I laughed as I saw her, she looked so like Sir Patrick Spens in the ballad play at Pettybaw, — a memorable occasion when Ronald Macdonald caught her acting that tragic rôle in his ministerial gown, the very day that Himself came from Paris, to marry me in Pettybaw, dear little Pettybaw!

"I came in to find out if your bed is as bad as mine, but I see you have not slept in it," she whispered.

"I was just coming in to see if yours could be any worse," I replied. "Do you mean to say that you have tried it, courageous girl? I blew out my candle, and then, after an interval in which to forget, sat down on the outside as a preliminary; but the moon rose just then, and I could get no further."

I had not unpacked my bag. I had simply slipped on my mackintosh, selected a wooden chair, and, putting a Cromwellian towel over it, seated myself shudderingly on it and put my feet on the rounds. Francesca followed my example, and we passed the night in reading Celtic romances to each other. We could see the faint outline of sweet Slievenamann from our windows, — the mountain of the fair women of Feimheann, celebrated as the hunting ground of the Finnian chiefs.

"One day Finn and Oscar

Followed the chase in Sliabh-na-mban-Feimheann,

With three thousand Finnian chiefs
Ere the sun looked out from his circle."

In the Finnian legend, the great Finn McCool, when much puzzled in the choice

of a wife, seated himself on its summit. At last he decided to make himself a prize in a competition of all the fair women in Ireland. They should start at the foot of the mountain, and the one who first reached the summit should be the great Finn's bride. It was Grainne Oge, the Gallic Helen, and daughter of Cormac, the king of Ireland, who won the chieftain, "being fleetest of foot and longest of wind."

We almost forgot our discomforts in this enthralling story, and slept on each other's nice clean shoulders a little, just before the dawn. And such a dawn! Such infinite softness of air, such dew-drenched verdure! It is a backward spring, they say, but to me the woods are even lovelier than in their summer wealth of foliage, when one can hardly distinguish the beauty of the single tree from that of its neighbors, since the colors are blended in one universal green. Now we see the feathery tassels of the beech bursting out of their brown husks, the russet hues of the young oak leaves, and the countless emerald gleams that "break from the ruby-budded lime." The greenest trees are the larch, the horse-chestnut, and the sycamore, three naturalized citizens who apparently still keep to their native fashions, and put out their foliage as they used to do in their own homes. The young alders and the hawthorn hedges are greening, but it will be a fortnight before we can realize the beauty of that snow-white bloom, with its bittersweet fragrance. The cuckoo-flower came this year before instead of after the bird, they tell us, showing that even Nature, in these days of anarchy and misrule, is capable of taking liberties with her own laws. The last few days of warmth and sunshine have hastened the birds, and as Francesca and I sat at our windows breathing in the sweetness and freshness of the morning, there was a concert of thrushes and blackbirds in the shrubberies. The little birds furnish

the chorus or the undertone of song, the hedge sparrows, redbreasts, and chaffinches, but the meistersingers "call the tune" and lead the feathered orchestra with clear and certain notes. It is a golden time for the minstrels, for nest-building is finished, and the feeding of the young birds a good time yet in the future.

When I was always painting, in those other days before I met Himself, one might think my eyes would have been even keener to see beauty than now, when my brushes are more seldom used; but it is not so. There is something, deep hidden in my consciousness, that makes all loveliness lovelier, that helps me to interpret it in a different and in a larger sense. I have a feeling that I have been lifted out of the individual and given my true place in the general scheme of the universe, and, in some subtle way that I can hardly explain, I am more nearly related to all things good, beautiful, and true than I was when I was wholly an artist, and therefore less a woman. The bursting of the leaf buds brings me a tender thought of the one dear heart that gives me all its spring; and whenever I see the smile of a child, a generous look, the flash of sympathy in an eye, it makes me warm with swift remembrance of the one I love the best of all, just "as a lamplight will set a linnet singing for the sun."

Love is doing the same thing for Francesca; for the smaller feelings merge themselves in the larger ones, as little streams lose themselves in oceans. Whenever we talk quietly together of that strange, new, difficult life that she is going so bravely and so joyously to meet, I know by her expression that Ronald's noble face, a little shy, a little proud, but altogether adoring, serves her for courage and for inspiration, and she feels that his hand is holding hers across the distance, in a clasp that promises strength.

At five o'clock we longed to ring for

hot water, but did not dare. Even at six there was no sound of life in the cosy inn which we have named The Cromwell Arms ("Mrs. Duddy, Manageress; Comfort, Cleanliness, Courtesy; Night Porter; Cycling Shed"). From seven to half past we read pages and pages of delicious history and legend, and decided to go from Cappoquin to Youghal by steamer, if we could possibly reach the place of departure in time. At half past seven we pulled the bell energetically. Nothing happened, and we pulled again and again, discovering at last that the connection between the bell rope and the bell wire had long since disappeared, though it had been more than once established with bits of twine, fishing line, and shoe laces. Francesca then went across the hall to examine her methods of communication, and presently I heard a welcome tinkle, and another, and another, followed in due season by a cheerful voice saying, "Don't desthroy it intirely, ma'am; I'll be coming direckly." We ordered jugs of hot water, and were told that it would be some time before it could be had, as ladies were not in the habit of calling for it before nine in the morning, and as the damper of the kitchen range was out of order. Did we wish it in a little canteen with whiskey and a bit of lemon peel, or were we afther wantin' it in a jug? We replied promptly that it was not the hour for toddy, but the hour for baths, with us, and the decrepit and very sleepy night porter departed to wake the cook and build the fire; advising me first, in a friendly way, to take the hearth brush that was "kapin' the windy up and rap on the wall if I needed annything more." At eight o'clock we heard the porter's shuffling step in the hall, followed by a howl and a polite objurgation. A strange dog had passed the night under Francesca's bed, and the porter was giving him what he called "a good hand and fut downstairs." He had put down the hot water for this operation, and on

taking up the burden again we heard him exclaim: "Arrah! look at that now! May the devil fly away with the excommunicated ould jug!" It was past saving, the jug, and leaked so freely that one had to be exceedingly nimble to put to use any of the smoky water in it. "Thim fools o' turf do nothing but smoke on me," apologized the venerable servitor, who then asked "would we be pleased to order breakfast?" We were wise in our generation, and asked for nothing but bacon, eggs, and tea; and after a smoky bath and a change of raiment we were seated at our repast in the coffee room, feeling wonderfully fresh and cheerful. By looking directly at each other most of the time, and making experimental journeys from plate to mouth, thus barring out any intimate knowledge of the tablecloth and the waiter's shirt bosom, we managed to make a breakfast. Francesca is enough to give any one a good appetite. Ronald Macdonald will be a lucky fellow, I think, to begin his day by sitting opposite her; for her eyes shine like those of a child, and one's gaze lingers fondly on the cool freshness of her cheek. Breakfast over and the bill settled, we speedily shook off as much of the dust of Mrs. Duddy's hotel as could be shaken off, and departed on the most decrepit side car that ever rolled on two wheels.

"We had better not tell the full particulars of this journey to Salemina," said Francesca prudently, as we rumbled along; "though, oddly enough, if you remember, whenever any one speaks disparagingly of Ireland, she always takes up cudgels in its behalf."

"Francesca, now that you are within three or four months of being married, can you manage to keep a secret?"

"Yes," she whispered eagerly, squeezing my hand and inclining her shoulder cosily to mine. "Yes, oh yes, and how it would raise my spirits after a sleepless night!"

"When Salemina was eighteen she

had a romance, and the hero of it was the son of an Irish gentleman, an M. P., who was traveling in America, or living there for a few years, — I can't remember which. He was nothing more than a lad, less than twenty-one years old, but he was very much in love with Salemina. How far her feelings were involved I never knew, but she felt that she could not promise to marry him. Her mother was an invalid, and her father a delightful, scholarly, autocratic, selfish old gentleman, who ruled his household with a rod of iron. Salemina coddled and nursed them both during all her young life; indeed, little as she realized it, she never had any separate existence or individuality until they both died, when she was thirty-one or two years old."

"And what became of the young Irishman? Was he faithful to his first love, or did he marry?"

"He married, many years afterward, and that was the time I first heard the story. His marriage took place in Dublin, on the very day, I believe, that Salemina's father was buried; for Fate has the most relentless way of arranging these coincidences. I don't remember his name, and I don't know where he lives or what has become of him. I imagine the romance has been dead and buried in rose leaves for years. Salemina never has spoken of it to me, but it would account for her sentimental championship of Ireland."

IX.

"Swift Awniduff, which of the Englishman
Is cal' de Black-water."

If you want to fall head over ears in love with Ireland at the very first sight of her charms, take, as we did, the steamer from Cappoquin to Youghal, and float down the vale of the Blackwater. The shores of this Irish Rhine are so lovely that the sail on a sunny day is one of unequalled charm. Behind us the moun-

tains ranged themselves in a mysterious melancholy background; ahead the river wended its way southward in and out, in and out, through rocky cliffs and well-wooded shores.

The first tributary stream that we met was the little Finisk, on the higher banks of which is Affane House. The lands of Affane are said to have been given by one of the FitzGeralds to Sir Walter Raleigh for a breakfast, and it was here that he planted the first cherry tree in Ireland, bringing it from the Canary Islands to the Isle of Weeping.

Looking back just below here, we saw the tower and cloisters of Mount Mellera, the Trappist monastery. Very beautiful and very lonely looked "the little town of God," in the shadows of the gloomy hills. We wished we had known the day before how near we were to it, for we could have claimed a night's lodging at the ladies' guest house, where all creeds, classes, and nationalities are received with a *caed-mille-failte* (hundred thousand welcomes), and where any offering for food or shelter is given only at the visitor's pleasure. The Celtic proverb "Melodious is the closed mouth" might be written over the cloisters; for it is a little village of silence, and only the monks who teach in the schools or who attend visitors are absolved from the vow.

Next came Dromana Castle, where the extraordinary old Countess of Desmond was born, — the wonderful old lady whose supposed one hundred and forty years so astonished posterity. She must have married Thomas, twelfth Earl of Desmond, after 1505, as his first wife is known to have been alive in that year. Raleigh saw her in 1589, and she died in 1604: so it would seem that she must have been at least one hundred and ten or one hundred and twelve when she met her untimely death, — a death brought about entirely by her own youthful impetuosity and her fondness for athletic sports. Robert Sydney, second Earl of Leicester, makes the following reference

to her in his Table-Book, written when he was ambassador at Paris, about 1640:

"The old Countess of Desmond was a married woman in Edward IV time in England, and lived till towards the end of Queen Elizabeth, so she must needes be neare one hundred and forty yeares old. She had a new sett of teeth not long afore her death, and might have lived much longer had she not mett with a kinde of violent death; for she would needes climbe a nut-tree to gather nuts; so falling down she hurt her thigh, which brought a fever, and that fever brought death. This, my cousin Walter Fitzwilliam told me."

It is true that the aforesaid Walter may have been a better raconteur than historian; still, local tradition vigorously opposes any lessening of the number of the countess's years, pinning its faith rather on one Hayman, who says that she presented herself at the English court at the age of one hundred and forty years, to petition for her jointure, which she lost by the attainder of the last earl; and it also prefers to have her fall from the historic cherry tree that Sir Walter planted, rather than from a casual nut tree.

Down the lovely river we went, lazily lying back in the sun, almost the only passengers on the little craft, as it was still far too early for tourists; down past Villierstown, Cooneen Ferry, Strancally Castle, with its "Murdering Hole" made famous by the Lords of Desmond, through the Broads of Clashmore; then past Temple Michael, an old castle of the Geraldines, which Cromwell battered down for "dire insolence," until we steamed slowly into the harbor of Youghal, — and, to use our driver's expression, there is no more "onderhanded manin'" in Youghal than the town of the Yew Wood, which is much prettier to the eye and sweeter to the ear.

Here we found a letter from Salemina, and expended another eighteen pence in telegraphing to her: —

PEABODY, Coolkilla House, near Mar-
dyke Walk, Cork.

We are under Yew Tree at Myrtle Grove, where Raleigh and Spenser smoked, read manuscript Faerie Queene, and planted first potato. Delighted Benella better. Join you to-morrow. Don't encourage archæologist.

PENESCA.

We had a charming hour at Myrtle Grove House, an unpretentious gabled dwelling, for a time the residence of the ill-fated soldier captain, Sir Walter Raleigh. You remember, perhaps, that he was mayor of Youghal in 1588. After the suppression of the Geraldine rebellion, the vast estates of the Earl of Desmond and those of one hundred and forty of the leading gentlemen of Munster, his adherents, were confiscated, and proclamation was made all through England inviting gentlemen to "undertake" the plantation of this rich territory. Estates were offered at two or three pence an acre, and no rent was to be paid for the first five years. Many of these great "undertakers," as they were called, were English noblemen who never saw Ireland; but among them were Raleigh and Spenser, who received forty-two thousand and twelve thousand acres respectively, and in consideration of a large share of the patronage of the crown "undertook" to carry the king's business through Parliament.

Francesca was greatly pleased with this information, culled mostly from Joyce's *Child's History of Ireland*. The volume had been bought in Dublin by Salemina and presented to us as a piece of genial humor, but it became our daily companion.

It was in 1589 that the Shepherd of the Ocean, as Spenser calls him, sailed to England to superintend the publishing of the *Faerie Queene*: so from what I know of authors' habits, it is probable that Spenser did read him the poem under the Yew Tree in Myrtle Grove

garden. It seems long ago, does n't it, when the Faerie Queene was a manuscript, tobacco just discovered, the potato a novelty, and the first Irish cherry tree just a wee thing newly transplanted from the Canary Islands? Were our own cherry trees already in America when Columbus discovered us, or did the Pilgrim Fathers bring over "slips" or "grafts," knowing that they would be needed for George Washington later on, so that he might furnish an untruthful world with a sublime sentiment? We re-read Salemina's letter under the Yew Tree:—

COOLKILLA HOUSE, CORK.

MY DEAREST GIRLS,—It seems years instead of days since we parted, and I miss the two madcaps more than I can say. In your absence my life is always so quiet, discreet, dignified,—and yes, I confess it, so monotonous! I go to none but the best hotels, meet none but the best people, and my timidity and conservatism forever keep me in conventional paths. Dazzled and terrified as I still am when you precipitate adventures upon me, I always find afterwards that I have enjoyed them in spite of my fears. Life without you is like a stenographic report of a dull sermon; with you it is by turns a dramatic story, a poem, and a romance. Sometimes it is a penny-dreadful, as when you deliberately leave your luggage on an express train going south, enter another standing upon a side track, and embark for an unknown destination. I watched you from an upper window of the Junction hotel, but could not leave Benella to argue with you. When your respective husband and lover have charge of you, you will not be allowed such pranks, I warrant you!

Benella has improved wonderfully in the last twenty-four hours, and I am trying to give her some training for her future duties. We can never forget our native land so long as we have her with

us, for she is a perfect specimen of the Puritan spinster, though too young in years, perhaps, for determined celibacy. Do you know, we none of us mentioned wages in our conversations with her? Fortunately, she seems more alive to the advantages of foreign travel than to the filling of her empty coffers. (By the way, I have written to the purser of the ship that she crossed in, to see if I can recover the sixty or seventy dollars she left behind her.)

I don't think she will be able to dress hair, or anything of that sort, — save in the way of plain sewing, she is very unskillful with her hands; and she will be of no use as courier, she is so provincial and inexperienced. She has no head for business whatever, and cannot help Francesca with the accounts. She recites to herself again and again, "Four farthings make one penny, twelve pence make one shilling, twenty shillings make one pound;" but when I give her a handful of money and ask her for six shillings and sixpence, five and three, one pound two, or two pound ten, she cannot manage the operation. She is docile, well mannered, grateful, and really likable, but her present philosophy of life is a thing of shreds and patches. She calls it "the science," as if there were but one; and she became a convert to its teachings this past winter, while living in the house of a woman lecturer in Salem. She attended to the door, ushered in the members of classes, kept the lecture room in order, and so forth, imbibing by the way various doctrines, or parts of doctrines, which she is not the sort of person to assimilate, but with which she is experimenting; holding, meantime, a grim intuition of their foolishness, or so it seems to me. "The science" made it easier for her to seek her ancestors in a foreign country with only a hundred dollars in her purse; for the Salem priestess proclaims the glad tidings that all the wealth of the world is ours, if we will but assert our heirship.

Benella believed this more or less until a week's seasickness undermined all her new convictions of every sort. When she woke in the little bedroom at Mac-Crossan's, she says, her heart was quite at rest, for she knew that we were the kind of people one could rely on! I mustered courage to say, "I hope so, and I hope also that we shall be able to rely upon you, Benella!"

This idea was evidently quite new to her, but she accepted it, and I could see that she turned it over in her mind. You can imagine that this vague philosophy of a Salem woman scientist superimposed on a foundation of orthodoxy makes a curious combination, and one which will only be temporary.

We shall expect you to-morrow evening, and we shall be quite ready to go on to the Lakes of Killarney or wherever you wish. By the way, I met an old acquaintance the morning I arrived here. I went to see Queen's College; and as I was walking under the archway which has carved upon it, "Where Finbarr taught let Munster learn," I saw two gentlemen. They looked like professors, and I asked if I might see the college. They said certainly, and offered to take my card in to some one who would do the honors properly. I passed it to one of them; we looked at each other, and recognition was mutual. He (Dr. La Touche) is giving a course of lectures here on Irish Antiquities. It has been a great privilege to see this city and its environs with so learned a man; I wish you could have shared it.

Good-by for the moment, as I must see about Benella's luncheon.

Yours affectionately, S. P.

X.

"The spreading Lee that, like an Island fayre,
Enclsoeth Corke with his divided floode."

We had seen all that Youghal could offer to the tourist; we were yearning

for Salemina; we wanted to hear Benella talk about "the science;" we were eager to inspect the archæologist, to see if he "would do" for Salemina instead of the canon, or even the minor canon, of the English Church, for whom we had always privately destined her. Accordingly we decided to go by an earlier train, and give our family a pleasant surprise. It was five o'clock in the afternoon when our car trundled across St. Patrick's Bridge, past Father Mathew's statue, and within view of the church and bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on the pleasant waters of the river Lee. Away to the west is the two-armed river. Along its banks rise hills, green and well wooded, with beautiful gardens and verdant pastures reaching to the very brink of the shining stream.

It was Saturday afternoon, and I never drove through a livelier, quainter, more easy-going town. The streets were full of people selling various things and plying various trades, and among them we saw many a girl pretty enough to recall Thackeray's admiration of the Corkagian beauties of his day. There was one in particular, driving a donkey in a straw-colored governess cart, to whose graceful charm we succumbed on the instant. There was an exquisite deluderin' wildness about her, a vivacity, a length of eyelash with a gleam of Irish gray eye, "the grayest of all things blue, the bluest of all things gray," that might well have inspired the English poet to write of her as he did of his own Irish wife; for Spenser, when he was not writing the Faerie Queene or smoking Raleigh's fragrant weed, wooed and wedded a fair colleen of County Cork.

"Tell me, ye merchant daughters, did ye see
So fayre a creature in your town before?
Her goodlie eyes, like sapphyres shining
bright;
Her forehead, ivory white;
Her lips like cherries, charming men to byte."

Now we turned into the old Mardyke walk, a *rus in urbe*, an avenue a mile

long lined with noble elm trees; forsaken now as a fashionable promenade for the Marina, but still beautiful and still beloved, though frequented chiefly by nursemaids and children. Such babies and such children, of all classes and conditions, — so jolly, smiling, dimpled, curly-headed; such joyous disregard of rags and dirt; such kindness one to the other in the little groups, where a child of ten would be giving an anxious eye to four or five brothers and sisters, and mothering a contented baby in arms as well.

Our driver, though very loquacious, was not quite intelligible. He pronounced the simple phrase "St. Patrick Street" in a way to astonish the traveler; it would seem impossible to crowd as many *h's* into three words, and to wrap each in flannel, as he succeeded in doing. He seemed pleased with our admiration of the babies, and said that Irish children did be very fat and strong and hearty; that they were the very best soldiers the Queen had, God kape her! they could stand anny hardship and anny climate, for they were not brought up soft, like the English. He also said that, fine as all Irish children undoubtedly were, Cork produced the flower of them all, and the finest women and the finest men; backing his opinion with a Homeric vaunt which Francesca took down on the spot: —

"I'd back one man from Corkshire
To bate ten more from Yorkshire:
Kerry men
Agin Derry men,
And Munster agin creation.
Wirrasthrue! 't is a pity we aren't a nation!"

"We must be very near Coolkilla House, by this time," said Francesca. "That is n't Salemina sitting on that bench under the trees, is it? There is a gentleman with her, and she never wears a wide hat, but it looks like her red umbrella. No, of course it is n't, for whoever it is belongs to that maid with the two

children. Penelope, it is borne in upon me that we should n't have come here unannounced, three hours ahead of the time arranged. Perhaps, whenever we had chosen to come, it would have been too soon. Would n't it be exciting to have to keep out of Salemina's way, as she has always done for us? I could n't endure it; it would make me homesick for Ronald. Go slowly, driver, please."

Nevertheless, as we drew nearer we saw that it was Salemina; or at least it was seven eighths of her, and one eighth of a new person with whom we were not acquainted. She rose to meet us with an exclamation of astonishment, and after a hasty and affectionate greeting presented Dr. La Touche. He said a few courteous words, and to our relief made no allusions to round towers, duns, raths, or other antiquities, and bade us adieu, saying that he should have the honor of waiting upon us that evening, with our permission.

A person in a neat black dress and little black bonnet with white lawn strings now brought up the two children to say good-by to Salemina. It was the Derelict, Benella Dusenberry, clothed in maid's apparel, and looking, notwithstanding that disguise, like a New England school-ma'am. She was delighted to see us, scanned every detail of Francesca's traveling costume with the frankest admiration, and would have allowed us to carry our wraps and umbrellas upstairs if she had not been reminded by Salemina. We had a cosy cup of tea together, and told our various adventures, but Salemina was not especially communicative about hers. Oddly enough, she had met the La Touche children at the hotel in Mallow. They were traveling with a very raw Irish nurse, who had no control over them whatever. They shrieked and kicked when taken to their rooms at night, until Salemina was obliged to speak to them, in order that Benella's rest should not be disturbed.

"I felt so sorry for them," she said,

— "the dear little girl put to bed with tangled hair and unwashed face, the boy in a rumpled, untidy nightgown, the bed-clothes in confusion. I did n't know who they were nor where they came from, but while the nurse was getting her supper I made them comfortable, and Broona went to sleep with my strange hand in hers. Perhaps it was only the warm Irish heart, the easy friendliness of the Irish temperament, but I felt as if the poor little things must be neglected indeed, or they would not have clung to a woman whom they had never seen before." (This is a mistake; anybody who has the opportunity always clings to Salemina.) "The next morning they were up at daylight, romping in the hall, stamping, thumping, clattering, with a tin cart on wheels rattling behind them. I know it was not my affair, and I was guilty of unpardonable rudeness, but I called the nurse into my room and spoke to her severely. No, you need n't smile; I was severe. 'Will you kindly do your duty and keep the children quiet as they pass through the halls?' I said. 'It is never too soon to teach them to obey the rules of a public place, and to be considerate of older people.' She seemed awestruck; but when she found her tongue she stammered, 'Sure, ma'am, I've tould thim three times this day already that when their father comes he'll bate thim with a blackthorn stick!'

"Naturally I was horrified. This, I thought, would explain everything: no mother, and an irritable, cruel father.

"'Will he really do such a thing?' I asked, feeling as if I must know the truth.

"'Sure he will not, ma'am!' she answered cheerfully. 'He would n't lift a feather to thim, not if they murdhered the whole counthryside, ma'am.'

"Well, they traveled third class to Cork, and we came first, so we did not meet, and I did not ask their surnames; but it seems that they were being brought

to their father, whom I met many years ago in America."

As she did not volunteer any further information, we did not like to ask her where, how many years ago, or under what circumstances. "Teasing" of this sort does not appeal to the sophisticated at any time, but it seems unspeakably vulgar to touch on matters of sentiment with a woman of middle age. If she has memories, they are sure to be sad and sacred ones; if she has not, that perhaps is still sadder. We agreed, however, when the evening was over, that Dr. La Touche was probably the love of her youth, — unless indeed he was simply an old friend, and the degree of Salemina's attachment had been exaggerated; something that is very likely to happen in the gossip of a New England town, where they always incline to underestimate the feeling of the man, and overrate that of the woman, in any love affair. "I guess she'd take him if she could get him," is the spoken or unspoken attitude of the public in rural or provincial New England.

The professor is grave, but very genial when he fully recalls the fact that he is in company, and has not, like the Trappist monks, taken vows of silence. Francesca behaved beautifully, on the whole, and made no embarrassing speeches, although she was in her gayest humor. Salemina blushed a little when the young sinner dragged into the conversation the remark that, undoubtedly, from the beginning of the sixth century to the end of the eighth Ireland was the university of Europe, just as Greece was in the late days of the Roman Republic, and asked our guest when Ireland ceased to be known as "*Insula sanctorum et doctorum*," the island of saints and scholars.

We had seen her go into Salemina's bedroom, and knew perfectly well that she had consulted the Peabody notebook, lying open on the desk; but the professor looked as surprised as if he had heard a pretty paroquet quote Gibbon. I don't

like to see grave and reverend scholars stare at pretty paroquets, but I won't belittle Salemina's exquisite and peculiar charm by worrying over the matter. Of course Francesca's heart is fixed upon Ronald Macdonald, but that fact has not altered the glance of her eyes. They no longer say, "Would n't you like to fall in love with me, if you dared?" but they still have a gleam that means, "Don't fall in love with me; it is no use!" And of the two, one is about as dangerous as the other, and each has something of "Fan Fitzgerald's divilment."

Wid her brows of silky black
Arched above for the attack,
Her eyes they dart such azure death on poor
admirer man;
Masther Cupid, point your arrows,
From this out, agin the sparrows,
For you're bested at Love's archery by young
Miss Fan."

Of course Himself never fell a prey to Francesca's fascinations, but then he is not susceptible; you could send him off for a ten-mile drive in the moonlight with Venus herself, and not be in the least anxious.

Dr. La Touche is gray for his years, tall and spare in frame, and there are many lines of anxiety or thought in his forehead, but a wonderful smile occasionally smooths them all out, and gives his face a rare though transient radiance. He looks to me as if he had loved too many books and too few people; as if he had tried vainly to fill his heart and life with antiquities, which of all things, perhaps, are the most bloodless, the least warming and nourishing when taken in excess or as a steady diet. Himself (God bless him!) shall never have that patient look, if I can help it; but how it will appeal to Salemina! There are women who are born to be petted and served, and there are those who seem born to serve others. Salemina's first idea is always to make tangled things smooth (like little Broona's curly hair); to bring sweet and discreet order out of chaos; to prune and graft and

water and weed and tend things, until they blossom for very shame under her healing touch. Her mind is catholic, well ordered and broad, — always full of other people's interests, never of her own; and her heart always seems to me like some dim, sweet-scented guest chamber in an old New England mansion, cool and clean and quiet, and fragrant of lavender. It has been a lovely, generous life, lived for the most part in the shadow of other people's wishes and plans and desires. I am an impatient person, I confess, and heaven seems so far away when certain things are in question: the righting of a child's wrong, or the demolition of a barrier between two hearts; above all, for certain surgical operations, more or less spiritual, such as removing scales from eyes that refuse to see, and stops from ears too dull to hear. Nobody shall have our Salemina unless he is worthy, but how I should like to see her life enriched and crowned! How I should enjoy having her dear little overworn second fiddle taken from her by main force, and a beautiful first violin, or even the baton for leading an orchestra, put into her unselfish hands!

And so good-by and "good luck to ye, Cork, and your pepper-box steeple," for we leave you to-morrow!

XI.

"If they'd lease you that cottage rint-free,
You'd do righter to lave it alone."

KNOCKARNEY HOUSE, LOUGH LEIN.

We are in the province of Munster, the kingdom of Kerry, the town of Ballyfuchsia, and the house of Mrs. Mullarkey. Knockarney House is not her name for it; I made it myself. Killarney is church of the sloe trees; and as kill is church, the "onderhanded manin'" of "arney" must be something about sloes; then, since knock means hill, Knockarney should be hill of the sloe trees.

I have not lost the memory of Jenny Geddes and Tam o' the Cowgate, but Penelope O'Connor, daughter of the king of Connaught, is more frequently present in my dreams. I have by no means forgotten that there was a time when I was not Irish, but for the moment I am of the turf, turfy. Francesca is really as much in love with Ireland as I, only since she has in her heart a certain tender string pulling her all the while to the land of the heather, she naturally avoids comparisons. Salemina, too, endeavors to appear neutral, lest she should betray an inexplicable interest in Dr. La Touche's country. Benella and I alone are really free to speak the brogue and carry our wild harps slung behind us, like Moore's minstrel boy. Nothing but the ignorance of her national dishes keeps Benella from entire allegiance to this island; but she thinks a people who have grown up without a knowledge of doughnuts, baked beans, and blueberry pie must be lacking in moral foundations. There is nothing extraordinary in all this; for the Irish, like the Celtic tribes everywhere, have always had a sort of fascinating power over people of other races settling among them, so that they become completely fused with the native population, and grow to be more Irish than the Irish themselves.

We stayed for a few days in the best hotel; it really was quite good, and not a bit Irish. There was a Swiss manager, an English housekeeper, a French head waiter, and a German office clerk. Even Salemina, who loves comforts, saw that we should not be getting what is known as the real thing, under these circumstances, and we came here to this — what shall I call Knockarney House? It was built originally for a fishing lodge by a sporting gentleman, who brought parties of friends to stop for a week. On his death it passed somehow into Mrs. Mullarkey's fair hands, and in a fatal moment she determined to open it

occasionally to "paying guests," who might wish a quiet home far from the madding crowd of the summer tourist. This was exactly what we did want, and here we encamped, on the half-hearted advice of some Irish friends in the town, who knew nothing else more comfortable to recommend.

"With us, small, quiet, or out-of-the-way places are never clean; or if they are, then they are not Irish," they said. "You had better see Ireland from the tourist's point of view for a few years yet, until we have learned the art of living; but if you are determined to know the humors of the people, cast all thought of comfort behind you."

So we did, and we afterward thought that this would be a good motto for Mrs. Mullarkey to carve over the door of Knockarney House. (My name for it is adopted more or less by the family, though Francesca persists in dating her letters to Ronald from "The Rale Thing," which it undoubtedly is.) We take almost all the rooms in the house, but there are a few other guests. Mrs. Waterford, an old lady of ninety-three, from Mullinavat, is here primarily for her health, and secondarily to dispose of threepenny shares in an antique necklace, which is to be raffled for the benefit of a Roman Catholic chapel. Then we have a fishing gentleman and his bride from Glasgow, and occasional bicyclers who come in for a dinner, a tea, or a lodging. These three comforts of a home are sometimes quite indistinguishable with us: the tea is frequently made up of fragments of dinner, and the beds are always sprinkled with crumbs. Their source is a mystery, unless they fall from the clothing of the chambermaids, who frequently drop hairpins and brooches and buttons between the sheets, and insert whisk brooms and scissors under the blankets.

We have two general servants, who are supposed to do all the work of the house, and who are as amiable and obli-

ging and incapable as they well can be. Oonah generally waits upon the table, and Molly cooks, when she is not engaged with Peter in the vegetable garden or the stable. But whatever happens, Mrs. Mullarkey, as a descendant of one of the Irish kings, is to be looked upon only as an executive officer. Benella ostensibly oversees the care of our rooms, but she is comparatively helpless in such a kingdom of misrule. Why demand clean linen when there is none; why seek for a towel at midday when it is never ironed until evening; how sweep when a broom is all inadequate to the task? Salemina's usual remark, on entering a humble hostelry anywhere, is: "If the hall is as dirty as this, what must the kitchen be! Order me two hard-boiled eggs, please!"

"Use your 'science,' Benella," I say to that discouraged New England maiden, who has never looked at her philosophy from its practical or humorous side. "If the universe is pure mind and there is no matter, then this dirt is not a real thing, after all. It seems, of course, as if it were thicker under the beds and bureaus than elsewhere, but I suppose our evil thoughts focus themselves there rather than in the centre of the room. Similarly, if the broom handle is broken, deny the dirt away, bring 'the science' down to these simple details of everyday life, and you will make converts by dozens."

Under our educational régime, the "metaphysical" veneer, badly applied in the first place, and wholly unsuited to the foundation material, is slowly disappearing, and Benella is gradually returning to her normal self. Perhaps nothing has been more useful to her development than the confusion of Knockarney House.

Our windows are supported on decrepit tennis rackets and worn-out hearth brushes; the blinds refuse to go up or down; the chairs have weak backs or legs; the door knobs are disassociated

from their handles. As for our food, we have coffee made, I should think, of brown beans and licorice, with bacon and eggs, for breakfast; a bit of sloppy chicken, or fish and potato, with custard pudding or stewed rhubarb, for dinner; and a cold supper of — oh! anything that occurs to Molly at the last moment. Nothing ever occurs either to Molly or Oonah at any previous moment, and in that they are merely conforming to the universal habit. Last week, when we were starting for Valencia Island, the Ballyfuchsia station master was absent at a funeral; meantime the engine had “gone cold on the engineer,” and the train could not leave till twelve minutes after the usual time. We thought we must have consulted a wrong time-table, and asked confirmation of a man who seemed to have some connection with the railway. Goaded by his ignorance, I exclaimed, “Is it possible you don’t know the time the trains are going?”

“Begorra, how should I?” he answered. “Faix, the thrains don’t always be knowin’ themselves!”

The starting of the daily “Mail Express” from Ballyfuchsia is a time of great excitement and confusion, which on some occasions increases to positive panic. The station master, armed with a large dinner bell, stands on the platform, wearing an expression of anxiety ludicrously unsuited to the situation. The supreme moment had really arrived some time before, but he is waiting for Farmer Brodigan with his daughter Kathleen, and the Widdy Sullivan, and a few other local worthies who are a “thrifle late on him.” Finally they come down the hill, and he paces up and down the station ringing the bell and uttering the warning cry, “*This thrain never shtops! This thrain never shtops! This thrain never shtops!*” — giving one the idea that eternity, instead of Kilarney, must be the final destination of the passengers. The clock in the Ballyfuchsia telegraph and post office ceases

to go for twenty-four hours at a time, and nobody heeds it, while the postman always has a few moments’ leisure to lay down his knapsack of letters and pitch quoits with the Royal Irish Constabulary. However, punctuality is perhaps an individual virtue more than an exclusively national one. I am not sure that we Americans would not be more agreeable if we spent a month in Ireland every year, and perhaps Ireland would profit from a month in America.

At the Brodigans’ (Mr. Brodigan is a large farmer, and our nearest neighbor) all the clocks are from ten to twenty minutes fast or slow; and what a peaceful place it is! The family does n’t care when it has its dinner, and, *mirabile dictu*, the cook does n’t care either!

“If you have no exact time to depend upon, how do you catch trains?” I asked Mr. Brodigan.

“Sure that’s not an every-day matter, and why be foostherin’ over it? But we do, four toimes out o’ five, ma’am!”

“How do you like it that fifth time when you miss it?”

“Sure it’s no more throuble to you to miss it the wan time than to hurry five times! A clock is an overrated piece of furniture, to my mind, Mrs. Beresford, ma’am. A man can ate whin he’s hungry, go to bed when he’s sleepy, and get up when he’s slept long enough; for faith and it’s thim clocks he has inside of himself that don’t need anny winding!”

“What if you had a business appointment with a man in the town, and missed the train?” I persevered.

“Trains, like misfortunes, never come singly, ma’am. Wherever there’s a station the trains do be dhroppin’ in now and again, and what’s the differ which of thim you take?”

“The man who is waiting for you at the other end of the line may not agree with you,” I suggested.

“Sure, a man can always amuse himself in a town, ma’am. If it’s your own

business you're coming on, he knows you'll find him; and if it's his business, then begorra let him find you!" Which quite reminded me of what the Irish elf said to the English elf in Moira O'Neill's fairy story: "A waste of time? Why, you've come to a country where there's no such thing as a waste of time. We have no value for time here. There's lashings of it, more than anybody knows what to do with."

I suppose there is somewhere a golden mean between this complete oblivion of time and our feverish American hurry. There is a "tedious haste" in all peoples who make wheels and pistons and engines, and live within sound of their everlasting buzz and whirl and revolution; and there is ever a disposition to pause, rest, and consider on the part of that man whose daily tasks are done in serene collaboration with dew and rain and sun. One cannot hurry Mother Nature very much, after all, and one falls into a peaceful habit of mind who has much to do with her. The mottoes of the

two nations are as well rendered in the vernacular as by any formal or stilted phrases. In Ireland the spoken or unspoken slogan is, "Take it asy;" in America, "Keep up with the procession;" and between them lie all the thousand differences of race, climate, temperament, religion, and government.

I don't suppose there is a nation on the earth better developed on what might be called the train-catching side than we of the Big Country, and it is well for us that there is born every now and again among us a dreamer who is (blessedly) oblivious of time-tables and market reports; he has been thinking of the rustling of the corn, not of its price. It is he, if we do not hurry him out of his dream, who will sound the ideal note in our hurly-burly and bustle of affairs. He will never discover a town site, but he will create new worlds for us to live in, and in the course of a century the coming Matthew Arnold will not be minded to call us "an unimaginative and uninteresting people."

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

(To be continued.)

AN ALPINE CHRISTMAS PLAY.

HERE and there in the Alps, in lonely valleys, the Christmas night is marked by the performance of a miracle play, or, to speak more precisely, a dramatic interlude which treats of the visit of the shepherds to the stable at Bethlehem.

Some of us have looked with mortal eyes on the fields of Bethlehem, which are still so fair and green. With that unchanged setting before us, — if we were not dull indeed, — we saw as in a vision the shepherds who watched their flocks by night; we heard as in a dream the song of glory to God and peace to man which, floating from the Syrian

skies, has been borne to the farthest ends of the earth. The divine idyl, related by St. Luke alone among the evangelists, seemed, for a moment, to take life and form. But it is unlikely that we received an impression so vivid, so intensely real, as that conveyed to the minds of these simple mountaineers by their poor little Christmas play, in which they themselves take part, and of which the theatre is their narrow village church.

The best of the surviving specimens of the Christmas pastoral is the one performed in the valleys of Cuorgnè, in

Piedmont. Count Nigra, the Italian ambassador at Vienna, remembers having figured in it as a child, in the character of a herald angel, with wings of peacocks' feathers: to him we owe the preservation of the text which he published a few years ago with some interesting notes. The necessary personages in this dramatic scene are eleven shepherds and one angel, but three angels are preferred when they can be had. Mary and Joseph do not appear. A side altar is converted into a manger, in which the image of the Babe lies. Midnight mass has advanced as far as the Credo when the performance opens with what is called an "angelic prologue." In this homily, the congregation are requested to be very attentive; then, on this dark night, they will behold great portents. They will see the shepherds draw near to worship a new-born Babe, in whom, with melting hearts, they recognize their Redeemer. The prologue ends with the words: "Whoso desires happiness and justice, let him seek them in God, for they are not to be found among men; and now, may all things proceed with order, and may we meet one day in heaven."

A knocking is heard at the chief entrance: the priest opens the door, and the eleven shepherds walk into the church. They wear long white woolen cloaks and broad-brimmed hats which they keep on their heads. Each carries a staff in one hand, and his offering in the other. Montano brings a lamb; Alceste, two pigeons; Volpino, honey; Silvio, fresh butter; Evandro, milk; Menalca, grapes (they are hung up in a dry place, so as to keep till December). Tigrane carries a pair of turtledoves; Titiro, apples; Polibeo, eggs; Mirteo, two chickens; Melibeo, cloth for swaddling clothes. The gifts remain with the priest, but, like the ancient sacrifice, they are in very truth offered to Deity. This custom has endeared the ceremonial to the poor, who are so fond of giv-

ing. They *feel* that their offerings actually supply the wants of their infant Lord, and feeling is much more real than thinking or knowing.

The crowd, which densely fills the little church, leaves a clear space for the shepherds in the middle of the building. Montano remarks that here they are with their gifts, but he has no idea why Melibeo, the oldest shepherd, has called them hither while the sun is still asleep. Questions and answers gradually disclose the fact that Melibeo supposed, from the appearance of the heavens, the time to be come for the birth of Him who should fulfill the promise of Abraham. While they are speaking, Melibeo suddenly declares that even now a light illumines the sky, the grass grows green, streams freed from ice run with a sweet murmur, flowers burst forth, hill and valley smile as in April. The younger shepherds, overpowered by fear, inquire if any one ever saw so light a night, or rather, so light a day. The congregation take this transformation on faith, but there soon appears a tangible angel who invites the shepherds to follow him to the manger. "Here," he says, "is the august palace of the Word made man."

In the next scene, the shepherds, by their homely remarks, elicit from the angel an exposition of Christian doctrine:—

Alceste. Look in how poor and rude a shed
The King of kings has found a bed.

Angel. Here 't was he uttered his first cry,
That you might learn humility.

Montano. Naked he meets the wintry night.

Angel. The road is hard to heaven's height.

Titiro. He shakes with cold in every part.

Angel. Yet doth a flame ignite his heart.

Melibeo. He never murmurs nor complains.

Angel. That you may learn to bear your
pains.

Volpino. Poor rags his body scarcely hide.

Angel. Thus to reprove the sins of pride.

Evandro. It seems as if the ox and cow
Were drawing nigh to warm him now.

Angel. The succor thoughtless beasts supply
Less feeling man shall oft deny.

Silvio. In what deep poverty he lies!

Angel. To teach you greatness to despise.
Mirteo. He seems beyond all mortal aid.

Angel. Who trusts in God is ne'er afraid.

Menalca. His woeful state to pity moves.

Angel. So heaven tries the soul it loves.

Polibeo. His childish tears are falling fast.

Angel. Blood will be there for tears at last.

Tigrane. How soft his limbs! How delicate!

Angel. One day the scourge will lacerate.

In this rich cradle you may see

Even he whose mighty hand,

And whose eterne command,

Formed heaven, created earth, and ordered hell
to be.

At this point each shepherd deposits his gift. Apologies are offered for the pooriness of the present, except in the case of the lamb, — an exception which shows a rare sense of the fitness of things possessed by the forgotten author whose work has lasted longer than his name. The dedication of the lamb is solemn: "Pure as thou art pure; guiltless as thou art guiltless; fated victim as thou art fated victim: Lord, may this my gift be acceptable in thy sight." Of the other offerings, it is confessed that they are but common things, though they are the very best of their kind. (This is exactly what a real peasant says when he makes you a present.) The apples are of the sweetest; the cloth took years to weave; there never was such honey; the milk is milked from the pet ewe. But what are such things for a King? Each giver, after his little speech, adds himself to his gift: —

Ei t' offre tutto assieme

Il dono e il donator.

Sometimes a kid, a wolfskin, a hare, or

¹ In the Italian plains no plays or mysteries are now performed, but in a corner of the cottage the manger is still arranged with moss and a waxen Babe, and, if possible, a few wooden or paper animals. Before this the children kneel. I have in my hand the Christmas letters of four little Italian peasant girls. Bettina, the eldest, promises "di pregare fervorosamente il Divino Infante di conservare fra noi la nostra degna Signora." Camilla, the second, writes: "Non mancherò in questi solenni giorni di inalzare preci al Bambino celeste di ricompensare i suoi benefeci." Barbara, the third, inscribes "V. G. B." (Viva Gesù Bambino)

a few flowers are added to the gifts. The following rhyme accompanies the flower offering: —

These I gathered as I went,
Pretty flowers with sweetest scent,
Which among the ice and snow
In the ice-bound meadow grow.
Let them, too, thy coming hail,
Let them, too, their homage yield;
Thou, the lily of the vale,
Thou, the flower of the field.

When all the gifts have been presented, Montano says that since their duty is done, they will go forth and spread the good news abroad. "Let everything be glad and rejoice. Let the Holy Name be graven on the bark of all the trees; let the air whisper it, and the crystal fountain reply. The birds, the wild beasts, and the flocks shall learn to pronounce it, and from every rock and mount and abyss Echo will repeat the name of the Child born this night."

The priest finishes the mass, and the congregation join in a carol: —

I hear the people singing
Their songs of gladdest praise;
The very skies are ringing
With sweet, angelic lays.
Rejoice, my heart, and sing with them,
For Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Out of the church the mountain folk depart into the silence of the Alpine winter night. Each lights his torch, and takes his way slowly across the snow to his own dwelling. Above shine the innumerable stars.¹

It is not difficult to understand how

at the top of her letter. She writes: "Ecco le feste del Santo Natale che io desiderava tanto. Ora voglio scriverle una letterina per dimostrare il mio amore. Pregherò Gesù Bambino che la faccia vivere lunghi anni felice e contenta." Evelina, the youngest (aged seven), writes in a large round hand: "Ecco le feste del Santo Natale; pregherò Gesù Bambino per Lei."

I would as soon attempt to translate Dante as to try and put these innocent outpourings into English, but I give them here because they are not without interest as documents in the history of the peasants' religion, south of the Alps.

profoundly such a performance as the one described would touch souls full of reverence which Shakespeare called "the angel of the world," and empty of ridicule which might be called the demon of the world. But it is plain that the effect upon us would be different. Sundry details, as for instance the peacock-feather wings of the celestial visitants, would be fatal to our seriousness. We should criticise the Arcadian style of the seventeenth century in which the dialogue is written, even while admitting that at times it shows real talent. It is worth noting, however, that, stripped of the

ornaments by which pious playwrights sought to enhance it, the story of the shepherds has lately reasserted the power and charm of its lovely simplicity. In the last oratorio of Don Lorenzo Perosi, though we do not find the majesty of Handel's "Unto us a Child is born," we do find an extraordinary homogeneity between the words and the musical phrases wedded to them. The result is the evocation of a sort of mental picture: in the gloom of the cathedral at Como, where *Il Natale del Redentore* was produced, I saw again the vision I had seen looking backwards from Bethlehem.

E. Martinengo-Cesaresco.

THE WATCHER BY THE THRESHOLD.

I.

A CHILL evening in the early October of the year 189— found me driving in a dogcart through the belts of antique woodland which form the lowland limits of the hilly parish of More. The Highland express, which brought me from the north, took me no farther than Perth. Thence it had been a slow journey in a disjointed local train, till I emerged on the platform at Morefoot, with a bleak prospect of pot stalks, coal heaps, certain sour corn lands, and far to the west a line of moor where the sun was setting. A neat groom and a respectable trap took the edge off my discomfort, and soon I had forgotten my sacrifice and found eyes for the darkening landscape. We were driving through a land of thick woods, cut at rare intervals by old long-frequented highways. The More, which at Morefoot is an open sewer, became a sullen woodland stream, where the brown leaves of the season drifted. At times we would pass an ancient lodge, and through a gap in the trees would come a glimpse

of chipped crowstep gable. The names of such houses, as told me by my companion, were all famous. This one had been the home of a drunken Jacobite laird, and a kind of north country *Medmenham*. Unholy revels had waked the old halls, and the devil had been toasted at many a hell-fire dinner. The next was the property of a great Scots law family, and there the old Lord of Session, who built the place, in his frouzy wig and carpet slippers, had laid down the canons of Taste for his day and society. The whole country had the air of faded and bygone gentility. The mossy roadside walls had stood for two hundred years; the few wayside houses were toll bars or defunct hostelries. The names, too, were great: Scots baronial with a smack of France, — *Chatelray* and *Riverslaw*, *Black Holm* and *Fountainblue*. The place had a cunning charm, mystery dwelt in every cranny, and yet it did not please me. The earth smelt heavy and raw; the roads were red underfoot; all was old, sorrowful, and uncanny. Compared with the fresh Highland glen I had left, where wind

and sun and flying showers were never absent, all was chilly and dull and dead. Even when the sun sent a shiver of crimson over the crests of certain firs, I felt no delight in the prospect. I admitted shamefacedly to myself that I was in a very bad temper.

I had been staying at Glenaicill with the Clanroydens, and for a week had found the proper pleasure in life. You know the house with its old rooms and gardens, and the miles of heather which defend it from the world. The shooting had been extraordinary for a wild place late in the season; for there are few partridges, and the woodcock are notoriously late. I had done respectably in my stalking, more than respectably on the river, and creditably on the moors. Moreover, there were pleasant people in the house, — and there were the Clanroydens. I had had a hard year's work, sustained to the last moment of term, and a fortnight in Norway had been disastrous. It was therefore with real comfort that I had settled myself down for another ten days in Glenaicill, when all my plans were shattered by Sibyl's letter. Sibyl is my cousin and my very good friend, and in old days when I was briefless I had fallen in love with her many times. But she very sensibly chose otherwise, and married a man Ladlaw, — Robert John Ladlaw, who had been at school with me. He was a cheery, good-humored fellow, a great sportsman, a justice of the peace, and deputy lieutenant for his county, and something of an antiquary in a mild way. He had a box in Leicestershire to which he went in the hunting season, but from February till October he lived in his moorland home. The place was called the House of More, and I had shot at it once or twice in recent years. I remembered its loneliness and its comfort, the charming diffident Sibyl, and Ladlaw's genial welcome. And my recollections set me puzzling again over the letter which that morning had broken

into my comfort. "You promised us a visit this autumn," Sibyl had written, "and I wish you would come as soon as you can." So far common politeness. But she had gone on to reveal the fact that Ladlaw was ill; she did not know how, exactly, but something, she thought, about his heart. Then she had signed herself my affectionate cousin, and then had come a short, violent postscript, in which, as it were, the fences of convention had been laid low. "For Heaven's sake, come and see us," she scrawled below. "Bob is terribly ill, and I am crazy. Come at once." To cap it she finished with an afterthought: "Don't bother about bringing doctors. It is not their business."

She had assumed that I would come, and dutifully I set out. I could not regret my decision, but I took leave to upbraid my luck. The thought of Glenaicill, with the woodcock beginning to arrive and the Clanroydens imploring me to stay, saddened my journey in the morning, and the murky, coaly, midland country of the afternoon completed my depression. The drive through the woodlands of More failed to raise my spirits. I was anxious about Sibyl and Ladlaw, and this accursed country had always given me a certain eeriness on my first approaching it. You may call it silly, but I have no nerves and am little susceptible to vague sentiment. It was sheer physical dislike of the rich deep soil, the woody and antique smells, the melancholy roads and trees, and the flavor of old mystery. I am aggressively healthy and wholly Philistine. I love clear outlines and strong colors, and More with its half tints and hazy distances depressed me miserably. Even when the road crept uphill and the trees ended, I found nothing to hearten me in the moorland which succeeded. It was genuine moorland, close on eight hundred feet above the sea, and through it ran this old grass-grown coach road. Low hills rose to the left, and to the right,

after some miles of peat, flared the chimneys of pits and oil works. Straight in front the moor ran out into the horizon, and there in the centre was the last dying spark of the sun. The place was as still as the grave save for the crunch of our wheels on the grassy road, but the flaring lights to the north seemed to endow it with life. I have rarely had so keenly the feeling of movement in the inanimate world. It was an unquiet place, and I shivered nervously. Little gleams of loch came from the hollows, the burns were brown with peat, and every now and then there rose in the moor jags of sickening red stone. I remembered that Ladlaw had talked about the place as the old Manann, the holy land of the ancient races. I had paid little attention at the time, but now it struck me that the old peoples had been wise in their choice. There was something uncanny in this soil and air. Framed in dank mysterious woods and a country of coal and ironstone, at no great distance from the capital city, it was a sullen relic of a lost barbarism. Over the low hills lay a green pastoral country with bright streams and valleys, but here, in this peaty desert, there were few sheep and little cultivation. The House of More was the only dwelling, and, save for the ragged village, the wilderness was given over to the wild things of the hills. The shooting was good, but the best shooting on earth would not persuade me to make my abode in such a place. Ladlaw was ill; well, I did not wonder. You can have uplands without air, moors that are not health-giving, and a country life which is more arduous than a townsman's. I shivered again, for I seemed to have passed in a few hours from the open noon to a kind of dank twilight.

We passed the village and entered the lodge gates. Here there were trees again, — little innocent new-planted firs, which flourished ill. Some large plane trees grew near the house, and there were

thickets upon thickets of the ugly elder-berry. Even in the half darkness I could see that the lawns were trim and the flower beds respectable for the season; doubtless Sibyl looked after the gardeners. The oblong whitewashed house, more like a barrack than ever, opened suddenly on my sight, and I experienced my first sense of comfort since I left Glenaiceill. Here I should find warmth and company; and sure enough, the hall door was wide open, and in the great flood of light which poured from it Sibyl stood to welcome me.

She ran down the steps as I dismounted, and, with a word to the groom, caught my arm and drew me into the shadow. "Oh, Henry, it was so good of you to come. You mustn't let Bob think that you know he is ill. We don't talk about it. I'll tell you afterwards. I want you to cheer him up. Now we must go in, for he is in the hall expecting you."

While I stood blinking in the light, Ladlaw came forward with outstretched hand and his usual cheery greeting. I looked at him and saw nothing unusual in his appearance; a little drawn at the lips, perhaps, and heavy below the eyes, but still fresh-colored and healthy. It was Sibyl who showed change. She was very pale, her pretty eyes were deplorably mournful, and in place of her delightful shyness there were the self-confidence and composure of pain. I was honestly shocked, and as I dressed my heart was full of hard thoughts about Ladlaw. What could his illness mean? He seemed well and cheerful, while Sibyl was pale; and yet it was Sibyl who had written the postscript. As I warmed myself by the fire, I resolved that this particular family difficulty was my proper business.

II.

The Ladlaws were waiting for me in the drawing-room. I noticed something new and strange in Sibyl's demeanor.

She looked to her husband with a motherly, protective air, while Ladlaw, who had been the extreme of masculine independence, seemed to cling to his wife with a curious appealing fidelity. In conversation he did little more than echo her words. Till dinner was announced he spoke of the weather, the shooting, and Mabel Clanroyden. Then he did a queer thing; for when I was about to offer my arm to Sibyl he forestalled me, and clutching her right arm with his left hand led the way to the dining room, leaving me to follow in some bewilderment.

I have rarely taken part in a more dismal meal. The House of More has a pretty Georgian paneling through most of the rooms, but in the dining room the walls are level and painted a dull stone color. Abraham offered up Isaac in a ghastly picture in front of me. Some photographs of the Quorn hung over the mantelpiece, and five or six drab ancestors filled up the remaining space. But one thing was new and startling. A great marble bust, a genuine antique, frowned on me from a pedestal. The head was in the late Roman style, clearly of some emperor, and in its commonplace environment the great brows, the massive neck, and the mysterious solemn lips had a surprising effect. I nodded toward the thing, and asked what it represented.

Ladlaw grunted something which I took for "Justinian," but he never raised his eyes from his plate. By accident I caught Sibyl's glance. She looked toward the bust, and laid a finger on her lips.

The meal grew more doleful as it advanced. Sibyl scarcely touched a dish, but her husband ate ravenously of everything. He was a strong, thickset man, with a square kindly face burned brown by the sun. Now he seemed to have suddenly coarsened. He gobbled with undignified haste, and his eye was extraordinarily vacant. A question made

him start, and he would turn on me a face so strange and inert that I repented the interruption.

I asked him about the autumn's sport. He collected his wits with difficulty. He thought it had been good, on the whole, but he had shot badly. He had not been quite so fit as usual. No, he had had nobody staying with him. Sibyl had wanted to be alone. He was afraid the moor might have been undershot, but he would make a big day with keepers and farmers before the winter.

"Bob has done pretty well," Sibyl said. "He has n't been out often, for the weather has been very bad here. You can have no idea, Henry, how horrible this moorland place of ours can be when it tries. It is one great sponge sometimes, with ugly red burns and mud to the ankles."

"I don't think it's healthy," said I.

Ladlaw lifted his face. "Nor do I. I think it's intolerable, but I am so busy I can't get away."

Once again I caught Sibyl's warning eye as I was about to question him on his business.

Clearly the man's brain had received a shock, and he was beginning to suffer from hallucinations. This could be the only explanation, for he had always led a temperate life. The distraught, wandering manner was the only sign of his malady, for otherwise he seemed normal and mediocre as ever. My heart grieved for Sibyl, alone with him in this wilderness.

Then he broke the silence. He lifted his head and looked nervously around till his eye fell on the Roman bust.

"Do you know that this countryside is the old Manann?" he said.

It was an odd turn to the conversation, but I was glad of a sign of intelligence. I answered that I had heard so.

"It's a queer name," he said oracularly, "but the thing it stood for was queerer. Manann, Manaw," he repeated, rolling the words on his tongue. As he

spoke, he glanced sharply, and, as it seemed to me, fearfully, at his left side.

The movement of his body made his napkin slip from his left knee and fall on the floor. It leaned against his leg, and he started from its touch as if he had been bitten by a snake. I have never seen a more sheer and transparent terror on a man's face. He got to his feet, his strong frame shaking like a rush. Sibyl ran round to his side, picked up the napkin and flung it on a sideboard. Then she stroked his hair as one would stroke a frightened horse. She called him by his old boy's name of Robin, and at her touch and voice he became quiet. But the particular course then in progress was removed, untasted.

In a few minutes he seemed to have forgotten his behavior, for he took up the former conversation. For a time he spoke well and briskly. "You lawyers," he said, "understand only the dry framework of the past. You cannot conceive the rapture, which only the antiquary can feel, of constructing in every detail an old culture. Take this Manann. If I could explore the secret of these moors, I would write the world's greatest book. I would write of that prehistoric life when man was knit close to nature. I would describe the people who were brothers of the red earth and the red rock and the red streams of the hills. Oh, it would be horrible, but superb, tremendous! It would be more than a piece of history; it would be a new gospel, a new theory of life. It would kill materialism once and for all. Why, man, all the poets who have deified and personified nature would not do an eighth part of my work. I would show you the unknown, the hideous, shrieking mystery at the back of this simple nature. Men would see the profundity of the old

crude faiths which they affect to despise. I would make a picture of our shaggy, sombre-eyed forefather, who heard strange things in the hill silences. I would show him brutal and terror-stricken, but wise, wise, God alone knows how wise! The Romans knew it, and they learned what they could from him, though he did not tell them much. But we have some of his blood in us, and we may go deeper. Manann! A queer land nowadays! I sometimes love it and sometimes hate it, but I always fear it. It is like that statue, inscrutable."

I would have told him that he was talking mystical nonsense, but I had looked toward the bust, and my rudeness was checked on my lips. The moor might be a common piece of ugly waste land, but the statue was inscrutable, — of that there was no doubt. I hate your cruel heavy-mouthed Roman busts; to me they have none of the beauty of life, and little of the interest of art. But my eyes were fastened on this as they had never before looked on marble. The oppression of the heavy woodlands, the mystery of the silent moor, seemed to be caught and held in this face. It was the intangible mystery of culture on the verge of savagery, — a cruel, lustful wisdom, and yet a kind of bitter austerity which laughed at the game of life and stood aloof. There was no weakness in the heavy-veined brow and slumbrous eyelids. It was the face of one who had conquered the world, and found it dust and ashes; one who had eaten of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and scorned human wisdom. And at the same time, it was the face of one who knew uncanny things, a man who was the intimate of the half-world and the dim background of life. Why on earth I should connect the Roman grandee¹

¹ I have identified the bust, which, when seen under other circumstances, had little power to affect me. It was a copy of the head of Justinian in the Tesci Museum at Venice, and several duplicates exist, dating apparently from

the seventh century, and showing traces of Byzantine decadence in the scroll work on the hair. It is engraved in M. Delacroix's *Byzantium*, and, I think, in Windscheid's *Pandektenlehrbuch*.

with the moorland parish of More I cannot say, but the fact remains that there was that in the face which I knew had haunted me through the woodlands and bogs of the place, — a sleepless, dismal, incoherent melancholy.

"I bought that at Colenzo's," Ladlaw said, "because it took my fancy. It matches well with this place?"

I thought it matched very ill with his drab walls and Quorn photographs, but I held my peace.

"Do you know who it is?" he asked. "It is the head of the greatest man the world has ever seen. You are a lawyer and know your Justinian."

The Pandects are scarcely part of the daily work of a common-law barrister. I had not looked into them since I left college.

"I know that he married an actress," I said, "and was a sort of all-round genius. He made law, and fought battles, and had rows with the Church. A curious man! And was n't there some story about his selling his soul to the devil, and getting law in exchange? Rather a poor bargain!"

I chattered away, sillily enough, to dispel the gloom of that dinner table. The result of my words was unhappy. Ladlaw gasped and caught at his left side, as if in pain. Sibyl, with tragic eyes, had been making signs to me to hold my peace. Now she ran round to her husband's side and comforted him like a child. As she passed me, she managed to whisper in my ear to talk to her only, and let her husband alone.

For the rest of dinner I obeyed my orders to the letter. Ladlaw ate his food in gloomy silence, while I spoke to Sibyl of our relatives and friends, of London, Glenaieill, and any random subject. The poor girl was dismally forgetful, and her eye would wander to her husband with wifely anxiety. I remember being suddenly overcome by the comic aspect of it all. Here were we three fools alone in the dank upland: one of us sick and

nervous, talking out-of-the-way nonsense about Manann and Justinian, gobbling his food and getting scared at his napkin; another gravely anxious; and myself at my wits' end for a solution. It was a Mad Tea-Party with a vengeance: Sibyl the melancholy little Dormouse, and Ladlaw the incomprehensible Hatter. I laughed aloud, but checked myself when I caught my cousin's eye. It was really no case for finding humor. Ladlaw was very ill, and Sibyl's face was getting deplorably thin.

I welcomed the end of that meal with unmannerly joy, for I wanted to speak seriously with my host. Sibyl told the butler to have the lamps lighted in the library. Then she leaned over toward me and spoke low and rapidly: "I want you to talk with Bob. I'm sure you can do him good. You'll have to be very patient with him, and very gentle. Oh, please try to find out what is wrong with him. He won't tell me, and I can only guess."

The butler returned with word that the library was ready to receive us, and Sibyl rose to go. Ladlaw half rose, protesting, making the most curious feeble clutches at his side. His wife quieted him. "Henry will look after you, dear," she said. "You are going into the library to smoke." Then she slipped from the room, and we were left alone.

He caught my arm fiercely with his left hand, and his grip nearly made me cry out. As we walked down the hall, I could feel his arm twitching from the elbow to the shoulder. Clearly he was in pain, and I set it down to some form of cardiac affection, which might possibly issue in paralysis.

I settled him in the biggest armchair, and took one of his cigars. The library is the pleasantest room in the house, and at night, when a peat fire burned on the old hearth and the great red curtains were drawn, it used to be the place for comfort and good talk. Now I noticed changes. Ladlaw's bookshelves had been

filled with the Proceedings of antiquarian societies and many light-hearted works on sport. But now the Badminton library had been cleared out of a shelf where it stood most convenient to the hand, and its place taken by an old Leyden reprint of Justinian. There were books on Byzantine subjects of which I never dreamed he had heard the names; there were volumes of history and speculation, all of a slightly bizarre kind; and to crown everything, there were several bulky medical works with gaudily colored plates. The old atmosphere of sport and travel had gone from the room with the medley of rods, whips, and gun cases which used to cumber the tables. Now the place was moderately tidy and somewhat learned, and I did not like it.

Ladlaw refused to smoke, and sat for a little while in silence. Then of his own accord he broke the tension.

"It was devilish good of you to come, Harry. This is a lonely place for a man who is a bit seedy."

"I thought you might be alone," I said, "so I looked you up on my way down from Glenaicill. I'm sorry to find you feeling ill."

"Do you notice it?" he asked sharply.

"It's tolerably patent," I said. "Have you seen a doctor?"

He said something uncomplimentary about doctors, and kept looking at me with his curious dull eyes.

I remarked the strange posture in which he sat, his head screwed round to his right shoulder, and his whole body a protest against something at his left hand.

"It looks like a heart," I said. "You seem to have pains in your left side."

Again a spasm of fear. I went over to him, and stood at the back of his chair.

"Now for goodness' sake, my dear fellow, tell me what is wrong. You're scaring Sibyl to death. It's lonely work for the poor girl, and I wish you would let me help you."

He was lying back in his chair now, with his eyes half shut, and shivering like a frightened colt. The extraordinary change in one who had been the strongest of the strong kept me from realizing its gravity. I put a hand on his shoulder, but he flung it off.

"For God's sake, sit down!" he said hoarsely. "I'm going to tell you, but I'll never make you understand."

I sat down promptly opposite him.

"It's the devil," he said very solemnly.

I am afraid that I was rude enough to laugh. He took no notice, but sat, with the same tense, miserable air, staring over my head.

"Right," said I. "Then it is the devil. It's a new complaint, so it's as well I did not bring a doctor. How does it affect you?"

He made the old impotent clutch at the air with his left hand. I had the sense to become grave at once. Clearly this was some serious mental affection, some hallucination born of physical pain.

Then he began to talk in a low voice, very rapidly, with his head bent forward like a hunted animal's. I am not going to set down what he told me in his own words, for they were incoherent often, and there was much repetition. But I am going to write the gist of the odd story which took my sleep away on that autumn night, with such explanations and additions as I think needful. The fire died down, the wind arose, the hour grew late, and still he went on in his mumbling recitative. I forgot to smoke, forgot my comfort, — everything but the odd figure of my friend and his inconceivable romance. And the night before I had been in cheerful Glenaicill!

He had returned to the House of More, he said, in the latter part of May, and shortly after he fell ill. It was a trifling sickness, — influenza or something, — but he had never quite recov-

ered. The rainy weather of June depressed him, and the extreme heat of July made him listless and weary. A kind of insistent sleepiness hung over him, and he suffered much from nightmare. Toward the end of July his former health returned, but he was haunted with a curious oppression. He seemed to himself to have lost the art of being alone. There was a perpetual sound in his left ear, a kind of moving and rustling at his left side, which never left him by night or day. In addition, he had become the prey of nerves and an insensate dread of the unknown.

Ladlaw, as I have explained, was a commonplace man, with fair talents, a mediocre culture, honest instincts, and the beliefs and incredulities of his class. On abstract grounds, I should have declared him an unlikely man to be the victim of an hallucination. He had a kind of dull bourgeois rationalism, which used to find reasons for all things in heaven and earth. At first he controlled his dread with proverbs. He told himself it was the sequel of his illness or the light-headedness of summer heat on the moors. But it soon outgrew his comfort. It became a living second presence, an *alter ego* which dogged his footsteps. He grew acutely afraid of it. He dared not be alone for a moment, and clung to Sibyl's company despairingly. She went off for a week's visit in the beginning of August, and he endured for seven days the tortures of the lost. The malady advanced upon him with swift steps. The presence became more real daily. In the early dawning, in the twilight, and in the first hour of the morning it seemed at times to take a visible bodily form. A kind of amorphous featureless shadow would run from his side into the darkness, and he would sit palsied with terror. Sometimes, in lonely places, his footsteps sounded double, and something would brush elbows with him. Human society alone exorcised it. With Sibyl at his

side he was happy; but as soon as she left him, the thing came slinking back from the unknown to watch by him. Company might have saved him, but joined to his affliction was a crazy dread of his fellows. He would not leave his moorland home, but must bear his burden alone among the wild streams and mosses of that dismal place.

The 12th came, and he shot wretchedly, for his nerve had gone to pieces. He stood exhaustion badly, and became a dweller about the doors. But with this bodily inertness came an extraordinary intellectual revival. He read widely in a blundering way, and he speculated unceasingly. It was characteristic of the man that as soon as he left the paths of the prosaic he should seek his supernatural in a very concrete form. He assumed that he was haunted by the devil, — the visible personal devil in whom our fathers believed. He waited hourly for the shape at his side to speak, but no words came. The Accuser of the Brethren in all but tangible form was his ever present companion. He felt, he declared, the spirit of old evil entering subtly into his blood. He sold his soul many times over, and yet there was no possibility of resistance. It was a Visitation more undeserved than Job's, and a thousandfold more awful.

For a week or more he was tortured with a kind of religious mania. When a man of a healthy secular mind finds himself adrift on the terrible ocean of religious troubles he is peculiarly helpless, for he has not the most rudimentary knowledge of the winds and tides. It was useless to call up his old carelessness; he had suddenly dropped into a new world where old proverbs did not apply. And all the while, mind you, there was the shrinking terror of it, — an intellect all alive to the torture and the most unceasing physical fear. For a little he was on the far edge of idiocy.

Then by accident it took a new form.

While sitting with Sibyl one day in the library, he began listlessly to turn over the leaves of an old book. He read a few pages, and found the hint of a story like his own. It was some French Life of Justinian, one of the unscholarly productions of last century, made up of stories from Procopius and tags of Roman law. Here was his own case written down in black and white; and the man had been a king of kings. This was a new comfort, and for a little — strange though it may seem — he took a sort of pride in his affliction. He worshiped the great Emperor, and read every scrap he could find on him, not excepting the Pandects and the Digest. He sent for the bust in the dining room, paying a fabulous price. Then he settled himself to study his imperial prototype, and the study became an idolatry. As I have said, Ladlaw was a man of ordinary talents, and certainly of meagre imaginative power. And yet from the lies of the Secret History and the crudities of German legalists he had constructed a marvelous portrait of a man. Sitting there in the half-lighted room, he drew the picture: the quiet cold man with his inheritance of Dacian mysticism, holding the great world in fee, giving it law and religion, fighting its wars, building its churches, and yet all the while intent upon his own private work of making his peace with his soul, — the churchman and warrior whom all the world worshiped, and yet one going through life with his lip quivering. He Watched by the Threshold ever at the left side. Sometimes at night, in the great Brazen Palace, warders heard the Emperor walking in the dark corridors, alone, and yet not alone; for once, when a servant entered with a lamp, he saw his master with a face as of another world, and something beside him which had no face or shape, but which he knew to be that hoary Evil which is older than the stars.

Crazy nonsense! I had to rub my eyes to assure myself that I was not

sleeping. No! There was my friend with his suffering face, and it was the library of More.

And then he spoke of Theodora, — actress, harlot, *dévoté*, empress. For him the lady was but another part of the uttermost horror, a form of the shapeless thing at his side. I felt myself falling under the fascination. I have no nerves and little imagination, but in a flash I seemed to realize something of that awful featureless face, crouching ever at a man's hand, till darkness and loneliness come, and it rises to its mastery. I shivered as I looked at the man in the chair before me. These dull eyes of his were looking upon things I could not see, and I saw their terror. I realized that it was grim earnest for him. Nonsense or no, some devilish fancy had usurped the place of his sanity, and he was being slowly broken upon the wheel. And then, when his left hand twitched, I almost cried out. I had thought it comic before; now it seemed the last proof of tragedy.

He stopped, and I got up with loose knees and went to the window. Better the black night than the intangible horror within. I flung up the sash and looked out across the moor. There was no light; nothing but an inky darkness and the uncanny rustle of elder bushes. The sound chilled me, and I closed the window.

"The land is the old Manann," Ladlaw was saying. "We are beyond the pale here. Do you hear the wind?"

I forced myself back into sanity and looked at my watch. It was nearly one o'clock.

"What ghastly idiots we are!" I said. "I am off to bed."

Ladlaw looked at me helplessly. "For God's sake, don't leave me alone!" he moaned. "Get Sibyl."

We went together back to the hall, while he kept the same feverish grasp on my arm. Some one was sleeping in

a chair by the hall fire, and to my distress I recognized my hostess. The poor child must have been sadly wearied. She came forward with her anxious face.

"I'm afraid Bob has kept you very late, Henry," she said. "I hope you will sleep well. Breakfast at nine, you know." And then I left them.

III.

Over my bed there was a little picture, a reproduction of some Italian work, of Christ and the Demoniac. Some impulse made me hold my candle up to it. The madman's face was torn with passion and suffering, and his eye had the pained furtive expression which I had come to know. And by his left side there was a dim shape crouching.

I got into bed hastily, but not to sleep. I felt that my reason must be going. I had been pitchforked from our clear and cheerful modern life into the mists of old superstition. Old tragic stories of my Calvinist upbringing returned to haunt me. The man dwelt in by a devil was no new fancy, but I believed that science had docketed and analyzed and explained the devil out of the world. I remembered my dabbings in the occult before I settled down to law,—the story of Donisarius, the monk of Padua, the unholy legend of the Face of Proserpine, the tales of *succubi* and *incubi*, the Leannain Sith and the Hidden Presence. But here was something stranger still. I had stumbled upon that very possession which fifteen hundred years ago had made the monks of New Rome tremble and cross themselves. Some devilish occult force, lingering through the ages, had come to life after a long sleep. God knows what earthly connection there was between the splendid Emperor of the World and my prosaic friend, or between the glittering shores of the Bosphorus and this moorland parish! But the land was

the old Manann! The spirit may have lingered in the earth and air, a deadly legacy from Pict and Roman. I had felt the uncanniness of the place; I had augured ill of it from the first. And then in sheer disgust I rose and splashed my face with cold water.

I lay down again, laughing miserably at my credulity. That I, the sober and rational, should believe in this crazy fable was too palpably absurd. I would steel my mind resolutely against such harebrained theories. It was a mere bodily ailment,—liver out of order, weak heart, bad circulation, or something of that sort. At the worst it might be some affection of the brain, to be treated by a specialist. I vowed to myself that next morning the best doctor in Edinburgh should be brought to More.

The worst of it was that my duty compelled me to stand my ground. I foresaw the few remaining weeks of my holiday blighted. I should be tied to this moorland prison, a sort of keeper and nurse in one, tormented by silly fancies. It was a charming prospect, and the thought of Glenaicill and the woodcock made me bitter against Ladlaw. But there was no way out of it. I might do Ladlaw good, and I could not have Sibyl worn to death by his vagaries.

My ill nature comforted me, and I forgot the horror of the thing in its vexation. After that I think I fell asleep and dozed uneasily till morning. When I woke I was in a better frame of mind. The early sun had worked wonders with the moorland. The low hills stood out fresh-colored and clear against a pale October sky; the elders sparkled with frost; the raw film of morn was rising from the little loch in tiny clouds. It was a cold, rousing day, and I dressed in good spirits and went down to breakfast.

I found Ladlaw looking ruddy and well; very different from the broken man I remembered of the night before. We

were alone, for Sibyl was breakfasting in bed. I remarked on his ravenous appetite, and he smiled cheerily. He made two jokes during the meal; he laughed often, and I began to forget the events of the previous day. It seemed to me that I might still flee from More with a clear conscience. He had forgotten about his illness. When I touched distantly upon the matter he showed a blank face.

It might be that the affection had passed; on the other hand, it might return to him at the darkening. I had no means to decide. His manner was still a trifle distraught and peculiar, and I did not like the dullness in his eye. At any rate, I should spend the day in his company, and the evening would decide the question.

I proposed shooting, which he promptly vetoed. He was no good at walking, he said, and the birds were wild. This seriously limited the possible occupations. Fishing there was none, and hill-climbing was out of the question. He proposed a game at billiards, and I pointed to the glory of the morning. It would have been sacrilege to waste such sunshine in knocking balls about. Finally we agreed to drive somewhere and have lunch, and he ordered the dogcart.

In spite of all forebodings I enjoyed the day. We drove in the opposite direction from the woodland parts, right away across the moor to the coal country beyond. We lunched at the little mining town of Borrowmuir, in a small and noisy public house. The roads made bad going, the country was far from pretty, and yet the drive did not bore me. Ladlaw talked incessantly, — talked as I had never heard man talk before. There was something indescribable in all he said, a different point of view, a lost groove of thought, a kind of innocence and archaic shrewdness in one. I can only give you a hint of it by saying that it was like the mind of an early ancestor placed suddenly among modern sur-

roundings. It was wise with a remote wisdom, and silly (now and then) with a quite antique and distant silliness.

I will give instances of both. He provided me with a theory of certain early fortifications, which must be true, which commends itself to the mind with overwhelming conviction, and yet which is so out of the way of common speculation that no man could have guessed it. I do not propose to set down the details, for I am working at it on my own account. Again, he told me the story of an old marriage custom, which till recently survived in this district, — told it with full circumstantial detail and constant allusions to other customs which he could not possibly have known of. Now for the other side. He explained why well water is in winter warmer than a running stream, and this was his explanation: at the antipodes our winter is summer; consequently, the water of a well which comes through from the other side of the earth must be warm in winter and cold in summer, since in our summer it is winter there. You perceive what this is. It is no mere silliness, but a genuine effort of an early mind, which had just grasped the fact of the antipodes, to use it in explanation.

Gradually I was forced to the belief that it was not Ladlaw who was talking to me, but something speaking through him, something at once wiser and simpler. My old fear of the devil began to depart. This spirit, the exhalation, whatever it was, was ingenuous in its way, at least in its daylight aspect. For a moment I had an idea that it was a real reflex of Byzantine thought, and that by cross-examining I might make marvelous discoveries. The ardor of the scholar began to rise in me, and I asked a question about that much-debated point, the legal status of the *apocrisiarii*. To my vexation he gave no response. Clearly the intelligence of this familiar had its limits.

It was about three in the afternoon,

and we had gone half of our homeward journey, when signs of the old terror began to appear. I was driving, and Ladlaw sat on my left. I noticed him growing nervous and silent, shivering at the flick of the whip, and turning half-way round toward me. Then he asked me to change places, and I had the unpleasant work of driving from the wrong side. After that I do not think he spoke once till we arrived at More, but sat huddled together, with the driving rug almost up to his chin, — an eccentric figure of a man.

I foresaw another such night as the last, and I confess my heart sank. I had no stomach for more mysteries, and somehow with the approach of twilight the confidence of the day departed. The thing appeared in darker colors, and I found it in my mind to turn coward. Sibyl alone deterred me. I could not bear to think of her alone with this demented being. I remembered her shy timidity, her innocence. It was monstrous that the poor thing should be called on thus to fight alone with phantoms.

When we came to the House it was almost sunset. Ladlaw got out very carefully on the right side, and for a second stood by the horse. The sun was making our shadows long, and as I stood beyond him it seemed for a moment that his shadow was double. It may have been mere fancy, for I had not time to look twice. He was standing, as I have said, with his left side next the horse. Suddenly the harmless elderly cob fell into a very panic of fright, reared upright, and all but succeeded in killing its master. I was in time to pluck Ladlaw from under its feet, but the beast had become perfectly unmanageable, and we left a groom struggling to quiet it.

In the hall the butler gave me a telegram. It was from my clerk, summoning me back at once to an important consultation.

IV.

Here was a prompt removal of my scruples. There could be no question of my remaining, for the case was one of the first importance, which I had feared might break off my holiday. The consultation fell in vacation time to meet the convenience of certain people who were going abroad, and there was the most instant demand for my presence. I must go, and at once; and, as I hunted in the time-table, I found that in three hours' time a night train for the south would pass Borrowmuir which might be stopped by special wire.

But I had no pleasure in my freedom. I was in despair about Sibyl, and I hated myself for my cowardly relief. The dreary dining room, the sinister bust, and Ladlaw crouching and quivering, — the recollection, now that escape was before me, came back on my mind with the terror of a nightmare. My first thought was to persuade the Ladlaws to come away with me. I found them both in the drawing-room, — Sibyl very fragile and pale, and her husband sitting as usual like a frightened child in the shadow of her skirts. A sight of him was enough to dispel my hope. The man was fatally ill, mentally, bodily; and who was I to attempt to minister to a mind diseased?

But Sibyl, — she might be saved from the martyrdom. The servants would take care of him, and, if need be, a doctor might be got from Edinburgh to live in the house. So while he sat with vacant eyes staring into the twilight, I tried to persuade Sibyl to think of herself. I am frankly a sun worshiper. I have no taste for arduous duty, and the quixotic is my abhorrence. I labored to bring my cousin to this frame of mind. I told her that her first duty was to herself, and that this vigil of hers was beyond human endurance. But she had no ears for my arguments.

"While Bob is ill I must stay with him," she said always in answer, and then she thanked me for my visit, till I felt a brute and a coward. I strove to quiet my conscience, but it told me always that I was fleeing from my duty ; and then, when I was on the brink of a nobler resolution, a sudden overmastering terror would take hold of me, and I would listen hysterically for the sound of the dogcart on the gravel.

At last it came, and in a sort of fever I tried to say the conventional farewells. I shook hands with Ladlaw, and when I dropped his hand it fell numbly on his knee. Then I took my leave, muttering hoarse nonsense about having had a "charming visit," and "hoping soon to see them both in town." As I backed

to the door, I knocked over a lamp on a small table. It crashed on the floor and went out, and at the sound Ladlaw gave a curious childish cry. I turned like a coward, and ran across the hall to the front door, and scrambled into the dogcart.

The groom would have driven me sedately through the park, but I must have speed or go mad. I took the reins from him and put the horse into a canter. We swung through the gates and out into the moor road, for I could have no peace till the ghoulisn elder world was exchanged for the homely ugliness of civilization. Once only I looked back, and there against the sky line, with a solitary lit window, the House of More stood lonely in the red desert.

John Buchan.

SUNRISE.

As tides of heaving waters ebb and flow,
 The ever shifting powers of dark and light,
 Rising and falling, ceaseless come and go,
 And round towards morning now. Star-sandaed night
 Her undisputed sway no longer holds,
 Her glimmering lamps grow dim, and from the folds
 Of her wide, sombre mantle, drawn away
 Slowly from hill and dale, the child of day,
 Fair, rosy dawn, looks forth, and lavishly
 Casts down her gems on floating cloud and mist,
 Amber and pearl, and tender amethyst,
 And deeper purple to the waiting sea,
 So they may deck them, meet
 Their royal Lord to greet,
 And early warblers on the wing
 Tune their sweet pipes to caroling.
 All things of ocean, earth, and air
 Expectant herald everywhere,—
 The Coming of the King!

Across the hilltops drifts a gentle breeze,
 Swaying the grasses, stirring in the trees,
 That wake from dreams as with a happy sigh,
 And softly to each other bend more nigh,

Till every whispering leaf would seem to tell
 The joyful tidings, old as earth, yet new
 Even as the trembling drop of freshest dew
 On folded buds that in green springtime swell.
 And then a moment's breathless hush, — and now,
 Beyond the kindling brow
 Of yonder peak, behold!
 A gleam of shimmering gold,
 Waxing more deep, more bright,
 Breaking at last to shafts of liquid light,
 And then — O warblers on the wing,
 Let all your loudest anthems ring!
 Lo! overflowed with white flame,
 The throbbing, radiant skies proclaim, —
 The Coming of the King!

Stuart Sterne.

ART IN LANGUAGE.

GREAT as is the mystery of printer's ink, it does not make literature; neither does pagination or imprint, nor covers, however garish or however limp. We live in an age when there is much putting of things in black and white. Stenographers flit hither and thither, and the click of the typewriter is abroad in the land; the issue whereof is much blackening of much good white paper with many needless words, and more needless paragraphs and sections. How sadly we are missing the restraining and demulcent influences of the old quill pen! We might spare chirography from the list of fine arts, leaving that to China; but in another generation we shall forget how to spell as well as to write, leaving that to the specialists in spelling, the duly initiated and installed knights of the typewriter. Still, all this we can overlook, so far as our subject is concerned; for after all, literature is neither chirography nor orthography. Yet we shall have to recover a little from the *megalitis* with which for the time the typewriter and the stenographer have infected us.

It is a good old rule to be sure one has something to say before undertaking to write. Lack of precision in expression is undoubtedly due in large measure to murkiness of thought. On the other hand, it is true that the formulation of thought into language is, in ordinary experience, the surest method of clarifying one's ideas. Talking or writing one's self into clearness is therefore often good policy, but it cannot in fairness be done at the expense of the hearing and reading public.

Good literature presupposes substance, — ideas, knowledge, convictions, or profound impressions. Yet neither of these, nor all of these together, will make literature. Clearness in either or all will not do it. Good timber fitly framed will make a house, but not necessarily architecture. An auctioneer's catalogue conveys information, is clearly analyzed and perfectly explicit, but it is not literature. Literature is art, and art is more, infinitely more, than the best of intelligence can make out of the best of material.

Concerning the rationalizing intelli-

gence of man, it may still be said that it knows in part, it prophesies in part, it sees in a glass darkly; concerning art, it must be said that it seeks unto the vision which is "face to face."

Poetry is profounder than psychology, architecture than engineering, painting than the physics of color, literature than philology, faith than criticism; and though these sterner disciplines of the intelligence purge and chasten and correct, they are guideboards, and not the way; they are precepts, not the truth; they are body, not the life.

Art implies beauty, whose laws have set their judgment seat behind the veil. The laws with which the sciences of metre, grammar, and physics deal lie on the hither side. Dimly they shadow forth the higher law, but cannot compass its expression.

Art implies taste, and taste weighs in subtler balances than those of the chemist or the analyzing critic. The judgments of the jurist order themselves according to the chance law of statutes and of civic usage; the judgments of the physician fit themselves to the narrow circle of what fitting experience has taught; the judgments of the philologist, the engineer, the physicist, use the scraps they have collected, matching them together in hope of discerning fragments of a pattern. They all see in part and know in part. They all see with part of an eye and judge with part of a soul. But taste abjures the minims and the millimeters, the fragmentary tests and the partial vision, looks full and straight with the whole of the soul, and judges with the whole of the life. The judgment of taste is more than the sum of all the judgments of reason, as home is more than the sum of the rooms of a house, life more than the sum of the members of a body, communion with God more than the sum of all the doctrines.

Art implies an ideal. An ideal is a vision beyond the power of materials,

whether of marble or of language, to express. In the artist's hands these materials can suggest the ideal; they can point toward it; they can summon it forth. When the material embodies all that he who shapes it has to tell, then the work is handicraft, not art. The work has satisfied itself in constraining the material to a use. If it was good work, it has made a good hammer that will drive nails, a good bridge that will save wading, a good likeness that will identify a criminal, a good statement that will convey information without inspiration. Teaching that imparts knowledge, and fails to supply ideals and inspiration, is notably not education; craft that fires no yearning for the vision of the greater whole is not art. A rift in the veil, a glimpse of that other fair land where the best that is in us divines itself native, — that alone is the handiwork and yield of art.

Literature is art. It is art whose crude material is language, as the sculptor's material is marble, or as the potter's is clay. Its mission in the first place is so to shape its material that form and beauty may emerge. The day has not passed wherein the grace of words fitly spoken has power to quicken and inspire human life, nor has Spenser's dictum,

"For pleasing words are like the magic art,"

lost in reality any of its value, despite the chronicler, the intelligencer, and all the apostles of the matter-of-fact.

It cannot be denied, however, that a practical age has had its effect. Men certainly do hesitate frankly to confess that in their own usage language is used as an artistic material and subjected to artistic treatment. There is apparently a feeling that the confession would involve something demeaning to the content of thought. Rhetoric is in bad odor, — chiefly the name. In the schools they try to hide it under the name "English." There never was, however, in all

the days of our civilization, a more widespread and certain demand for what is called "good English," or a more perfect appreciation of what is said to be "well written." Rhetoric as a name has fallen into discredit because it has come to be associated with tinsel phrase and empty words. But this is no rebuff to the art. Every material of the arts, from ivory to wood, has sometime been misused as tinsel. The empty display of material is not art; it is child's play.

Somewhat of the ultra-modern idea that art and language have no proper dealings with each other is traceable to the influence of the modern scientific study of language. The science of language is still young, and much that it has taught is proving to have been most superficially conceived. Now that the science is passing over into the years of discretion, it is looking back with some quiet regret at the amateurish ventures of its earlier days. The first joy of the discovery that language growth was susceptible of formulation under laws danced to the conclusion that language was a physico-physiological entity, and its growth so genuinely a "natural" one, and so exclusively subject to the control of "natural" laws, that any interference therewith on the part of the correcting schoolma'am, the admonishing dictionary, the leveling purist, the embellishing rhetorician, or any other minions of the law-and-order party was either little short of vandalism, and to be ranked with the docking of horses' tails, or at best a form of professional service to be classed with dancing lessons and facial massage.

The incipient science of education has been passing through a similar phase, wherein the notion that biology furnishes the unfailing clue to educational procedure has played havoc with good sense. The fallacy of course lies in the assumption that the human life to which we seek to adapt the child is preëminently biological. It is not; it is preëminently

socio-historical, — lived in society, determined by the historical order. Education as a department of study must ultimately find its closest affinity, not with biology or with psychology, but with sociology, — or rather, with history outright, for there is no sociology without history.

Language is a medium of communication between men living in society, and not merely a means of expression. As such, the laws which govern its growth are social, not physical, and resemble more the laws which rule in the development of table manners than those which regulate the movements of the planets. The uniformity of product which makes the social laws to be laws is due to the need of a standard social currency, — in the case of language the need of intelligibility, in the case of manners the need of acceptability.

The observation and study of those processes in language which make for the establishment of a standard of intercourse between dialectally divergent communities become, therefore, of quite as great importance and scientific interest as those which, under the more commonly confessed name of laws, characterize the development of speech in the single community. The laws of sound, indeed, are social laws operating under a multiplex pressure toward compromise, and do not in last analysis differ at all from the processes of borrowing, purging, rectifying, which produce the standards of correctness in the great national and literary languages.

The use of correct or suitable language, of language suitable to the subject, to the community addressed, and to the effect to be produced, is and will always be a matter of taste, and of taste as a power of judgment acquired through sympathy with social feeling and need. The effect of suitable language will always be measured, among civilized communities, not by its precise report of concepts and propositions after the man-

ner of algebraic formulæ and equations, but by the spiritual atmosphere of thousandfold suggestion and association which it brings in with it, like the breath of a larger life to quicken the dry bones, — the dry bones that lie in the narrow valley of the matter-of-fact. Our response to the forms of verse and the gentle touch of poetry has place among the intimations of immortality. We know that we have part in the larger life, because there is that within us which is more than can be said.

Literature, therefore, is art in that it shapes its crude material, language, into forms that satisfy the taste as the high and wide-horizoned judgment seat of the spiritual life; but it is also art — and this perhaps is more — in that it uses these forms to set forth the ideals which to the spiritual eye are more real than the realities. The story of the experiences of individual men as told in diaries, or of tribes and nations as told in chronicles, may or may not, in diary and chronicle, reveal the outlines of a plot; but whenever through the mazes of details there shines the glimmer of a golden thread to suggest motif and plan, then art is beginning, — art that discerns a figure buried in the crude stone, and sees a drama linking together the scattered experiences of a life. History that is literature, and not mere chronicle, finds in the fate — which is to say in the character — of nations and races a soul of idea for the body of facts. Biography that is literature, and not mere diary, finds a like soul of idea in the mysterious, if not mystical, unity of a personal character. The vision of such character in a landscape or a building, in the life of a person, the fate of a people, or the drift of a century, is the gift of the inspired insight of

art. It is this, and nothing more, that we mean by ideals and the ideal.

The quest for the ideal and the instinct of form are close akin. We rejoice to find on the common materials of our seen life traces, though ever so slight, of the mould marks which betray their connection in use with some great plan or work or purpose of the higher and unseen life. Through the mould marks of form our vision is quickened to see the pattern set in the mount. Form in art, form in literature, form in manners, form in devotion, all are born of one human instinct and desire, — the desire to see the common every-day life and its materials now and again dignified to the service of some higher purpose, to participation in some greater plan of the greater whole.

The Iliad is art, whether or not the critics find in the whole story a complete plot, because there is everywhere present in Homer the quality which alone gives a plot value and effect, — and that is *form*. Metre and rhythm, the recurring epithets and the ringing verse endings, they are only the mould marks of form; but the rounding of the episodes, the panoramic effects of the action, the half conventionalization of the characters, the stateliness of the stage setting, the whole atmosphere of the heroic, betray the very shaping of the mould itself. From beginning to end the poem is art. It is closer in touch with the stage than the street, for it is abstracted from life.

Art offers the moulds which fit our many separate lives. It is the master key. Language is the keenest expression of life. Art and the life that really lives are inseparable. Language is art's most supple, most familiar clay.

Benjamin Ide Wheeler.

A LITTLE CHRIST AT SWANSON'S.

TYNAN, the boss, in his smoky office, sat and scowled over some mill figures. Outside from the kitchen came the chatter of his men, the Frenchys, brought over from the Canadian bush, and the natives of the woods.

It was twilight, with the snow in a whirling dust and the spruce trees around the clearing acreak already under their white load. Jumpers and top-boots had been pulled off, and were steaming behind the roaring stove. The Shanty Dog put the bowls of hot soup around the table, and the men drew up.

"Gul McGulligan to - night, boys," said Alexandre, slumping down noisily in his favorite birch-root seat.

Alexandre's tight black curls were seamed with a zigzag of white, the mark of a scar where a log had rolled on him from an ill-balanced skidway.

The boys fell to on Gul McGulligan with a will.

"Where's Pierre? Not in with his team yet?" Davy wiped his long mustache with the back of his hand as he finished his bowlful. Davy was an "in-fiddle," as it was termed at Swanson's, and one of Tynan's best skidders.

"Saying masses for the cattle?" he proceeded jocularly. "Say, Pierre's got a wheel in the head; wheely from the word go."

"Pierre, he one big fool," uttered Johnny Leaf, the St. Regis Indian. "I hang him up for half his stakes and he no kick."

"Pierre don't blow in his stakes, that's one sure thing," observed Alexandre, cutting his fried pork into neat blocks and stirring it into his potatoes.

"He save his dosh and his soul too, boys. He won't end up no rum-soaked Johnny. What's more, he can't noways get hurt. He c'd slide down Queer Mountain Chute on a shovel and hold a

full house at the bottom with never a shake."

"Me stand behind him and slap him on shoulder, say, 'Pierre, strike the stove,' he strike the stove, her red hot, he never burn. He sorcery man. Fire not eat him. Me know." Johnny Leaf flung this out at the tableful, and relapsed into unheeding silence.

"That's right," some one assented. "Pierre was in a river boat last spring, plugging out West Scotland at the Birch Tree. The jam started, like that, crack out o' the box, and them logs piled up like hell. Oarsman and steersman killed dead as a door nail. Pierre elum out from under the key logs and punted to shore with his peavey quick as a cricket. You can't kill Pierre. H'lo there, Tidbits!" as a tall young fellow came in, his yellow mustache frozen at the ends like stiffened paint brushes. "We ain't kep' no tidbits for you. Alexandre's et the hull pile on 'em."

"You fellers kin crack jokes an' holler," said Tidbits bitterly, "but Pierre's layin' at the bottom of the dugout crushed to smithereens, his hosses top o' 'im, deader than a dead Injun."

The men looked up, knives midway to their mouths, horror on their faces.

"When he hauled his last load down to the dump, the gravel was worn pretty thin raound that curve by the Pine Tree, an' 't wuz slippery as smooth glass. He must hev gone right over the siding, team an' all, forty feet down to the crik bottom! Oh, Lord, what a suddint death! I could n't do nothin'!"

Tynan laid down the piece of bread he had been spreading, and rose from his log bench, throwing down his knife with a clatter.

"Turn out, byes, every mother's son of you. Never mind the grub. Get your lanterns, torches, and peaveys. We'll

haul Pierre up to camp, alive or dead, and give him a Christian sleeping place."

The men drew on their jumpers, while the Shanty Dog and Ed the cook filled the torches and lanterns. The smell of fried pork sizzling assailed the hungry men.

Old Man Joe spoke, voicing the murmured talk that had not reached Tynan's ears. Old Man Joe's long gray beard and white eyebrows gave him the look of a patriarch among the stubbly-faced younger men. His voice was husky.

"Look a here, boss. You can't kill a little Christ, not by no dugout or freshet or log jam or sluice plank or chute. It ain't no stick-rotted timber I'm givin' you. Pierre's a little Christ. We've known it a long time back, by the red book he kerries and the words he jibbers to himself. You kin tell 'em by the baby look in their eyes, and becuz they ain't got sense like common folk. They knows things that the little red school-house never larned 'em. You could n't touch him, boss, if you drew the bead on him at six inches. The likes of Pierre doze n't die. They're took up."

"Pierre'll be took up to-night, no mistake, like a basketful of fragments," said Davy, with a grim humor.

Then the sound of singing was heard as some one approached the door, — a Latin chant, measured and stately, and, to the wilderness lumbermen, uncanny. The door opened, letting in a whirl and whistle of snow. Pierre followed. His light brown longish hair was strung in wet locks across his smooth yellow cheeks. A blue bump on his forehead was streaked with crimson that flowed down in a jagged frozen line behind his ears. His pale gray eyes were fringed with black lashes that had always the look of being heavy with tears. He had a little red mouth, like a young girl's pursed for prunes and prisms. He flung his torn green mackinaw across the line, pulled off his plush cap, and stood by the stove a moment rubbing his hands.

The men, like wooden images, stared mutely.

"Look at me, voilà," murmured Pierre softly.

"You not dead man?" asked Johnny Leaf.

The men burst into rough relieved laughter, and sat down once more at table.

"Where's your hosses, Pierre?" asked Tynan.

Pierre did not answer, but seemed swallowing Tynan with his watery eyes.

"Look, look!" whispered the men. "He ain't here; he's over There."

"Ugly roading, eh?" asked Tynan, hearing the whispers, and not understanding Pierre's silence. Tynan was a new man at Swanson's Dam Camp, and did not believe the tradition of a little Christ.

"Pretty fair, — not too bad," said Alexandre, stepping on Pierre's foot as he got up from the table.

"I'm talking to you, you dumb French dog, you!" Tynan roared, his quick Irish temper aroused.

"He not hear you one leetle time," said Alexandre. He sidled up to the boss and whispered: —

"You no dare touch Pierre zis moment. La voilà, him little Christ."

"None of your darned blasphemies!" Tynan knocked Alexandre aside, and threatened Pierre: "Open your mouth, you blank milk-eyed pretender, or I'll open the daylights out of you!" Tynan had his own idea about maintaining discipline at Swanson's.

Pierre threw back his head and laughed. His long hair almost touched the stove behind him.

All the men were on their feet now, and crowded in between the little Christ and Tynan.

"If you touch a hair of him, the luck leaves Swanson's," Davy expostulated. Though a stout-hearted "infiddle," he still believed in the strange good luck of Pierre.

The men persuaded Tynan to test their comrade's power. After Pierre had eaten his supper in silence, as was his custom, he spoke:—

"Mis'r Tynan, you give me t'ree torshes, an' I show you w'at I do, moi."

The men fell back into the shadow of the farther end of the long log-built chamber.

Pierre took two of the torches the men used for their early morning work in the winter dark. He pulled them out of the long poles in which they were stuck, leaving only the kerosene-filled basin and the long wick tube in its swiveled socket. There was no other light in the room, and the wood fire in the stove burned low. He tossed them up hand over hand, humming a French chanson as the lithe flames dipped and flared and twisted between his hands and the ceiling.

"Now anoder; I make it t'ree, moi," he said coolly, and caught the third torch from Alexandre between the ascent and descent of his first two torches.

It was a pretty piece of jugglery, and awed the men to reverence. Tynan stood, his hands in his pockets, his unbelieving Irish face touched with humorous contempt.

"He learned it in a ten-cent show in Utiky. You fellows is gulls," he said.

The scorn of the boss's tone zigzagged like lightning through the intoxicating haze of admiration that hung about Pierre. He felt a stinging pain in his ears.

"Sacré Dieu!" he flung out, swearing a French oath, "what wish you, then, dog of an unbeliever? That I should make the dead walk?"

"Un revenant! un revenant!" shouted Alexandre, exulting in the coming sensation. Pierre had often told them of this last supreme potentiality in him,—communion with spirits.

The excited voices of the men were like the fumes of the Pythoness in his nostrils. The furore of sudden eminence

possessed him. He stood, stiffened with elation, in the midst of the waving lights and shadows. His yellow forehead shone weirdly.

"Attendez! attendez!" shouted Alexandre, in a huge voice like a French railway porter's.

Pierre was swaying from side to side, his glassy eyes fixed on Tynan's. In his heart he was afraid.

"It's your go. Command him," whispered the "infiddle" to Tynan.

"Hey?"

"Put hand on him," said Johnny Leaf, moved to mysticism. "Say, *Call one from the happy hunting grounds. Pierre, do this.*"

"T'ree time, *Pierre, do zis,*" added Alexandre.

The men gathered about Tynan, and spoke in hushed voices. Tynan was abashed. He had never before played leading man in a melodrama. At this moment the door of the shanty was opened, and two women entered. Their striped shawls and heavy hoods were such as the Canadian Indians wear when they visit the lumber camps with their baskets of knickknacks.

"Come in," said one of the men softly, raising a finger of warning. "It is Marie Port-Neuf and another," he told those next him. "Don't speak. Keep your eyes on Pierre."

The women set down their baskets, and squatted in an opening made for them in the circle. The younger woman, when she had stripped off some of her outer sheaths, disclosed a thin young form and a square dark face, with eyes feverishly large and fierce.

"I know heem. Heem leetle Christ," said Marie, the older woman, to Alcée.

Why did Alcée's eyes leap with such a light, and why did she spring to her feet, and then fall back again? Johnny Leaf thought she reached for the warmth.

"You one fool," he muttered, pushing her down. "Stove fire kill you when you blue-cold. Wait one bit."

Alcée waited.

Tynan, keyed up to his cue, laid his hand on Pierre's shoulder to a faint approving chorus of smothered voices, like the sympathetic orchestra at a play.

"Eh bien! allons!" urged Alexandre at his ear.

Tynan felt himself forced to foolish complicity. It might even be sinful.

"Fetch in your damn ghost, then," he jerked out sullenly.

"T'ree time," gurgled the chorus in his ears.

Pierre saw that he plunged against a wall. His career was at stake. The room reeled and sang. There had been such moments before, but the dæmon within him had come to his aid. To-night his dæmon was silent. And all those eager eyes in a glaring ring! They were fierce for the show. He trembled. Then he met the eyes of Alcée. It was at the second iteration in his ear, "*Pierre, do this.*" The look of recognition for which she had waited passed between them. More than that, from him to her the dumb cry in the eyes of a hunted animal, from her to him the answer of a wild, strong mother.

Alcée bounded forward, crouching low like a creature through the bush. Johnny Leaf caught at her red skirt as it flashed along the floor, but could not stop her.

"Pierre, do this!" she called, in a resonant savage voice, as if she were summoning some one very far away. She laid her imperative brown hand upon his clammy wrist.

The wind, rising in a tall hemlock near the camp, mixed with the trumpet tones of her voice. Then the frozen branches grated together like dragged chains.

The men started, involuntarily huddling closer. The girl still crouched at Pierre's feet. Pierre stretched one yellow finger toward the frost-bound window.

"It comes." The strange, flutelike

tones of his voice simulated the moaning subsidence of wind.

"What?" called the girl, again as if to some one at a great height above her. Her weird voice thrilled the room.

"My soul, my soul, my soul," chanted Pierre, his gray glass eyes distended upon the frost-bound square. "*La v'là, It comes.*"

"Where from?" called Alcée, in her tall, remote tones.

"Up from the creek bottom, from the snowdrifts, from the deep, deep gulch where I died. It comes seeking my body. Look you, my body, a dead man's body!" Pierre's old-ivory face, turning slowly, made the round of the glaring circle. It was as if a corpse had turned its head.

"I'm goin' to git out o' this," shivered Davy, slinking backward. He tiptoed into the sleeping room. Then the men heard the defiant clump of his boots thrown on the floor.

Pierre made one step forward to the ring of torture, which gave backward like grain before the wind.

"I telled you he was dead," shuddered Tidbits. "Hullong he'll stand there, and deader than dominoes?"

Pierre that moment believed he was dead, and that his soul would walk in at the door. He put his hands out blindly, reaching for an invisible something. They touched Alcée's forehead, and she crumbled back, like an infirm statue, on the floor.

Her fall, apparently unnoticed, blended powerfully with the atmosphere of suspense of which Pierre remained the centre. A frozen branch tapped on the window pane. To Pierre's sensitive ears it was magnified to the crack of doom.

"Moi, v'là, I come, O my soul!" he wailed, and, breaking through the circle of horror that gaped wide at his approach, he vanished through the door of the shanty into the night.

Alcée and Marie Port-Neuf were

bunked in Tynan's office for the night. The men were in no mood, that evening, for chaffering over leggings and moc-casins.

"He dead man. Heem don' come back nevaire," issued from the profundity of Johnny Leaf's conviction.

"Ef he don't come back to-night, he's a dead man, sure," Tynan retorted, and wrapped himself more closely in the blanket sheets as the wind flapped the powdery snow against the tiny window. Nevertheless he had fled in a panic from Pierre's waving arms, and this memory Tidbits cherished. Then they slept.

But Alcée lay awake, hearing the wind howl and the frozen trees snap like pistol reports in the iron cold. Little puffs of snow drifted through an unchinked crack and laid their cold touch upon her face. Old Mère Marie was wound about with the lion's share of bedclothes, while slender little Alcée shivered on the cot's wooden rim, struggling vainly to draw a blanket from her companion's invincible grasp.

Would he never come back, poor Pierre? What freak of fortune had brought him to this Adirondack wilderness? What stranger freak had brought her to Swanson's Dam Camp? How yellow he was, how changed! how wild and glassy his look! Pierre Lavoie! How well he had loved her once, and how she had scorned him! And now — Ah, in the morning, the cold, cold ride through the flapping dismal forest, along the rough icy roads, past the skidways and the shouting teamsters; then the weaving and braiding once more. Next year — Perhaps there would be no next year. At all events, Swanson's Dam Camp would not fall to her lot again.

Pierre Lavoie!

"Athis, I loved you a long time ago."

Alcée crept from the bed, and found her way to the door. She would call him. She closed the door behind her. The ice was like hot irons under her feet.

"Pierre! Pierre!"

A host of shadows from the encroaching forest trembled toward her.

"Pierre!"

It was no use. She had saved him from those fierce men only to drive him to a different death.

Marie Port-Neuf groaned in her sleep as the cold body of Alcée communicated its chill to her. "Ugh!" she muttered as Alcée's icy foot touched hers.

There was a sound in the kitchen. The girl lay very quiet. The Shanty Dog slouched across the floor in his thick gray flannels. His boots were drawn on over his plaid stockings. He replenished the fire with green slabs, and slunk to his bed again. If Pierre were dead, he would look for him to-morrow morning in the creek bottom. In one minute he was asleep and snoring.

The fire crackled and talked to itself. Alcée's hands and feet grew colder. The wind blew through the moss-packed chinks of the wall and sent shivery pains dancing through her head. The fire crackled, and now it was talking to her, — urging her, teasing her, to its warmth and companionship. Alcée wrapped herself in her shawl and tiptoed out to the kitchen. A solitary figure sat on the log bench by the stove. She must have slept. She recognized Pierre's long straight hair, and stopped on the sill.

"I'm waiting for you," said a lonely voice, but he had not turned round, nor could he have seen her.

What if old Marie should awake and find Alcée gone? What if the thin-lipped boss should come out and find them together?

The battle of the winds waxed furious in the high evergreens. From the men's room came heavy snoring and the thick voice of one who talked in his sleep.

"Come, Alcée," said the lonely voice.

Alcée slipped round and sank into the other corner of the bench, and spread out her blue hands over the hot stove covers.

Pierre took down a fur coat from a peg on the wall and wrapped her feet up, taking them in his hands as he knelt on the floor, as if she were a child he was tending.

The frost burst in the hemlock tree like a sound of grapeshot. Alcée shuddered.

"It's the devils and the angels doing battle for your soul, Alcée," said Pierre solemnly. "I've heard them at dusk of morning, when I had stuck my torch into the deep snow, and they could n't see me for the piled-up skidway. They whispered and gabbled and laughed and cried in the spruce and hemlock and cedar.

"Let her go," whisper angels. 'She's a light-o'-love, and has had her hell already.'

"She is ours!" shriek devils. 'She gave Pierre a poisoned cup to drink.'

"She poisoned herself," whisper angels, 'and she has not laughed again.'

"Then the devils clapped their hands because your laugh was frozen. But the angels cried over you. So did I. Here are the tears."

Pierre took Alcée's hand and made it trace the coagulated blood streak behind his ear.

"But as long as I love you, Alcée, the devils can't have you. And I'll love you even when I'm at the creek bottom,

with the murdering logs holding me down and the snow freshet boiling over me."

"S-sh!" Alcée warned him, for Pierre's voice had risen, and two spoke together in the men's room.

Then Pierre remembered the ring of glaring eyes and the girl crumbling like an infirm statue.

"It was you, Alcée, who saved me. Do you love me?"

"Come, let us go together," said Alcée.

"Where?"

"Across Blue Pond, down Indian Creek,—away, away."

"It is true," said Pierre vacantly. "One must go — after last night."

He carried her to the door. He was very strong.

"This is better than Marie Port-Neuf, — much better," thought Alcée.

"Wait. I will dress and get my basket," whispered she to him.

"It is true," said Pierre, putting her down. He waited by the sinking fire while Alcée crept about like a mouse in the dark little sleeping room.

"It is well to depart thus early," said Pierre, as he opened the door. "The dead should not return."

They went out together into the forest, laughing, and the first light of dawn creamed the sky behind the evergreens.

Florence Wilkinson.

THE MAINTENANCE OF A POET.

IN the year 1847 Emerson published his first volume of poems, — a book now selling for its weight in silver, as its predecessor, the prose poem entitled *Nature*, sells for well-nigh its weight in gold. The same year, his friend and neighbor, Ellery Channing, published his own second volume (the first was issued in 1843, containing, among other

immortal lines, that which Emerson quoted at the close of his essay on *Montaigne*, —

"If my bark sink, 't is to another sea");

and there were other venturesome books of verse, which tempted a Harvard professor, on whom the light of poesy and prophecy never dawned, to review scoff-

ingly Nine New Poets, in the North American Review. He showed himself particularly scornful of Emerson's and Channing's volumes, — citing, in derision of their alleged incapacity to write verse and sense at the same instant, this couplet, which he declared to be as good as theirs: —

“Father built a well-sweep,
And the wind blew it down; sheep.”

Poe, in the same vein, but with more comprehension of what poetry is, passed over Emerson's volume, and spent his best scurrility, not on Longfellow, but on Channing; admitting, however, that he had a few good lines, and instancing this couplet, —

“For only they who in sad cities dwell
Are of the green trees fully sensible;”

which, indeed, reads like a verse of Keats.

Reflecting on Channing's hard fortune in the ill success of his volumes, — for his own he neither expected nor hardly wished success, — and the contempt then so freely poured on his other friends, the poet-naturalist Thoreau and the poetic sage Alcott, Emerson wrote in his journal of 1848: —

“Shall we not maintain our poets? They cannot bring us in October a poor bushel of beans, — but is not an accomplished and cultivated man worth something? Shall we suffer those to die of whom the horizon and the landscape speak to us day by day? These never mention their owners or their diggers, any more than ants and worms, but superciliously forget those, and fill me with allusions to men and women who owned no acre, and had no practical faculty, as we say.”

In the long run, poets maintain themselves; and Thoreau for his part, no less than Emerson for his, has become the proprietor of the Concord landscape and the Maine woods and Cape Cod. These are visited now for Thoreau's sake, and artists follow in his footsteps to picture for the eye what he described

so well in forgotten words. But his most intimate friend, Ellery Channing, — who was also the most intimate with Hawthorne, and at least only in the second grade of intimacy with Alcott and Emerson, — has not yet secured the maintenance in literature to which his high poetic merit entitles him.

William Ellery Channing — commonly known by his middle name, to distinguish him from his uncle of the same name, Dr. Channing, the famous pastor of Boston, and from his two cousins, William Henry and William Francis Channing — was the great-grandson of William Ellery, of Rhode Island, for whom he was named, and the son of Walter Channing, M. D., and Barbara Higginson Perkins, a niece of Colonel T. H. Perkins, and granddaughter of Stephen Higginson. Born in November, 1818, sixteen months later than Thoreau, and entering Harvard College a year after (in 1834), his first published poem (The Spider) appeared in 1835, and he was as early a contributor to the famous Dial as Thoreau. His papers there were almost as many as Thoreau's, and he had printed three volumes of verse and one of prose (Conversations in Rome, 1847) when the first of Thoreau's two books, the Week, came out in 1849. Be it remembered, for the encouragement of unread authors, that, of the dozen or twenty volumes now maintaining the credit of Thoreau, the poet-naturalist himself published only two, — of which the second alone, Walden, paid for itself during his lifetime. Since 1850, Channing has published four more volumes of verse and one of prose: Near Home, in 1858; The Wanderer, in 1871; Life of Thoreau, in 1873; and, in 1885 and 1886, two single poems, Eliot and John Brown. The last is a dramatic poem, quite different from the verses which the author contributed to Mr. Orcutt's History of Torrington, the birthplace of Brown, and introduces the visit made by Mrs. Ellen Russell, a

daughter of Father Taylor, to the hero of Harper's Ferry in his Virginian prison. The poet puts in the mouth of Mrs. Russell what was doubtless in her woman's thought, when Brown expressed the fear that his old friends were parted from him: —

"Parted, dear friend? Close in our hearts you live;
There's no more parting when the loved one falls
Into suspicion, obloquy, contempt;
Then as the sun pours through the threatening rifts
That drape the setting of an angry day,
True loves shine forth, warm and uplifting all.
All moments in our hearts your image rests."

By this final volume — for he has published none since — Channing unites his testimony with that of Emerson and Thoreau, so well known, in favor of the romantic character and noble purpose of the Kansas hero; and in one passage, ascribed to Stevens, the trained soldier, Channing portrays the incentive that led so many young men to follow their veteran leader of the prairies: —

"Ah! the old Kansas life ran in their veins, —
The wild romance, the charms of the free air, —
To sleep within the moonlight, feel the night-wind
Curling around your form, — the bending grass
Whispers its loving secrets to your ear,
And sings you into utter dreams of peace:
Your friends the wailing winds, — your halls of light,
Those dazzling halls, — the stars."

Verse like this is the reminiscence, half a century after the experience, of the prairie life of young Channing in northern Illinois, where he spent a year or two in the log cabins of the early farmers of McHenry County. Thence he came eastward to Cincinnati in 1840, where his uncle, Rev. James H. Perkins, was pastor of a church; in 1842 returned to his native region, and not long after took up his residence in Concord, where he has now mainly lived

for nearly sixty years. In the interval he visited the Mediterranean and Italy; traversed New England, eastern New York, and Canada with Thoreau; helped Horace Greeley edit the New York Tribune in its earlier years; ten years later edited the New Bedford Mercury, and formed the acquaintance of Thoreau's friends there, the Ricketson family. In all these wanderings and residences his artist eye was constantly seeking out the finest landscapes, and his sauntering habit was to take his friends thither and introduce them to scenery they could hardly have found for themselves. He showed Hawthorne the loveliest recesses of the Concord woods, and of the two rivers that course slowly through them; he preceded Thoreau at Yarmouth and Truro and the Highland shore of Cape Cod; and he even taught Emerson the intimate charm of regions in Concord and Sudbury which he, the older resident and unwearied walker, had never beheld. "In walking with Ellery," he wrote in 1848, "you shall always see what was never before shown to the eye of man." And, ten years later, Channing repaid his friend's praises by what is still Emerson's best eulogium, at the end of *Near Home*: —

"So Vernon lived,
Considerate to his kind! His love bestowed
Was not a thing of fractions, half-way done,
But with a mellow goodness, like the sun,
He shone o'er mortal hearts. . . .
Forbearing too much counsel, — yet with blows
In pleasing reason urged, he took their thoughts
As with a mild surprise, — and they were good,
Nor once suspected that from Vernon's heart,
That warm, o'ercircling heart, their impulse flowed."

With habitual caprice, the poet afterward adapted this praise to Henry Thoreau; but it originally designated Emerson, and never ceased to be truer of him than of the poet-naturalist.

In mountain-climbing and in summer visits to the wilder parts of New Eng-

land he preceded Thoreau, being more at leisure in his youth, and less bound by those strict habits of study which were native to Thoreau all his life. Leaving Harvard College in his first year, and after his brief residence at West Newbury, where the Artichoke River adds its slender tribute to the lordly Merrimac, Channing was in the habit of visiting the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and spending weeks amid its little-frequented wilderness with those early landlords the Crawfords and Fabyan. His journey thither took him by Lake Winnipiseogee and its bordering towns; among which Meredith specially delighted him, and is mentioned in his early verse, as thus:—

HAPPY MEREDITH.

It was the summer, and in early June,
When all things taste the luxury of health,
With the free growth of foliage on the trees,
And o'er the fields a host of clover-blooms,
And through the life and thought of the fresh
world
Unsorrowing Peace, and Love like softest air.

'T was then I took my way along the hills,
Upon the sandy road that devious winds;
At last I came to happy Meredith:
This beauteous spot is circled in with heights,
And at a little distance Gunstock stands,—
A bare, bold mountain looking o'er the lake,
That shines like glass within the emerald
meads.

Much was I pleased to mark the simple life
That Man yet leads among these mountain
shades:

The meaning of the landscape in his heart
Shone with a rural splendor; and his eye
Trembled with humor as it roved abroad,
Gladdened by each familiar scene of youth.

In later years Channing often reverted to these New Hampshire scenes and characters, sometimes with poetic appreciation, sometimes with his own quaint humor,—as when, describing old George Minot, of Concord, Emerson's near neighbor and Thoreau's friend, he said:—

"A relic of men that were old by virtue of having lived, young by reason of not exhausting the good of life, his

discourse sets me dreaming of valleys in New Hampshire, with a single cabin in their range; vales where new milk is plenty, sweet butter to be had, and a treat of maple syrup."

He does not seem to have often pictured in his youthful poems the mountain sublimities, of which he saw so much among the White Hills, at the two Notches, and on the summits of the Presidential Range, as he walked across them from Crawford's Notch to the peak of Mount Washington, not yet invaded by railway or human habitation; but in his *Wanderer*, of 1871, he recalled them as he described *Monadnoc*. There is one apostrophe to the mountains, however, in the volume of 1847, which must have been suggested by the notches and crests of the Franconia and Bartlett regions, so familiar to Channing before they became the burden of guidebooks and the haunt of artists. It begins:—

"Toys for the angry lightning in its play,
Summits and peaks, and crests untrod and steep!
Ye precipices where the eyes delay,—
Sheer gulfs that madly plunge in valleys deep,—
Overhung valleys curtained by dark forms;
Ye, nourished by the energetic storms,
I seek you, lost in spell-bound, shuddering sleep.

"The fierce bald eagle builds amid your caves,—
Shrieks fearless in your lonely places,—
where
Only his brothers of the wind make waves,
Sweeping with lazy pinions the swift air;
Far, far below, the stealthy wolf retreats,
The crafty fox his various victims greets;
Breeze-knighted birds alone make you their lair!"

Better known, because more recently printed, and introduced with a preface by Emerson, is this word picture of

THE MOUNTAIN'S LIFE.

At morn and eve, at rise and hush of day,
I heard the woodthrush sing in the white spruce,
Voice of the lonely Mountain's favorite bird!
So mingling in the crystal clearness there

A sweet, peculiar grace. . . .
What steeps, inviolate by human art!
Centre of awe ; raised over all that man
Would fain enjoy, and consecrate to One,
Lord of the desert, and of all beside !

The living water, the enchanted air,
Consorting with the cloud, the echoing storm, —
When, like a myriad bowls, the mountain wakes
In all its alleys one responsive roar ;
And sheeted down the precipice, all light,
Tumble the momentary cataracts, —
The sudden laughter of the Mountain-child !

The crystal air, the hurrying light, the night, —
Always the day that never seems to end, —
Always the night, whose day does never set ;
One harvest and one reaper, — ne'er too ripe,
Sown by the Self-preserver, free from mould,
And builded in these granaries of heaven ;
In these perpetual centres of repose
Still softly rocked.

In such passages, like Father Taylor
in the exhilaration of his Boston sermon,
Channing "has lost his verb and multiplied his nominative case, but is bound for the Kingdom of Heaven." Seldom, indeed, has a poet known better how to unfold in words the subtle secret of nature. He makes his Earth Spirit sing : —

"I fall upon the grass like Love's first kiss,
I make the golden flies and their fine bliss ;
I paint the hedge-rows in the lane,
And clover white and red the pathways bear ;
I laugh aloud in sudden gusts of rain,
To see old Ocean lash himself in air.

"I throw smooth shells and weeds along the beach,
And pour the curling waves far o'er the glassy reach ;
Swing birds'-nests in the elms, and shake cool moss
Along the aged beams, and hide their loss.
The very broad rough stones I gladden too,
Some willing seeds I drop among their sides,
Nourish each generous plant with freshening dew, —
And there, where all was waste, true joy abides.

"The peaks of aged mountains by my care
Smile in the red of glowing morn elate ;
I bind the caverns of the sea with hair
Glossy and long, and rich as kings' estate."

Joyous as many of the youthful verses are, melancholy is rather the note of Channing's mature poesy. He expressed this himself in a striking poem published in 1847, which he called *Repentance*, and of which these are some stanzas : —

"A cloud upon the day is lying, —
A cloud of care, a cloud of sorrow,
That will not speed away for sighing,
That will not lift upon the morrow ;
And yet, it is not gloom I carry
To shade a world else framed in lightness ;
It is not sorrow that doth tarry,
To veil the joyous sky of brightness.

"Resolve for me, ye prudent Sages,
Why I am tasked without a reason !
Or penetrate the lapse of ages,
And show where is my summer-season !
For, let the sky be blue above me,
Or softest breezes lift the forest,
I still, uncertain, wander to thee,
Thou who the lot of Man deplorest."

Nothing is more characteristic than this expression of a mood which often returned with Channing, and of which another poem in the same volume of 1847 is a still better illustration, because closing with the voice of fortitude which so often is heard above his causeless, unceasing melancholy : —

THE BARREN MOORS.

On your bare rocks, O barren moors !
On your bare rocks I love to lie ;
They stand like crags upon the shores,
Or clouds upon a placid sky.

Like desert islands far at sea,
Where not a ship can ever land,
These dim uncertainties to me
For something veritable stand.

No more upon these distant wolds
The agitating world can come ;
A single pensive thought upholds
The arches of this dreamy home.

Within the sky above, one thought
Replies to you, O barren moors !
Between am I, — a creature taught
To stand between two silent floors.

The place of these profound meditations might be the low hills of Newbury,

or the rocky pastures of the Estabrook country in Concord. The next poem to be cited unmistakably refers to the old road winding among forests and orchards of that long-abandoned farm in Concord, near whose entrance stood Thoreau's cabin, after its removal miles away from the shore of Walden, where the poet often sat with the hermit in his literary (not misanthropic) seclusion:—

THE LONELY ROAD.

No track had worn the lone, deserted road,
Save where the Fox had leapt from wall to wall;

There were the swelling, glittering piles of snow;

We strayed along, — beneath our feet the lane
Creaked at each pace. . . .

Some seraggy orchards hem the landscape round,

A forest of sad apple-trees unpruned;
And then a newer orchard, — pet of him
Who in his dotage kept this lonely place:
In this wild scene, this shut-in orchard dell,
Men like ourselves once dwelt by roaring
fires, —

Loved this still spot, nor had a further wish.

A little wall, half-falling, bounds a square
Where choicer fruit-trees showed a garden's
pride, —

Now crimsoned by the Sumach, whose red
cones

Displace the colors of the cultured growth.
I people the void scene with Fancy's eye,
And think of childish voices, — or that kind
Caressing hands of tender parents gone
Have twined themselves in soft and golden
hair, —

All fled, — and silent as an unlit cave.

A long farewell, thou dim and silent spot!
Where serious Winter sleeps, — or the soft
hour

Of some half-dreamy Autumn afternoon:
And may no idle feet tread thy domain,
But only men to contemplation vowed, —
Still as ourselves, — creators of the Past!

"Ourselves," no doubt, were Channing
and Thoreau, in their earlier acquaintance,
while the one was yet dwelling by
Walden, and the other, as he said,

"In my small cottage on the lonely hill,
Where like a hermit I must bide my time,

Surrounded by a landscape lying still,

All seasons through, 'as in the winter's prime."

That is, on the hill Ponkatasset, behind which, to the northwest, lay the broad Estabrook country, penetrated by its lonely road, or by a wild path across a brook and through the woods and barberry bushes; while in front, at the foot of the broad hill, ran the Concord River, with Thoreau's boat, or Hawthorne's, sailing down toward Ball's Hill and the Great Meadows. There, said Thoreau, in his *Week*, published in 1849,

"A poet wise has settled, whose fine ray
Doth often shine on Concord's twilight day,
Like those first stars, whose silver beams on
high

Most travellers cannot at first descry,
But eyes that wont to range the evening
sky."

It was a true verdict; for very few were the contemporaries who recognized the poetic radiance of Channing's genius, — rare and fitful, but permanent, and winning greater attention now than when, more than half a century ago, his first book of poems was published, and commanded the praise of Emerson in the *Dial* and the *Democratic Review*.

For the neglect and partial oblivion which have attended his works he may thank himself in some degree, since many readers will accept Emerson's critical statement: "I confess to a certain impatience of needless and even willful neglect of rhythm, in a poet who has sometimes shown a facility and grace in this art which promised to outdo his rivals, but now risks offense by harshness. One would think this poet had fits of deafness to rhythm, and was too impatient, or loved and trusted his fancy too entirely, to make a critical study of metre. There is neglect of correct finish, which even looks a little studied, — as if the poet crippled his pentameters to challenge notice to a subtler melody."

With all this, and conscious of his un-

deserved fortune among American authors, Ellery Channing has yet lived his fourscore years in the light of his own adjuration to the ideal Poet : —

“So let him stand, resigned to his estate !
Kings cannot compass it, nor nobles have ;
They are the children of some handsome
fate, —
He of himself is beautiful and brave.”

F. B. Sanborn.

THE DAY OF THE CHILD.

If only this night were ended !
If only to-morrow were done !
I would face without fear each day of the year,
If Thou wouldst blot out this one, —
If Thou wouldst blot out this one !

To-morrow the chimes will be ringing,
And the Christmas trumpets will blow.
Dost Thou wot of the lips that were warm and red,
That are cold and white as the snow, —
That are cold and white as the snow ?

Dost Thou wot of the dimpled fingers
Folded down in the dark below ?
O Thou that holdest the worlds in a breath,
Dost Thou know it the way I know, —
My God, dost Thou know it the way I know ?

“Yea, verily, so I know it.”
To Doubt Love gave refrain.
“’T is thou, ’t is thou who hast forgot :
Where was ’t My head hath lain, —
Dear heart, where was ’t My head hath lain ?”

Against my hungry, starving heart
The Child laid close His head.
“Wouldst thou blot out My birthright now ?”
Was all the word He said, —
“Wouldst thou ?” was all the word He said.

.
The children that are Thine, dear Lord,
With us they may not stay ;
But Mary’s Child, but Mary’s Child,
He shall be ours for aye, —
Dear Lord, He shall be ours for aye !

Ellen Boyd Findlay.

NEW IDEALS IN MUSICAL EDUCATION.

THE problem of the relation of music to society and social culture is most interesting, though not easy to state or to solve. Certain preliminary points, however, are fairly clear. In the last century and a half music has steadily advanced in social importance. Once only the casual luxury of the few, it has become the serious pursuit of many. One needs but to recall a few commercial and professional statistics to realize the breadth of its diffusion. The cultured world exhibits a strong appetite for it, and the appliances to feed this appetite have multiplied enormously. The mere bulk, then, of modern musical activity challenges attention and query.

More germane to my present purpose is the further fact that music is not only extensively cultivated, but seems to have decided intensive values. Myriads of people, undeniably intelligent, hold music to be personally important, not merely for livelihood or luxury or anything external to real life, but as a part of that life. Well-informed music lovers are not as many as they might be, yet they furnish a most respectable mass of testimony as to the interior richness of music as a form of human expression, as a branch of literature, — a richness, as of any other form of literature, that can be known only by one properly equipped. The main reason why this richness is not universally acknowledged is simply that music cannot be translated. While, though you may not know Hebrew, you can still get a true knowledge of the book of Job, if you are wholly ignorant of musical idioms and rhetoric and dramatic structure, you cannot have access to a symphony through any verbal epitome or transcription. The skepticism of any number of persons, therefore, about the richness of music as literature, because they do not know it, does not at all offset the fact that

others who do know are ready to testify that what they know is worth knowing. These more expert but perhaps prejudiced witnesses are reinforced by a multitude of plain folk who are musical only in an unscholarly fashion, but who have somehow acquired an instinctive grasp of the deeper realities of the tone world. These all unite in witnessing that music has profound intensive values. Appealing primarily to the ear, charming the hearer by its merely sensuous beauty, seizing him with its rhythmic swing and momentum, fascinating him by delicate witcheries or piquing him by sudden surprises, evoking oftentimes a kind of awe by its intricacy or massiveness, — doing all this, it often does much more. It sets him thinking, it arouses "obstinate questionings," it hints at undreamt-of experiences, it uncovers to the hearer the secrets of other lives or those of his own life, it lays a soothing hand upon the soul in distress, it unlocks the treasures of energy and aspiration, it glorifies the teachings of religion, it gives wings to worship, it even seems to speak of a life beyond. These are not mere fancies, but sober facts of experience, too well substantiated to be disregarded.

These facts are here recalled merely because they have important educational corollaries. To one who studies the broad outlines of social development, it is clear that our time has begun to demand a higher educational treatment of music simply because music affects social life widely and profoundly. With this demand in mind, I wish to call attention to certain new ideals that are already being adopted, and that are likely to become increasingly influential. I shall confine myself to music in collegiate education, wholly ignoring its treatment in the technical or professional school, highly important as the ideals of the

latter are in their place. I shall limit myself to three propositions, which are curiously interlocked so as to form a connected series.

My first proposition is that, in the college, musical effort should address itself explicitly and largely to the needs of those who feel themselves shut out from the experiences of musicians, who do not expect to become musicians, and who even seem to lack special musical aptitude. This assumes that a college and a professional school are fundamentally distinct. The latter is for a picked class, and aims to train specialists; the former is for all, and aims at a rounded preparation for life in its general relations. The college is bound to make prominent the wants of the deficient, to minister to the needy.

For example, it is clearly desirable that all college graduates should have a respectable grasp of the outlines of general history, political, economic, scientific, literary, religious. Some students come with considerable knowledge, while others come with crude and faulty notions, perhaps with a positive aversion to the subject. The college does not set itself to offer great opportunities for specialization to the intelligent and enthusiastic few, while wholly ignoring the needs and the vague wants of the rest; but it devises courses that shall benefit all, and that shall vigorously appeal to the immature and the uninterested. The proudest triumph for a college teacher comes at the moment when the veil on the mind of some dull and frivolous student is lifted, and his eyes look out with delight upon the beauties of a subject that before had been for him virtually non-existent. Illustrations of this might be multiplied from natural science, from philosophy, from language and literature, — from every department. These subjects are in the curriculum because of their general utilities, and these utilities need to be made clearest to those

who have not realized them. Now, if music has any place in a college, it is because it too has general utilities; and if so, these should be specially demonstrated to those who least appreciate them.

Every one knows how this line of thought is opposed. Some claim that all musical aptitude is rare and exceptional, — a view, I think, unsustained by facts. Some musicians hold that it is folly to teach any but picked students, those with talent or genius, and even that the whole race of musical amateurs is an obstacle to artistic progress. Against this selfish and suicidal view of teaching and of the duty of experts to society one hardly needs to register even a word of scorn. Far more serious is the sober doubt whether music has such general utilities as to fit it for a place in a college, except as an anomalous side issue. We must promptly admit that if music study can be only what it is often made to be, it has no universal applicability, and but limited general utilities. Surely not every child can be made an accomplished pianist or singer or composer, nor should be forced through a process of training for such an end. But to render music and compose music are certainly not the only ways to use music. Imagine a teacher of English literature interested only in training public readers, actors, prose writers, and poets, and refusing to do anything for those desirous of knowing the substance and scope of that literature as a part of general information and self-culture! A college department of English wholly devoted to elocution and rhetoric would be inadequate and lop-sided. Such an inversion of emphasis there, or in chemistry or physics or biology, would arouse instant complaint. No such complaint arises, because in most colleges these subjects are handled without special reference to their becoming sources of professional income, but so as to contribute to a rounded view of modern science,

of human thought and progress, of creation and its laws, such as every well-educated person must have to understand himself and the world wherein he lives.

But music has usually been treated in just this preposterous way. The difficulty is not with music, but with the current methods of handling it as an educational discipline. Musicians themselves often overaccentuate the wrong sides of the subject. They so exalt the technical work of playing, singing, and composing as to make people generally suppose that music cannot be studied otherwise. Consequently, the same inversion of emphasis has ruled in many collegiate institutions. Thus two distinct kinds of education are confused, and the narrower is constantly substituted for the broader. So colleges have brought into their systems an alien element. Instead of organically extending their pedagogical methods to include music, a technical or professional school has been arbitrarily attached, having methods and designs diverse from those of the college as a whole. The mere stating of the matter thus is sufficient to expose its unwisdom. The consequences of this policy are unfortunate both for unmusical and for musical students. Many of the best students content themselves with hearing a few recitals and concerts simply for recreation, or turn their backs upon the whole subject, perhaps with contempt. And those who take musical courses acquire perverted ideas of musical art, exaggerating the importance of digital or vocal gymnastics, and combining a surprising ignorance of musical literature with an entire incompetence to use what they know in scholarly interpretation and criticism.

These remarks are made in no combative spirit, but simply to lead to the further remark that just here a new ideal in musical education has already been set up. Musicians themselves are seeing that if their art is what they

know it to be, it must demonstrate itself to more than a special class, and that methods of teaching must be altered accordingly. This whole movement is most healthy. It is a reaction toward pedagogical common sense; and while for certain musical workers it involves some sacrifice of professional ambition and no little mental readjustment, to music as a factor in popular culture it must bring both scope and dignity.

This leads inevitably to a second proposition, namely, that in general education those aspects of music should be made prominent that concern the objective facts of musical history, analysis, criticism, and elucidation; music being assumed to be parallel in nature and significance with the other fine arts and with literature. Musicians are apt to say that a music student should devote himself to making music, either as performer or as composer, and that all scholastic study about music and scientific prying into music are useless simply because they are not music. Painters make the same objection to the scholastic and scientific investigation of painting, and some poets and playwrights repeat it about a similar investigation of literature. But literary students long ago asserted their right to study literature as a phase of civilization and as a means of self-development. Students of painting, sculpture, and architecture have claimed a similar liberty, and students of music must seize freedom in the same way. There cannot be any serious doubt about the rightfulness of this move from the solely technical toward the historical, critical, and philosophic. Peculiar difficulties, however, beset the practical application of the principle.

The most serious obstacle to scholarly musical work is that of providing the student with materials of study, with laboratory or museum facilities. The trained musician secures these by the personal reproduction of examples, by

playing or singing through such works as are to be known and studied, or by hearing recitals, concerts, operas, church services, and the like. The prime reason for learning to play or sing is to gain the chance of making this original study of music from the sources. In literature such work is easy, since every one can read books. In the arts of form we have the aid of photographs, engravings, diagrams, reproductions, and models. In natural science we have similar means, especially classified museums of actual specimens. But music, like the drama, is an art of progressive action that cannot be photographed or diagrammatized; an art of tones not reproducible in words, usually not representable by anything except itself. Consequently, its study requires altogether unique museum provisions. These must consist of actual renderings of music. Something of the recital or concert species must be furnished, that the student's mind may have definite objects to study.

Here is a practical and economic difficulty of serious magnitude. And there is besides a pedagogical difficulty. For recitals and concerts, even those of great excellence, are not necessarily educative, except in the vaguest way. A mineralogist would smile if a tray of jewels in a store window were called specially educative. Every botanist has had to combat the notion that the conglomerations of the florist supply valuable education in botany. The jeweler's tray and the florist's bouquet do, indeed, furnish the trained observer with important objects of study, but the training needed to use them comes primarily from other sources. So with music. The ordinary concert is packed full of material for scholarly thought and for self-culture, but the training needed for appreciating and using it as education is either wanting, or due to the use of other means.

There is an immense opportunity for rational and systematic classroom work in music, if only teachers would see it.

I mean the reproduction on the piano, with the voice, or even through musical machines, of works arranged in some classified order, illustrating forms or styles or composers, and accompanied by the same scientific analysis, comment, and explanation that are used in every classroom of history, literature, or social economics. Such work takes time and thought, is liable to abuse, and is not well systematized as yet. But with its advent comes the awakening of many a groping mind to musical realities, and a sudden intuition of their vital relation to other worlds of thought.

The essentials in a teacher working for higher musical education along these lines are three. First, he must be analytic in method, with the mastery of definition and classification that follows. Second, he must have a broad historic sense, since nothing in musical progress is luminous or correct in perspective except in its historic relations. Third, he must have a sure hold on the bearings of all the fine arts, music included, upon the fundamental features of human life. Each of these assertions would bear indefinite expansion and justification. The bare mention of them as "essentials" may be sufficiently startling. Yet surely a college department under a teacher defective in all three must be educationally a farce.

Space fails for the enumeration of the particular courses of lectures, many requiring little or no illustration, that may be arranged to carry out the programme here in mind. Probably the best centre around which to group them all is the splendid subject of music history, with its numerous radiating branches. The strict analysis of dominant art forms should be carefully attempted, with expositions of the masterpieces in each. Musical physics should not be neglected or maltreated. Musical æsthetics, though a subject whose very name is highly irritating to many musicians, yet affords a field for the highest psycholo-

gical acumen, and offers many problems only imperfectly solved as yet. Such an application of music to an end outside itself as church music has dimensions and dignity enough to justify independent exposition. What might be best to undertake in any given case depends on many circumstances. The field is ample and full of attraction and profit for the best scholarship. Music as a part of general culture has stood apart and lagged behind through no fault of her own, but because her educational sponsors have been narrow and selfish. This ideal is not really new. Its practical application is not unknown. Its importance is not unconfessed. But it is still rare enough to justify our calling it a second new ideal in musical education.

My final proposition concerns the purposes that should shape and animate musical instruction in general education. Suppose that we do reach a wider circle than is common, and do so by pushing forward scholastic courses about music rather than technical courses in music-making. What are the ends in view?

The first end in view is to make students rationally intelligent about the plain facts of music. Music confronts us on every hand, and under infinitely various forms. Here, as elsewhere, the educated man or woman should be a leader in fostering the good and refusing the bad. In no other field of equal importance are there such chaotic standards of criticism and judgment as in music. People who would be ashamed not to form a sensible opinion about a novel, or a building, or a public policy, are wholly at loss regarding the merits and even the outline character of a new oratorio, still more of a new symphony. This helplessness is due to ignorance, — the kind of ignorance that general education can do something to remove. The elevation and rectification of the average thought about music would be worth while without anything further.

But a second end is still more im-

portant. Music is the most subjective of the fine arts. In its relation to the intense and powerful emotional side of our natures it is singular, if not unique. It sways the heart forces that may either build up or tear down character, and this, too, by that subtlest of mental approaches, an appeal to the sense of beauty. For the individual this may be one of the chief utilities of music. The process of self-awakening and self-realization that must attend all wise and liberal music study may be serviceable for the best self-culture; and yet this very process, unless duly balanced and directed, is attended by no little danger. Music study often issues in exaggerated moodiness, in sentimentality, in a craving for emotionalism merely for its sensational excitement. This danger is not peculiar to music, but inheres in the use of every form of fine art, including literature and the drama. It is to be avoided, not by shunning artistic things and calling them evil, but by breadth and depth of study, by discrimination in the choice of objects of pursuit, and by combining music study with other study. In our commercial and materialistic age, we sorely need influences to develop otherwise neglected sides of real life, such as the hunger for the beautiful, the passionate momentum of the eager heart, the reaching up after the invisible and the ideal, the capacity for burning zeal and holy reverence. The function of music and the other fine arts is to help us toward these great experiences. Instead of dreading them, we may well give thanks that there are such voices to call us up to a plane of life where unsordid and fiery intensity is possible.

We can only speak rapidly of the third end in view, namely, that the moral and spiritual potencies of music may be better known and discriminated. Here we are on debatable ground, as is thought by many; but perhaps one or two remarks may not seem extravagant.

Music certainly operates upon the inner nature of the hearer by suggestion. The critical difficulty lies in the doubt as to the nature and precise value of the suggestion in given cases. It is true that musical impressions often seem intellectually very vague. But this vagueness is not so constant or so absolute as is supposed. Much music is vocal, and therefore provided with a verbal text. In such cases, the intellectual sense of the music is to be determined primarily by its text, unless the contrary can be proved. The same holds true of much instrumental music with a descriptive title or motto. Furthermore, many forms of instrumental music have so directly grown out of vocal forms that they are dominated by the general circle of ideas in which these latter moved. In particular classes of composition, as in particular styles of literature, there is a curious persistence of intellectual types. By following out this line of connection much instrumental music proves to have a distinct relationship with well-known literary forms, and to partake of their essential spirit. All strongly racial music — German, Hungarian, Scandinavian, Russian, for example — has qualities that make it organically expressive of the social, political, and religious life of the land of its origin. More than half of all musical literature is saturated with ideas of this kind, as is known by those who have looked for them with intelligent sympathy.

A parallel line of thought relates to the stamp that a composer's personality puts upon his works. The better you know *him*, the more you see that what he says in tones is a personal expression. And so, if you can learn to measure justly the factors that made his life and character, and can thus participate in his mental life, you have a true means of interpreting his tone language. As a rule, a composer's style corresponds with fascinating precision to the atmosphere

of thought in which he lived, and to the innate quality of his personality.

All this, it will be noted, is far away from the petty folly of trying to attach to every single phrase or passage any such precise logical meaning as inheres in a categorical sentence conveying practical information. Records of outward facts, like newspapers and books of travel, or scientific treatises, or closely reasoned arguments on abstract topics, will never be written in musical form. Nor is it worth while to attribute to music any great power of pictorial delineation. Most of the purely descriptive music that we have is either half comic or merely curious. Music is not painting, nor even suggestive description of material objects or events. But music has the same broad capacity for conveying general ideas concerning personality and its inner experiences that is the property of all great literature. These ideas are neither information about material facts nor reasoning in the technical sense, but, as every thorough student of literature well knows, are yet definite enough to supply direction to serious thought and to mould character. Here is the central power of a fine novel or poem or drama. The highest qualities of these productions are too elusive and subtle to be minutely dissected or catalogued, and too ethereal to be felt by those not properly trained to perceive them; but they are real, nevertheless, and their presence gives the novel or poem or play its immortality, its abiding dominion in the hearts and souls of men. In great music there is this same subtle power, defying analysis and passing comprehension, and yet most real and most potent.

Now if this be so, — and we must admit that it is so in some degree, — then the ultimate end of a properly organized musical education should be so to reveal and exalt these things that students may know them for themselves, may awaken to their power, and may receive some

equipment for judging rightly as to the central animus and moral worth of such works and styles as are presented to them for consideration. It may be soberly questioned whether certain styles of music that are now much in vogue do not tend to exercise a debilitating and even immoral influence, not because they are technically poor, but because their very beauty and charm enable them to instill a peculiarly insidious miasmatic poison of sensuality, or of luxurious indolence, or of downright pessimism. How is the student to be put on his guard against these deadly forms of delight, or be taught to offset their influence by other forms that express a sturdy, noble, and trustful ideality, except through processes of education? It is toward the establishment of manly and righteous standards in every field of spiritual experience that a college system should always strive; and just as this has already been done in our colleges for literary art, and in some measure for the

arts of design, so should it be for the great art of tone.

This, too, is a comparatively new ideal in musical education, but one whose importance is now recognized by our more thoughtful musical workers. It is the sight of it that gives them assurance and self-respect in their work, and a missionary enthusiasm for their beloved art. Sooner or later something of the same high regard for music and its educative values will penetrate the minds of those who administer the colleges of our land, and will lead them to see that such a contention as the present one is neither extreme nor unpractical. Whether the details of the foregoing argument commend themselves or not, some position akin to that here taken must ultimately prevail, if general education is to do justice to music as a factor in modern culture, and to the rights of those who seek through education to be fitted to take influential places in modern society.

Waldo S. Pratt.

A LITTLE CHANGE.

I.

It was Christmas, a fact that Henry Farrington was doing his best to forget. He had begun the morning with a late breakfast and a dentist's appointment; he had lunched at his club, where a few forlorn bachelors had but served to accentuate his own condition; and now he was at home again, trying to find the companionship in books that his fellow men had failed to give. Finally he flung down a novel by Dumas.

"What infernal rot those Frenchmen write!" he exclaimed; and he wondered how he could have found the story so exciting twenty years ago.

Nansen's *Farthest North* held his at-

tention for a time; then he shut it with a slam.

"Who in thunder cares what Nansen had to eat? Every man is an egoist, and the greater he is, the less he can get away from his own shadow. Suppose I write my adventures? 'Breakfasted at half past nine on broiled halibut, baked potatoes, omelet, rolls, and coffee. Coffee muddy.' If I were only great enough or rich enough, people would listen to my bills of fare with respectful attention; but as it is, I could go and hang myself, and they would n't care a rap. By Jove, I believe I'd like to try it. Anything for a little change. I wonder how my friends would take it if I were to die? I suppose some fifty fam-

ilies would say: 'So Farringford has dropped off. He was amusing at dinners. Poor fellow, we shall miss him.' But the social tide of Boston would go on just the same, and not a soul would care for Farringford the man."

At last it was time to start for a dreary Christmas dinner in one of the most inaccessible suburbs. Farringford gave a regretful glance at his fire; for if it was bad to be bored by himself, it was still worse to be bored by others. "Oh, damn holidays!" he said, as he put on his overcoat. When he passed the mirror in the hall, his reflected face flashed a glance back at him. It was a young face for a man of forty-five; his fair hair was unstreaked with gray, and his blue eyes had a kindly expression in spite of their cynicism.

"You look like a great deal better fellow than you are," he said, "and you might have been a great deal better than you look."

Farringford took an electric car to the Boylston Street Station, and then walked across into Kneeland Street; for he was going to the South Station. He was seldom in this quarter of the town, and was as much amused by the signs as if he had been in a foreign city. "Bar Supplies. Any Smash in Glassware Promptly Met," and "Unredeemed Overcoats for Sale," suggested a world where the inhabitants did not have to complain of monotony, whatever their other trials might be. All the shops were closed, and the streets had a deserted look. As Farringford was crossing the entrance to a narrow court, he came upon a treacherous piece of ice under the snow. He tried in vain to steady himself, and the next moment was doubled up on the ice, with an agonizing pain in his right leg. To his surprise he found it impossible to move. For an instant everything swam before his eyes, but he rallied, and hailed a laboring man who was coming toward him. A restaurant bearing the enticing sign "Lunch Five Cents" was giving a

Christmas dinner to a couple of seedy individuals, and Farringford was carried into this hospitable refuge, with its dingy floor and tables and uncomfortable chairs. The whole situation came before him with painful clearness. This might prove a serious accident, and as it was Christmas afternoon there was not a servant in his house. He knew that the City Hospital was somewhere in this part of the town, and he begged to be taken there. His pain was so intense that the minutes seemed to stretch into hours before the ambulance came. Then followed an intolerable jolting over the rough streets, and at last he was driven through an open gate in the iron fence inclosing the hospital buildings; and Farringford's heart sank as he was lifted out and wheeled into one of the accident rooms. Here he found a familiar face, but the fact that he could remember the young house surgeon who examined him, as a baby in long clothes, did not add to his sense of comfort.

"Jack, what are you going to do to this confounded leg of mine?" he inquired.

"I'm going to set it. I'll give you a little whiff of ether, and you won't mind."

Farringford made a wry face. "It's broken, then?" he asked dryly.

"Well, rather."

"How uncommonly jolly! I wanted a little change, and the Lord has taken me at my word."

The prospect of having ether given him filled Farringford with a torturing dread. He was afraid he should die under the young surgeon's hands, and all at once that life which he had thought he held so cheap became of priceless value. His eyes wandered around the room, and rested on a shelf of bottles filled with deadly looking drugs, and then on a great roll of bandages: these things were not reassuring.

"I don't know whether my heart will stand ether," he said nervously.

"Your heart is as sound as a bell. Keep perfectly still and draw long breaths, and if you don't resist me you'll have no trouble."

"Are you sure you know enough to manage this job?" Farringford demanded bluntly.

The surgeon laughed. "Ask Miss Yale," he said, glancing at the nurse. They both had a businesslike air, as if the giving of ether were a mere bagatelle.

Miss Yale had a pleasant, wholesome face, but she was too young to inspire Farringford with entire confidence. "Have you ever taken care of a broken leg before?" he inquired.

The surgeon's mirth at this question seemed to Farringford ill timed. "If you think it is so confoundedly amusing to break your leg, I hope you'll try it," he remarked.

"If I do, I'll have Miss Yale. She is the best nurse in the hospital."

Farringford felt as if he were stretched on the rack, as the dreaded moment came nearer and nearer. And yet how soon everything would be over, for good or ill! This afternoon was just one little instant in time. Suddenly he was seized by the spirit of curiosity. It would be a new experience, and he had been craving that. If he must take ether, he would take notes as well. He felt the first whiff now.

"Draw long breaths, Mr. Farringford," said the doctor, — "draw long breaths."

He obeyed. There was a singing in his ears, and presently wheels upon wheels of machinery seemed to be revolving in his head, faster and faster and ever faster, while the low, monotonous voice of the surgeon sounded at intervals: "Draw long breaths, Mr. Farringford, — draw long breaths."

Then the voice ceased, and Farringford stopped taking notes.

When he came to himself the nurse was bending over him, and he heard her

say: "Why don't you try whiskey and glycerine? I always find that good for a cold."

She was talking to the doctor, and he replied, "It never does me any good."

These two beings were chatting of their own concerns as calmly as if they were at an evening reception, while he, Farringford, was going through one of the crucial experiences of his life. Then he lapsed off again, and fancied he was on the edge of a bottomless chasm. He was sure he should fall into it if he lost control of himself, and he clutched the nurse's hand, as if she could save him. "I believed I had suffered," he thought, "but that black gulf is what suffering means. When people have nervous prostration, poor devils, they fall into it. I must keep a tight grip of myself, or I shall go quite over the edge — down — down — where? I am on the brink now, and I can peep over, and it is worse than anything I ever imagined. It is like hell for lost souls."

Once more he gripped the nurse's hand, and, as if divining his thoughts, she said in her comforting voice, "It is all over now, Mr. Farringford."

Was there another lapse of memory? Farringford was not sure, but after a time joy succeeded misery. The black gulf was gone, and he seemed treading on air. He was so ecstatically happy that the feeling transcended anything he had ever known. He was buoyant, radiant, young again, and the world was full of angels and saints. Then came another blank; and when he looked up once more, the doctor was gone, and the nurse was sitting quietly at the other end of the room. He thanked her with effusion over and over again for being so good to him. A low pleasant laugh was her only rejoinder. This brought Farringford partly to himself. "I suppose I'm saying a lot of queer rubbish," he thought, "but I'm going to keep on. The crying fault of the American nation is a lack of demonstration."

"I beg your pardon, did you speak?" Miss Yale asked.

"Yes. I was saying that we, as a nation, are afraid to show our feelings. Taking ether has made this clear to me, and so I am sure you will forgive me if I thank you again for your wonderful kindness to me, a stranger. I shall never forget it to my dying day."

When the nurse had made him comfortable for the night, he called after her as she was leaving the room, "I wish you would stay with me;" and he added, as a little boy might have done, "I'm afraid of the black gulf."

"There is no danger from that any more. You will soon go to sleep, and the night nurse will look in on you once in a while."

"The night nurse!" objected Farringford. "But I don't want a stranger."

Miss Yale laughed, and he recollected that she had been a stranger a few hours before.

Farringford had plenty of time for thought in these monotonous days, and he often treated Miss Yale to his reflections; for she was sympathetic, and understood his point of view. He used to watch impatiently for her slight figure in the blue-and-white-striped gown, for when she entered the room she seemed to bring a whiff of mountain air with her.

Farringford had been moved into a small private room, and he was inclined to grumble over his quarters.

"This room is about the size of a prisoner's cell, and quite as bare," he informed his nurse one day.

"Prisoners do not generally have white bedsteads with brass trimmings, or open fireplaces, or cheerful yellow walls," she returned. "I love every corner of this hospital, — it is so sunny and home-like."

"How can you always be so cheerful? I can't get the idea of people's pain out of my mind. Are you hardened to it?"

"I don't think so; but after a while the relative values change, and suffering takes a different place in our minds."

"The relative values?" mused Farringford. "Tell me what you mean."

"At first pain and sorrow are tragic; but after a time we feel happy because we can help cure pain, and sorrow gets to seem part of the plan of life to make us larger, ourselves. And then sin becomes horrible, like the black gulf you saw in the ether. We learn things here we never dreamed of, and the world seems a frightful place."

"And then?" he asked, as she paused.

"Then sin itself loses a part of its blackness; or rather, it is n't that sin is any less black, but that goodness is brighter, like a light in the dark. A great hospital is a furnace where human souls are tried, and we get to look for the good in every one."

"Well, I've knocked about the world for more than forty years without being much impressed by the saintly qualities of the average human being. Great Scott! some of us keep our goodness locked and double-locked!"

It was only a few nights after this Miss Yale looked so sad when she brought him his supper that she seemed transformed.

"What a nuisance!" he thought. "Her greatest charm is her cheerfulness; without that she is like the rest of them."

"Is it cold out of doors?" he asked, feeling impelled to say something.

To his extreme surprise he saw that she could not speak.

"I am ashamed of myself for breaking down like this," she said at last, as she hastily pressed her handkerchief to her eyes, "but my little niece is threatened with pneumonia, and I feel as if I could not live without going home to help my sister take care of her."

"How can you consider it right to leave your patients?" he inquired, in an aggrieved tone.

"I can't go: that is the terrible part

of it. I have sold myself body and soul to the hospital for two years, and my time is not up until next June. They are quite right in not letting me off. If nurses were allowed a life of their own, a great hospital could not be carried on. It is like the working of the laws of the universe: sometimes it comes a little hard on the individual."

"Dorothy is going to get well," Miss Yale said, with a radiant face, a few days later. "She has escaped pneumonia, and I am so happy because I am going home for six hours on Thursday. It is her birthday, and she will be seven years old."

It chanced that Farringford's own birthday came the day after little Dorothy's, and perhaps it was this coincidence that made him think of sending her a present. The house doctor found out her address for him, and Farringford sent a copy of Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses* to the little girl, with the following note: —

MY DEAR DOROTHY, — You have never heard of me, but I know all about you, and that you are to be seven years old to-morrow. "That is a very nice age. I wish I were going to be seven, myself. My birthday comes the day after yours, so I ought to be a day younger; but instead of that I am old enough to be your grandfather. I send you this book of verses because I like it so much, especially the lines, —

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I am sure we should all be as happy as
kings."

Sometimes the world seems full of just one thing, and that is ourselves. Perhaps it seems so to you now. It is apt to when we are ill. But even then there are always kind friends, and little things happen that are pleasant every hour. For instance, I have enjoyed hearing about you. I am at the hospital. I have broken my leg, and it is n't

good fun at all. I advise you never to do it.

Good-by, from your unknown friend.

He took a childish pleasure in not signing his name or mentioning Dorothy's aunt.

The next day Farringford waited for Miss Yale with keen impatience.

"I have had such a happy day!" she said, when she came in at last, bringing the freshness of out of doors with her.

"Is your little niece better?"

"Yes. She was well enough to eat stewed oysters for dinner, and to sit up in bed and see her presents."

Miss Yale did not say anything about the Child's Garden of Verses, and his mental temperature dropped. "Did she have a number of presents?" he asked carelessly.

"Fourteen. That is a good many for a little lady who is only seven years old."

Farringford made up his mind that he would never do anything again for a small child who did not have the grace to thank him.

The next morning he was aroused to the memory of his forty-six years by a small parcel that Miss Yale handed him. It was addressed in a scrawling, childish writing, "To the Mann with the broken Legg."

He opened it, and found inside a bottle of violet perfume and a note.

DEER MR. MANN WITH THE BROKEN LEGG, — I am so glad to get your present. [Here the poor little scribe gave out, and the letter was finished in her mother's hand.] I like the book. Aunt Winifred has read me some of the verses. Aunt Winifred is very dear. I wish she could take care of me, but she has to take care of a lot of strangers instead. It is funny that you and I have birthdays so near together. I know you will like the violet perfume, because it's the nicest present I've had,

except your book and two dolls; and as I had two of them, — the violet perfumes, I mean, — I send one to you. You will come to see me, won't you, when your leg gets well? My name is Dorothy Stuart, and it is easy to find the house, because there are two large fir trees in the front yard. I wish you were my grandfather, for he is dead, and I have n't got any. I have only mamma and aunt Winifred, when she is n't at the hospital.

Your loving little friend,

DOROTHY.

"Well, Miss Yale," said Farringford, when his nurse next came in, "I have waited for a bottle of violet perfume all my life, and now I have got it. It is something to see Carcassonne at last."

No one could have rebelled more strenuously against his enforced confinement than Farringford did, during the first weeks of his stay at the hospital; but no sooner had the doctor told him that he was well enough to go home than he had an overmastering sense of regret. The bare walls of his room no longer made him think of a prisoner's cell, but seemed far more homelike than his spacious but dreary house. He was sorry to have the end come to the pleasant intercourse he had had with an intelligent woman, with whom he could talk freely of whatever chanced to be uppermost in his mind.

"Miss Yale," he ventured, as he bade her good-by, "the next time I break my leg I shall count upon you; and if I never see you again, I want you to know that you have changed my point of view so that nothing will ever look so black to me again."

Her back was turned to him, and she was watching the rain fall in a dreary, monotonous patter. "I am sorry you have such a bad day to go home," she replied.

Her unusual unresponsiveness chilled

him. "You won't let me thank you for what you have done for me?" he added.

"It is only what it is my duty to do for every patient. I wish I could have done more. You must excuse me, for I shall have to go to a man who has broken his thigh bone."

II.

One hot afternoon early in the following July, Farringford was reflecting on the utter vanity of all things, as he walked across Boston Common. He was almost the only one of his set still left in town, and the zest he had felt in life when he first returned to the world had departed with his acquaintances. He was to sail for Europe the next week with a friend, with whom he was to spend three months in Switzerland; but he was already regretting his promise, for he knew Switzerland so thoroughly that to go there would probably be more of a bore than to stay at home. An ambulance passing in Tremont Street suddenly recalled his life in the hospital with something akin to homesickness, and he wished himself back again, until it occurred to him that Miss Yale was no longer there, as she was to have finished her course in June. How he should like to see her again! It was only a moment later, as if in answer to this wish, that a familiar figure came toward him, with a little girl by her side. They were both in pale summer colors, and were as refreshing to his sight as an oasis in a desert land.

"Miss Yale, how glad I am to see you!" said Farringford, grasping her hand. "And this is Dorothy, I am sure. We don't need any introduction."

"I don't know who you are," the child answered, looking at him intently with her serious blue eyes.

"I thought you would guess at once," interposed her aunt. "It is Mr. Farringford, the man who broke his leg."

She shook her head. "You are making fun of me. My man who broke his leg was a grandfather, a dear old gentleman with a long white beard like what my grandfather used to have."

"I'm dreadfully sorry to disappoint you, but we must be friends just the same. Will you come and get some ice-cream soda with me, Dorothy, even if I do look young for my age?"

"I love ice-cream soda," she stated, "and I like you, although you don't look much older than aunt Winifred."

"I'm almost old enough to be her father," said Farringford, while an unreasoning flood of youth and high spirits swept over him.

Miss Yale had an errand to do, and promised to call for Dorothy at Huyler's. The little girl went off contentedly with her new friend.

"Mr. Farringford," she began, "why have you never been to see me? I've watched and watched at the window for you, and finally I thought you were dead."

"If I had seen you once, Dorothy, I should have been most anxious to see you again."

"How nice! Mr. Farringford, aunt Winifred is going to take me down the river from Haverhill to Newburyport, day after to-morrow, and there is a popcorn man on board the boat. You are fond of popcorn, are n't you?"

"There is nothing in the whole world like it."

"Then you will come with us! Oh, Mr. Farringford, that would be too lovely! The boat goes at half past nine, and its name is the Merrimac."

"Very well, I'll be there. Suppose we keep it a secret from your aunt?"

"Oh yes, a lovely surprise."

The ice-cream soda was even better than Dorothy had pictured it, and that is saying a great deal in this disappointing world; but the surprise was not equally successful.

As Farringford was bidding Miss

Yale and Dorothy good-by, the child said: "I shall see you day after — Oh, I forgot; it is such a splendid surprise. You can't guess what it is, aunt Winifred."

"I hope Miss Yale won't object, but I've been trying for years to get to Haverhill to see my great-aunt, and by a curious coincidence I was planning to spend to-morrow night there, and take the trip down the river."

"You did n't tell me about your great-aunt," said Dorothy.

Farringford was at the boat landing before the appointed hour, and as passenger after passenger arrived he had a bitter sense of disappointment. Of what use was it to create an elderly relative and take a trip to this confounded Haverhill, if that exasperating Miss Yale was to punish him for his transparent iniquities by not turning up, after all? He could imagine the mischievous gleam in her eyes the next time they met (Farringford was now sure that they should meet again), when she asked him if he had enjoyed his visit to his great-aunt. Here they were at last!

"I thought you had gone back on me," said Farringford, as he shook hands with Dorothy.

"Aunt Winifred did n't much want to come, but I made her. She said it was too hot. We've got our lunch in that basket. Aunt Winifred said" —

"Dorothy," interposed her aunt warningly.

"I must tell him this one thing. Aunt Winifred said you had probably never had a lunch out of a basket before, but that it would" —

"Dorothy!"

"— do you good," finished the child hastily.

"Miss Yale, you evidently take me for an unhappy man who has never experienced any of the joys of life. I was brought up in the country, and so I know that a picnic is the greatest fun in the world."

"There, did n't I tell you so!" commented Dorothy. "I knew he was a nice, sensible person."

Farringford unfolded some camp chairs in the bow of the boat. He placed Dorothy's between his and her aunt's, and as often as he dared he stole a look at Miss Yale's charming profile. He had never seen her in anything but her hospital uniform, until the other day. She wore a skirt of an indefinite grayish-brown tint, with a white waist and blue belt, and a white sailor hat. In the dress of the world she looked still younger, and, if possible, more full of an overflowing enjoyment of life. He wondered he had never been able to think of her as anything but a hospital nurse, for now that he saw her out of doors it was difficult to associate her with the confinement of brick walls.

Then followed a day of such enchantment that Farringford would gladly have had it last forever. At first the sky was gray, and the river a pale grayish blue; but after a time the sun came out, and the sky changed to pale blue and was flecked with soft woolly clouds. As they left Haverhill behind them, it looked like a place in a dream, with the white houses half hidden in the trees, and one slender white spire, while at the right a boat with a white sail glided into view.

Dorothy's attention was divided between the popcorn man, a serious personage with a huge black oilcloth bag full to the brim with his delectable wares, and a delightful traveling musician with a red-and-gold harp.

Farringford asked Dorothy if she thought she could eat ten bags of popcorn, and they finally compromised on two, — one for her and one for himself. He sat there munching popcorn, — for Dorothy exacted his loyalty, even to the last kernel, — and listening to the strains of the harp, that was badly out of tune, as it played *Sweet By and By*, and he had a sense of irresponsible happiness.

"Dear Mr. Farringford," said Dorothy, "I wish I had known you always; it seems such a waste to begin now."

"And so you wish you had known me all your long life, Dorothy? That is just the way I feel about your aunt."

Miss Yale stirred uneasily, and turned to look at an old gray house with a huge red chimney. "Does your great-aunt live in that charming old house, Mr. Farringford?" she inquired.

He laughed boyishly. "Do you know, Miss Yale, I haven't a near relative in this part of the world. I don't know when I have spent such a pleasant, homelike day."

"I suppose it is the popcorn that makes it seem so homelike," said Dorothy, with conviction.

"It is partly the popcorn, but it is largely — this carpet camp chair."

They glided on and on: under drawbridges, which filled Dorothy with ecstatic delight as they swung open to let the boat through; past a green marsh in the river, with a flock of white geese near the shore, craning their necks in wonder as the little steamer went by; past an emerald-green slope at the right, with the sunlight falling on the silvery apple trees at its summit, — on and on, until the lazy river widened and finally lost itself in the sea. Here a salt breeze gave them new life; but they did not go ashore at Newburyport, for they were planning to stop at Haverhill to see its old cemetery, where one of Winifred's and Dorothy's ancestors was buried. As they waited at the landing, Miss Yale opened her lunch basket.

"I don't know whether Mr. Farringford likes ham sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs," she said, in a meditative tone; "but when I remember his affection for his great-aunt and popcorn, I am pretty sure he will say he likes them."

"Miss Yale, how cruel of you! I adore them, and this sea breeze has given me the appetite of a boy of fifteen."

Farringford went down to the cabin,

and returned with some bananas and stale chocolate drops, and they ate their simple feast with great content. At last the boat swung slowly away from the landing, and then there followed the same unfolding panorama, only reversed, that had delighted them in the morning.

When they reached Haverhill, Farringford had a sickening feeling that the happiest day of his life was approaching its close. There still remained the old Pentucket cemetery to visit. As they passed through its iron gate, Miss Yale gave an exclamation of delight as she glanced beyond the neatly trimmed grass and beds of scarlet geraniums to the brow of the hill. There was no path; the long, unmown grass, dotted with pink clover and yellow butter and eggs, covered the spot impartially, and well-nigh blotted out the traces of the graves; but the old gray slate-stones served to mark them, and were scattered about at irregular intervals. Even the trees were old-fashioned: there were weeping willows and an acacia, horse-chestnuts, ash trees, and one tall Norway spruce. Miss Yale ran lightly up the hillside; at the summit she paused, and, shading her eyes, looked down the slope, past Farringford, to the river across the road. The Haverhill factory chimneys, on the other side of the silver stream, were softened by the trees in the foreground, and in the afternoon light their smoke made a golden haze.

Dorothy had run on ahead, and was bending over the gravestones, trying to decipher the name of her ancestor.

"I've found him, aunt Winifred!" she called out presently, in triumph. "Here he is, the great, great, ever so many great grandfathers. You see I'm nearer the size of the stones than you are, so it was easier for me."

"Here lies buried what was mortal of Lieutenant Richard Hazen, who departed this life Sep. 25th, 1733, in the 65th year of his age," read Winifred.

They flung themselves down in the grass, near the simple headstone; and Miss Yale was absent in her thoughts of the past, but Farringford was lost in the present, and both youth and life seemed eternal.

"A cemetery always makes me a little sad," Winifred said, as Dorothy ran off to make nosegays of the clover and butter and eggs. "At any other time it is never easy to remember we must all die, and when we are here it is not easy to forget it."

"I can't remember it!" cried Farringford. He had the same sense of complete, vivid joy in mere existence that he had felt in his ether vision. "Poor fellow," and he glanced compassionately at the lieutenant's tombstone, "it has all been over with him for more than a hundred and fifty years."

"Dear aunt Winifred, here are some flowers for you," said Dorothy, running up with a large bouquet clasped in each hand. "And here are some for you, dear Mr. Farringford, for I love, love, love you."

"Good-by; you have both made me very happy," said Farringford, when he at last parted from Miss Yale and her little niece. "And when I come back from Europe in the autumn, Dorothy, I shall surely go to see you."

"In the autumn!" the child cried, in woe-begone tones. "That is years and years away."

Farringford went through Switzerland with eyes closed to its beauty, — the same eyes that had been so keenly alive to every detail of loveliness on that enchanting trip down the Merrimac. "It is on such a large scale here," he said to himself, "and it is so familiar that it bores me. And then there is such a difference in the company. Anything would look attractive if one were with two enthusiastic young creatures." He tried to imagine what Miss Yale and Dorothy would say to this majestic pano-

rama of snow-capped mountains and these vivid sunsets; and one evening there came to him, in a sudden flash, what he wondered then that he had not known long before. After that Switzerland was very beautiful, for at every turn he had those two dear imaginary companions. He became the most irritating of companions himself, and might better have gone home at once than to have remained with his friend, in the body, while his mind was continually taking excursions across the sea. At last he worked off a little of his impatience by writing a letter to Winifred Yale, which he sent by a steamer ahead of the one he was to take, so that he could have an answer waiting for him when he reached home.

MY DEAR FRIEND [he wrote], — Will it surprise you to have me tell you how much I love you? I, who have been silent so long, because my eyes were sealed? And yet it seems now as if I had always known it, from the moment you came into my life, and took my hand when I was on the edge of the black gulf and saved me from — myself. I wonder how I could have gone on so blindly, unrecognizing, unknowing. I say to myself: "Perhaps she will not love me; for she is good, and I am not good; she is young, and I am not young; her life is full of absorbing, unselfish work, while mine, in comparison, is but a trifle's. Perhaps I am to her but one man among many, and she opens her heart to every one, because her nature is so simple that to speak the truth freely is its law." But something tells me that this feeling of completest sympathy and comprehension, this happiness so new and strange, could not have come into my life without some corresponding feeling on your side, however slight; and if you do not love me now, I feel that I can make you love me.

I used to dread growing old, unspeakably, and now it seems to me as if there

were no such thing as age; as if life were but a continual progression, and length of years meant but more opportunity for loving.

Ah, if I had only spoken that day when we sat together on the hillside! If I had only known! But I had never been in love before with the better part of my nature, and so I failed to recognize the signs. And perhaps you would have distrusted my sudden impulse, and felt it might be only a passing mood from which I should soon recover, — who can tell?

Will you not send me one little word for my home-coming, just to say that I may come to see you? That is all I ask, but, like Dorothy, I love, love, love you. . . .

When he reached home, Farringford ran his eyes greedily over the envelopes that were waiting for him, before he remembered that he did not even know Winifred's handwriting. He tore open one addressed in an unfamiliar hand, only to find that it was an unpaid bill. There was no word from her. He wondered if, to save his feelings, she had spared him the knowledge in written words that she could not love him; but that would not be like her, and, at any rate, he preferred to know the worst. He sat down at his desk and wrote a few hurried lines to Dorothy's mother, asking if she would send him her sister's address, and he haunted the front door whenever it was time for the postman. At last the answer came, saying that Winifred had been in the country all the autumn, nursing a very exacting patient, and had overtaxed her strength and come down with typhoid fever. She was now at the City Hospital, where it was her wish to go, and she was so critically ill that the doctors gave very little hope.

Farringford sat for a long time with his face buried in his hands. After a while he rose mechanically. It would be easier to bear if he went to the hos-

pital and learned the latest news, even if — O God, no! There are moments when suspense is infinitely easier to bear than certainty.

As Farringford approached the City Hospital, he reflected that it was not a year since he first entered it, as the world measures time. "You can partly understand what this trial is to those who are her nearest and dearest," he quoted bitterly from the letter, remembering that she, who had so changed the world for him, was only his most casual acquaintance in the eyes of her friends. The beds of scarlet geraniums on the hospital lawn recalled with a sudden pang those in the Pentucket cemetery, and Winifred's words: "At any other time it is never easy to remember we must all die, and when we are here it is not easy to forget it." Blind fool that he had been not to have known sooner the meaning of that day of exquisite happiness! He went up the long flight of steps to the administration building, and entered its open door. A "centre boy" presently came, who knew nothing about Miss Yale, but would go and find out how she was. The suspense was almost more than Farringford could bear. He went into the reception room to wait, and as he looked out of the window the sight of a slender figure in a blue-and-white gown, crossing from one building to the other, gave him an unreasoning moment of mad joy; then he remembered that Winifred was no longer wearing the nurse's uniform.

At last the boy came back. "Miss Yale is too ill to see any one," he said.

"I know that. How is she? Do they think?" —

"They think she is going to die," he answered indifferently, as if it were a form of words he often had to use, and one life more or less did not matter. Then, as he caught sight of Farringford's face, he added hastily, "But you can never tell with typhoid fever; while there is life there is hope."

How many times Farringford had tried to console his friends with the same trite phrase, and how futilely, he felt now! Good God! had those others suffered as he was suffering, while he had stood by uttering platitudes?

The black gulf was no longer imaginary. He was over the edge now.

There are times when life is set in such a key of anguish that the least lightening of the burden comes in contrast almost with the force of joy. Farringford, after this, underwent hourly alternations of hope changing to despair; but finally there came a time when the crisis of the fever had passed, and he was told that Winifred would get well, if there were no new developments in the treacherous disease. At first he hardly dared to rejoice, but as she grew stronger every day his hope grew stronger also.

There came a blessed afternoon, when, as he sat in the hospital reception room, the boy brought him a letter.

"The doctor won't let Miss Yale see any one for another week," he said, "but she has written this note herself."

Farringford had an intoxicating sense of happiness, and he kissed the tremulous penciled lines over and over again, as he read:—

MY DEAR FRIEND,— I may not see you yet, but they let me write a few lines at a time. I want to make you feel quite at ease by telling you that I am going to get well; and I want to thank you for the beautiful flowers you have so constantly brought me, that I have loved for themselves, but trebly because they were messengers from you; most of all I want to thank you for your letter.

I am glad you did not speak last summer, for so much would have come between us: not what you think, but your knowledge and my ignorance, your wealth and my poverty, your position in the world and my own humility. But

when we are near death we see clearly, and we lay aside our pride and speak quite simply, like little children.

Yes, I too had the same feeling of complete sympathy and comprehension, and being a woman I understood. I mean that I knew, after you left the hospital, that something had happened which would make my whole life different; and as I believed I should never see you again, I was proud enough to say I would forget. But it is not easy to forget, if you are a woman, even when your days are filled with active work. And at last I found I must remember, and I said, "As I must remember, I will remember so that my life will be happier always, instead of suffering loss." And finally it all seemed like a dream, until

the day when I saw you again. I knew that for my own peace of mind I ought not to go down the river, but I went "for Dorothy's sake;" so easily do we cheat ourselves, knowing all the time that we are cheating. And afterwards I said: "Whatever happens, I have had one beautiful day; nothing can take it from me. So many women go through life without even that."

I have written this in bits and snatches, so forgive me if it is incoherent. And now they tell me you are downstairs, waiting for a message, and I send this note to you with Dorothy's words, "I love, love, love you." It is as easy to tell the truth when we are very happy as when we are seven years old. . . .

WINIFRED.

Eliza Orne White.

YOU LEAVE NO ROOM TO MOURN.

WHEN weary of the clatter of the street,
Tired of the toiling millions at my side,
The bick'ring, the dishonor; when sore tried
By dead'ning city walls, a vision sweet
Will sometimes come of blowing trees that greet
Still meadows; and a deeply moving tide
Meeting a primrose sky. Peace doth abide
All day, a bulwark strong against defeat.
And so, when all my soul is sick of life,
Sick of the trammels of this world forlorn,
Heartsick of always failing in the strife,
The glory of your face is sometimes borne
Unto my spirit. Then, though grief be rife,
It passes, Love. You leave no room to mourn!

Hildegarde Hawthorne.

THE BEST ISTHMIAN CANAL.

WHILE the importance of connecting the seaports of our Atlantic and Pacific coasts by a short water route has been long appreciated in a general way, it needed the exciting incident of the passage of the Oregon around Cape Horn to develop a strong popular sentiment on the subject. The demand would naturally have been limited to the best possible ship canal, leaving the question of route to be determined in the usual technical manner; but, unfortunately, remembrance of the disastrous failure of the old Panama Canal Company ten years ago, and total ignorance of the work accomplished by the new company, were widespread through the country, and it was currently believed that that route had been proved to be impracticable, and that Nicaragua afforded the only possible solution of the problem. Having personally traversed both routes, and given over three years to a professional study of the details of one of them, I may be pardoned for believing that these circumstances have placed us on the verge of a very serious mistake in this important matter.

The question is now narrowed down to selecting the better of two possible routes, — that by Panama and that by Nicaragua. Their respective merits have received technical discussion, and the following natural advantages possessed by Panama over Nicaragua will hardly be disputed by persons conversant with the subject. (1) Good natural harbors, familiar for many years to navigators, opposed to artificial harbors, one of which at least will demand constant outlay for maintenance. (2) A land route less than a quarter as long; a summit level to be surmounted of only about half the height, involving only half the number of locks. (3) Curvatures more gentle than on any existing or projected

ship canal, contrasted with curves too abrupt for rapid passage. (4) Far less danger from earthquakes than exists in Nicaragua; no troublesome winds or river currents to be encountered; much less rainfall where heavy excavation is demanded. (5) And finally, location in a single country where every interest will favor the canal, and thus render its protection against malicious injuries far easier than in Nicaragua, where for many miles the route lies close to the border of two states which are often hostile, and are always jealous of each other.

There are besides economic considerations, such as very considerable progress in actual construction, — about two fifths of the canal bed is actually excavated; important facilities for completion, including a parallel railroad, numerous quarters for laborers, many locomotives, dirt cars, dredges, excavators, and other tools on hand. At Panama there is a fortunate absence of the troublesome engineering problems which beset the way in Nicaragua, such as the maintenance of the level of the lake, a vast inland sea, within the narrow limits of six feet, — and this notwithstanding natural fluctuations about double that amount, due to phenomenal evaporation and very heavy rainfalls. This regulation of level is absolutely necessary, on the one hand to avoid drowning valuable private property on the border of the lake, and on the other to maintain the depth needful to navigation over the rocky bed of the San Juan River, which constitutes an important part of the route for shipping. Another great difficulty is to prepare appropriate foundations for the dam at Boca San Carlos, at about one hundred feet below mean water level, — and this in a great river a third of a mile wide, that cannot be temporarily diverted during the

progress of the work. Last, but not least, there is the advantage of vastly less cost for operation and maintenance when completed. As to all these matters there is absolutely no contention possible between the two routes. It appears, judging from recent discussions, that the advocates of the Nicaragua route appreciate these facts, and now put forth only two claims that come fairly within the province of an engineer. These are : (1) that the distance between our Atlantic and Pacific seaports is considerably less, and hence that the time of transit must be materially less, by the Nicaragua than by the Panama route ; and (2) that the trade winds on the Pacific are more serviceable to sailing ships, and will favor their passage by Nicaragua more than by Panama. These claims will now be considered.

The latter may be conceded, but is entitled to little weight. Very few sailing ships pass through any existing canal. That class of vessel is not suited to navigate contracted channels, and greater or less facilities for approach would not be likely to exert a controlling influence between two routes, one of which is short, and the other long and difficult. The relative cost of towage would have to be considered, and would probably decide the choice. As to the actual facilities for approach, Admiral Walker covered the ground in his testimony before the Senate Committee on Inter-oceanic Canals, on May 11, 1900. He said : " Between Colon and Greytown, for sailing ships, there is not very much difference as to winds ; but between Panama and Brito the advantages for a sailing ship would be decidedly with Brito ; " adding, " The shipping in these days is going to steam, so that the question of wind is of very much less importance than it was fifty years ago. " It would appear that the least of the Panama advantages enumerated above should outbalance this questionable one on the side of Nicaragua.

The other claim, that there would be

an important gain in time for our coast-wise steamers by the Nicaragua route, is worthy of careful investigation. The first element to consider is the actual relative distance. The following figures have been stated on the authority of Commander Todd, of the Hydrographic Bureau of the Navy Department, the unit being the statute mile : New York to Colon, 2281 miles ; New York to Greytown, 2372 miles ; New Orleans to Colon, 1589 miles ; New Orleans to Greytown, 1448 miles ; San Francisco to Panama, 3777 miles ; San Francisco to Brito, 3109 miles ; New York to Honolulu via Panama Canal (47 miles), 7699 miles ; New York to Honolulu via Nicaragua Canal (190 miles), 7438 miles.

From these data it appears that the gain to a steamer in a voyage from New York to San Francisco via Nicaragua would be 434 miles ; from New Orleans to San Francisco, 666 miles ; and from New York to Honolulu, 261 miles. Assuming an average sea speed of 10 knots (11.5 statute miles), these gains in time will be 37.7 hours, 57.9 hours, and 22.7 hours respectively. It remains to inquire how much of this seeming advantage will be offset by longer delays in traversing a canal via Nicaragua than one via Panama. Such delays result from lockages, and from difficulties in maintaining full speed arising from curvature, strong winds, and local currents, if such exist on the route.

The delays to be caused by lockages in the two canals raise the question of the total height to be overcome. For the Nicaragua route, nature has fixed this at the level of the lake, about 107 feet. For Panama, it is a matter of choice, to be determined within the limits of economical excavation by the parties in interest, but it will always be less than 107 feet, — a fact of much more importance than the original heights of the divide, so often quoted. The new Panama Canal Company, contrary to what has been repeatedly asserted, has adopted a

single definite projet, but one carefully adjusted to permit a decision as to the height of the ultimate summit level to be deferred until progress in the construction shall make known which of two heights is preferable. These two heights are 102 feet and 61 feet, the latter to attain 67 feet in great floods of the Chagres, which occur only at long intervals. The higher level has been adopted provisionally, to guard against interest costs resulting from any delay in completing the cut at the Culebra; but if the United States government adopts the route, the lower level will doubtless be given the preference, and it will therefore be assumed in the following comparison:—

Delays from lockages result from two causes: (1) loss of time consumed in actually raising and lowering the ship, and (2) loss of time in the needful preparations for so doing. The former admits of exact estimate, based on experiments at our great lock Poe at Sault Ste. Marie, and confirmed by experience there and on the Manchester Ship Canal. The limit of speed in raising and lowering which is found to be safe is two and a half feet per minute. This calls for 86 minutes for overcoming the ascents and descents on the Nicaragua route, and 49 minutes for those via Panama. The delays in the needful preparations depend on the number and adjustment of the locks. Careful observation of the passage of great ships through the Manchester Ship Canal has furnished the following figures, including the slackening of speed in approaching the lock, delays in entering and making fast, time spent in manœuvring the gates, delays in unlashings and leaving the lock, and time lost in regaining full speed. For each passage of a single lock these delays aggregate 21 minutes; and for two locks in flights, 30 minutes. On the Panama route there will be five locks, four of them disposed in flights of two. On the Nicaragua route the Walker Commis-

sion propose ten single locks. These data give the following as the total loss of time in lockages in traversing the two canals: via Nicaragua, 8 hours and 26 minutes; via Panama, 3 hours and 32 minutes: gain for Panama, 4 hours and 54 minutes.

The speed which can be maintained in traversing the water way will be governed by the dimension of cross section, the curvature at changes of direction, the force and direction of the prevailing winds, and the currents when any are to be encountered. Experience on existing ship canals has also shown that a limit is imperative to protect the banks from erosion. This limit is generally fixed at 6 knots (6.7 miles) per hour. Another important element in determining the practical rate of transit is the length of the levels between the locks; for if short a high speed cannot be attained in traversing them. The routes will now be compared as to these elements.

In the matter of dimensions of cross section both conform to modern requirements; in all other respects Panama possesses great advantages.

For facility in navigation an absolutely straight canal would, of course, be the ideal one; but such perfection is hardly to be attained in practice. The canal which most closely approximates to it, or, in other words, which has its route determined by curvatures of the longer radii, has obvious advantages in respect to ease and safety of operation.

On the Panama route the minimum radius of curvature is 1900 meters, and only one per cent of the entire distance between oceans approaches this limit (2078 yards). The ruling radii are 3000 or 2500 meters (3281 or 2734 yards), and 42 per cent of the route lies between these limits; 57 per cent follows straight lines. For Nicaragua, the report of the Walker Commission is not very definite as to this important element. It gives (page 16) 1000 yards

as the minimum curvature in the canal proper, but does not specify what it is in the 57 miles of the crooked San Juan River; where Lull's survey, adopting the five cut-offs planned by him, indicates for the deep water channel six curves with radii between 233 yards and 1500 yards; fifteen curves, between 500 and 833 yards; and twenty-one curves, between 833 yards and 1170 yards. Many of these curves have hills abutting on one side or both. The total change of direction in the entire distance amounts to 4607° , or about 13 complete circles. This matter of curvature is of immense practical importance. The Suez Company has been compelled, since the canal was opened to traffic, to increase its radius from a minimum of 700 meters to a minimum of 1800 meters (736 yards to 1968 yards).

In conducting a ship through a canal or narrow river, where currents are to be overcome, or where strong winds are to be encountered, either blowing across the route or acting from the rear to force her from her course in passing curves, the difficulties and risks of navigation are vastly increased. In this respect there is absolutely no difficulty on the Panama route. In Nicaragua ships must navigate for 57 miles the crooked San Juan River, which must carry the greater part of the lake drainage, and which traverses a gorge that Admiral Walker states is swept by strong trade winds during the greater part of the year.

As to length between locks on the Panama route, there is only one level (1.3 miles) less than 15 miles in length. On the *projet* of the Walker Commission the following lengths appear: 3.5 miles, 4.6 miles, 0.8 of a mile, 0.9 of a mile, 1.9 miles, and 2.4 miles.

In view of these facts, it would appear reasonable to accord an average speed of transit to the Panama route equal to that authorized by existing canal regulations (6.7 miles per hour), es-

pecially as for some miles in Lake Bohio it can be largely exceeded. The Nicaragua route is manifestly subject to unusual difficulties. On the Suez Canal, in 1898, the average rate of speed was only 5.5 miles per hour, and this with curves of nearly double the radius of those projected for Nicaragua, and with no winds or currents to cause delays. It would seem a very liberal estimate to accord an average speed of 5 miles per hour, allowing full sea speed (11.5 miles) in the 58 miles of deep lake.

Adopting these figures, we find for the relative times of transit by the two canals the following figures:—

	Hours.	Min.
By Panama, 46 miles at 6.7 miles		
per hour	6	52
Loss in lockages	3	32
Add 20 % for contingencies	2	05
	—	—
Time of transit	12	39
	Hours.	Min.
By Nicaragua, 132 miles at 5 miles		
per hour	26	24
58 miles at 11.5 miles per hour	5	03
Loss in lockages	8	26
Add 20 % for contingencies	7	58
	—	—
Time of transit	47	51

These figures, allowing full speed by night, show that a steamer crossing the Isthmus from ocean to ocean will require 35 hours more time if going by way of Nicaragua than if going by way of Panama. This practically offsets the seeming advantage of Nicaragua, given above, due to shorter ocean routes. In other words, a steamer leaving New York via Panama is really 12 hours nearer Honolulu, and less than three hours further from San Francisco, than if she went by way of Nicaragua. Even as between New Orleans and San Francisco the advantage of 666 miles in favor of Nicaragua counts for only 23 hours in time. Such gains are unworthy of serious consideration in voyages of this length; but even they are overstated. Further allowance must be made for increased probabilities of detention, aris-

ing from inferior harbors, and from having to traverse a land route four times as long, and a much longer part of it by night (as must be done if the transits are to be made in 48 hours and 13 hours respectively). No attempt will be made to assign a numerical value to this additional loss of time, which may vary between wide limits in different transits of the Isthmus; but evidently the loss via Nicaragua will be very important, and it much more than covers the insignificant gains indicated by the above figures. As a matter of fact, the advantage

as to time lies decidedly on the side of Panama.

In fine, this claim of gain of time by Nicaragua must be relegated to the class of visionary arguments so often advanced to offset the solid merits of the Panama route. It is certain that if we are to have the best possible canal to connect our coasts, one not liable at any time to be superseded by a rival with which it could not compete, it must cross the continental divide at Panama. Nature has so decreed, and it is idle to contest the decision.

Henry L. Abbot.

WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD.

A NEW generation has come upon the stage since William H. Seward, past seventy years old, a battered, exhausted, outworn statesman, died in 1872. Men are yet living who were his junior associates in public life during the strenuous years when he was a leader; a foremost opponent in the United States Senate of the slave power in its mighty struggle to establish an incontestable supremacy in the nation; the adroit, resourceful, and, under Lincoln, the successful director of our desperate foreign relations during the momentous crisis of the civil war. But these living associates are not many, and are fast passing away. Men who knew Seward in the time of his power, only as neophyte politicians and school-boys know mature and declining party leaders, now occupy the seats of authority. The recollections of him that stay in the minds of these are colored by the hue of partisan praise or party detraction to which they were accustomed in their impressionable years.

Has the time come for a broad historical view and review of this man's

career? Regarding the purpose and scope of a Life, a biography, the answer must be an affirmative one. Indeed, it may be thought that the time is late rather than early. Already such service has been done, well done, for several of his great contemporaries. Certainly Mr. Bancroft had this justification for the task he has attempted and performed.¹ He had also some particular qualification in his long service in the State Department, his knowledge of the traditions of the capital, and of the peculiar subtle influences that pervade the place and affect the motives and actions of those who live the life of politics there.

The result of his labor is given to the public in two stout octavo volumes, containing more than eleven hundred compactly printed pages. The work bears evidence of diligent delving in various appropriate sources of information, and of patient digestion of large stores of material. It is understood that the work was in hand during several industrious years, and this may easily be two volumes. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. 1900.

¹ *The Life of William H. Seward.* By FREDERIC BANCROFT. With Portraits. In

be credited. Here is no mere compilation of documents and of other men's knowledge and judgments. There is no suggestion of padding. In consideration of the inevitable temptations presented, the fewness of long citations, either for proof or for illustration, is a noticeable merit. All of Seward's literary work abounds in quotable material. Many an historical Life is stuffed to a condition of lethargy and deadness, when the author's fondness is like the appetite of a gourmand. Whatever limitation may have been put upon Mr. Bancroft's desire by outward conditions, — copyrights, for example, — it is obvious that he had freedom in many directions, and he has not abused it in any. He has the faculty, instinctive it may be, but disciplined too, of plucking from a speech, a letter, a dispatch, the sentences and phrases which contain the significance of the whole, and so weaving them into his narrative that they do not halt it. This is a dangerous power when a writer may be suspected of another aim than to reveal the real truth, and it may excite suspicion when reference and correction are impossible. In this case the sources are accessible and carefully indicated. Misrepresentation can hardly escape exposure.

The story Mr. Bancroft has to tell is one of real character, action, and circumstances. He tells it seriously, intelligently, vigorously, clearly. He belongs to the school of writers who would, if they could, expunge from their minds the talent of ideality, when they set about a task of this kind. Ideals, they say to themselves, belong to poetry, romance, music, perhaps to religion; but not to history, not to the actualities of life as it is lived, nor to a record of it. A biography, in order to be true, must be free from the illusory tinge of admiration. It must not be a statue with its best aspect in light and the rest in shadow; not a picture painted or photographed from the most advantageous point of

view; but a flat chart of a life, with all the soundings duly indicated in plain figures. Mr. Bancroft has so spread out to contemplation the life of Mr. Seward. The analytical purpose is controlling. Seward is explored, dissected, exposed, catalogued, — his motives as well as his deeds. It is very completely done. Few affairs in his career about which men hereafter will care to inquire have escaped the author's curious, searching, pragmatical attention. The presentation may be strictly accurate, but it is not picturesque. It is interesting, but not of the deepest interest, for it does not much engage the heart. It is instructive, but not of the highest instruction, for it does not kindle aspiration. Granting, as must be granted, that this limitation of effect is due in great part to the nature of the subject, in some part it is due also to the method of the author.

In its literary quality the book is carefully and vigorously written. Mr. Bancroft's style is lucid, virile, and reasonably affluent, well adapted to narration and to conveying opinion. He has ability to say what he desires to say with direct and forceful impression. It is not a style that is especially characterized by elegance or charm. One does not often linger upon the felicity of the phrasing, and less often is he halted by any awkwardness of form or indistinctness of meaning. As the treatment of the theme exhibits a strong sense of values and relations and a mastery of contributory details, so the style, in its structure, its movement, its stress, and its qualifications, shows talent for the due organization and array of the materials of language to engage attention to its substantial message. It is a style free from weakening diffuseness, from perplexing involutions, from crabbed and mutilated sentences. Commonly, it is full, sometimes copious, scarcely ever prolix or tawdry. It is not epigrammatic, and the perils that beset an unnatural effort to be epigram-

matic are escaped. It advances from topic to topic and from thought to thought with steady, even movement; not as a march with music and banners, nor as a tedious plodding onward, but with becoming spirit and eagerness and confidence.

Some critics will be apt, and not without reason, to find fault with the author's habitual introspection, — not of himself, but of Mr. Seward. He is not satisfied to tell the reader what Mr. Seward did or said, but must track the action back to its motive source in the inner chambers of his soul. A reasonable amount of this kind of psychological speculation is tolerable and helpful; but after a reader gets the clue to the author's notion of his subject's nature and traits, he can divine it in particular cases, and does not relish being anticipated or impeded in making his own reflections. When an author feels obliged to note continually, as often as occasion is presented, that a course of conduct under consideration exemplifies an already well-attested trait, it becomes tiresome to men of disciplined intelligence, however useful it may be for instructing the immature. One does not get far along in this *Life of Seward* without learning that he was a politician whose career was bound to be a struggle to reconcile the intellectual entertainment of certain noble sentiments of duty to country and humanity with the gratification of his ambition for popular applause and stations of practical power. One who accepted as his mentor in patriotism and statesmanship John Quincy Adams, and depended for advancement in politics upon the management of Thurlow Weed, could hardly avoid obtaining a reputation for duplicity and timeserving.

This insistence upon calling attention to Seward's inconsistencies and his lapses from the high standard of his better conceptions of duty appears to be without malice; but the cumulative effect is disagreeable, if it does not cause in some

instances a perversion of judgment. A disproportionate sense of demerit, it may be feared, will enter into the estimate of readers who derive their knowledge of him chiefly from this book. Not that there is apparent reluctance or failure to present the nobler aspects of the statesman's character and service distinctly and generously, — for this cannot be alleged; but there is, perhaps, too much anxiety on the part of the author lest he might be suspected of the sin of eulogy. No one would limit the discretion of the biographer of an historical personage by the maxim, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*;" but between this precept and a rule prescribing pitiless truth in exploiting the weaknesses of those whose title to remembrance is great service to the state there are at least ninety degrees of latitude.

A quality of the book that deserves commendation is its close sticking to its subject. The temptation to ramble and to treat at large of the service and quality of other public men, the phases of public sentiment, the unessential intrigues, the military operations, the related but inconsequential episodes of domestic and foreign affairs, must have been only less enticing than the temptation to quote *in extenso*, to which allusion has been made. As to all such digressions the author has been severely abstemious. Nothing has place which is not definitely and, almost it may be said, indispensably essential to the relation of Seward's career, being a part of his immediate work or necessary to an understanding of it. There are no long interjected essays, — nothing like the chapter on Society in Boston, in *Pierce's Life of Sumner*. Seward is always in sight, and almost always the chief figure. No one, not even Lincoln, is permitted to distract attention from the one person whom it is the purpose of the author to depict. Seward lives in the book, a very real and human man, with great natural gifts, great desire for power, great opportu-

nities of serving his country, great success and honor of accomplishment. No good reason is apparent why the story of his career should be told in fullness again. Nothing highly important can remain to be added. Whatever of criticism has been suggested here is not meant to imply that the author has not succeeded in a manner deserving warm recognition and praise. It would be fulsome to say that the work ranks with the few biographies accounted of the first class, but it merits esteem for its fidelity, sincerity, courage, and power.

Mr. Seward's nature was so complex that it is difficult to characterize him simply. To do it at any time hereafter will be as difficult as now, unless meanwhile much is forgotten. In the first place, it is not easy to designate his polestar. Sometimes it appears to have been a sun of the firmament, and sometimes a mere terrestrial beacon. He was ever surprising his contemporaries by some unexpected action, or counsel, or failure. He had a sagacious but not infallible instinct for seizing the prevalent opinion of the day as a means of power. Also, he showed at times the possession of a far-penetrating glance, by which he was enabled to put himself *en rapport* with the opinion of to-morrow and the day after to-morrow, in order to make use of that when it should become prevalent. His faith in eternal verities was strong. At any time he would have confessed their existence, and sometimes he affirmed it with impressive solemnity; but his constant reliance was on the knowing intellect of William H. Seward and the managing skill of Thurlow Weed. He was a prophet who delighted to prophesy smooth things. He had no troublesome sense of consecration to deliver the very truth in his message, or to adhere to it in his course. He was no Garrison, no Sumner. He could withhold utterance with a masterful repression until sure that his speech would fall upon minds waiting for it.

He entered political life in 1831, as the representative in the New York Senate of a factitious local rage known as Anti-Masonry, fostered for political ends by enemies of the party then in power, the Republican party, which later took the name of the Democratic party. He retired from political life in 1869, when the weak and distrusted administration of Andrew Johnson, in which he had held on as Secretary of State, came to an unlamented end. Meanwhile, he had been a Whig during the lifetime of that party, and a Republican thereafter, and in office three fourths of the time. Whether in office or out of office, he was always active, prominent, and influential, although his last years in office were marked by declining vigor and the abandonment of former friends. In the beginning of this career he was noted for extraordinary intellectual power and extraordinary industry, for fertility in ideas and resources, for the variety of his public interests, the shrewdness of his counsel, the ardor and persuasiveness of his speech, the poise of his character, the charm of his manners, and the nobility of his ambition. Sagacious men, friends and foes, regarded him as one destined to advancement whenever political conditions were favorable, who might demonstrate an ability for the high places of national statesmanship. But his opportunities did not follow swiftly. He had but one term in the legislature, the Anti-Masonry party dissolving almost as rapidly as it had been formed, and the (Democratic) Republicans regaining control of the state. He was active in the organization of the new Whig party. In 1834 he was its first candidate for governor. He failed in that year, but four years later he was chosen, and, by reelection, served for four years. Then came a term of six years of unofficial although very active life, until a turn of Fortune's wheel, giving the legislature to the Whigs, made him a United States

Senator, when he entered on the career that raised him to historical eminence, being then not quite forty-eight years old.

No full summary of this higher career can be attempted here. Seward was already strongly and variously committed to anti-slavery principles. He was never an apologist for slavery, never an abettor of the slaveholder's schemes to nationalize the sectional institution. He was not an Abolitionist, nor did he ally himself with the Liberty party of 1844, or the Free Soil party in either of its campaigns. Through all this period he was a Whig with anti-slavery principles, opposing the Clay compromises of 1850 which Webster favored. He supported General Scott in 1852, but inactively, because he did not approve of the party's acceptance of the compromise acts as a finality. The crushing defeat of that year did not extinguish his hope of becoming the leader of the party in a new policy. Even after the great uprising of the North in protest against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, he did not immediately perceive that the case was hopeless. Not until 1855 did he and Thurlow Weed consent to lead the remnant of the Whig party of New York into the camp of the recently christened Republican party.

As he had been the leading Whig statesman, after the rejection of Webster in the national convention of 1852, he at once became the leading statesman of the new party, ranking in the ardor and effectiveness of his advocacy of its principles with those who had been its apostles since 1848, and excelling them all in knowledge of political arts and the range of his official experience. It cannot be said that his zeal was that of a new convert; for, while marching under another flag, he had long professed the doctrines and the aims in statesmanship which the new party was organized to promote, and had long been regarded as with it in spirit, although slow to discern that the Whig

party was no longer a hopeful instrumentality for the achievement of these doctrines and aims. It was not strange, therefore, that as soon as he cast in his lot with the Republican party he was a prominent candidate for its nomination for the presidency. Not for the first time did he then contemplate the possibility of such distinction; but his earlier ambition was to be sometime the candidate of the Whigs, if that party could be brought into the position of representing the national sentiment opposed to the designing, ruthless, insatiable greed of the political slave power. The key to his course until he joined the Republican party is his optimistic confidence that he could mould the Whig party into a successful party of freedom, and be its national leader.

He was defeated in the national Republican convention of 1856. Not William H. Seward, but John C. Fremont became the first candidate of the new party. Mr. Bancroft alleges that the opposition to Seward was on account of his radicalism. In addition it may be said that the elements composing the movement had not fused. The prejudices of old antagonism were powerful. Seward was unacceptable to some because he so lately was a Whig. During the next four years he did great work in the Senate and on the platform, contributing large service to solidifying the sentiment and inspiring the hope of the new party. His fame was much enhanced, and deservedly so, for it grew upon new demonstrations of his statesmanship, his resources of power, and his understanding of the fundamental character, in the aspect of patriotism, of the issue to be determined. Again, and now with apparent certainty, he was regarded as the coming candidate of his party. Yet he was defeated in the convention, when defeat seemed impossible, by a combination of conditions and interests which no human wisdom could foresee and prevent, which no one now wishes had been prevented.

The four months between the election of the Republican President and his inauguration afforded the supreme opportunity of Seward's statesmanship. He saved the Union then. It is hardly too much to say: alone he did it. Had he been the President elect, he could not have done what he did without compromising his administration. No one else could have done it, for no one else had the necessary combination of wisdom, station, influence, and fortitude. More than the President in the White House, more than the elected President, more than the Congress in the Capitol, more than the agitated, fuming politicians of the North and the South, he held in leash the rage of sections, and steadied the reeling nation by his imperturbable confidence of peace. He stayed the storm until in the place of chief responsibility the whimpering senility of Buchanan was supplanted by the robust manhood of Lincoln.

His best and incontestable title to fame rests on his conduct of our foreign relations during the eight years of Lincoln's and Johnson's administrations. In 1861 none of the leaders of the Republican party had been tested in offices of national administration, nor had the President. Some of them had been governors of states; most had won their standing in public discussion or in Congress. No one had a record of longer or more notable public life than Seward. In the Senate he had taken special interest in foreign relations. His knowledge of international law was not equal to Sumner's, but his general fitness for the office of Secretary of State was recognized. His defeat in the convention had not prevented him from giving Lincoln a loyal and effective support. Personal and party obligation designated him for the office. There was a more imperative requirement. Half of the Republican party were solicitous, to say the least, regarding the new President's ability; believed Seward's to be the mas-

ter mind, and expected him to be the President's controlling guide in the business of government. To these his acceptance seemed the necessity of public safety. Seward himself was of this opinion; and when the circumstances are calmly considered, it is not necessary to attribute his feeling solely to vanity. It is now apparent that at the start Seward blundered egregiously, and dire misfortunes were prevented only by Lincoln's overruling wisdom. When Seward discovered that Lincoln intended to be President in fact as well as in name, and to take upon himself as a personal responsibility every duty that belonged to the office, he fell into his proper place with a good will and fidelity that must be reckoned magnanimous.

The supreme task was to keep European states from recognizing the Confederacy as a national government, and lending their aid to the accomplishment of the fact. It was a task of extraordinary difficulty, all the dynasties, except that of Russia, seeming ready enough to have the great republic of the western world broken in two, and its power divided. It is confessed now that the Lincoln-Seward diplomacy, viewed in the large, was vigilant, courageous, tactful, masterly; not successful in every incident, to be sure, but triumphant in the main points. In the points wherein it failed, as the escape of the Alabama and the invasion of Mexico, it prepared the way for future penalty and humiliation. Without assuming to speak with authority in these high matters, it seems not undue praise to say that, in the long term of Seward's tenure of the office of Secretary of State, he was not overmatched by any of the well-schooled diplomats of Europe with whom he had important, delicate, and critical negotiations.

He came near being a companion of Lincoln in martyrdom. If one assassin's dagger had done its cruel work as effectively as the other's pistol, the two statesmen would have been more closely

associated in fame forever. Lincoln died at the culmination of his greatness, and is apotheosized with Washington. Seward lingered through Johnson's administration in the Department of State, doing his proper work with unimpaired efficacy, but siding with his chief in the disastrous conflict with Congress, and sharing the distrust and reprobation that attended him. He descended to the grave under the pall of this obloquy, and its darkness yet beclouds his fame.

Nevertheless he was one of the statesmen and leaders of whom the nation must be proud. At this distance of time, it is more fit to exalt his virtues than to magnify his faults. He had his limitations, his weaknesses, — mostly amiable ones, — his share of fallibility in judgment and failure in effort. But from the beginning to the end of his long career, he loved his country, he was a champion of liberty and of law, a servant of the Constitution, a defender of the Union, an ally of moral forces in government, a protector of the poor and the weak against their oppressors, a hopeful believer in human development and progress, a prophet of national growth and power, a friend of learning and science and art. What boots it now to insist upon the unessential infirmities of his high career? They wrought no lasting evil to the state. The parade of them is unlikely to be of service for warning.

Say that he was ambitious. Who has endured the defeat of ambition with a nobler grace of acceptance? Say that he was a timeserver. Who has waited with more patience for the ripe occasion, or more promptly seized it when it came? Say that he gave undue importance to the shallow issue of Anti-Masonry; but add that till the end of his life he was the consistent foe of political secret societies, and the steadfast friend of the despised immigrant. Say that he dodged the vote on Sumner's motion to repeal the Fugitive Slave Law; but recall that he gave to the anti-slavery cause its two most potent watchwords, the higher law and the irrepressible conflict. Say that he presumed to govern for Lincoln; but he loyally governed with him and worthily suffered with him. Say that he was an optimist, who thought the slaveholders' insurrection would be suppressed in sixty days; but add that he never lost heart in the most desperate strains and discouragements of the four years' weary conflict. Say that in the beginning of the rebellion he courted a foreign war to make a commanding cause for the reunion of the states; but remember that he forced Louis Napoleon out of Mexico without firing a gun, and acquired Alaska, a magnificent enlargement of the nation's domain, without using the duress of war, and without the condition of a war entailed.

Walter Allen.

THE LETTERS OF THOMAS EDWARD BROWN.¹

"THERE is an *ethos* in FitzGerald's letters which is so exquisitely idyllic as to be almost heavenly. He takes you with him, exactly accommodating his pace to yours, walks through meadows so tranquil, and yet abounding in the

most delicate surprises. And these surprises seem so familiar, just as if they had originated with yourself. What delicious blending!"

These lines about FitzGerald, taken from one of the letters of Thomas Ed-
IRWIN. In two volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1900.

¹ *Letters of Thomas Edward Brown.* Edited, with an Introductory Memoir, by SIDNEY T.

ward Brown, have a singular appositeness when applied to "T. E. B." himself. A shy scholar, with plenty of Scotch fury in his heart, passionately attached to his native Manx soil, to his friends and his books, he lived a life as isolated and unspoiled as FitzGerald's, and now seems likely to win something of the same posthumous fame.

Born in 1830 at Douglas, Isle of Man, where his father held the living of St. Matthew's, Brown went to Christ Church, Oxford. He won a double-first, but his position as a servitor was painful. He was made Fellow of Oriel in 1854. In 1857 he married his cousin, and became head master of the Crypt school, Gloucester, where W. E. Henley was one of his pupils. He afterward removed to Clifton College, but teaching was apparently never very congenial to him, although he was loved and admired by his boys. In 1892 he went back to the Isle of Man, and spent the last five years of his life as a clergyman in charge of two parishes. The Archdeaconry of Man was offered to him; but he preferred freedom to attend Methodist chapels and to smoke a pipe in a public house if he pleased. He printed five slender volumes of verse, much of it in Manx dialect; and in these things, together with his music, his long walks, and the occasional society of a friend, was the life of his rare spirit.

Brown's published letters begin with a description of Jowett's preaching in 1851, and close with a hasty note written three days before his death in 1897. There are but three letters to represent a space of twenty years in his early manhood, and this gap provokes curiosity as to the course of his spiritual development. He conquered his volcanic temperament slowly, one would hazard, and learned sweetness from much bitter struggle. Like many a Celt, he was naturally endowed with an excess of emotion, — "a born sobber," he whimsically said; and the perpetual warfare of this

Celtic extravagance with his classicism, and with the decorous walk and conversation expected from a British schoolmaster and clergyman, is amusing and very human.

His feeling for nature was a passion of the sort that is rarer than it seems, in these days of pocket kodaks and little books about birds and grasshoppers. His eye for details was exquisite, but the whole enchanting spectacle of sea and shore hushed him now and again into a sort of tranquil rapture. "Oh, let us dream!" he cries, as he describes the walk to Portishead; "a chance word now and then, a cowslip, a violet; but mainly the all but continuous dream." On the Quantocks he felt the fairies all around him. "'There's odds o' fairies' — hierarchies — S. T. C. a supreme hierarch; look at his face; think of meeting him at midnight between Stowey and Alfoxden, like a great white owl, soft and plummy, with eyes of flame!"

This magic-picture of Coleridge is a reminder that Brown's letters are full of curiously vivid portraits of men of letters. Of course he knew his classics; indeed, to read his letters with full appreciation, one needs a bit of Greek and Latin and of three or four modern languages besides. He believed in classical training, with a queer combination of stubborn schoolmaster logic and mystical religious faith. He writes of a proposal to make Greek optional for boys: —

"Yes, you would fill your school to overflowing, of course you would, so long as other places did not abandon the old lines. But it would be detestable treachery to the cause of education, of humanity. To me the *learning* of any blessed thing is a matter of little moment. Greek is not learned by nineteen-twentieths of our Public School boys. But it is a baptism into a cult, a faith, not more irrational than other faiths or cults; the baptism of a regeneration which releases us from I know

not what original sin. And if a man does not see that, he is a fool, such a fool that I should n't wonder if he gravely asked me to explain what I meant by original sin in such a connection."

His own commerce with Greek and Roman masterpieces was vital. "Since M. left I have been regaling myself with the Eclogues and a book of Herodotus. The finished art of the former, and the naïveté, not above the suspicion of irony and positive poking fun, which seems the latter, are an endless joy." Of the *Ars Poetica* he exclaims: "I would steep every one, I would steep myself, in that supreme bath of criticism. I can hardly think of it and its early impression on me without tears."

But his mind was equally open — doubtless he would have said because of that classical training open — to the charm and power of the great mediævals and moderns: "The Orlando Furioso — have you read it? It is just now my constant companion. What a brilliant bird-of-paradise sort of creature it is! I think the hard enamel of this Italian reprobate pleases me better than Spenser with his soft velvet carpet, on which you walk ankle-deep in the moss of yielding allegory." Or again: "I think Dante is monotonous, but what a monotone! He drowns you in a dream, and you never want to wake."

Brown was one of the Hugonians, absolutely certain that there has been no poet like Hugo since Shakespeare. His fondness for Daudet's short stories was lyrical in its fervor, and no critic has written more penetrating sentences about Flaubert and de Maupassant. That he was one of Sir Walter's men need scarcely be said. "Fancy dying," he writes, "without having read *The Fortunes of Nigel*; 'going into the presence of your maker,' and being compelled to such a confession!"

His literary antipathies, like his sympathies, are gayly and tersely voiced, as he passes from Euripides to Trilby, — he

liked them both, — and from Tess of the D'Urbervilles, which he did not like at all, to The Manxman, which he was too loyal to his native soil and his friend Hall Caine not to admire mightily. He did not feel quite sure of Mr. Kipling, although he knew his own mind about Stevenson.

"Kipling seems a versatile being, without a pivot — magnificent sky-rocket of a genius. There is nothing he can't do, but I question whether he will ever do anything really great. He is at his second wind, and one gets anxious about his staying power. Weir of Hermiston I take to be the most consummate thing that has been written for many years. Don't you agree with me? *That woman* — not Mrs. Weir, though she is marvelously good, but the humble relative who occupies the place of chief and confidential servant! No one but a Scot can enter into this character. That I am able so thoroughly to feel it, I consider the strongest proof of my Scottish origin. Such a woman! And yet they said Stevenson could n't draw a woman. And the passion of love — yes, love; yes, passion — the positive quasi-sexual (or shall I drop the quasi?) longing for the young Hermiston. Good God! What depth! what truth! what purity! what nobility! If the century runs out upon this final chord, what more do I want? Let me die with the sough of it in my ears. It is enough: *nunc dimittis, Domine*. You will go on to other joys: the coming century will bring them to you. But to me — well, well, all right. In heaven I will bless you, Louis Stevenson."

Complete Brownists, who are delighted that the Messrs. Macmillan have recently published "T. E. B.'s" collected poems in their well-known uniform edition of the poets, will find in these letters confirmation of their belief in the rare, spontaneous quality of the Manxman's genius. By far the greater number of American readers have never

heard his name. For them the letters will be the introduction to a new friend, whose swiftly changing moods and racy eccentricities of speech give charm to a

nature essentially sane, deep-rooted in wholesome Mother Earth, and unvexed by the spiritual perplexities of the passing hour.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THE death of Charles Dudley Warner closes a life marked by stainless integrity and honorable service to literature. As he passed threescore years and ten, "the things which should accompany old age" were not lacking to him, and friends least of all. He had no more loyal following than among the readers of *The Atlantic*, where many of his most delightful papers first appeared. Their sense of loss in the death of such a charming writer and richly developed man is perhaps too personal a feeling to find fit expression even in the anonymous columns of the Club. The public career of Charles Dudley Warner, however, is full of significance to those who believe in the reality of the influence of the man of letters upon contemporary American life.

"He never had a home," remarked Mr. Warner, a few days before his death, in commenting shrewdly though kindly upon the shifting opinions and transient enthusiasms of a distinguished writer. Mr. Warner himself had a home; he could be placed; his roots were deep down in the western Massachusetts farm and the normal life of the inland Connecticut city. The cosmopolitanism of his later years became him, because it was the natural flowering of the New England stock under the sunny, genial conditions afforded by a wider experience.

With true Yankee versatility, Mr. Warner tried his hand at many things before he was finally drawn to the vo-

cation of a journalist. His first book, *My Summer in a Garden*, was published when he was more than forty, and he first turned fiction writer at sixty. He traveled widely in this country and abroad. He threw himself vigorously into many movements for social and political reform. Notable as was his range of interest in literature, he was a better lover of men than of books. The human spectacle delighted him with its splendor, and evoked his delicate humor by its variety. He liked the company of beautiful women and high-minded men. In his essays and novels he touched human weaknesses, but always deftly and for the good of his readers. The novels glow with indignation against the triumph of vulgar material tests of success, but his voice never rises to a shriek or sinks into a wail. He saw that the flooding tide of luxury in this country endangers some of the fine instincts that have been developed by ascetic living, yet he never ignored the charm that so often accompanies luxury, or taught that fine linen and sumptuous fare prevent kindly thoughts and strenuous effort for the betterment of mankind. In his judgment of public questions he showed the same steadiness and candor. Like William L. Wilson, whom in certain traits he much resembled, and whose death so closely preceded his own, he never lost in the stress of affairs the poise and clear-sightedness of the scholar.

It was this manly urbanity of Mr. Warner — the expression in spoken and

written words of the inner ripeness of his nature — that gave him such an extended influence over his countrymen. His pulpit was always a modest one: at first the farmer's column of a newspaper; then a little book of essays or travel sketches, a few department pages at the back of a magazine, a serial story, or a chairman's desk at some public gathering. But he had such sensible and delightful things to say! He was so ready to communicate! He had the genuine social instinct that has marked most of our notable men of letters, except Hawthorne and Poe. Mr. Warner cared for people, and people cared for him.

It is difficult to assess precisely the service of such a man to our American democracy. Nor is it necessary. The personality of men like Charles Dudley Warner does somehow leaven the whole lump. Provinciality and partisanship fled from his tolerant smile. Selfishness and dullness were afraid of him. He broadened the minds of his readers and his friends, because he led them into the ample society of noble aims and disinterested endeavor. In the midst of the confusing conditions that have prevailed in the American newspaper and magazine world during the last decade, he constantly enriched his talent instead of dissipating it. He never lost sight of ideal standards, and he made other men ashamed of standards less worthy than his own.

He lived long enough, it is true, to watch the slackening of some of the humanitarian impulses that early enlisted his support. One and another of the specific social reforms to which he gave his energy have lost their hold, at least temporarily, upon the younger generation. His latest utterance upon the subject of negro education disappointed many of his old friends, who thought it pessimistic and reactionary and strangely unlike him. But their very disappointment, whether justifiable or not, was a proof of Mr. Warner's reputation for

fidelity to every forward movement in American life. One is always tempted to believe that with the passing of such a figure a fine type disappears. But by the very admiration which it elicits such a type perpetuates itself. The "gentleman of the old school," whose decay has been mourned by every generation of writers since Addison, is more abundantly alive in America to-day than ever before, because quiet people throughout the country are trying to emulate his qualities. The type of American man of letters which Charles Dudley Warner exemplified will never disappear until our writers lose faith in liberal education and kindly manners and generous contact with the world.

"FOR my part," says Stevenson, in his paper called *Truth of Intercourse*, "I can see few things more desirable, after the possession of such radical qualities as honor and humor and pathos, than to have a lively and not a stolid countenance" . . . follow other desiderata. The phrase "such radical qualities as honor and humor and pathos" I have long felt to be, as Stevenson said of an apothegm of Thoreau's, "the noblest and most useful passage I remember to have read in any modern author." To some minds "romantically dull" the collocation of honor, humor, and pathos may be startling. Honor all will agree upon; but why humor, and why pathos? To take the last term first, because pathos is the necessary and inevitable supplement to real humor. The possessor of a sense of humor without an attendant sense of pathos (in which case the former, to commit an Irishism, is not humor at all) is, according to the presence or absence of intellect, either a wit or a buffoon. Here we may seem to be raising the question of the difference between wit and humor, which early essayists delighted to discuss so gravely and settle so dogmatically. But although definition has become difficult in the light of

A Bit of the Gospel according to Stevenson.

modern psychology, most of us recognize the difference at once. It may perhaps suffice to say that wit is the intellect at play, and humor, the emotions: this "play" is induced in each case by one's sense of the incongruous, and is expressed in various media appropriate to the occasion, — most frequently in words. But if humor is the emotions at play, we must narrow the definition to the finer and more spiritual emotions ("spiritual" more in its French meaning than in its English), in order to make room for buffoonery, which may be termed the play of the grosser and more earthy emotions, expressing themselves more frequently in uncouth actions than in words. "Horseplay," the term for buffoonery best sanctioned by long colloquial usage, will bear out my definition, — from one angle, at least; from another, I have often thought the term needlessly rough on the noble animal involved in it. So you might, from one point of view, call Voltaire a wit; Cervantes, both wit and humorist; Rabelais, wit, humorist, and buffoon. But to return to humor. You will see, then, if you think it over, that humor is that quality without which intercourse loses its savor, friendship its tenderness, and love its restfulness. Thus, surely, it is a "radical" quality, — next, indeed, to honor.

And it is a far rarer quality than honor, far less frequently to be found. We Americans plume ourselves unconsciously on our sense of humor, and look scarcely with indulgence on what we call our British cousins' lack of it. But there never was an assumption more Pharisaical. We have great quickness of intellect, which, however, has not yet been aerated enough to express itself in the form of wit, so common to the Gaul; we have an inordinate fondness for buffoonery, which, unlike that of the Italians, has not yet been clarified by any instinctive sense of beauty; and, finally, our humor has not cooled

and ripened long enough in the cellar to have the tender mellowness that makes the best English vintage, though small, so choice. We often speak of the dullness of *Punch*, for which Thackeray wrote and Du Maurier and Sir John Tenniel drew. It may, if you will, be the thin shadow of its former self, but surely it has never descended to the grossness, the crass vulgarity, of our two most widely circulated "comic" weeklies. Again, have we Americans, professed humorists, produced any pleasant bits of foolery like the *Ingoldsby Legends* or the *Bab Ballads*? (Who of us nowadays reads John Godfrey Saxe?) Think of the immortal Alice in Wonderland, or, to go nearer the core of one's heart, Cranford. No American woman (except, possibly, Miss Jewett) has written with the playfulness and tenderness that one so loves in Mrs. Gaskell.

In short, and leaving international argument, it is just this playfulness, combined with tenderness of heart, this real humor, which makes certain authors our best loved friends, however much we reverence a few others, — Stevenson, Jane Austen, Charles Lamb, Fielding, Montaigne, Cervantes, Shakespeare. George Eliot, for example, though she had a fair working substitute for humor, really lacked that quality; you may look for it in Macaulay and go hang. But it would be an ungrateful task to adduce other and weightier names, and invite the amazement of the merely literate reader.

I am tempted to wonder if a sense of humor is as infrequent among women as my own experience would lead me to suppose. For I have found far more men endowed with humor than women, just as I have found far more women than men endowed with wit. Perhaps some member of the Club can explain. Meanwhile, horrible as it sounds, I have to confess that I could love (that is, really love) a dog with a sense of humor far better than a woman without

one. Some people maintain that dogs have n't any, but I am too fond of dogs not to know better.

In beating about, however, I have started more hares than I intended. I meant to say little more than this: "A man without a sense of humor is occasionally to be respected, often to be feared, and nearly always to be avoided. If he be a writer of books, he may be even a Milton; if he be a man of action, he may be even a Cromwell; if he be a table companion, he is sure to be a bore, and the meal will become but a sodden re-
victualing. One can, to be sure, dine with a witty man and delight in him, as one values burnished plate and fine champagne; but the slippered hearth and the fireside pipe are by no means to be shared with him. And so, finally, a man may have honor, combined with every good and perfect gift save one, and with these virtues command our admiration, respect, even reverence; but lacking "humor and pathos," all these will profit him nothing if he lay claim to our love."

In the course of a recent hunting trip through* the northern wilderness, my philosophy was rudely tested by the elaborate profanity of my guides. One of them was a native of Maine, graduated from the logging camp and the river drive, a loquacious though under-vocabularied Saxon, whose oaths were dropped with the fine unconsciousness of a child. His companion was a Norseman, who had seen many cities and men, and who bore the blameless name of Theodore. By nature sensitive and taciturn, Theodore preserved on most occasions a silence as unbroken as that of the woods. But a habit of solitary reading through the long winter months — The Three Guardsmen and Treasure Island were his favorite books — had quickened his linguistic faculty, and when sufficiently moved he revealed astounding mastery over the words one should not use. The merits of a certain

rifle and the obliquity of a former employer who still owed him seventeen dollars were themes to which he was wont to recur shortly before bedtime, and they invariably stimulated him to a prodigal display of epithets forbidden by the virtuous. The minor annoyances and accidents of camp life rarely stirred him to blasphemies. If the gut broke with your biggest trout, or you missed an easy shot, — exigencies that sting the amateur into swift speech, — Theodore was contemptuously silent. His ferocities and ardors awoke under the touch of memory alone; no clergyman could have been more decorous when starting a fire in the rain, or stumbling along a slippery carry.

I must acknowledge that Theodore's example has set me to philosophizing upon the subject of profanity as a resource. Never, to my knowing, have I used an oath. The precepts of the most excellent of mothers have been faithfully observed through a tolerably ample cycle of experience. There have been many occasions when I have wanted to swear, and — shall I admit it? — these occasions seem to grow more frequent as I get older. I made this confession the other day to a maiden aunt, who listened to it with more sympathy than I had anticipated. "Perhaps," she commented dryly, "you are beginning to see things in their true light." But this acidulous, not to say cynical explanation of the increasing temptation to profanity does not wholly satisfy me. May the desire not be an evidence of development in emotional capacity, and even in moral fervor? The lifelong habit of self-control in speech is indeed an acquisition not lightly to be thrown aside; but is dumb rage in the presence of irremediable injustice, let us say, any better than honest Homeric oaths? Is it not as much the sign of a congenitally cold temper as of acquired self-command, never to unpack one's heart with words? If Grant never swore, and Washington did swear on a

**Profanity as
a Resource.**

supreme occasion, is that not one more proof of the relative greatness of those two great men? Nay, are there not two races of men, at least as fundamentally separate as those who borrow and those who lend, — namely, those who have, and those who have not, internal fire enough to erupt, at due though long intervals, the lava of high-sounding terms?

To such hazardous speculation had my friend Theodore's accomplishments incited me, when I found unexpected support in this passage from the Letters of T. E. Brown, about the death of Carlyle:

"And 'True Thomas' is gone. What has he not been to the men of my generation? And the younger men come and ask one, What was it? What did he teach? and so forth; and of course there is nothing to be said in that direction. And if one mumbles something between one's teeth (impatiently, rather like a half-chewed curse) — something about a Baptism of fire — my graceful adolescents look shocked, and, for the most part, repeat the question, 'Yes, yes, but what did he teach?' To which (I mean when *repeated*) there is no possible reply but the honest outspoken 'D——.'"

There dawns the light! This wrathful disciple of Carlyle, clergyman though he was, illustrates the real function of the much-abused expletive. The great merit of profanity is that it voices those deeply felt but dimly outlined truths that can never be uttered in a conventional mode and with the accepted syntax. How plain it all seems the moment one reflects upon the prophet of Chelsea! An unprofane Carlyle would have been no Carlyle at all.

"But, sir, I must live!"

Pot-Boiling. "Sir, I do not see the necessity."

The professed critic must have something of this austerity, else he does not suit his bench and Rhadamanthine robes. He must condemn the laughter of fools and the crackling of thorns under a pot,

and the boiling of the pot thereby. He sees eternal fitness in the fable concerning Jove's partition of the earth among kings, merchants, and other forehanded persons, when the poet, dawdling by the way to observe a cloud or think out a couplet, arrived so late that there was nothing left for him, and Jove promised him in compensation an occasional invitation to Olympus. It is in order that the artist should sup sometimes with the gods, and sometimes as a troubadour dine with a king, and for the rest he ought to be welcome to put his spoon in every man's pot; but that he should use the gift of gods to keep his own pot meanly bubbling, the gods forbid! So the high-minded critic at least is entitled to think without being liable to the retort of Antagoras the poet to Antigonus the king. The poet was boiling a conger, and the king, coming up behind him as he was stirring his skillet, said, "Do you think, Antagoras, that Homer boiled congeners when he wrote the deeds of Agamemnon?" Antagoras replied, "Do you think, O king, that Agamemnon, when he performed such deeds, went spying in his army to see who boiled congeners?"

This, it must be admitted, is no more than a king deserves for pretending to be a critic. Doubtless a real critic would have been disarmed by the fact that Antagoras could not afford a cook. Poverty in a man of talent implies disinterestedness; and the critic's contention is that the true artist may be disinterested to the point of becoming a public charge, but that he cannot keep one eye on the ideal, even though in frenzy rolling, and the other on the main chance. The artist, he insists, ought to make up his mind to poverty; for even the decent alternative of inheriting from some non-artistic money-getter has its dangers: a laureateship, for example, which may be regarded as compulsory pot-boiling, the incumbent being compelled to keep the thorns crackling even when he has no

interest in the pot. The critic takes it for granted that what a hired poet writes in his official capacity must *a priori* be bad. He finds it as hard to imagine an artist creating to order, pouring his new wine into the old bottles of somebody else, as the Delphic priestesses receipting for a monthly salary. The divine afflatus must have freedom as the wind to blow where it lists; it cannot be tied up in bags and loosed at suitable times to give a fair voyage, or used as a belows for the fire of thorns. Therefore the critic's list of the ills that the artist's life assail includes "toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail." And doubtless he considers the jail where Lovelace wrote a lesser evil than the patron who could take such toll of dependent genius as the dedication of Dryden's *Essay on Satire*. That the artist should court the public jars on him; and he sees the ideal in the Unknown Painter, who bids his pictures "moulder on the damp wall's travertine" whence the "world's vain tongues," are warded; or in our day perhaps Degas, who keeps a somewhat similar aristocratic seclusion.

But much as he may admire the austere reserve of the representatives of art's aristocratic side, the critic must admit that it has also a democratic side; and thereby hangs another argument against leaving an artist real property or an income. Dr. Johnson said plumply, "No man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money." The whip and spur of necessity may drive a man to his best work, and are most apt to keep him at work out of which grows mastery; necessity, too, or his wife's ambition, may drive a man to pot-boiling. But here come in two points of view, — the artist's and the public's, — both more liberal than the critic's, as the man of action is necessarily less strict than the judge. Both the artist (except the infrequent severe and classical type) and the public recognize pot-boiling as legitimate, but again with an important difference.

The public chiefly requires of artists that they pay taxes like other people, and that they produce something to talk about. "Those 'who live to please must please to live,'" says the layman indulgently, and sees nothing out of the way in a painter spending a strenuous day or two "trying to think up a subject that will sell." When X turns out in hot haste a second novel to catch the flood tide of his first success, and follows that up with an early failure revamped and an outpour of pigeonholed magazine articles, the intelligent public buys and reads these things, and rather admires the strong man's virtue of fertility. But although the public is not squeamish as to abstract propositions, it is hard-headed, and it has a very good opinion of itself. It does not blame an author for bulling his own market, and esteems him the more the higher prices he asks; but it is quick to perceive when it is being written down to, and even objects to being written at. The book consumer devotes due attention to X's first hit; buys X's second book and reads it non-committally; and if the third book has not some sort of momentum to carry it as high as the first, he says placidly, "X has written himself out," and very likely buys no more. This is unskillful pot-boiling, and does not pay. A skillful pot-boiler can turn out two books a year and hold his public; but he must think up subjects that will sell. He must have a facile pen, a respect for convention, a gushing fountain of sentiment, an eye for the heroic. The public will gladly support him, the critic will ignore him, and the artist will scorn him heartily.

Nevertheless the artist admits that a certain sort of pot-boiling is permissible. For example, any artist in his struggling youth might do an Apollinaris label, and in his later prosperity point to it with candor as the most widely known of all his works, — provided only that the label were well done within its limitations. Again, Scott's magnificent pot-

boiling stands on its own merits. It does not matter that he wrote purely and simply for money; he gave all the resources of his mind, almost infinite labor. He was first of all a good workman; and an artist who has the artisan's virtues may do what he calls pot-boilers, and live to see them justly known as works of art. For such a man pot-boiling has no dangers. The same policy which makes him give full value in a design for a soda-water label will prevent him from floating inferior work on the tide of a legitimate success.

WOMEN are uncertain creatures, as a class and as individuals, — only to be counted on, according to popular (masculine) tradition, to scream at the sight of a mouse; to impart any secret rashly confided to them; to haunt bargain counters; to jump at conclusions, with a fine disregard of the barriers of logic; and to be possessed at crucial moments with a consuming desire to know whether their hats are on straight. The case of Woman is far different. She is composed of the three ingredients, loveliness, purity, tenderness, — these three, and no more; and she never varies by so much as a hair. Who does not know her as she appears in fervid oratory, "soothing the brow of care"?

The vocations of women are many and various. Some are clerks, some are stenographers, some are club women, some are washerwomen, some are housekeepers and mothers of families, some are cooks, indifferent or otherwise. But the occupation of Woman is "soothing the brow of care," — that, and that only.

Really the difference between Women and Woman in masculine estimation furnishes food for thought. Woman is not to be mentioned without reverence, without a strewing of rhetorical flowers; the subject of Women is one which evokes the latent humor of the most unhumorous man, the amused patronage of even the gallant Southerner. "How

like a woman!" even he is apt to exclaim, in any case of feminine absurdity.

A woman, observe, is not Woman; though *the* Woman, the bright particular woman, is sometimes confused with her for periods of varying shortness; during which season of glamour he delights to say to her, "How different you are from other women!" and she blushes and lowers her lids at such superlative praise. If he should say rashly, "How unwomanlike you are!" — but that is not to be imagined, even.

The Exceptional Woman — the woman, that is, whom a man delights to honor by regarding as such — may, I repeat, be for a while more or less confused in his mind with Woman. But, speaking generally, Woman is a plat-form product, — that, and nothing more; an oratorical accessory, intended to perform two highly useful functions: namely, to serve as a peg upon which to hang rhetorical wreaths; and also, like the battered bird kept at the photographer's for the behoof of depressed infant subjects, as a device for making the female auditor "look pleasant."

Now, far be it from me to speak flippantly of any harmless invention of human ingenuity, especially of one venerable from age and long service. I would merely deprecate too naive a reliance upon it for the purpose last mentioned. This is a sophisticated age. Even the babies — to judge from a three-year-old relative of mine, recently put to the test — respond tardily and not without reserve to the immemorial device of the battered bird. And so, if the orator will but notice, he will find it with the female auditor of to-day. She, as a rule, distinctly refuses to "look pleasant" when Woman is dangled before her eyes. The unskillful may simper, but the judicious assume an air of considering Woman to be no concern of theirs, which is not without grimness.

Yet Woman no doubt will abide with us until Women reach the goal of their

The Glitter-
ing General-
ity, Wo-
man.

extreme ambition; and then will come the time of the rival figure, Man, — indispensable to the female orator; Man, not a composite capable of resolution into Smith, Jones, Brown, and Thompson; into the iceman, the gas-meter man, the clergyman, the club man, the greengrocer, the Congressman, the policeman, the burglar, and so on, but just Man, — a decorative creation composed of a cardinal virtue or two and a dab of rose color.

An object of imitative art need not conform slavishly to nature, in order to be highly prized by an imaginative mind. I knew a little girl once who constructed a doll by simply tying a string of false curls to the neck of a shoe-polish bottle, and thenceforth lavished upon it the warmest and most faithful devotion. So the future woman may feel a genuine affection toward Man, the complement of Woman, and her eyes may moisten with real emotion as she displays her handiwork. I cannot but think, however, that Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown in the audience may not greatly care for this figment of her fancy, at its first presentation, even; and that it may not impossibly, in time, become the signal for groping for hats and umbrellas.

And so some day women may receive the exploitation of Woman. Even now I can fancy that it would awaken symptoms of impatience at "advanced" female gatherings; not, I hasten to add to forestall retort, because of the essentially unfeminine idiosyncrasies of those who promote and frequent such gatherings, but because of the very strong conviction entertained by these ladies that Woman is a complex creature, made up of other elements than loveliness, purity, tenderness, and adapted to many things besides "soothing the brow of care."

We who are not "advanced," however, do not resent the "Woman of oratory," but rather feel toward those who maintain her as an institution a sentiment of regard, as being those who would do

us pleasure. But, I repeat, she is really no affair of ours. As Mrs. Prig said of Mrs. Harris, to the undying scandal of Mrs. Gamp, "there ain't no sich a person" as Woman. And we know it. Fervors lavished on her do not touch us. "My child," said Sydney Smith one day, seeing a child caressingly patting a tortoise, "you might as well pat the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter!"

And so say we women, humble individuals of the Absurd Sex, to those who praise Woman!

Now that the Dictionary of National Biography is at last completed, reports of inaccuracies are in order. "Mistakes may have been made," said John Morley, at the meeting celebrating the completion of the work. Now, by the law of averages applied to the percentage of inaccuracies in dictionary-making, is there not somebody to tell us just how many will be discovered? Is it possible for accuracy at its best to bring forth aught that will not be inaccurate in a greater or less degree? One of the most accurate of copyists — his specialty, facsimile reproductions of old annals like the Jesuit Relations — tells me that in his best moods he is sure to make one error in ten pages; it may be only an accent mark, the omission of a comma, but there it is sure to be, once in so often. The average copyist, he says, makes one error in six pages. The publishers of the Oxford Bible, it is said, still offer a guinea for the detection of an error, and at least five a year are reported. All this cannot fail to be consolatory to those who, strive as they may to be faultlessly accurate, — say in writing history or in making a statistical report, anything that should be accurate before all else, — stand confounded by at least one blunder, the very one they would not have made for worlds. Great and famous is the company with which they stand, — the blunders of old masters the most amusing of

The Inaccuracy of Accuracy.

all. "I wish I could be as cocksure of anything as Macaulay is of everything," said Lord Melbourne; and it was of his accuracy that Macaulay was proudest, — and then, under all the laurel that his History heaped upon him was that stinging charge of inaccuracy. Brilliant in style, marvelous in research, but inaccurate! And that not alone in petty details, like the statement that the Duke of Schomberg was buried at Westminster, when he lay in St. Patrick's, Dublin; that Loftum's men at the battle of Malplaquet were on the left of the Prince of Orange, when they were on his right; and that Marlborough dined, on some memorable occasion, at one, when it was at half past two. But more serious and proved inaccuracies were charged to the partisanship and exuberant imagination of the writer, "making his statements in a great part deceptive."

Why has no one ever given us a full compilation of the inaccuracies of Shakespeare? I may as well divulge at once that I am making a collection of the Inaccuracies of the Famous, and would save myself as much labor as I can. I know of nothing so soothing, in the time of blunder, as turning over my collection. Shakespeare's sending Hamlet to study at the University of Wittenberg long before Wittenberg was in existence; giving seaports to Bohemia, lions to the Forest of Ardennes; and the taking off of Richard Cœur de Lion by the Duke of Austria, — how comforting all this for a humble pen-driver in a historical way, when confronted in cold type by a mistake that cannot be laid to the printer!

"Now *that* was a case of a vicious brain cell, of automatic cerebral degeneracy," said my psychological friend, looking over my embryo collection, and reading what Keats wrote after spending a night with Chapman's Homer: —

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He star'd at the Pacific — and all his men

Look'd at each other with a wild surmise —
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

No doubt it was a trick of a vicious brain cell that had trapped Keats into writing Cortez when he meant Balboa, suggesting an interesting classification for my collection. But it is among the autobiographies that I expect to find rare treasures, — in those statements, for instance, concerning the precocity of the writer's childhood; one prodigy asserting that he memorized the whole of Plutarch's Lives before he was seven. It surely will be a formidable undertaking, — sifting the Inaccuracies from what should come under another head. "In genuine autobiography," says Mark Twain, "it is impossible for a man to tell the truth." He once induced the most accurate of men to write his autobiography, just to see if he would turn out a liar; "and he did," the result pure romance.

For accuracy's sake I have a niche for the Lies of Literature, and am greatly interested just now in what I call "the blessed lies of fiction," — striking illustrations of what a lie may achieve when told from divine compassion, like that one of the bishop in *Les Misérables*, and that still more merciful lie in *Kipling's Thrown Away*. The Lies of History, and its proved inaccuracies, I shall never dream of undertaking without the aid of some one skilled in historical research; and such aid, they tell me, it will be impossible to secure, so frivolous is the end to be attained. And yet I believe that my collection may be in time quite as valuable as much now catalogued as indispensable for accurate research.

THE solemn and impressive custom of **The Passing Bell.** announcing death by the tolling of the church bell will soon be but a vague and distant memory.

"The passing bell" has itself passed away, and its slow measured accents no longer tell the story of the departure of one more soul.

We do not miss the sound, for we are far too busied with our individual interests to pause and count the strokes which shall convey to us the age of the departed. A few lines in the daily paper serve the same purpose better, and are not thrust upon us unless we choose to read them. It is not necessary to toll a bell in order to spread the news that one has died, and the sound is displeasing to many utilitarian ears; and so the bell stops swinging.

But the brief notice in the daily paper, while it conveys explicit information, fails to give something that the bell's tolling carried with it. The solemn rhythmic tones awakened a momentary vibration in the breast of every listener, and bade each pause for sympathy and meditation. The bell admonished the sinner to repent, and warned the thoughtless to take heed and mend his ways. It spoke clearly and comprehensively, and bade all scattered and preoccupied inhabitants attend its story.

The bell's voice is identified with all the deepest and most sacred human emotions. It has spoken the joys and sorrows of all mankind for centuries. Is its voice to die away and have no part in the life of the future?

The wedding bells ring out no more save in some song or story. The Christmas chimes are seldom wafted to our ears. The church bells ring but faintly now, and under constant protest. "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day" only in verse; a sunset gun to-day gives greater satisfaction. The Angelus sounds merely in pictorial form. The fire bells give place to still alarms. The dinner bell is silenced in polite society, and sleigh bells are discarded.

What is the future of the bell? That happy silver tongue that has sung out the joys of all the world; that solemn tone that has mourned for the nations' dead, and voiced the nations' woes, and summoned to their knees the nations' worshippers! That faithful servant that has flung upon the breezes God's messages to men, men's thankfulness to God, and has declared a great and glorious nation free!

Must it toll slowly its own passing, and murmur its inevitable doom? We may exclaim with Tennyson,

"Ring out the old,"

but we must pause ere we assert,

"Ring in the new."

The "new" will doubtless come to us in a far different way. It may be clicked out on a telegraphic instrument, or whispered in our ears by telephonic connection, or flashed before our sight by heliographic phenomena.

In the din of modern civilization, amid the rattle and the rumble, the tooting and the screeching, and all the various discordant noises that rise to heaven, the tolling of the bell grows fainter, and still more faint.

Shall its rhythmic music die away altogether?

Its fading echoes waft from us something that many years of civilized invention cannot supply, for with the "passing of the bell" a flock of graceful sentiments take flight, and soar away as swiftly as did the "winged steed" when freed from his detention in the dreary village pound.

"The silent organ
Loudest chants the master's requiem."



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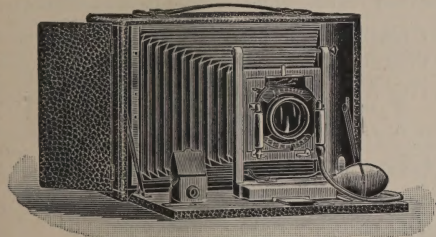
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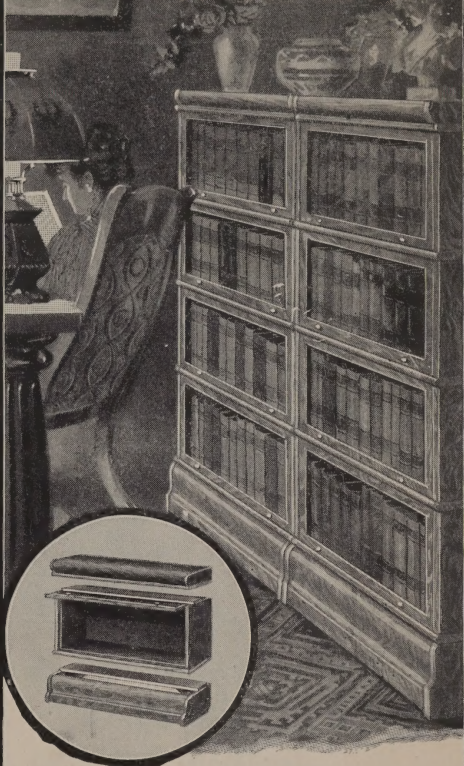
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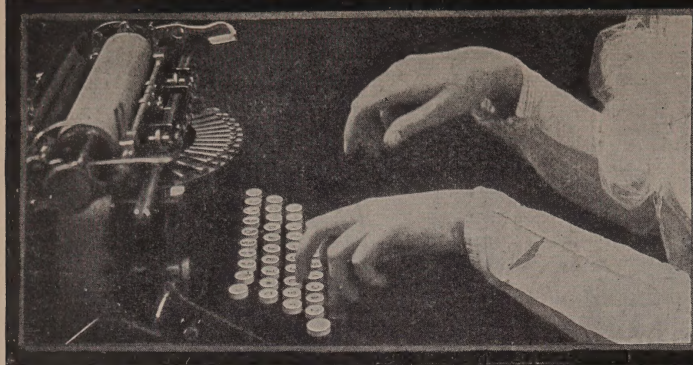
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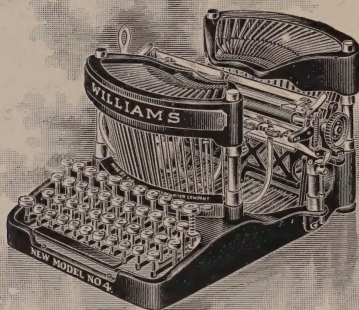
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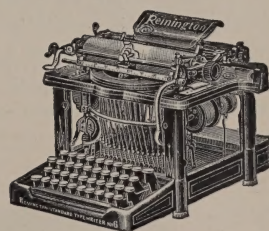


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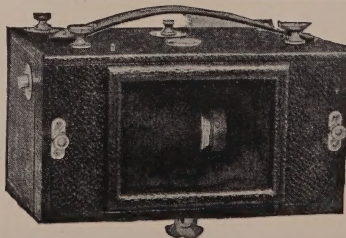
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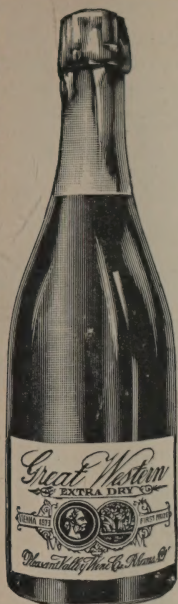
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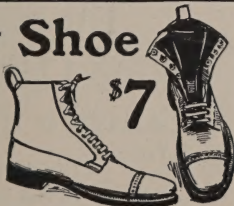
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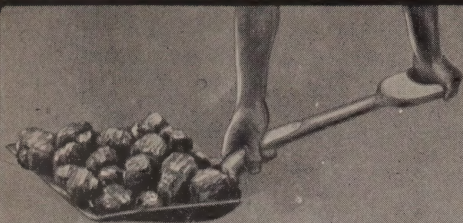
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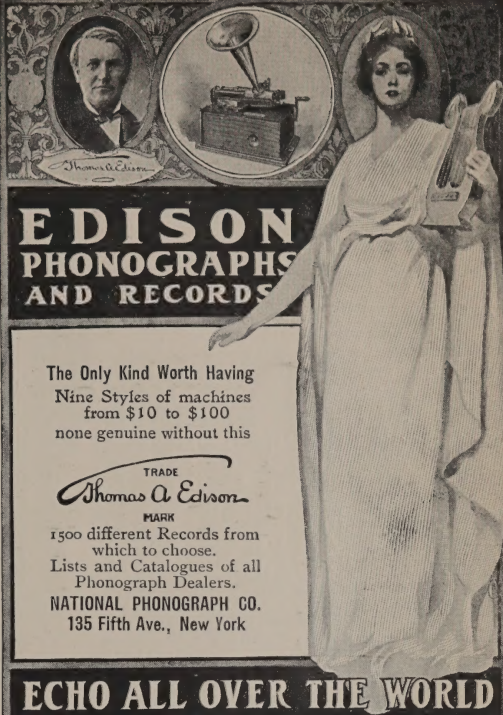
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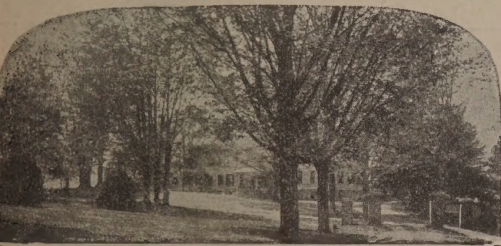
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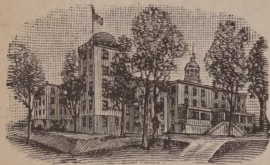
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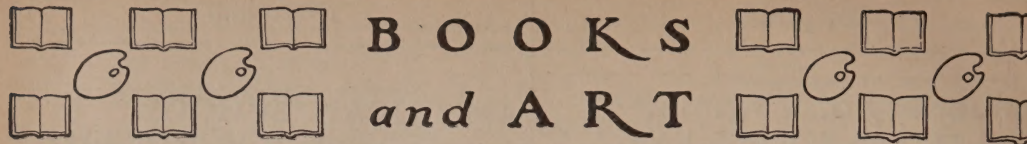
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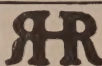
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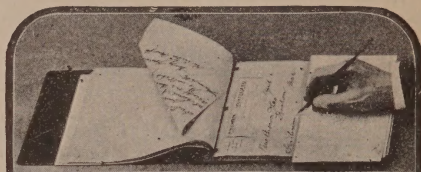
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TOURNAY

For those who are conscious of taking life and their own part in it too seriously, antidote may be found in Mr. Arlo Bates's latest novel. It is not a "purpose" novel, except as Mr. Bates had a controlling purpose in writing it to write a story with a didactic aim. Mr. Henry A. Clapp, writing of it in the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, finds in Mr. Bates's sub-title "A Comedy in Five Acts," an unmistakable cue that the story is a piece for the theatre. After commenting on the situations which justify this view, Mr. Clapp adds: "Bearing in mind, then, that 'Love in a Cloud' is what it is and by no means a serious attempt to reproduce modern life or any section of it, the reader may relish Mr. Bates's ingenuity in inventing and compounding incidents, his sensibility to natural beauty, his cleverness in turning a sentence, and, generally, his polish as a writer. As to the validity or the reality of his men and women as character-creations it is not necessary to be convinced. Even if they are not flesh and blood, they are made of fine materials, show the hand of an artistic manipulator, and deftly accomplish their exits and their entrances." The hint of the character and literary skill of "Love in a Cloud" will serve to show readers who wish to be entertained elegantly, and to float in a romantic atmosphere for a few hours pleasantly, that Mr. Bates has provided a story just to their liking. In the reading they may be delighted to come across many a shrewd and suggestive remark.

Could there be a better summer book than one which tells tales of the far North, and is crisp with the atmosphere of Alaska? The atmosphere is by no means the only thing, or the principal thing, in the summer attraction of the vividness of Mr. Jack London's book. It contains nine stories, from a new realm in the world of fiction; and they possess such grasp of unfamiliar facts and novel situations, such appreciation of diverse characters, and such positive literary skill as to make the book one of the most noteworthy in recent fiction. The Boston *Daily Advertiser* says: "Mr. London is a rare story-teller. His power is not only that of a writer who sees the picturesque element in rough men, and at the same time is able to perceive noble souls under hard faces, but he is able in remarkable fashion to make his readers feel the tangible silence of the awful white vastness. His work is dramatic, terse, direct. His people are human. His style is fascinating. . . . Great success should attend the fortunes of this collection of rare good stories from the far North."

Apropos of his two little plays just published, the Brooklyn *Eagle* remarks that "Mr. Howells is past master in the art of writing a short story in the form of a play." It will be strange if the host of bright persons who this summer will be on the lookout for delightful and thoroughly interesting short plays to furnish amusement for mountain and seashore evenings do not avail themselves of these. However it is not necessary for these to be acted in order to be enjoyed; they will be found hardly less attractive in the reading. They will make many wholesome smiles grow where but one grew before.

Mrs. M. E. M. Davis, whose stories, "Under the Man-Fig" and "The White Cutters," are so pleasantly remembered, has now written a story which seems specially designed for summer reading. The Richmond *Times* observes: "This is a simple little story, redolent of magnolia and orange blossoms, and suggestive of the chivalry and romance of a past generation. The scene is mostly laid in an old walled garden in the French quarter of New Orleans. The heroine is a fascinating little maid of Creole descent." The

LOVE IN A CLOUD

THE SON OF THE WOLF

BRIDE ROSES AND ROOM 45

THE QUEEN'S GARDEN

Brooklyn *Times* remarks: "In this charming little story, Mrs. Davis presents an absolutely new and original situation in fiction, a situation with a tragic flavor, but which is lightened by a love story that breathes the very poetry of romance. The descriptions of the sunny, silent, isolated garden, the meeting and courtship of the lovers, are most poetic. It is an unusual and delightful story."

A novel which possesses peculiar interest for all who took part in the war for the Union, and for all who — too young for a share in the war — learn with deep eagerness of the war and its accompaniments, is Miss Caroline Brown's "Knights in Fustian." Of this story, which is located in Indiana, the Indianapolis *Journal* says: "The events of the war period have gone into a background sufficiently distant to afford a perspective that permits a recognition of their dramatic, romantic, and humorous phases. Miss 'Caroline Brown' of Crawfordsville is the first writer to perceive the literary value of this material, and has used it with admirable effect in a novel entitled 'Knights in Fustian.' That famous organization, the 'Knights of the Golden Circle,' are thus happily designated, and the doings of 'temples' of this order in 'Riffle and Honey Creek townships, Middle County,' form the chief incidents of the tale. . . . Considered merely as a romance, it is a book quite out of the common and a distinct addition to the fiction of the day." The Brooklyn *Standard-Union* pronounces it "a clever and exceedingly interesting romance;" and the Chicago *Tribune* says "the story lends new lustre to a rather dim spot in American history."

The critics seem just a little perplexed about the personality of Rufus Mann. *The Independent* says: "We do not know Mr. Rufus Mann. Is he a tyro? If so, his novel is a remarkable performance in both matter and manner. The 'prelude' is the courtship and marriage of the chief actors; the 'play' is their conjugal experience. . . . Mr. Mann has certainly written a noteworthy novel, no matter what view we may take of his theory of civilization, art and life."

The New York *Commercial Advertiser* remarks: "'The Prelude and the Play,' courtship and marriage, the poetry and the sober prose of wedded love — this is the theme which Mr. Rufus Mann has chosen for his story, and one which he has developed with an uncommon force and clearness. . . . The story is not only one of interesting promise, but one which ought to command serious attention. Aside from the plot, which is obviously the result of careful thought, the book is interesting from its thoroughly American atmosphere and from the delightful delineation of certain unmistakable types that are to be met with in the New England university town."

Those who carefully abstain from reading any book that makes them think, or brings home to them questions of humaneness and duty, may omit Mr. Friedman's book; but those who are willing to have their better sympathies stirred while reading an interesting romance, will find it in a high degree satisfactory. The *Reform Advocate* of Chicago says: "Here is a story woven around the dwellers in a tenement, that has a freshness, a daintiness, a cleverness reached by no recent chronicler of humble life. Mr. Friedman has touched the forbidding front of this tenement with the magic of highest art, and it has opened so that we may see therein not only the shadows but the sunshine." The Philadelphia *Press* finds this story "distinguished by its lofty and serious purpose, and showing thought beyond the design to interest." The Trenton *Advertiser* remarks: "Truth is

stamped on every page. Altogether this is one of the most powerful, sympathetic, and soul-stirring social tales that has appeared in many a day."

Miss Florence Converse finds a circle of readers prepossessed by her "Diana Victor" to like any new book by her. If they are so touched by the social and logical spirit of the age as to welcome a purpose novel, they will find her new story very interesting. The *Portland Transcript* remarks: "Miss Converse's story is most interesting, and painfully true to life and to the conditions which she depicts. The leading characters are Christopher Kenyon, who wishes to reform the world, beginning in his own shoe where shoes are manufactured, and which business having been an inheritance from his father, he feels called upon to run upon philanthropic lines, for the good of his employees rather than his own advancement. Agnes, the wife, is in perfect sympathy with her husband's projects; Philip Starr, a clergyman and an ascetic, who also loves Agnes, is a striking character, and Christopher, Jr., a small boy, whose mother was saved by the father to have 'governed her son by repartee,' fills in the spaces. The writer tells her story in a terse, strong, and forceful manner."

The Boston *Daily Advertiser* says: "It is hard to recall a book of the year better worth careful reading. . . . One cannot lay it down unread after finishing the first chapter."

Mr. Rowland E. Robinson is thoroughly saturated with Vermont lore and history. He knows the facts and spirit of Vermonters from the colonial times and in his new book revives the very pleasant impressions produced by his "Danvis Folk." The Chicago *Evening Post* remarks: "His story of 'A Danvis Pioneer' is an admirable historical romance, interesting to the boy for its fighting and hunting, to the youth for the series of sentimental experiences which fall to its hero's share, and to the graybeard for the positive illumination it throws upon the settling of Vermont and the battles there during the war of the Revolution. The hero, Josiah Hill, was one of Ethan Allen's Green Mountain Boys." The Springfield *Republican* emphasizes "the extraordinary faithfulness of Mr. Robinson's delineations of New England character."

Mrs. Wiggin's books "make sunshine in a shady place" and are the best kind of summer books. They light up a rainy day; they cheer a cold day, and it must be a desperate case of gloom or dyspepsia which cannot be relieved by "The Birds' Christmas Carol," "The Story of Patsy," "Timothy's Quest," "A Cathedral Courtship," "The Village Water-Tower," "Marm Lisa," and "Penelope's Progress."

If wide-awake, up-to-date stories are desired for brightening one's vacation days, Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's books are excellent. If there is anybody who has not yet read them, he can hardly do better than to get and read Caleb West's story of building a lighthouse; "Tom Grogan," the story of building a breakwater; "Colonel Carter of Cartersville;" "A Gentleman Vagabond, and Some Others;" and "A Day at Laguerre's, and Other Days." The charm of his books of travel is much the same as that of his stories, and his "Gondola Days," "A White Umbrella in Mexico," and "Well-Worn Roads," all illustrated for him, are sure to entertain.

Essays

Mr. Leon H. Vincent has done an excellent service by writing an account of the group of French men and women who gathered at Hôtel de Rambouillet and discussed all sorts of literary, social, and art matters. The tone of this distinguished circle was set by the Marquise de Rambouillet, who was "an austere virtuous woman," but it was not a stupid club. "There might be grave arguments over the use of prepositions, or the propriety of admitting a new word to the French language, but there was also music and dancing." It was an illustrious company that frequented this salon, including Corneille, Descartes, Bossuet, Richelieu, La Rochefoucauld, Balzac, Madame de Sévigné, Mlle. Scudery, and others. *The Outlook* pronounces it "a very interesting account of one of the most famous of the great houses of Paris, a centre of the best society of the French capital at one of its most brilliant periods, and the fountain-head of a great social and literary tradition." Those who read this delightful little book will be pleased to learn that they may expect others of similar character from Mr. Vincent.

A small book which may pleasantly fill a few summer hours devoted to reading, something worth thinking of, and full of wise and practical suggestions toward making life better worth living, is Mr. R. R. Bowker's "Arts of Life." Of it *The Outlook* says: "In this little tastefully made volume Mr. Bowker happily combines the insight of a man of strong religious nature and definite ethical convictions with the results of intelligent observation and a deep sympathy with the best movements of his time and with the highest aspirations of his fellows. Associated as he has been with many reform movements, Mr. Bowker has never lost the power of seeing things as they are; his ethical impulses have energized his spiritual insight rather than limited it; and this volume is the product of wise, broad, and sane thinking and observation."

The Chicago *Evening Post* commends the book to a wide reading, and suggests that "what will, perhaps, be most welcomed is the chapter on politics, as having a present pertinence."

Under the caption "A Poet's Exquisite Prose," the New York *Times Saturday Review* of May 19 contains an admirable editorial of the volume of Sill's Prose recently published. It begins with the very just remark: "To those who have always loved his poetry, the little volume devoted to the prose of Edward Rowland Sill will appeal with a double force. If possible, Sill's prose is even more exquisite than is his verse." In the course of an article highly appreciative of the varied excellences and attractions of Sill's prose, the writer says: "This modest-looking volume contains so much delightful matter that it is impossible to resist the temptation to call renewed attention to the perfection of Sill's style and the charm of his subjects." The *Living Age* of Boston calls it "a book of remarkable fascination, that looks out on life in a broad, sane, high-minded way." The San Francisco *Chronicle* says: "The book is rich in the qualities that stimulate thought, and a careful reading of it cannot fail to enlarge one's mental horizon."

This is an uncommonly good summer book, excellent to read aloud or by one's self. It might be well to take along also the three little pocket volumes of Sill's verse, — "Poems," "The Hermitage," and "Hermione."

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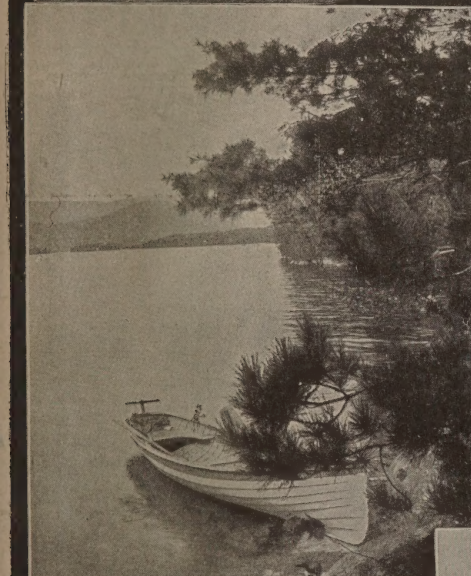
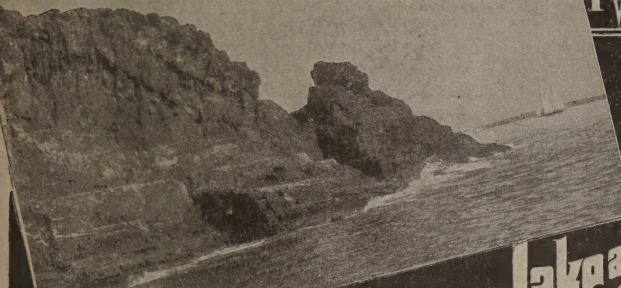
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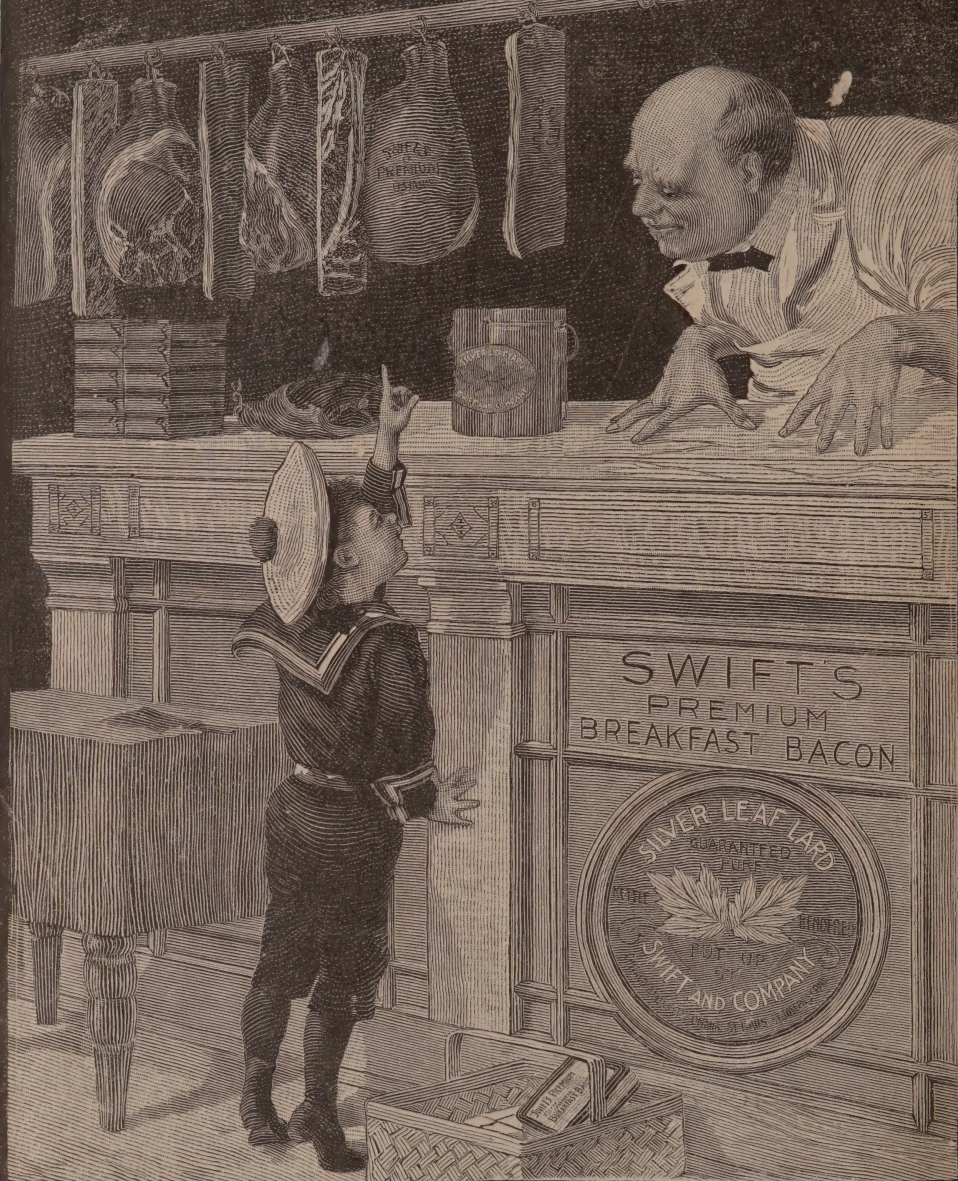
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